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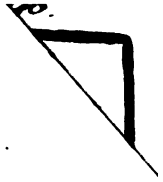
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Vol. VI

JANUARY, 1884

No. 1

The RED DRAGON



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 of
WALES

By
 CHAS.

WILKINS

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The National Magazine of Wales.

EDITED BY CHARLES WILKINS.

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Roger Williams

NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

According to a Welsh proverb, "Every country breeds brave men," and "little Wales" has bred a few, certainly not many if tested by an imperial gauge, but a multitude, which it would take some considerable time to count if tried by local and national measure. Of this host many might have been advantageously known beyond Offa's Dyke if they had not been "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by their own language, which restricted to a narrow strip of land the service of brain, tongue, and pen. One of the most effectual barriers between nations is language, an invisible fence, not made with hands, yet insurmountable. One of the many evils produced by the isolation it creates is the tendency to worship idols, and to miss the expansion and elevation begotten of intercourse with life-giving and inspiring god-men. Of the few—very few, alas!—of Wales's brave great men, the majority of Welsh people know little more than their names, and some not even that much, although they can be counted on the fingers of one's hand. John Penry, the initial founder of the American Republic; Roger Williams, the first man who legislated for freedom of conscience in matters of religion; James Howell, the author of "Familiar Letters;" and John Rowland, better known as Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated African traveller and discoverer—these four, taking timely advantage of "a tide" in their surroundings, were carried by "the flood" to heights of distinction not otherwise to be reached.

The biography of great men is, as a rule, tantalisingly brief. The most condensed is that of Enoch, which could have been inscribed on his tombstone—"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not: for God took him." Of markless (*dinôd*) men who write their names on the sand, speedily to be erased, there are bulky memoirs containing, among other equally perishable items, long lists of all the ills and ailments to which their vulgar flesh was heir, chronologically registered, and which to peruse would constitute very severe penal servitude, and which to endure, without curses loud and deep, a larger measure of Job's proverbial grace than that grand old

philosopher-poet ever had any occasion to call to his aid. Utterly unavailing contests with death's chief obliterator, Oblivion, are these petty biographies of petty men, engaged in petty work, and on a petty scale. Far better is it to go "down into silence" as a voluntary act, and thus cheerfully anticipate the inevitable fate awaiting the majority of men and women. Ceiriog is right when he says that the

*"Dinôl sydd yn marw."**

It is a somewhat singular, and perhaps significant, fact that *nine* of the greatest benefactors Wales has had since the establishment of the Protestant Reformation may be formed into groups of three as to dates of birth and places of residence. At Cefnubrith, a farmhouse to the north-east of Llandovery, and within twelve miles of it, was born, in the year 1559, the martyr John Penry; and twenty years later, in 1579, was born at Llandovery the eminent Rhys Prichard, who was fourteen years old when Penry suffered. In 1606, four years after Prichard had commenced his public ministry, there was born at Maestroiddynfawr, in the parish of Conwil Gaiio, about fourteen miles to the south-west of Llandovery, Roger Williams, the subject of this biographical sketch. Group the second consists of the learned translators of the Scriptures into the Welsh language, namely, Bishops Morgan and Davies, with the scholarly layman, William Salesbury—all three connected, either by birth or residence, with the lovely valley of the Conway. Group the third consists of the first systematic teachers of the Principality, namely, Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, Thomas Charles, and William Bevan—all three connected, either by birth or residence, with the neighbourhood of St. Clears. It was indirectly by his efforts, in setting up a boundary fence between the provinces of civil and Christian law, that Williams may be said to have served his native country. His advanced views on this subject have, however, become the common property of all separatists from all churches established by Parliamentary law.

Who and what was Roger Williams? How came he to emigrate to America? Why was he persecuted in that boasted land of liberty, and by the Puritans above all other people, since they themselves had fled thither in consequence of the persecution which they had suffered in England? And what was there in his conduct as the founder of Rhode Island State which entitles him to thankful mention, and the unqualified admiration of all advocates of freedom of opinion in matters of religion? To answer these questions as fully as is compatible with the limited space allotted to magazine articles is the object of the following biographical sketch. Roger Williams

* It is the markless (nameless?) who die."

was the son of William Williams, who was the owner of a freehold farm, on which a long line of ancestors had lived, called Maestroiddynfawr, situated in the parish of Conwil Gaio, and distant about two miles from the turnpike road leading from Llandovery to Lampeter, from which it is distant about five miles. The spot has no scenic attractions whatever, and owes all the interest attaching to it to the fact that "the boy," who was the "father of the man" that was to be great, was born there. It is characteristic of all greatness that its humblest surroundings partake of as much of it as their receptive capacity will admit. Some years ago there was living at Caio, or in the parish, a venerable patriarch, nearly one hundred years old, who was a collateral descendant of our hero. He was a hale, vigorous old man, with a memory to which, as pitch to wool, stuck the history of events which had transpired in the dim distant past. He used to say that he heard his grandfather state "that the great Roger Williams, who was educated at Oxford, was one of his family, and that he went over the sea, after being a clergyman for a few years in England."

The writings of Williams, though voluminous, contain but one reference to his early days, and this was made towards the close of life, and in the following words—"From my childhood, now about three score years, the Father of light and mercies touched my soul with a love to Himself, to His only begotten, the true Lord Jesus, and to his Holy Scriptures." Could he have given such an account of "the rise and progress of religion in the soul" if he had not been blessed with God-fearing and God-loving parents? He simply records the result of pious early training, but not a syllable about the means employed to produce it. Two hundred and seventy years ago there were not many schools of any sort in Wales, and we have no means of knowing how and where, and from whom he received the first rudiments of education, and especially how a country lad, hailing from a locality where Welsh must have been the only language of the inhabitants, could, on exchanging so rustic and rude a district for London, have done what Mrs. Sadleir, daughter of Sir Edward Coke, says in a note appended to one of Williams's letters addressed to herself—"This Roger Williams, when he was a youth, would in a short hand take sermons and speeches in the Star Chamber and present them to my dear father. He, seeing so hopeful a youth, took such liking to him that he sent him to Sutton's Hospital." He could not have been over fifteen years of age at this time, and he must have displayed unusual precocity to have attracted the attention of the great lawyer. The records of Sutton's Hospital, now the Charter House, furnish no other particulars than the following:—That Roger Williams was elected a scholar of that Institution June 25th, 1621, and that he obtained an exhibition July 9th, 1624.

The following record from the Archives of the University of Oxford show when he entered Jesus College:—"Rodericus Williams filius Gulielmi Williams, de Conwelgaio, Pleb. an. nat. 18, entered at Jesus College, April 30th, 1624."

Caio, in which he was born, with Llansawel, is a consolidated parish, the great tithes of which belong to the head of Jesus College. This may account for his being a member of that College, and supported, in part, by the head. It may be added that this College was founded by Dr. Hugh Price, in 1571, to extend the benefits of learning to the natives of Wales, and has always been a favourite resort of students from the Principality. There is nothing to show how long Roger Williams remained at the University, but his writings testify that he must have been a hard student, and that he drank deeply at the fountain of learning. At that period, and long after, logic and the classics formed the principal subjects of study in the prescribed course; but he devoted himself to other collateral branches. He was well versed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to which he added an acquaintance with several modern languages. There is a tradition that after the completion of his residence at Oxford, he commenced the study of law under the patronage of Sir Edward Coke; but however this may be, the legal documents which proceeded from his pen exhibit a knowledge of general principles of equity and jurisprudence that would have been creditable to the profession. This knowledge, however obtained, qualified him for his duties as legislator of the colony he founded, and proved of great value to him in his subsequent career.

It is quite evident, however, that the Christian ministry was his chosen pursuit, for he was admitted to orders in the Church of England previous to his arrival in America. It is said that he assumed, while in this country, the charge of a parish, and that he was held in high repute as a preacher. In his rejoinder to the Rev. John Cotton, he speaks of riding with that gentleman and the Rev. Mr. Hooker to and from Sempringham, Lincolnshire. Mr. Cotton was minister of Boston, in that county, for nearly twenty years before he settled in Massachusetts. The excellent Dr. Williams, who was at that time Bishop of Lincoln, apparently sympathised with the Nonconformists, speaking with some keenness against the ceremonies of the Church. The subject of this narrative had already embraced the tenets of the persecuted Puritans, and all these circumstances render it very probable that his charge was in the diocese of Lincoln.

In 1851 some of Roger Williams's descendants in America visited England for the purpose of seeing the great exhibition held in that year, and extended their pilgrimage into Carmarthenshire for the sake of inspecting his birth-place, and of finding out

such of his direct collateral relatives as were then living in the neighbourhood, of whom one family were at the time of their visit occupying a farm called Ynysau, near Pumpsant, on the Dolau Cothi estate, the property of the late lamented Judge Johnes.

And is this all that is known of Roger Williams's life in this country? Absolutely all. The record is provokingly short, as is often the case with men who find no time to think much *of* or *about* themselves. A man who is constantly engaged in some great work, which taxes both mind and body to the utmost, cannot afford a moment to look over his shoulders at "auld lang syne;" or forward to the future, for the present entirely absorbs him. Of Andrew Cross, the electrician, it is said that he was prevented from writing a detailed account of his numerous experiments, which he wished and promised to do, in consequence of conducting and watching new experiments, and as the result survivors are indebted to his wife's notes, admittedly fragmentary and imperfect, for what they know of them.

We now proceed to answer the second question—How he came to emigrate to America? Great minds have no external biography; their growth is from within outward. We know not the history of the processes through which Roger Williams's mind passed on its way to the great radical truth of which it retained anchor-hold throughout a sorely vexed life, and by which he regulated the whole of his conduct as theologian and legislator—*that civil legislation has no right to interfere with conscience, and that religion should be entirely separated from the State.* It was for the sake of these twin truths that he left England and pitched his tent in the wilds of the American forest.

"What sought he thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
He sought a faith's pure shrine."

Entertaining these views, and they were those of a clear-eyed, far-seeing man, what could he have done in Old England at that period? Give up the Christian ministry, and devote himself to secular pursuits? Abandon Christianity—the religion of love, the highest law of our nature, to those who through ignorance, or something worse, grossly misinterpreted its meaning and object? "Wrap up" his principles? No — emphatically No! Williams could not school his conscience to follow such a course, though temporal evils should assail him in battalions. Why may he not among the fat things of preferment forget the alleged objections to Conformity? Are there no good men belonging to the Established Church? Of course there *are*, and he was not the bigot to deny that

multitudes of persons in National Churches are to be regarded as true Christians, but he maintained—and, being brought up a Churchman, he ought to have known what he was saying—that “every National Church is of a vicious constitution, and that a majority in such churches are unregenerate.” Let him then join the Separatists? And suffer the intolerable oppression of Laud? Be gagged and silenced? Imprisoned, martyred? No—not *this*; if anyhow he can, under the guidance of Noah’s pilot, reach the far off west, where he hopes to find, or if he does not find, to found an asylum where no one shall be persecuted on account of his religious opinions. Let the brave soul then emigrate, for his errand is Divine, and his mission is in strictest accord with the genius of Christianity apostolically interpreted. And will he leave his native land with a merry or sad heart? The reader shall judge after perusing the following extract from a letter written to Mrs. Sadleir, already mentioned:—“My much honoured friend, that man of honour, and wisdom, and piety, your dear father, was often pleased to call me his son; and truly it was as bitter as death to me when Bishop Laud pursued me out of this land, and my conscience was persuaded against the National Church and ceremonies, and bishops, beyond the conscience of your dear father, I say it was bitter as death to me, when I rode Windsor way, to take ship at Bristow (Bristol), and saw Stoke House, where the blessed man was, and I durst not then acquaint him with my conscience and my flight.” Very appropriate in this place are the following verses by the late Rev. D. Rowland Williams on Roger Williams, his twin-soul, with whom he had so much in common as the passionate advocate of mental and spiritual freedom, and as a fellow sufferer for conscience sake :—

“The deer in the forest, the steed on the hill,
The wild bird is safe in the lone realm of air ;
But we, if we worship our God at our will,
Have no rest from the sword save the den of despair.

Silly deer will not trample their brother when wounded ;
Winged raveners will pity their fellow bird dying ;
But ye, vain fanatics, by dark foes surrounded,
Still combat and rend brother Christians in flying.

Let us go, let us go, o’er the far western wave,
Let us go where religion with freedom may dwell ;
The religion which opens the sky o’er the grave,
And the freedom our fathers defended so well.

Let the Engländer still play the tyrant at home,
But the true sons of Britain will never be slaves ;
In the name of our fathers, my men, let us roam,
With our faith and our freedom beyond the far waves.

Let us found a new kingdom, where none shall oppress,
And none shall be lord of his fellow man’s creed ;
Like the angels we’ll dwell, whose delight is to bless,
And we’ll hand down the rights of mankind to our seed.

If we lose the fair language our sires spoke of old,
 Yet with true British blood we can plant the far wild;
 And we'll keep, as the bardic Taliesin foretold,
 To our Father Almighty, our faith undefiled.

And when years shall have swept like a tide o'er the land,
 And when glory shall leave what she cherishes now,
 She will cross like the wind to America's strand,
 And the old world defiled to the new world shall bow.

The second question has been answered. Now for a brief account of our hero's voyage from Bristol to America. On the 5th of February, 1631, a ship from Bristol sailed for Boston harbour, and after a tempestuous voyage of sixty-six days, the exiles on board espied the heights of the three-hilled city. The ship was the *Lyon*, Captain William Pierce. Among the passengers was "a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious gifts, whose mind was of a philosophical cast, and whose opinions were marked by a strong individuality." His arrival is recorded by Governor Winthrop in his *Journal*, and appears to have occasioned joy to the churches of the infant colony. He was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Mary Williams, who was of a kindred spirit, and who lived to share with her husband the vicissitudes of life for half a century.

That word *individuality*, just mentioned as a characteristic of Williams's opinions, must not be allowed to pass without one or two observations. Eccentricity is the present damaging misnomer for it on the part of men and women rejoicing in the safety from the criticism of bearing the same "image and superscription." Individuality is discountenanced, and tame, featureless uniformity is the reigning ruinous fashion. God has stamped every living creature and thing with individuality, but foolish men and their mechanical institutions have employed themselves in the attempt to destroy this grand law of the Creator. Would any of the advocates of uniformity like to bear so striking a resemblance to a murderer as be hanged in his stead? Very probably not. Destroy not, ye too mechanical trainers of young men and maidens, the distinctive marks—mental marks—set on every child of Adam. Whoso is inclined and bold enough to cultivate his own individuality will very likely be called eccentric by sticklers for the stereotyped, but there is nothing particularly alarming in being thus designated, for he is not *out* of his own centre.

The next question to be answered is—How came Roger Williams to be persecuted in America, and, above all other people, by the Puritans, who had fled themselves to that country in consequence of the persecution which they had suffered in England? The penalty to be paid by men in advance of their age, and who take their stand on some elevation commanding a wide distant horizon, is to be suspected, misunderstood, *distrusted*, and in the end persecuted. Greatness has

penalties to pay from which small men are happily free. A man dowered with a large head must pay rent and taxes for carrying it on his shoulders. It has been the hard fate of some heroic men to be sacrificed for truths which required their blood to enrich the soil which was too barren of itself to nourish the seed cast into it. But although Williams suffered on account of his advanced views, yet his life-lease did not expire before he saw them embodied in the enactments of the Legislature.

It has been already stated that Roger Williams landed in America in the spring of 1631. It was only eleven years before, in September, 1620, that a company of English Protestants, usually called the Pilgrim Fathers, exiles for religion, set sail for the western world, and, after a long and boisterous voyage of sixty-three days, were safely moored in the harbour of Cape Cod. In the cabin of the *May Flower*, before they landed, they formed themselves into a body politic "to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws as should be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony they had undertaken to plant, for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith, and the honour of their king and country." This voluntary compact was signed by the whole body of men, forty-one in number, who, with their families, amounted to one hundred persons. The spot where the company fixed a permanent settlement, on the 11th of December, 1620, they named Plymouth, in grateful remembrance of the hospitalities they received at the English port whence they embarked. These colonists had left England, on account of the oppression they endured, so early as 1608, and settled at Leyden, in Holland, where they "attained a comfortable condition, grew in the gifts and grace of the spirit of God, and lived together in peace, and love, and holiness." So says the historian, who further states that the magistrates of the city said, "Never did we have any suit or accusation against any of them." They felt as men in exile, and a foreign language, and the lax morals prevalent in that country, induced the pilgrims to change their abode, and seek an asylum in a new world. The farewell address delivered to them by their pastor, the Rev. John Robinson, breathes a freedom of opinion greatly in advance of his age:—"I charge you," he said, "before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth to break forth out of His holy word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go no further at present than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God." *Let it be remembered that this pioneer band con-*

sisted of Separatists, and that they recognised one important principle, namely, that "ecclesiastical censures were wholly spiritual, and not to be accompanied with temporal penalties." In the years 1629 and 1630 other companies emigrated to the neighbourhood of Plymouth, but they were not Separatists from the Church of England, though zealously opposed to its abuses and corruptions. Many of them were persons of large hereditary wealth and high endowments; scholars of profound and varied learning, civilians who had attained official rank, power, and fame; and divines who had won the highest places in their native land, and who were among the holiest and most gifted men of the age. Nor must we forget that there were many distinguished ladies who accompanied their husbands—Christian women accustomed to the refinements and indulgences of life, but whose sincere religious faith gave them fortitude to endure the severest sufferings, and rendered them patient in their deepest sorrows.

If such, the reader may be ready to ask, was the character of the first Protestant emigrants to America, how are we to account for the monstrous fact that they persecuted Roger Williams; for that they did so will soon be made manifest. A knowledge of the notions then prevalent on ecclesiastical subjects will solve the difficulty. From the days of Elizabeth to the period we are now considering there had existed in England a perpetual conflict between the prelatical party and the Puritans. The former determined to enforce strict conformity; the latter were strongly opposed to the Popish ceremonies still retained in the Church. The Puritans, as a body, at first desired reform, and not schism; but when they were driven out of the communion of the Church by cruel persecution, they united in forming societies more in accordance with their views of the New Testament model. Some approved of the Presbyterian form of government, others of the Independent, while a few preferred a modified episcopacy. Enlightened as these confessors were on the great doctrines, and on many of the minor points of Church government, they still remained in ignorance of one very important principle—the nature of true religious liberty. They did not perceive that, whenever the State usurped power to legislate for conscience, a principle was set up which must inevitably tend to persecution and injustice—that to place the Sovereign in the room of the Pope was only another form or Anti-Christ, whose claims, if not so arrogant, were more inconsistent than those of a pretended infallible head. Misled, it is supposed, by analogies with the Mosaic institutions, they confounded the State with the Church, the citizen with the Christian, and assumed themselves, though fallible men, the power exercised under the Jewish theocracy by a Divine King and an *infallible Legislator*. What the Puritans meant by

religious freedom was not an unlimited freedom of conscience. Universal toleration they regarded as a virtue. They considered it a solemn duty to God to oppose error and suppress false doctrines, if necessary, by force. All parties appeared to consider themselves the sole depositories of truth, and every opposing doctrine must be suppressed.

At this period it was not the Church of England alone that was intolerant. Even later the Scotch Commissioners in London remonstrated, in the name of their National Church, against what they called a sinful and ungodly toleration in matters of religion; whilst the whole body of the English Presbyterian clergy, in their official papers, protested against the schemes of Cromwell's party, and solemnly declared that they detested and abhorred toleration. The excellent Richard Baxter, a man noted in his day for moderation, said, "I abhor unlimited toleration for all." The first settlers of New England were not, therefore, singular in believing themselves bound in conscience to extirpate every noxious weed from the garden of the Lord, and "to use the sword of the civil magistrate to open the understanding of heretics [as if they were oysters], or to cut them off from the State that they might not infect the Church, or injure the public peace." It does not appear there were more than three congregations in the colony when Williams arrived. These were formed at Plymouth, Boston, and Salem, and must have been of a very mixed character as to their views on ecclesiastical polity. The first batch of emigrants—the *May Flower* people, or Pilgrim Fathers—were Separatists before their arrival in America. They settled at Plymouth. The congregations at Salem and Boston consisted of Conformists, with, perhaps, a few who were inclined to the same way of thinking as the Non-conformists.

Such were the people among whom Williams settled as a minister, and such were their views on matters of church polity. Williams went to the then far west, hoping to find it a Goshen, but he was soon undeceived, for he found the civil and ecclesiastical authorities arrayed against him, and that the lords brethren of Massachusetts were in some respects as intolerant as the Lords Bishops of England. The grand idea that "a most flourishing Civil State may stand, and be best maintained, with a full liberty in religious concernments," had not yet found a place in men's minds, and received no echo in the hearts of colonists. The great doctrine he announced when he first trod the shores of New England, and which he defended through life, was "that the civil magistrate should restrain crime, but had no right to interfere in matters of conscience, and to punish for heresy or apostasy." He contended that the "doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience is most evidently and lamentably contrary to the doctrine of Jesus Christ;" that the power

of the civil magistrate "extends only to the bodies, and goods, and outward estate of men." He maintained that "the people were the origin of all free power in government," but that they were not invested by Christ Jesus with power to rule in His Church; that they could give no such power to the magistrate, and that "to introduce the civil sword into the Kingdom of Christ" was "to confound heaven and earth, and lay all upon heaps of confusion."

These views were so advanced—a word too often used in these days by raw, verdant juveniles—that they soon brought Williams into collision with the civil authorities, strict preservers of their supposed rights, and exposed him to much sore vexation. On the 12th of April, 1631, two months after his arrival in the colony, being then only twenty-five years old, but marvellously precocious, he was settled as a minister or teacher (a very significant and formidable *alias*) at Salem—the self-same day on which the magistrates were assembled at Boston to express their disapprobation of the measure, and to desire the Church to forbear any further proceeding. This arbitrary interference of the general court of the colony with the rights of the Church at Salem was denounced by Williams, who would not now be justified by any man who believes that Jesus Christ is the only legislator in His Kingdom. To the civil government of the colony he was willing to yield due submission, and on the 18th of the following May he took the customary oath on his admission as a freeman. It is worthy of notice also that on the day he was admitted as a citizen of the colony, the general court "ordered and agreed that for the time to come no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this body politic but such as are members of the churches within the limits of the same"—a veritable "Test and Corporation Act." The ecclesiastical polity established was a sort of theocracy. The government belonged to the brethren. Not only was the door of a calling to the magistracy shut against natural and unregenerate men, though excellently fitted for civil offices, but also against the best and ablest servants of God, "except they be entered into Church estate." This, according to Williams, was to pluck up the roots and foundations of all common society in the world, to turn the garden and produce of the church and saints into the field of the civil state of the world, and to reduce the world to the first chaos of confusion. This unjust law the colony was afterwards compelled to repeal.

Williams's stay at Salem was very short, for the Church, by disregarding the wishes and advice of the authorities in calling him to be its minister, had incurred the disapprobation of the magistrates, and raised such a storm of persecution that he was obliged to seek a residence in the colony of Plymouth, where were settled those *Separatists* who, as has been stated, were in

possession of views on church matters considerably in advance of the other colonists. The persecution which drove him from Salem to Plymouth was over-ruled by Providence for the highest good—not only to Williams himself, but even to his persecutors, as shall be shown, if space will permit. It enabled him to establish a new colony, and also to preserve New England from the merciless fury of the Indians. While at Plymouth he enjoyed frequent opportunities of friendly intercourse with their most celebrated chiefs, and by acts of kindness secured their confidence. At this period also he made excursions among these stern chiefs and warriors to learn their customs and language. In a letter written many years afterwards he says—"God was pleased to give me a painful, patient spirit to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes, even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem, to gain their tongue." This friendly intimacy with the Sachems, and the knowledge of their language which he gained, were of inestimable value to him in his future career, in the purchase of lands, and in gaining an influence over the Indians, which no other person ever possessed. His sympathies were also awakened for their spiritual condition, and he felt an ardent desire for their conversion to the Christian faith. In one of his letters he says, "My soul's desire was to do them good," and his subsequent course of life shows how intensely his heart was fixed on their subjection to the spiritual and peaceful reign of Christ.

In August, 1633, Williams returned to Salem, and resumed his ministerial labours in that place. Why he should have returned is not known. He must have been much beloved at Plymouth, for many of the congregation, after ineffectual efforts to detain him, transferred their residence to Salem. The magistrates, however, attempted to interfere again with the people in the choice they had made by sending to the church to request that it would not appoint him. The church, however, persisted, and Williams was regularly inducted into the office. This was pronounced by the magistrates and ministers a "great contempt of authority." We shall soon see how it was punished. Of the *true* cause of Williams's banishment no account is reliable, except that of Governor Winthrop, which runs thus:—"In April, 1635, the court summoned Williams to appear at Boston. The occasion was that he had taught publicly that a magistrate ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man; for that we thereby have communion with a wicked man in the worship of God, and cause him to take the name of God in vain." There is reason, however, to believe that Williams's offence respecting oaths consisted, not so much in his abstract objection to their use, as in his opposition to what is known as the Freeman's oath. "The magistrates and other members of the *general court*," says Mr. Cotton, "upon intelligence of episcopal

and malignant practices against the country, made an order of court to take trial of the fidelity of the people, not by imposing upon them, but by offering to them an oath of fidelity, that in case any should refuse to take it they might not betruest them with places of public charge and command." This oath virtually transferred the obligations of allegiance from the King to the government of Massachusetts. Mr. Cotton says that the oath was only offered, not imposed, but it was by a subsequent act of the court "enforced on every man of sixteen years of age and upwards, upon the penalty of his being punished, in case of refusing to take it, at the discretion of the court." Mr. Williams opposed the oath, as contrary to the charter, inconsistent with the duty of British subjects, and with the great principle of unfettered religious liberty. His opposition was so determined that the court was forced to desist from its proceedings.

The controversy between Williams and the civil and ecclesiastical heads of the colony became every day more violent. The magistrates passed a law, requiring every man to attend public worship, and contribute towards its support. This was denounced by Williams as a violation of natural rights. "No one," said he, "should be bound to maintain a worship against his own consent." In January, 1635, he was again summoned to Boston, to answer charges brought against him at the general court, which was then in session. He was accused of maintaining the following dangerous opinions:—

- (1.) That the magistrates ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the public peace.
- (2.) That he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man.
- (3.) That a man ought not to pray with such, though wife, child, &c.
- (4.) That a man ought not to give thanks after sacrament nor meals.

The ministers were requested by the magistrates to be present on this occasion, and to give their advice. They "professedly declared" that Williams deserved to be banished from the colony for maintaining the doctrine "that the civil magistrate might not intermeddle, even to stop a church from heresy and apostasy," and that the churches ought to request the magistrates to remove them. Governor Winthrop has candidly acknowledged that Roger Williams allowed it to be right for the magistrates to punish breaches of the first table when they disturbed the public peace—a fact which abundantly proves that he fully admitted the just claims of civil government. With regard to the second of the charges, it appears from a passage in the appendix to *one of Williams's* works, entitled "Hiveling

Ministry none of Christ's,"—"that he considered taking an oath to be an act of worship; that a Christian might take one on proper occasions, though not for trivial causes, that an irreligious man could not sincerely perform this any more than any other act of worship." His singular views of the nature of oaths, it appears, were formed before he left England—probably from having observed the light manner in which they were administered indiscriminately to the pious and profane. In his reply to George Fox, Williams declares that he has submitted to the loss of large sums "in the Chancery in England" rather than yield to the formality of kissing the book, holding up the hand, &c., though he did not object to take the oath without them; and the judges, he says, "told me they would rest in my testimony and way of swearing, but they could not dispense with me without an Act of Parliament." Admitting the third charge to be an accurate expression of the views he held, it shows that he carried to an extreme an objection arising from the practice in England, where many who united in the petitions in the Common Prayer were notoriously profligate. Williams's own statement of the opinions he entertained on two of the above charges was "that it is not lawful to call a wicked person to swear or to pray, as being acts of God's worship."

It may now almost excite a smile that such charges as these should be brought against a man as crimes before a civil tribunal. When Williams was brought before the general court there is no evidence that there was any examination of witnesses, or any hearing of counsel. His opinions were adjudged by all, magistrates and ministers, to be "erroneous and very dangerous;" and after long debate, "time was given him, and the church at Salem, to consider of these things till the next general court, or else to expect the sentence." Three days after the session of the above-mentioned court, as Winthrop informs us, "the Salem men had prepared a petition at the last court for some land in Marble Neck, which they did challenge as belonging to their town; but because they had chosen Mr. Williams their teacher, while he had stood under question of authority, and so offered contempt to the magistrates, their petition was refused. Upon this the church at Salem writes to other churches to admonish the magistrates of this as a heinous sin, and likewise the deputies: for which, at the next general court, their deputies were not received until they should give a satisfaction about the letter." Thus they refused to Salem a civil right, thus punishing the church for adhering to their pastor. Such an act of flagrant injustice forcibly illustrates the danger of a union between the civil and ecclesiastical powers.

After the banishment of Williams the land in question was given to the people at Salem, but the postponement was *evidently* designed to induce them to consent to his removal.

This attack upon civil liberty induced Williams, in conjunction with his church, to write "letters of admonition to all the churches whereof any of the magistrates were members, that they might admonish the magistrates of their injustice;" and when the churches, in consequence of the threatening of the magistrates, recanted, he wrote a letter to his own church, exhorting it to withdraw communion from these churches. These proceedings of Williams and his church were followed by another atrocious violation of their rights. The deputies of Salem were deprived of their seats until apology was made, and the principal deputy, Mr. Endicott, imprisoned for justifying the letter of Williams.

The next general court was held in October, 1635, when Roger Williams was once more, and for the last time, summoned, "all the ministers of the Bay being desired to be present, and a Mr. Hooker was chosen to dispute with him, but could not reduce him from any of his errors; so the next morning the court sentenced him to depart out of their jurisdiction within six weeks, all the ministers, save one, approving the sentence." The act of banishment, as it stands in the colonial records, is in these words:—

"Whereas Mr. Roger Williams, one of the elders of the church of Salem, hath bronched and divulged new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates; as also writ letters of defamation both of the magistrates and churches here, and that before any conviction, and yet maintaineth the same without any retraction: it is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing, which, if he neglect to perform, it shall be lawful for the governor and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without licence from the court."

This cruel and unjustifiable sentence was passed on the 3rd of November. The whole town of Salem was in an uproar, for he was esteemed an honest, disinterested man, and of popular talents in the pulpit.

The health of Mr. Williams being greatly impaired by his severe trials and excessive labours, he received permission to remain at Salem till spring; but complaints were soon made to the court that he would not refrain in his own house from uttering his own opinion; that many people, "taken with an apprehension of his godliness," resorted there to listen to his teaching; that he had drawn about twenty persons to his opinion; and that he was preparing to form a plantation near Narragansett Bay. This information led the court to resolve to send him to England, by a ship then lying in the harbour ready for sea. On the 11th of January he received another summons to attend the court at Boston, but he refused to obey, his answer being conveyed to the magistrates by "diverse of the people of Salem." The magistrates, determined not to be defeated, immediately sent a sloop to Salem, with a commission

to Captain Underhill to apprehend him, and carry him on board the ship about to sail to England ; but when the officers came to the house they found he had gone some days before, but whither they could not tell. The third question has been answered ; and the true cause of his persecution by the persecuted themselves, namely, the Puritans, may be found in the doctrine which has immortalised his name—"That the civil power has no jurisdiction over the conscience."

About the middle of January, 1636, the coldest month of a New England winter, a solitary pilgrim might have been seen wandering amidst primeval forests, inhabited only by savages and beasts of prey, in quest of a refuge from the hand of ecclesiastical tyranny. He was forced to leave his wife and young children, and to depart in secrecy and haste, in order to escape the warrant which would have compelled him to go on board the ship waiting to convey him back to England. How sang, long after, a Rhode Island poet :—

" Morn came at last, and by the dawning grey
Our founder rose, his secret flight to take :
His wife and infant still in slumber lay.
' Mary,' (she woke) ' prepare my travelling gear,
My pocket-compass and my raiment strong ;
My flint and steel, to yield a needful fire ;
Food for a week, if that be not too long ;
My hatchet, too its service I require,
To clip my fuel, desert wilds among ;
With these I go to found, in forests drear,
A State where none shall persecution fear.' "

The following lines present a graphic description of the perils to which the wanderer was exposed :—

" Growling they come, and in dark groups they stand,
Show the white fang, and roll the bright'ning eye :
Till, urged by hunger, seemed the shaggy band,
Even the flame's bright terrors to defy.
Then, 'mid the group he hurled the blazing brand ;
Swift they disperse, and raise the scattered cry ;
But, rallying, soon back to the siege they came,
And scarce their rage paused at the mounting flame.
Yet Williams deemed that persecution took
In them a form less odious than in men ;
He on their dreary solitud ehad broke,
Aye, and had trespassed on their solitary glen.
His human shape they scarcely too might brook,
For it had been an enemy to them ;
But fiend-like man did into conscience look,
And for the secret thought his brother struck."

For fourteen weeks he was sorely tossed, not knowing what bread or bed did mean. He has left no detailed account of his adventurous journey, but his writings show how severe his sufferings must have been. Space imperatively calls for condensing the sequel of his history into the smallest possible compass. What the gift of healing was as a passport to the Apostles when they visited heathenish countries, that to

Williams, in search of an asylum, was a knowledge of the Indian chiefs. And the bread of kindness which he had thrown them came floating back to him on the waters of trouble. This knowledge, on one critical occasion, had saved his persecutors from being massacred by the Indians. It enabled him to negotiate with their Sachems for the purchase of the land he required in Rhode Island, for he treated them as the lawful owners of it, and contended that no charters from popes or kings could give a right to their territory. He paid for all the land he obtained, and formed a constitution for the colony of Rhode Island, based on the granite-foundation of principle, which offered the privileges of citizenship to all persons prepared to subscribe the following covenant:—
“We, whose names are here underwritten, being desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence, do promise to submit ourselves in active or passive obedience to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for public good of the body, in an orderly way, by the major consent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together into a township, and such others whom they shall admit into the same only in civil things.” The salvation of the covenant was in its tail. There has never, from the date of this covenant, been any persecution in Rhode Island.

The year 1643 is memorable by the establishment of the earliest confederation of the colonies, namely, those of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, and New Haven. The colony of Providence was not invited to seek admission into it, and the application of that of Rhode Island for admission was refused, the alleged reason being the want of a charter, the real reason, the entire separation of the ecclesiastical from the civil power. Williams received from the authorities permission to go to England to obtain a charter from the mother country. He embarked for his fatherland at New York in June, 1643; employed his time during the voyage in preparing a key to the Indian languages; consorted with Milton in London, becoming mutual instructors, Williams teaching Dutch to the poet, who in return “read him many more languages.” He obtained a charter, and, as was fit, was elected the first president of the colony he had founded. He died on the 10th of May, 1683, in his 78th year, poor, for he gave his lands and other estate to those he thought most in need, until he had given all away. His remains were interred in a spot which he himself had selected, on his own land, a short distance from the place where, forty-seven years before, he first set his foot in the wilderness.

Ninety years after his death, that is in 1773, steps were taken to erect some suitable monument to the memory of the Founder of Rhode Island, but the storms of the revolution came on, and

the work was forgotten. Recently the subject has been revived, and Roger Williams may yet have some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. The precise locality of his grave has been carefully ascertained and examined. On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground the dim outlines of seven graves were found, contained within less than one square rod. In colonial times each family had its own burial ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children, the remaining four were adults. The easterly grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down into the "charnel house," it was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter, the thickness of the edges of the coffins with their ends being distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood, and a single round knob, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair, which had survived the wear of more than one hundred and eighty years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple-tree, but when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. Thence making a turn, as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upwards to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a very close resemblance to the human frame. The graves were emptied of every particle of human dust. It is known to chemistry that all flesh and gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water, and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case the phosphate of lime of the bones in both graves was all gone. There stood the guilty apple-tree caught in the very act of robbing the grave. The organic matter of Roger Williams had passed into woody fibre and apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might now be asked, Who ate Roger Williams?* A poetical and useful transformation, and one far preferable to filling the bung hole of a barrel.

TAL-A-HEN.

*Copied into the *Times* from the *Hartford (Connecticut) Journal*.

WHAT CANNOT LOVE DO ?

OR,

A TALE OF TWO FRIENDS.

BY

JOHN SAUNDERS,

*Author of " Abel Drake's Wife," " Hirell," " Israel Mort, Overman ;
or, the Story of the Mine," " The Sherlocks," " A Noble Wife,"
" Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," &c., &c.*

CHAPTER I.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE WOODS.

In one of those exquisite combinations of wild woodland scenery with still wilder rivers and streams for which Ireland is so famous—now expanding to forest breadths, now narrowing to the dimensions of a ravine, and everywhere interpenetrated by dales and dells innumerable of the most varying and picturesque character—our story begins.

A small party of friends and acquaintances had come, most of them for the first time, to see this favoured locality. Hour after hour they roamed from one object of attraction to another, heedless of fatigue so long as any place remained within reach to explore.

The season was May. For once the elder poets' worship of the month, and of the Spring which May alone can represent in all its freshness and glory, were found to have done only justice to their theme.

Leaf, flowers, and scent; the elastic verdure beneath the feet, and the cerulean sky above, so tenderly softened by a few white clouds; the music of the running waters; the ecstatic songs of birds; and the balmy and delicious air in which all living things seemed to find it happiness merely to live, made the scene and its surroundings that day seem a place in which it might be thought equally sweet to die, but certainly one where the instincts of the human heart irresistibly prompted to love.

And if these influences were in themselves unable to stir natures chilled by age or disappointments, or hopelessly vitiated by their worldly career, there was one among the company upon whom *none could or did* look unmoved.

This was a young maiden, apparently of that precise age when the girl is just verging into the woman, and concentrates every charm and grace belonging to both ; a state and a period of which, unfortunately, every trace is often lost in the two or three years following.

She wore a long, closely-fitting dress of dark grey, which modestly revealed the perfect symmetry of her form ; and a broad-brimmed straw hat, on which a crimson ribbon repeated the colour of the slight and elegant trimmings of the gown.

The girlish simplicity of such a costume, and its suggestiveness as to a kindred simplicity of character, gave an irresistible charm to the buoyant spirits, the exuberant gaiety, that from time to time inspired with fresh courage the weary ones of the group ; while, as a careful observer might have noticed, tending to lessen rather than enhance the extraordinary perfection of her features when caught for a moment at rest. To study the loveliness of a Hebe one must not take the goddess in her laughing mood ; because there is then a higher loveliness—that of expression—in its manifold aspects, which enthrals the spirit, but baffles while delighting the eye.

It was a great surprise when the youthful heroine of our story suddenly dropped down on the green sward, saying, with a laugh,

“I can’t go any farther. I *am* so tired. Please don’t mind me. I’ll wait here till you come back. I was at a ball last night, which I don’t think any of *you* were. So, instead of asking when I left off dancing, I pray you only to consider the forlorn condition in which I am as my sufficient punishment. Go your way, and take my share of enjoyment to add to your own.”

After some serious discussion among the rest it was agreed she could take no harm. So telling her they would not be long, they went their “ways.”

When they had passed out of sight, with many a turn round and waving of handkerchiefs, the young maiden began slowly to discover and to own to herself she was not merely tired but thoroughly worn out, and craving for some special form of rest.

Looking round, she saw behind her the bank of the neighbouring stream or small river ; and again she heard the sounds that had for the last hour been as a musical accompaniment to the march of the party : sounds created by the impetuous waters when arrested in their course by the rocks that were perpetually cropping up among them.

She thought she would like to get to the top of the bank ; and there, out of sight of passers-by, find a place to lie down ; and amuse herself by watching the passage of the stream, with its *freight of ships* ; as in her childish days she had been

accustomed to call the broken branches of trees so often floating on the surface.

Aching in every limb, she reached the top. But the slope on her side of the water was in the full sun; whilst the opposite bank was crowned with a grand canopy of forest trees, their branches picturesquely reaching to the ground.

She wished heartily she could lay under those branches, but knew not how to cross.

Sitting a few minutes on the grass before making an effort to reach the nearest shade, she watched the battle, as she called it, of the river and the rock:—the angry rush of the stream at the rock, and the equally angry repulsion by the rock; and then, as if both had grown wiser by the fray, how the waters stole back round the base of the rock with a loving kiss.

And then the youthful philosopher could not but smile at the thought,

“ Ah, if all the battles in the world might but end in the same way they wouldn't so much matter; for I see here the fighting goes on, and neither combatant grows a bit the worse, however long the struggle.”

Suddenly she discovered, or thought she discovered, something like a kind of bridge of rock stepping-stones, by which she might cross.

She descended, and found it was so. One great natural table-rock in the middle had been supplemented artificially at some time or other by smaller ones, for transit.

Stooping low, she timidly felt with her hands the first of these stepping-stones, lest it might be slippery and dangerous. She found it clean and safe.

And then in a couple of minutes she landed safely on the other side, ascended, found a thick covert, and a couple of tree-trunks near together, apparently united by their entangling roots that grew above the soil.

There she laid herself—the roots her pillow, the grass and wild flowers her bed, the foliage of the trees her curtains, and the tiny openings of light in their tops suggesting to her so many starry eyes looking down on the joys and sorrows of poor little weary ones like herself.

Believing she was in complete and safe seclusion, and feeling heavy for sleep, she wondered if she might give way to it; but hesitated in the fear she might not awake before the return of her friends.

No, she must not sleep; so, rousing herself to a half sitting half reclining posture, supporting her head by one hand and arm, and the elbow by the other, crossing her breast, she tried to review the incidents of the last night's ball. But just as a very distinguished looking man was coming to ask her to dance, the sights and sounds all about her were so soothing, she un-

consciously forgot herself and him, sank lower and lower, keeping nearly as possible the same attitude, and presently slept.

Now the stepping-stones of the river not being made for the passage in one way only (that by which the tired girl had come), it happened naturally enough that a young man, of three or four and twenty, came near where she was lying; intending to cross in the opposite direction.

He would have passed her by, unconscious of her presence, but was drawn to the very edge of her covert by the gleam of primroses.

But what flower of the earth could for a moment bear comparison with such a flower of dawning womanhood, as he now saw, with startled eyes, lying on the grass?

Avoiding any close approach, the new comer remained sufficiently near to become deeply impressed with her beauty, and the grace of her person, as she lay in a position that, however unintentionally adopted, formed a picture only too seductive.

His first impulse had been to leave the spot before there might be a chance of her awakening to find him there, and he tried to obey it. But the feet of his spirit refused to move.

Meantime his every glance seemed to rouse him to more and more vivid perception of her extreme loveliness.

He stood literally spell-bound. The repose had brought back her colour. And so bright was it, that he could not but fancy she must be awake, and conscious of his presence and attitude.

A slight change of position, a faint smile, and a soft murmuring from her lips of dreamily sounding words, told him how unworthy of the sleeping girl his fancy was.

He had cared in his way for many women; but the way proved to be one chiefly characterised by its leading so easily to forgetfulness. As the personages concerned passed out of sight, they passed also out of mind.

“Could it be the same with this one—so infinitely fairer than all the rest?” he asked himself, feeling how deeply he was moved, but conscious of the serious misconceptions that might arise should he be not the only passer-by.

He looked all round him, but saw no one near; heard no footsteps crackling on the broken branches of the trees that lay all about. He was only imagining danger. So he turned again with renewed zest to the feast that eye, heart, and soul found in the study of her beauty.

All sorts of incidents resembling the present one rose to his recollection from history, poetry, and fiction. One of these brought a humorous smile to his face—the antique story of Cymon and Iphigenia, so finely told by Dryden; for though he

was neither a clown nor a fool, he felt he was staring as helplessly at his new wonder of the world as Cymon could possibly have done. And, what was worse, saw no hope of acquitting himself equally well in the end. For alas! things might be done in ancient times, and especially in poetic fable, that were by no means possible in these prosaic days. What could he or should he do?

One minute he was earnestly wishing that she would wake so that he might see her eyes lighten in consciousness, and then he would quiet her natural fears and go.

The next he was just as anxious she should remain as she was, if but for a little while longer. Only so could he prolong the delight he experienced; and which he knew in any case must soon end, and the world become a sudden blank.

What could have brought her here, and then brought him? A very strange coincidence! Most likely her friends were not far off.

And then he found in her very loneliness a reason why he ought to stay in case she should need a protector.

And yet who could injure—who could help bending in almost reverential awe before a creature so lovely even in slumber; and who must be a thousand times more winning when the springs of life should awake to their duties and be again active; when every lineament of the face, every movement of the slender, graceful form, should reveal disposition, mind, character.

Again he asked himself must he go or stay, growing uneasily conscious how he ought to answer.

But then the very considering such a matter with the care it demanded struck him, half-humorously, as forming a new reason why he should at least stay till he had quite decided. For would it not be ridiculous were he to go under one impulse, and presently return in obedience to another.

“What sweet, round, rosy, delicious lips! Who shall first hear from them the words never after to be forgotten—‘I love!’ Who shall first press his own lips on them, and so know for evermore the highest bliss the soul of man can conceive or long for?”

“Might I but do it, and not awaken her, and then in silence go away? I wonder whether I should be able ever after to think of anything else, as I found that one moment had concentrated for me the glory of a life time!”

“What would she say? how act if I did venture and she awaked?”

“Come, come, Larry, my boy; this won’t do; you know that very well. Go while you can, and may God bless and protect her.”

CHAPTER II.

A PAIR OF TOURISTS.

Not trusting himself to another glance, Larry turned, moved slowly, silently, and sadly down towards the stepping stones, but paused at the sight of a couple of tourists, advancing as if to cross to his side.

Thought was quick at such a moment, and brought him to a sudden decision.

"They must not pass. They shall not—if I can prevent them. They should be gentlemen by their dress. I'll so speak to them. If they do pass I shall certainly be with them."

Moving on to the stones, he reached the one nearest to the Table Rock in the centre.

They seeing his movement hurried, without the smallest regard to appearances, to meet him, as if to enjoy the fun of the embarrassing situation he would be placed in; and indulging in loud laughter as they reached the Table Rock, and stood there in triumph as masters of the position.

Standing face to face with them Larry searchingly scanned their features; and so drew the conviction that they meant to make him go back, and were already enjoying his humiliation.

The going back he would not have minded. In fact, he would like to have done so, and with such a show of profound courtesy as to shame them, if susceptible to influences of that kind.

But they were, he thought, just the men to wound, insult, and terribly alarm the sleeping girl, and think it a capital joke; while probably not intending her any more serious injury.

So he said to them—

"Pray excuse my taking this position, while you were also coming to cross. My reason was simply this. I have just now seen a young girl, sleeping under the trees above. I have carefully avoided disturbing her, and I wished to tell you that you might do the same."

"Young!" asked the taller of the two men taking a cigar from his mouth, knocking the ashes from it, and replacing it deliberately.

"Pretty?" added the other man, with a knowing wink at Larry, which he did not reciprocate; and then with a similar wink at his fellow tourist, who acknowledged it in a manner that seemed to suggest—"Never spoil sport by too great hurry."

Taking no notice of their questions, except by a slight but

significant smile, and continuing his sentence as though it had not been finished, Larry said,

"No doubt her friends are close by."

"Then you are not one of them?" remarked the tall man, with the same air of studied coolness in dealing with his speech and his cigar as before.

"I enjoy that honour only till you have gone back, and pursued your walk in a different direction."

"Suppose we don't choose to go back?" said the previous speaker.

"I have not the remotest objection to wait," responded Larry, "Tis a fine scene around us. Can I have the pleasure to indicate to you any of the choicer spots in the neighbourhood?"

Nothing could be less objectionable than the words, nor more irritating than the tone or the manner in which they were said.

Thick-skinned as these tourists were they could not mistake the amused contempt with which they were regarded. So the shorter and more silent man suddenly blurted out—

"Pitch him over."

"All right," responded his comrade, turning to him. "Only let us take things quietly." Then facing Larry, he said—

"Take care, my friend; I am going to jump," and he posed himself at the verge of the rocky table, in readiness.

"And if you do, I will 'take care, my friend,' that you will join me in a bath that will be anything but a shallow one."

The two remained for perhaps half a minute or more, motionless, staring at each other, Larry keeping himself prepared for the possible impact of such a "friend."

But a new personage now appeared.

The young girl had heard something, she knew not what, while only half awakened, apparently by the sound. Her eyes opened, and as full consciousness returned, and she was about slowly to rise, the angry voices of men came to her ear from the water below.

In sudden alarm she hurried down the slope hoping to find her friends; but saw instead Larry and the two tourists in their extraordinary position: unmistakably antagonistic.

Frightened, but reassuring herself by thinking their quarrel could have no possible connection with her, she continued to descend.

The tourists' attention being drawn to her, and their hostile attitude at once changing, Larry guessed the cause, looked back, and saw the fair maiden who had so transported him out of himself.

Repassing instantly to the bank, he advanced to meet her hat in hand, and said, in tones that were strangely low, sweet, and penetrating:

"Madam, I had accidentally the happiness to see you asleep;

and then the sorrow to feel compelled to pass away; and so probably to see you no more."

"These considerate and remarkably gentlemanly men have convinced me it was better to stay, and help them, if need be, to see you in safety to your friends. My name is Larry O'Neill—at least, that is how my friends all call me—lately a student at Trinity College. Who these gentlemen are I leave them to explain."

The tall tourist turned to his fellow and said—

"You hear. He wants to know your name, and all about you."

"Yes, and you too."

A loud hoarse laugh, in which both the men joined, was practically the only information vouchsafed.

And, then, with some sense of shame, produced rather by the beauty of the young girl than by Larry's veiled sarcasms, which they saw she only too well understood, they still had not the grace to excuse themselves by some decent pretence, and so make the best of a humiliating departure.

"The lady is waiting to cross," said the tall tourist. "If this low fellow won't get out of her way, I hope she perceives that in our going back for her sake we try to teach him a lesson in manners by resigning our right first to cross."

He and his fellow took off their hats, bowed very low to the young maiden—then, with another burst of inerriment, retraced their steps to the bank and moved away.

But even then they could not go in peace. Twice they turned round in mockery, hats off, bowing humorously low; and then, in boisterous mirth, continued their journey.

"I think I see, sir," said the young maiden after a pause, "how great has been your kindness—and—and—for which," she continued in faltering tones, "I am deeply grateful."

"My claim in that way, I fear," said Larry with a smile, "is but a shadowy one to rest on, even if I presume no farther upon it than to venture to ask your name."

"Norah Blake," she said simply.

"Norah Blake!" repeated Larry, in tones of such deep feeling, and with such a sense of protracted enjoyment of the tremulous music of her voice, that it really seemed as if he were unconsciously trying to express all that the sound of the name inspired coming from her lips.

And as to Norah herself, listening to his repetition, while with burning blushes she saw his inmost soul reflected in the rapt glow of his face, her own name became to her from that time what it had never before been.

And then, before Larry could get the opportunity he was so anxiously waiting for—a few minutes conversation—that might

show that the beauty of the shrine was only typical of the beauty of the soul within, she said hurriedly—

“ Ah, there are my friends. They left me on the other side to rest.” Then with a little laugh, “ I danced all my strength away last night. And there is my father, too. I hope he won't be angry with me. He was not with the rest when I persuaded them to leave me behind.”

She hurried to the stepping-stones, and mounted the first before Larry could stop her or offer her help. He trembled at what he thought her temerity, as she so lightly passed from rock to rock, but dared not call on her to pause, lest, through a sudden turn, she might lose her balance or make a false step.

She landed in safety. And then, and then only, did Larry venture to follow with equal speed, knowing he could no longer embarrass her.

He saw now a group of people, chiefly middle-aged, hurrying to meet Miss Blake, and greatly wondering to see her crossing the stepping-stones followed by a stranger.

Emerging from the group, which he had only just overtaken, having been engaged in seeking cars to take them away, a white-haired, strong, sharp-featured man met Norah, his daughter.

Larry watched from a little distance his behaviour while she gave her explanations. He wondered anxiously if they would include the fact he had made known to her, of his watching her asleep; and, if so, what her father would think or say.

Twice Mr. Blake turned as if to take measure of the man who had thus assisted his daughter, and the second time the look was so marked that Larry took off his hat in answer, and moved a little nearer.

Mr. Blake took no notice at the time, but when he had placed his daughter under the charge of a female friend (the sister of her deceased mother), and seen the party on the move, he came towards Larry, scanning critically his features and dress the while.

As they met he put out his hand, which Larry cordially, almost vehemently, grasped, but was chilled by the utter want of response.

“ I gather from my daughter's narrative I have to thank you for a possible service in keeping aloof a pair of those tourist nuisances who are always running about the world, not to disgrace themselves—that is beyond their power—but to disgrace the country that is obliged to own them. Will you walk a few steps? I must follow my friends.”

Walking, then, together, Larry's warm, sensitive feeling sinking lower in the emotional thermometer every instant as he found himself brought into contact with a nature that he

felt was the very antipode of his own, the conversation took the following shape—

“Miss Blake rates more highly than it deserves the slight service that accident alone permitted me to offer.”

“You are right. But that is the way of women. Your name I think she said, was——”

“Larry O’Neill.”

“A college student?”

“Yes; I have not long taken my degree.”

“Where?”

“At Trinity College, Dublin.”

“That’s right. Stick to the old places and the old ways. Father living?”

“No, nor mother either.”

“Where do you live?”

“At Rathay, a village near here, where I have a house and a few tenants.”

“And your rent-roll is——”

“About two hundred a-year, when the tenants can pay.”

“And when they can’t?”

Larry O’Neill shrugged his shoulders as he answered—

“Then I have to go without.”

“But you look like a man who should have friends, and a future.”

“The friends I have not. The future may come.”

“You are seeking it?”

“I ought to be.”

“Then you are not?”

“Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Blake, I must own I have been spending an idle life of late; but I have one excuse. Receive it for what it is worth. The last few months of preparation for the examiners took so much out of me that I have not been the same man since.”

“I see. You feel no energy—no fixed aim and purpose—no will.”

“Possibly,” said Larry (for he was growing tired of this new kind of examiner, and inclined, like the worm, to turn.)

“Well, young man, I like your frankness, and so——Good-bye.” He once more held out his hand, and in the ensuing grasp there was something more cordial than before; because, as Larry said to himself, he was being got rid of.

Seeing that this was his last chance, Larry said, hurriedly,

“Will you allow me to wish Miss Blake also good-bye?”

“Eh? Oh, certainly, certainly.”

Quickening their steps they soon came up to the party.

“Norah, my dear, this gentleman is now leaving us.”

She advanced, pale at first, through the aspect and tone of her father; but changed presently to a vivid blush, as she found

her fingers in Larry's warm grasp, and knew that his eyes were fixed upon her downcast ones.

When she did look up she was greatly moved by his tender smile, which could not conceal the sorrowful emotion beneath at this abrupt end.

While they thus stood hand in hand for a few seconds—her father looking on impatiently—the aunt, in whose charge he had placed his daughter, said with utter unconsciousness of the force and effect of her words, “Mr O'Neill will come and see us, I hope, before long.”

“I shall be delighted to do so,” said Larry with an eager promptitude that left the father no choice but to be silent or share the invitation. He chose the latter, and, taking a card from his pocket, said, “Oh, of course; Mr. O'Neill understands that. There is the address.”

And then, with a farewell bow to all the party, Larry strode away, exulting in the belief that he still had a chance if he could but meet the father with some better credentials than those he had in his love of frank speaking so foolishly displayed, but which unfortunately were only too true.

CHAPTER III.

A LOVER'S TOILET.

Larry O'Neill was not simply one of the least conceited of men in respect to his personal appearance, but up to the present time had been noticeable among his companions for his carelessness as to dress and all the small niceties of the toilet, as well as for his utter contempt for those who made them a serious study.

Can this then be the same man who on the morning after his adventure with the sleeping maiden is standing before his glass busy with his toilet, bothered with the novelty of the requisite operations, and with the interruption they cause to the “thick-coming fancies” suggested by the “call” he is going to make to-day on the Blakes.

Once he pauses to look in the glass as if to ascertain for the first time, by ocular demonstration, the precise quality of his face, and in so doing seems to make a new acquaintance with himself.

But even in this he has an object. He is thinking of the blunt inquiries and the stern, merciless summing-up of his character which Mr. Blake had given him as coolly as if Larry had no particular interest or feeling in the topic. Or rather, perhaps, in the spirit of a surgeon, who, operating with his knife on a patient, should explain, as he proceeds, the diagnosis of his case to the unfortunate.

"Was he, could he, be right?" he asks of that other Larry he sees before him, very much as a judge might question a supposed criminal in the dock in a difficult case.

"No energy, eh?" What do you say to that, fellow-sufferer, I will answer for us both? Hark you, I mean to try to exhibit some energy to-day in getting through all obstacles, and winning or forcing my way to her. Mark that, Mr. Blake."

"No fixed aim or purpose?" Hem! I fancy I am forming a good aim, and a rather strong purpose, and that Mr. Blake will speedily find out."

"No will?"

"Now, how could one test that? As I don't mean to be a martyr going to the stake, I don't see the good of thrusting my hand into the fire and patiently counting the minutes. I have resolved it shall stay there to make sure of my fortitude beforehand. But I do see that if I succeed in the least degree with Miss Blake her father will be a very efficient substitute for the bonfire and the stake, and then will come the trial."

"There, then, shall be my test. If she be what I devoutly believe, my will now is that I woo her by all the means in my power, deterred by no difficulties, and taking no offence, whatever her father may say or do."

"If I fail, not as to the end, which no man can ensure, but in one jot or tittle of the things that can alone lead to the end, I will confess to her father that he was right, and that I withdraw into the obscurity for which alone I am fit."

His glance just then falling upon his watch, he exclaimed—

"By heaven, I shall be too late for my train, while playing the egotist in this absurd fashion."

Subsiding at once into quiet and thoughtful activity, he finished his task, and reached the station just in time to jump into the guard's van, the door being open, and he, of course, without a ticket.

Reaching Dublin, he again took train for Bray, and readily found the house of which the address had been given.

With tremulous fingers he knocked at the door, once—twice—thrice, before there was any answer.

Then an aged and respectable-looking woman opened the door, apologising that the servants were both out of the way.

"Does Mr. Blake live here?"

"He did. He and the two ladies took the packet this morning for England."

"Leaving any address?"

"No."

"Can you tell me how I may find them?"

"I can't, indeed. He's such a close, sharp gentleman I didn't like to ask him anything that he didn't care to tell me without."

“But pray, think. Surely something will occur to you. Can I go to anyone in Bray or Dublin that might aid me?”

“I’ll ask the tradesmen they dealt with, if you’ll call again to-morrow. I’m very sorry to lose them. I never had such nice lodgers as the aunt and the young lady who——”

“Had you any conversation with Miss Blake before her departure?”

“Just a few words. I said I hoped to see them again before long, and tears were in her eyes, as she said, “No; we return no more.”

For a few seconds Larry found it necessary to be silent. Then he said—

“As to the tradesmen, I won’t give you that trouble. Tell me their names, all of them, and I’ll go myself.”

He took out a note-book and wrote the addresses down, thanked the landlady, and hurried away.

Beyond a few suggestions, and those of the vaguest character, nothing could be elicited.

With a sad heart, but hardening spirit, he reached his home, pondering hour after hour what he should or could do.

Next morning he rose early and wrote to an agent in the nearest town the following letter :

“DEAR SIR,—I have been thinking some time of leaving Ireland, and business now calls me away and may keep me a long while.

“Please, therefore, to sell my house, garden, and furniture in one lot, and my farms in another. As to the first, take any reasonable offer. As to the second I may say the same, but with the clear understanding that no tenant is to be disturbed. Conceal nothing. The arrears tell their own story. If the tenants can buy with the aid of friends by all means give them the preference.

“Send me £20 as an advance immediately. My lawyer, whom you know, will arrange everything satisfactorily to you.”

The money came next day, and at night Larry O’Neill took the packet for England.

(To be continued.)

WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

VII.

LORD ROBERT EDWARD HENRY SOMERSET,

Generally known as Lord Edward Somerset, born in December, 1776, was fourth son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort. He married, in 1805, the Hon. Louisa Augusta, youngest daughter of Viscount Courtenay, by whom he left issue, and was elected for Monmouth on the death of Sir Charles Thompson, Bart., in 1799. In 1802 he was not returned for any constituency, but was elected for Gloucestershire the following year, and he retained this seat for twenty-eight years. He served in the Peninsular War, and commanded a Cavalry Brigade at Vittoria, Orthes, Toulouse, and Waterloo. He became Major-General about 1811, and was created a Knight of the Tower and Sword 1813, and of Maria Theresa and Wallislar 1817, and also in January of that year a K.C.R. Lord Edward was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1823, and was appointed Lieutenant-General, or second officer of the Ordnance, on the 10th June, 1829. This post, salary £1,100, was abolished in November, 1830, when Lord Edward quitted office with the Duke of Wellington. In the Parliaments of 1831 and 1832 he had no seat in the House, but in August, 1834, in which year he was promoted Grand Cross of the Bath, he was elected for Cirencester, and in December following he was appointed Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, salary £2,000. This he resigned with his party next April, he returned from Parliament at the general election of 1837, was raised to the rank of General in the same year, and was Colonel of the 17th Light Dragoons till December 14th, 1839, when he was gazetted Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Light Dragoons. He was one of the Commissioners of the Royal Military Charge at the time of its death, which occurred in September, 1842.

LORD EDWARD HENRY SOMERSET,

Nephew of Lord Edward Somerset, and second son of the sixth Duke of Beaufort, was born on the 23rd of December, 1792, and was returned for the county of Monmouth in 1831 for the first time, Lord Arthur John Henry Somerset,

deceased. On the 27th of July, 1822, he was married to the Hon. Emily Smith, one of the daughters of Robert (first) Lord Carrington, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. Lord Granville commenced his distinguished official career in the Tory Administration of the Earl of Liverpool, and in the modest position of a Junior Lord of the Treasury (salary £1,600). He was first placed in the Commission of the Treasury Board in March, 1819, and performed his duties of "making a House, keeping a House, and cheering the Minister" until Mr. Canning became Premier in April, 1827, when his lordship resigned with the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel. When his Grace became Premier himself in January, 1828, his Lordship resumed his old post, but retired again with his party in November, 1830. During the next few years he was found battling against the Reform Bills, making for himself a reputation for energy, perseverance, and statesmanlike qualities, so that in December, 1834, Sir Robert Peel placed his clever young adherent in the responsible office of First Commissioner of Woods, Forests, Land Revenues, Works, and Buildings, and his name was added to the list of Her Majesty's Privy Council. The salary was £2,000, and among the men who held the post were Mr. Huskisson, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Dover, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and Lord Duncannon. The Conservative Ministry passed into opposition in April, 1835, but returning in September, 1841, Lord Granville was created Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (salary £2,000), and was accorded the high position of a seat in the Cabinet. His lordship consistently followed the political fortunes of his chief, and when Sir Robert was driven from office on the repeal of the Corn Laws in July, 1846, he also resigned. In the intervals of his active political career Lord Granville served as a zealous magistrate; he was a Justice of the Peace, and Deputy-Lieutenant for his native county, and for many years presided as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. As far back as 7th August, 1829, he was appointed Chairman of the Metropolitan Lunacy Commission, and there is little doubt that a sphere of still higher and more useful labour in the field of politics was opening for him, when the hand of death fell upon him. At the early age of fifty-five he expired, 23rd February, 1848, to the great grief of his many friends—political and private.

SIR JOHN VAUGHAN.

This learned Judge was appointed a Baron of the Court of Exchequer in February, 1827, and received the honour of Knighthood in January, 1829. In May, 1834, a re-arrangement of the judicial bench was effected, and Sir John Vaughan was transferred to the Court of Common Pleas, and the next month he was sworn a Privy Councillor. He died in 1839.

34 WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN.

The princely house of Wynn of Wynnstay derives descent from Cadrod Hardd, or the Handsome, a British chieftain, who resided at Tremadog, and was Lord of Tallybolion in the beginning of the twelfth century. The original name was Williams, and its bright ornament Sir William Williams, Knight, having been Speaker of the Commons in the reign of King Charles II., was knighted and appointed Solicitor-General to James II., and finally was raised to the baronetage in July, 1688. His grandson, the third Baronet, assumed the additional name and arms of Wynn on inheriting Wynnstay and other estates of his great great grandfather, Sir John Wynn. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn was the second son of Sir W. Williams Wynn, fourth baronet, by Charlotte, the daughter of the Right Hon. George Grenville, First Lord of the Treasury. Born on the 9th of October, 1775, Mr. Charles Wynn was educated at Westminster School and at Christ Church, Oxford, of which University he was in after life created an honorary D.C.L. On attaining his majority in 1796, he entered Parliament at the general election of that year for the pocket borough of Old Sarum. The following year a chance vacancy occurred in the representation of Montgomeryshire, and on resigning his seat and presenting himself as a candidate, Mr. Charles Wynn (as he now became to be known) was elected without opposition, and this honourable position he filled up to the day of his death. The year 1798 witnessed his call to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, but his adoption of the legal profession was more in accordance with the custom of the day than of any intention of actively pursuing its intricate studies. Probably he went circuit a few times, but he speedily applied himself diligently to his senatorial duties, and more particularly to the rules and precedents of Parliament, in which study he became most proficient. Lord Grenville came into power in February, 1806, and having observed the good business qualities of the young Welsh member, he had no hesitation in offering the post of Under Secretary of State for the Home Department to Mr. Charles Wynn. The offer was accepted, and he took office for the first time in a Whig Administration, containing Erskine and Fox, Sidmouth and Howick, his own immediate chief being Earl Spencer. The Parliamentary Under-Secretaries of State were just about this time beginning to take a higher official rank than their services had previously entitled them to. Till 1782 they had been little more than Private Secretaries to the Secretaries of State; at one time called Secretaries, they had latterly been known as Chief Secretaries to the Statesman who appointed them, but it was the rule for each Secretary of State to appoint his own Chief Secretaries, and so the office was of a friendly and per-

sonal character, and was in fact frequently held by relatives. By the time of Mr. Charles Wynn's appointment, however, the Under Secretary had acquired the privilege of resigning with the Administration which appointed him, and the general dignity of the office had become such that able politicians found it one of the most convenient offices in which to commence their career. For the quiet routine of the Home Office the subject of this memoir was, by his natural temperament, pre-eminently fitted. To a mind upon which the study of precedents had produced a very natural result, it was most improbable that red tape should have been distasteful or unwelcome, and Mr. Charles Wynn became a model Under Secretary. As his chief was a Peer, he had therefore to represent the office in the House of Commons himself, and this he did to the satisfaction of the country till March, 1807, when, on the resignation of the Government, he of course quitted his post. Forming one of the Opposition, he yet retained his distinctive character as one of the attached and devoted followers of his eminent kinsman Lord Grenville. In the following years he was a frequent speaker in the House, amongst the first rank of the Opposition, and his speeches, composed as they were of sound reason and argument, commanded universal attention. As an orator, however, he lacked fulness of tone; he had the misfortune to labour under the disadvantage of possessing a very thin and high pitched voice, and so evident was this, that in the House he and his brother (Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P. for Denbighshire forty years), who stammered in his speech, received the well-known title of "Bubble and Squeak." In spite of this, Mr. C. Wynn was now beginning to be recognised as a leading politician. In 1817 Mr. Abbot, the Speaker, resigned, and was elevated to the Peerage, and the Ministerialists brought forward Mr. Manners Sutton, the Judge Advocate-General, as their candidate for the post. Nothing loth, their opponents accepted the challenge and selected the Member for Montgomeryshire as their champion. Having devoted much time to the study of the law of Parliament he had become a high authority in the House as to the rules and precedents of its proceedings, and was well fitted for the chair; but in a party contest merit is often disregarded. Proposed by Mr. Dickson, and seconded by Sir Matthew White Ridley, he received on the 2nd of June 150 votes, against the 312 recorded for Mr. Manners Sutton. As illustrating Mr. Wynn's authority in the House, it may be mentioned that on the (next) motion of the Secretary of State, Leader of the House, for providing a pension for the retiring Speaker, on being informed by Mr. Wynn that the method proposed was unconstitutional and against all precedent, he immediately withdrew it, and substituted *another one* for it in accordance with Mr.

Wynn's advice, so although defeated, he had lost nothing in the esteem of the House. The country was now passing through troublous times; the bread riots had occasioned a disastrous loss of life, and the serious domestic state of the nation engaged every attention of the Government. Lord Liverpool, as head of the Ministry, made overtures for assistance to the Grenville party, and these after a time were accepted. The Marquis of Buckingham and Mr. C. Wynn joined the Administration, and Sir H. W. Wynn was sent on a Foreign Embassy. It may at first thought appear curious that these politicians should thus change sides; but it will be remembered that Lord Grenville had originally been one of the lieutenants of Mr. Pitt, and that his followers when in Opposition had resisted Ministerial measures more on the score of the merits of each particular case than from a divergence of political principles. In the January of 1822 Mr. Charles Wynn took his seat at the Council Board of his Sovereign, and the following month was gazetted First Commissioner for the Affairs of India, more generally known as President of the Board of Control, and in March was re-elected for Montgomeryshire. As Minister for India (salary £6,000) he displayed such considerable administrative power, that he was allowed to retain his office, with which he enjoyed the honour of a seat in the Cabinet, through the successive Governments of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, and Lord Goderich. With this last leader he finally resigned in February, 1828, on his Grace of Wellington and the high Tories returning to power. For the three succeeding years he appears to have acted with the moderate Whig following of Lord Goderich, and with that nobleman he entered the Cabinet of Lord Grey in November, 1830, as Secretary at War. The next month he was in addition constituted a Commissioner of the Board of Control. Earl Grey was pledged to Reform, and accordingly a Bill for that purpose was introduced into Parliament, but as soon as it was laid before the House, Mr. Wynn, who objected to the extent of its operation as too sweeping, and who had not previously been made acquainted with its provisions, placed his resignation in the hands of his Sovereign. After that he only retained office till the appointment of his successor in April, 1831, but he, nevertheless, sat at the Board of Control, where his experience demanded his presence irrespective of party issues till December, 1832. On freeing himself from the chains of office he became a frequent speaker against both Reform Bills, and accordingly his seat was threatened at the general election in the summer of 1831. The Reform candidate was Mr. Joseph H. Lyons, but the result was not encouraging to that gentleman, for he only polled 302 votes, to the 703 his adversary obtained. After this salutary triumph no Reformer appeared anxious at the next elections to contest

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the seat. Mr. Wynn accepted office for the last time, in the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, in December, 1834, where he filled the quiet post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (salary £2,000). From this time he took little part in the business of the House, except recording his silent vote, and from this period he is found consistently voting with his party and opposing the Ballot and repeal of the Corn Laws. In January, 1846, on the death of Mr. Byng, he succeeded to the titular honour of "Father of the House of Commons," having sat without interruption since 1796. This proud dignity he enjoyed till his decease in October, 1850, at which time he was patron of two livings, Steward of Denbigh, a Deputy-Lieutenant of Denbighshire, a Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy (appointed August, 1829), and a Commissioner of Church and Corporation Land Tax. He had many years previously been created an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, and elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and for many years had filled the position of President of the Royal Asiatic Society. He married 9th April, 1806, Miss Mary Cunliffe, eldest daughter of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart., and by her, who died 14th June, 1838, he had a family of six children, five of whom, a son and four daughters, survived their parents. Mr. Charles Wynn was buried in the vault in St. George's Chapel, Bayswater, next to his wife and sons, in accordance with his will.

SIR HENRY WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN,

Third son of Sir W. Williams Wynn, Bart., and brother of the Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, born in 1783, he entered the service of his country at the age of fifteen, as a junior clerk in the Foreign Office in January, 1799. In January, 1801, he became Private Secretary to his relative, Lord Grenville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in the month following précis writer to Lord Hawkesbury, the successor to Lord Grenville. In April, 1803, at the unusually youthful age of twenty, Mr. Henry Wynn entered the Diplomatic Service of his country, and without serving the primary position of Secretary of Legation, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of the Elector of Saxony. He also entered Parliament for Midhurst on a chance vacancy occurring, in January, 1807. In a few months, however, the Grenville party fell from office, Mr. Henry Wynn was recalled in April, and in May he lost his seat. He married on the 30th September, 1813, the Hon. Hester Frances Smith, sixth daughter of Robert, first Lord Carrington, by whom he had three sons and three daughters, the eldest of whom subsequently became the wife of Prince Bismarck. The Grenville party joined Lord Liverpool in 1822, and Mr. Henry Wynn was despatched (in February) as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary

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to Switzerland. In February, 1823, he was transferred to Wurtemberg (Stuttgart), and in a similar capacity to Denmark in September, 1824. As British Minister he resided at the Court of Copenhagen (salary £4,000) for the long period of nineteen years and a half, to the satisfaction of Whig, Tory, Liberal and Conservative Ministers alike. Honours fell fast upon the able diplomatist. He was sworn of the Privy Council in September, 1825, created a Knight Bachelor in 1831, and also soon after a G.C.H., and a Knight Commander (Civil Division) of the Bath in March, 1851. Sir Henry retired on the usual long service pension in February, 1853, but he had the great misfortune to lose his wife in the following year, and he himself closed his career of honour on the 28th of March, 1856, at Llanvoida, in Shropshire.

(Will be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TOURNAMENT.

He mounts upon his charger bold—
He waits with lance in rest —
A ribbon, by his ladye given,
Adorns his flaming crest.

She waves her hand—she smiles on him
And he returns her glance ;
Then straightway doth, in beauty's cause,
Resolve to break a lance.

So quick he throws his gauntlet down
At foot of gallant knight ;
And bids him for the joust prepare,
For ladye and for right.

Around, the beauties of the land,
And dames of high degree,
Do gather—for the tournament
Is one they love to see.

And oh, what wild excitement reigns
Amidst the courtly throng ;
As well each mettled charger there
Doth bear his knight along.

Full well th' opponents poise the lance,
And on each other bear ;
The victor shall rewarded be
By smile from ladye fair.

And each one for his ladye love
The palm of beauty claims ;
And each doth pledge to win for her,
Whom now he softly names,

The title that the victor gives,
Of " Beauty of the Land ;"
Each hoping the reward may be
His ladye's heart and hand.

"Have at thee now," the gallant knight
 Doth shout in tones so gay;
 Then lightly spurs his charger on,
 And bears the ring away.
 Then gallops to his ladye fair,
 Who gives the knight her glove;
 'Midst all the nobles gathered there,
 As token of her love.
 All hail her "Beauty of the Land,"
 And praise her lovely face;
 Admire her gallant's stalwart form,
 His proud and courtly grace.
 And say the prize was nobly won,
 As hand is clasped in hand—
 In plighted troth—that gallant knight,
 And "Beauty of the Land."

Canterbury.

ELIZA VAUGHAN.

DRUIDIC SONNETS TO THE SUN.*

THE VICTORIOUS LEADER.

Thou fearless sojourner in Hades' gloom!
 How hast thou traversed all the abodes of woe;
 Redeeming Typhon's captive hosts below,
 And rising glorious from the realms of doom.
 Thou ledest through time's flood and wilderness
 Thy followers to promised lands away;
 The summer kingdoms of the Lord of Day,
 Where peace and rest shall many pilgrims bless.
 Victorious rolls along thy burning car,
 Whose splendours glisten like the cherubim;
 Along thy path the flames of conquest gleam,
 And herald on the glorious tide of war.
 Leader of glittering hosts, before thee rise
 The boundless plains of light, the throne of paradise.

THE BENEFACTOR.

Father of light, how large thy bounties are;
 From thee comes every perfect gift and good;
 Day, from thy presence streams a golden flood;
 With life thou peoplest ocean, earth and air.

*In imitation, if we remember, of the hymn of the Emperor Julian to Domini Sol.—EDITOR.

Throughout all time is felt thy constant care
 Brooding o'er man, and beast, and bird, and bee ;
 Providing for thy world-wide family,
 To each allotting day by day his share.
 This blushing wealth of bloom and fruit is thine,
 With sweets thou fillest rose and lily cells ;
 Beneath thy gaze the purple berry swells ;
 Thy gracious smiles beget oil, corn and wine.
 At morn thy sacramental feasts are spread o'er earth
 and heaven,
 Thy gifts are sleep, and rest, and peace, and dew, and
 stars, at even.

 THE WORD.

Thou primal utterance of the eternal mind !
 Whose thoughts are syllabled in worlds of light ;
 Hymned into orbs and trembling choirs bright ;
 With which the gleaming scroll above is lined.
 Thine author to thy glorious form resigned
 The fulness of His riches infinite ;
 Thou art of majesty, wisdom, and might,
 By Him His burning parable designed.
 Celi's immortal Word and flaming tongue,
 Thy speech is poured in floods on worlds afar ;
 In golden strains to earth, and moon, and star,
 Unwearied has thy sweet evangel rung.
 Truth's undimmed splendours stand revealed in thine
 anointed face ;
 Thy fadeless beams are eloquent of everflowing grace.

 THE LYRIST.

Caersidi's bard, prince of the golden lyre !
 Whose throne is circled by the laughing stars ;
 Thy music rushes through the trembling bars
 That met the mantling blue with lines of fire.
 With joy thy festive hymns the worlds inspire,
 In solemn dance are moved their circles bright ;
 Anointed by the waves of holy light,
 Caught from the face of their melodious sire.
 Though standing on the outer circle far,
 Sweet flutterings come as from immortal strings ;
 Whose mild, faint echo inspiration brings,
 And fills with cheer this dim and lonely star.
 Thy songs we hear rehearsed in winds and rhythmic seas,
 The poet's lays, the swallow's twitter, and murmuring
 soft of bees.

Pontypridd.

W. PARRY.

IN MEMORIAM.

I know a place surrounded by the sea,
 A barren waste enclosed by rock and sand ;
 A wilderness bereft of shrub and tree,
 And valueless except as rabbit land.

There in the summer nights when all was still,
 Save the faint ripple in the sandy bay ;
 Oft have I lain me on the fern-clad hill,
 And watched the ships go slowly on their way.

Sometimes a sailor boy perched up aloft,
 On board some "homeward bound," would shout with glee ;
 And from some capstan head a chorus oft
 Came wafted by the gentle breeze to me.

Sometimes the storm winds howled and lashed the foam
 High up the jagged steeps in silver spray ;
 And lightnings flashed above my island home,
 And white-capped waves came rolling up the bay.

What recked I of the storms, my cares were few,
 My prayers were simple, and old Evan strong ;
 His wife watched o'er me like a mother true,
 And I was happy as the days were long.

One day in winter when the snowflakes fall,
 And heavy mists hung over sea and land ;
 A ship came bounding on the rocks, and all
 Her crew, save one, lay buried in the sand.

We nursed the stranger well, with gentle care,
 And ere the summer came his cheeks grew red ;
 His eyes were azure blue, his flaxen hair
 Clung in close curls around his bonny head.

Why pause to tell, what wonder that we grew
 To love each other every day the more ;
 We read together, told each all we knew,
 And wandered hand in hand along the shore.

Too soon the parting came, my tears fell fast,
 Some dark foreboding bade my heart despair ;
 Now mem'ry clings too fondly to the past,
 I watch the sea, my love lies buried there.

Cardiff.

T. KYLE.

CAMBRIA.

We sing of thy mountains,
 Thy falls and thy fountains,
 Thy valleys of verdure, thy minstrels of old ;
 Thy sons and thy daughters,
 The sound of thy waters,
 Thy charters of fame, thy Caractacus bold.

Of thy sons there are stories
 In war and its glories ;
 Thy daughters have courage and comeliness too.
 Thy castles have crumbled,
 And the proud have been humbled,
 But time cannot canker thy heart that is true.

Thy battle is booming no longer
 For liberty, dear to thy soul ;
 But thy love of it never was stronger,
 And 'twill live while the ages shall roll.

Thy peaks that are peeping
 In lakes that are sleeping,
 Thy rivers and rills have a grace of their own ;
 Thy mountains are towers
 Where the thunder-cloud lowers ;
 The heights of the heavens make Snowdon their throne.

Thy harp never slumbers,
 The spell of its numbers,
 Like the willows and billows and echoes of hills ;
 And the mountain-breeze bounding,
 Thy minstrels are sounding,
 In a wail which is sweet, and in music which thrills.

Thy battle is booming no longer
 For liberty, dear to thy soul ;
 But thy love of it never was stronger,
 And 'twill live while the ages shall roll.

London.

KYNNERSLEY LEWIS.

THE HUNTSMAN'S LEAP.

A STORY OF SOUTH PEMBROKESHIRE.

BY HOWELL DAVIES,

Author of "Tempting the Fates," "Stolen from the Sea," "The Haunted Hansom," "My Partner's Crime," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

Christmas Eve on the coast, and a wild coast too! There's no mistake about that. For real, stupendous sublimity you will find it a hard matter to beat the Atlantic-washed cliffs of South Pembrokeshire, and many and doleful are the tales they could tell of shipwreck and disaster. Yet I very much doubt if their long history could divulge anything more harrowing than the adventure which befell me when I saw them first.

At the date of the occurrence which I am about to relate I was a young fellow, possessed of remarkably good health, and still better spirits. Indeed, there was nothing in my lot calculated to interfere with the full enjoyment of either in those halcyon days. But things have changed since then, alas! as they do in all our lives. However that may be, I am not at present engaged on a metaphysical dissertation, so I shall leave the pursuit of this interesting branch of thought to those of my readers who may have a fancy for such abstruse speculations. Let it suffice that neither my body nor mind was in an unhealthy morbid condition at the time of my singular adventure, or I should hardly deem it worth my while to unburden myself of my story.

I have said that my outlook on life was a cheery one, and it was in every respect. With a sufficient competency to render me independent of hard work; with a bright, pleasant home, kept in the most perfect order by the loving hands of the sweetest, truest-hearted maiden aunt that ever blessed a bachelor's fireside; with a host of kindly acquaintances, and a few chosen friends—men after my own heart—is it any wonder

that I deemed my lot had been cast in pleasant places? I had no *affaire du cœur* on to make me discontented with my freedom, and keep me oscillating between the fever-heat of absolute devotion and the zero of suspicion and doubt. True love is a very fascinating sentiment, and for aught I know may be a delicious reality. I prefer the substantial certainty of liberty, only it would never have done in those days to have avowed such revolutionary ideas to my many lady-friends.

Among the numerous friends of my college days at Cambridge, I, of course, had my special and particular chum, and that chum was Dick Oakley. A better fellow never lived. True as steel, cheery as the very sunlight itself, with the strength and courage of a gladiator, combined with all the gentleness of a woman's loving nature, his tall, lithe figure and handsome face made sad havoc in the easily fluttered bosoms of the fair sex, with whom he was a universal favourite. In addition to all this he was heir to large estates in North Wales, and had some small property from the maternal side on the wild and barren coast of South Pembrokeshire. Dick and I read together at Cambridge; had rooms on the same floor at Trinity; hunted, boated, walked, and drove together; and generally "chummed" as only "'varsity" men of the same age and tastes can do. Ah! those were happy days, with no single shadow, no premonition of the tragedy that was to wreck both our lives!

One evening we were sitting in my room over a blazing fire, smoking our customary friendly pipe, and speculating vaguely, as youngsters will do, as to our future, and as to the chances for and against our taking our degrees. The Michaelmas Term was drawing to a close, so after a time our conversation drifted very naturally into the channel of Christmas and its approaching festivities. Like myself, Dick had lost both his parents when he was quite a lad, and had none of those sweet family ties which, after all, make up the sum of enjoyment at that cheerful and holy season, when households are united, wrongs forgotten, sins forgiven, and the yawning chasm of misunderstanding and estrangement is bridged over by the softening memories of Him whose life was one unbroken lesson of Divinely-human love!

The only living relative that Oakley possessed was the uncle whose estates he would one day inherit, and who, for that simple reason, hated his nephew most cordially. And yet the old man was to be pitied too. In spite of all his wealth, his had been a strange unfortunate history. Late in life he had married a young and lovely wife, whom he loved with all the fervour of his strong passionate nature. Their wedded life was blest with two sons and a daughter, and never was there a happier home than that at Plasbrynhid Grange. Alas! for the

durability of human happiness ; there is no barricade strong enough to keep the "greedy old man with the sickle" at bay, nor can the wealthiest bribe stay his relentless hand. In one short week the gaunt skeleton of fever had wrecked the home-circle at Plasbrynhid, and left the aged squire widowed and childless. Then all the sweetness of the once noble nature turned to wormwood and gall. He railed at the Hand that had smitten him, and closed his seared and stricken heart to all sympathy with his fellow-men. Even the orphaned condition of his younger brother's child failed to move him ; nay, the very knowledge that that child would ere long possess the wealth that he was suddenly prevented from lavishing on his own offspring was as oil poured upon the fire of his misanthropic hate. He would hold no communication with the boy who was to step into the position intended for his own dear lads. So Dick had seen little or nothing of his future home, and was an utter stranger to his own flesh and blood in the person of the melancholy mourner at Plasbrynhid Grange. Fortunately the income derived from his Pembrokeshire property was more than sufficient for my friend's wants.

And now to return to my story.

Well, we were wondering how we should spend Christmas, and what new amusement we could devise to gratify my dear old aunt—for I must tell you that Dick had received and accepted a cordial invitation from that sweetest specimen of spinsterhood to make his home with us during the vacation—when my gyp knocked at the door, and in obedience to Dick's unearthly yell, "Come in!" entered with a letter. I instantly recognised my aunt's clear, bold hand, and tore open the envelope in some trepidation, for it was only the evening before that I'd had my long weekly epistle from her—and what letters she did write, bless her dear, good heart! A glance at the hastily written page confirmed my fears that something was wrong, and I suppose my face must have shown it, for Dick, who sat watching me, exclaimed, "Hullo! my terrified child, what's up? What's the nature of the sanguinary document? An offer of marriage from the bedmaker, or a friendly intimation from Victoria, by the Grace, &c.; eh, which is it?"

"Neither," I replied; "it's a letter from the old lady at Ivyglen, with intelligence of a very vexatious character."

"No!" cried that incorrigible youth, putting on a look of the most comical disgust and horror, "it can't be! Surely she has never eloped with that Evangelical curate we met down there, whose leading characteristics were a lisp, sandy hair, and a decided obliquity of vision; or perhaps some long-concealed spouse has turned up from the Antipodes. Those unique gentry mostly put in an appearance at Christmas time. I can *picture* your long-lost uncle now, my dear boy, as I sit here;

a gentleman in rough sea-faring costume, and a huge beard; indistinct utterance, varied by vigorous but unmusical hiccups; and a gait suggestive of some decided irregularity in the earth's rotary motion. What a touching meeting it must have been," he rattled on. "I wonder—"

"Don't be a fool, Dick," I put in, rather testily. "Read that letter, and tell me what you think of it."

The letter in question informed me that my aunt had received an urgent call to visit an old schoolgirl friend of hers, and my dear mother's, who resided in the North of Scotland, and whose husband had been drowned the day before, whilst attempting to ford a swollen stream near his own home. (Of course my aunt, good soul! never for a moment hesitated to obey such a summons, and had started at once for Glankiltar. She enjoined us to make ourselves as comfortable as possible at the dear old home, and to be sure and enjoy our Christmas in spite of her enforced absence. Here was a pretty fix for two energetic and fun-loving youths to be in! Just fancy a Christmas at Ivyglen, with no one to look after our personal comforts but a rheumatic butler and his antiquated wife, the housekeeper. A most estimable female, undoubtedly; for her temper was simply angelic. But then her deafness rendered her as unapproachable to all but her mistress as one of those bright beings whom she so closely resembled in disposition. Then what was to become of all the nice things we had planned in the way of amusements? The skating parties, the musical evenings, the dances, the flirtations, and all the other thousand and one devices for spending a merry Christmas. In the absence of my comely relative to play propriety, all these delightful frivolities would have to be abandoned. And what was Christmas without them? O! that would never do at any price! Better stay where we were than lock ourselves up in a country house where we couldn't entertain our fair friends. I suggested that we should run up to town, and make the best of things there. Dick, who had very old-fashioned views of the way in which Christmas should be spent, put his veto upon that at once. Would to Heaven we had adopted one of these plans, rather than the one we did! If we could only have foreseen the way in which we should both spend that day of general mirth and feasting, I think—I know—we would both have chosen death in preference. Whilst we, in our poor human blindness, were plotting and planning with all the coolness of fore-knowledge, Fate, eventful Fate, was busy weaving out for us a destiny too horrible for the wildest imagination to forecast.

So we smoked on in silence for some time, until that impetuous boy, Dick, jumped from his chair with a war-whoop that would have done credit to Sitting Bull in his palmyest,

or rather "scalpiest," days. After executing an intricate *pas seul* which baffles description, he sank into a chair, and faintly gasped, "I have it."

"Yes, you *have*," I replied, "and a bad attack, too! I knew Perrier, Jouet, and Co. wouldn't stand being sat upon by all that whisky!"

With a sudden assumption of excessive gravity my volatile companion retorted, "Austin Landley, let me counsel you, in the immortal words of the 'Lyra Germanica,' 'to stow that bosh,' and to confine your feeble witticisms to the incidents of your own vicious career! Listen to me, for my lips breathe wisdom, and words of understanding are in my mouth! What I have is an idea. Hush, he exclaimed, lifting his hand with warning solemnity, don't give way to the jealous pangs of useless envy! My idea is this. Let us go down to my little place in Pembrokeshire, and make ourselves the guests of the parson of the parish. He's got a decent little crib in the village adjoining my property, and has several times urged me to visit him. It seems he was an old lover of my dear mater's, and consequently feels some amount of interest in 'the amiable and gentle youth' who survives her. By the way, there used to be a very pretty little daughter at the parsonage. She and I were great pals in our pinafore and knickerbocker days. Shared each other's joys and sorrows; combined our individual revenues for the purchase of candy in the village shop, and sealed such practical affection with our sticky little lips. By Jove! she must be seventeen now, and the handsomest creature in the whole country side, I'll warrant you! Well, old solemn-visage," he cried, slapping me on the shoulder, "is it a bargain? Shall we go? Say the word, and I'll concoct a dutiful epistle to his holiness at once!"

Of course I consented, for there was no supernatural voice near me to warn me of the life-long misery into which I was calmly walking. The letter, a model of respectful propriety, though the joint production of two such hair-brained young scamps, was duly written and posted that evening. Three days after came the reply, couched in terms of the warmest cordiality, assuring us of a genuine Christmas welcome, and urging us to lose no time in setting off to our distant destination.

CHAPTER II.

On the 16th December we started on our long railway journey, well supplied with newspapers, Christmas annuals, cigars, and tobacco. At length we found ourselves at Pembroke

railway station, thoroughly tired out, and feeling very much as though we had overshot the "uttermost parts of the earth." Nor did our drive in the vicar's homely phaeton, through the one dull street of the ancient town, tend to remove this first impression.

In due time we reached the parsonage-house, and a pleasant spot it looked under the pale rays of the early moon. Standing back some distance from the high-road, it nestled in a bower of shrubs, overtopped by some fine chestnuts of venerable aspect. In the summer-time it must have been a charming retreat. The house itself, of modest, yet comfortable, dimensions, was situated on rising ground, and was amply protected from the north and east winds. In front was a small lawn, edged with flower-beds, and locked in from the road by a well-planted shrubbery. Away in the distance, beyond a pastoral valley, backed by breezy downs, danced and sparkled the restless, beautiful, treacherous sea. The little church, a simple building of unpretending Norman architecture, lay about quarter of a mile to the right of the house, and nearer the Roman road which ran through the valley.

Our reception at the vicarage was certainly more than sufficient atonement for the long and wearisome journey we'd had right across the kingdom; and as for the vicar's daughter! Well, all I can say is, that the sight of Mary Cheriton's face, as I saw it first, would have repaid me for a three months' campaign in the Great Desert! How shall I describe her, as she stood at her father's side in the dimly-lighted hall, and bade us welcome? Small rather in stature, but beautifully formed, with delicately-cut features, and a figure softly, but fully, rounded to the perfection of womanly grace, rich auburn hair coiled round a small head, proudly set on shoulders and bust of ravishing beauty; eyes—large, wondering, timid as a fawn's, and of exquisite blue; a rosy, pouting mouth, with teeth of dazzling whiteness, sweet floodgates of the rippling laughter that seemed for ever rising from her joyous, sunny heart. Now that I've written this description of her, I find that it doesn't convey any idea of her delicate, perfect beauty. But as no words could do justice to that, my readers must rest satisfied with my feeble efforts, and try to imagine what I am utterly unable to describe.

I verily believe I should have fallen desperately in love with her, there and then, had I not seen in an instant how the land lay. Her welcome for me was almost sisterly in its warmth and cordiality, and she met my look of unmistakable admiration calmly and unflinchingly. But before Dick's impassioned gaze her eyes fell, and the tell-tale colour mantled in her lovely cheeks and spread like an autumn sunset over the glory of her face. To use a sporting phrase, I wasn't "in the running."

anywhere. My number was scratched at the post. What else could I expect? I prided myself upon being a cynical woman-hater, and thought it a manly thing to sneer at the softer sex, fool that I was! Oakley, on the other hand, had been a general admirer and an accomplished flirt. Ah! he was caught at last; and the most violent symptoms of that old-fashioned malady developed themselves with amazing rapidity.

What a happy, merry party we were at the vicar's dinner-table that evening! How we laughed and chatted, and made arrangements for no end of fun and adventure. I felt as though I had come amongst old friends whom I had known from childhood. Yet I had never been in Pembrokeshire before. What simple, homely, kindly folk they were, to be sure! How proud the white-haired, studious old pastor was of his beautiful, motherless child! Nor could anything be more touching than her reverent love for him whose watchful affection had combined a mother's tenderness with a father's care. The only drawback to dear old Dick's enjoyment was the presence of a simpering curate from an adjoining parish for whom we both—Dick and I—at once conceived the strongest contempt. He, the curate, was burdened with the euphonious name of Shadrach Morse; was possessed of an effeminate face, watery green eyes, partially obscured by tinted spectacles, a bald head, fringed with what looked like the ragged remains of a demoralised door-mat. His voice was eminently suggestive of the distant plaint of an imprisoned kitten. His intellectual powers were evidently on a par with his physical endowments, and concentrated their feeble rays on the spasmodical production of religious tracts, in whose compilation "brimstone" preponderated. On this supremely abstruse topic he was great; on all others, small—very small.

Absurd as it may appear, this subaltern in the "Church militant" had the audacity to lift his eyes to Mary Cheriton, in the fond hope of winning her hand and heart. It is needless to add that Mary treated his imbecile advances with ineffable scorn. However, Dick was none the less annoyed at the smirking smile with which the poor creature contemplated the vicar's fair daughter all dinner time.

Dinner over, we didn't linger long over the wine, but rejoined Miss Cheriton in the drawing-room, where music and pleasant chat made the time fly all too quickly. Mary had a lovely contralto voice, which had been cultivated with considerable care. But what gave the charm to her singing was the exquisite feeling that pervaded every inflection of her wonderful voice. Ballads she shone in, as you may well imagine; and the amount of pathos she threw into her words and music was thrilling. Ah! how little of that ravishing melody I was destined to hear from those lips!

When I retired to my room that night the moon was shining in at my window. I was in no mood for sleep, in spite of the many hours I had been travelling. So I flung open the ivy-sheltered casement and leaned out in silent, dreamy meditation. The air was as balmy as spring, for that eventful Christmas was what the country folks call a "green Christmas." From my window I could hear the ceaseless murmur of the tide as it rolled in from the broad Atlantic, and right away in the far distance I could catch the glistening sheen of its silvery belt. As I looked upon it, a strange feeling of inexpressible sadness stole over me; a weird foreboding of I knew not what. It seemed as though the distant roar of the tidal wave was striving to speak to me in audible tones of a coming calamity. Dark shadows seemed to pass athwart the moonbeams, and an utterly undefinable chill crept into my heart, driving out the laughter and music that had dwelt there all the evening. Who can fathom that mysterious shadow of unconscious, unlooked-for disaster that throws its cold length on the sunniest reaches of our life journey? As the mariner is made aware at midnight of the vicinity of an iceberg by the sudden fall of temperature, so sometimes our watching hearts are chilled by the grim shadow of impending evil; yet we know not how or why. O! that I could have pierced the infinite obscurity that winter night. Vain, foolish wish! The inscrutable hand of Fate covered my eyes with the darkness of the shadow of death!

Oppressed and miserable, I closed my window and went to rest with that wailing voice of the treacherous sea ringing in my ears. In the morning I awoke from troubled dreams and started from my couch to find that it was past nine o'clock. Hurrying over my toilet, I went down, to find the vicar, Miss Cheriton and Dick awaiting me, and anxious for their breakfast. The morning was spent in rambling about the coast and admiring the grand, diversified scenery. And thus the days sped on. We went down into the sunken forest, and listened to the weird, wild music of Bosheston Mere. The quaint old chapel of St. Govan, perched in its rocky cleft, was duly inspected. Of course we turned ourselves round and "wished" in the crevice where the hunted saint once lay hidden; and equally of course we rung the bell-stone and drank the miraculous water of the holy well. We tried, as all pedestrians do, to count the uneven steps in the cliff, and, as may be expected, signally and ignominiously failed.

CHAPTER III.

At length Christmas Eve arrived, bringing with it all the hallowed associations of the vanished past, but no faintest, shadowiest presentiment of the awful, agonising future.

Dick and Miss Cheriton seemed in unusual spirits all the morning, laughing and teasing each other more than they had ever done before. After lunch they started, in tow of the Rev. Shadrach, for the church, in order to put the finishing touches to the Christmas decorations.

I elected to stay at home, much to the well-assumed chagrin of Mary and her cavalier. But I could see plainly enough that, as far as they were concerned, my presence would be *de trop*, and I really couldn't stand the curate.

On the way home in the moonlight the lovers gave their intrusive companion the slip. Dick and Mary wandered along through the fir plantation in that delightful silence more eloquent than words, both throbbing hearts full of a love as pure and passionate, as deep and true as ever possessed the fickle sons and daughters of Eve! At last Oakley spoke, and in his own manly, fervent way wooed and won the darling at his side. Yet, even as they sealed their plighted troth in the stillness of the deepening twilight, *two* angels hovered round them—Destiny and Love! And ever as the one entwined them with his amaranthine wreath, the other with relentless hand smote the fragrant bonds asunder! But the lovers knew it not.

When they came in they went straight to the vicar's study and prayed the old man for his blessing. Readily he gave it, and with it holy counsel for guidance in the after years. How should he know that they nevermore would need it?

I didn't see anything of Mary until dinner was announced, but Dick, dear sly old Dick! came tearing into my room, as I was leisurely donning my evening dress. If ever I saw a man look supremely, ridiculously happy it was Oakley on that Christmas Eve. I knew the meaning of it at once, and hastened to congratulate him on his good fortune in having secured the best as well as the handsomest girl in all Pembrokeshire.

"Austin, old man," he answered with real gravity in every tone, "that's just where it is. She is too good, far too good, for such a thoughtless, racketty fellow as I am! I'm going to sober down now though, and live only to make my little pet happy."

For half-an-hour he rattled on, confiding to me his future plans, interspersed with extravagant praises of his "little rosebud," as he called her. I stood it as long as I could, but to a third party such ecstasies become rather monotonous. I determined, therefore, to bring him back to things terrestrial, and turning round to him observed in a calm voice, "Look you here, Master Richard, the fair one is still Miss Cheriton. She may never become Mrs. Oakley after all! What should you say if you lost her?"

The words had scarcely passed my lips before I would have given all I possessed to recall them. His face, as he came

towards me, was ghastly in its white horror. Laying his hand on my shoulder he rocked to-and-fro as his blanched lips hissed out, "It would *kill* me! Oh, my God!" He fell on his knees and groaned. Poor Dick! He was ever an impulsive, emotional creature.

At dinner that evening we discussed the many interesting traditions of the locality. This gave rise to innumerable stories, some amusing, others rather "creepy." The one that impressed me most was that affecting the fearful chasm on the coast, not more than a mile-and-a-half from the house, and known as the "Huntsman's Leap." Tradition states that some time during the last century, an unfortunate horseman, not familiar with the locality, came suddenly upon this hidden fissure, and in the excitement of the chase jumped his horse across it. The gallant animal was equal to the occasion and landed safely the other side, but the unhappy rider looked down as he crossed, and was so terrified at his reckless deed that he fell from his horse—dead! Ever since that remote period, it is said that on Christmas Eve (the anniversary of the frightful catastrophe) a phantom horseman at the midnight hour comes careering over the downs, and with a blood-curdling "Tally-ho," takes the awful leap.

This was the story as told us by the vicar, supplemented by the startling information that many of his intelligent parishioners declared solemnly they had seen the ghostly hunter riding by. As may be supposed, Dick and I laughed heartily at the popular superstition, and in the wisdom of our twenty summers, offered endless explanations.

At length Dick, ever venturesome and sceptical, proposed that we should all walk over that very night to the leap, and lie in wait for the phantom horseman. This suggestion was at once adopted by Mary, the curate, and myself. The vicar smiled and shook his head, and complimentarily told us that *he* was too old for such folly.

Just as the clock struck eleven we started on our weird mission. The moon, almost at her full, was playing hide-and-seek behind masses of fleecy clouds that were sweeping up from the south-west, where a breeze was rising. The Rev. Shadrach and I walked in front, arriving at the leap some little time before the lovers, who soon put in an appearance looking very happy.

We strolled along the whole length of the western side of the chasm, and were awed into silence as we contemplated its smooth, dark sides descending a sheer two hundred and fifty feet to the jagged rocks below, where the tide rushed in with a sullen roar, then drew back sobbing and sighing. At twelve o'clock we were laughing at our stupidity in quitting a *snug drawing-room on such an errand*, when suddenly we heard

in the distance the sounds of mocking demoniac laughter. "Hush!" cried the curate in a tremulous whisper, "*it is the phantom huntsman!*"

The words had hardly been spoken when there dashed into sight, on the opposite side of the narrow fissure, a spectre that would have made the stoutest heart quail! Seated on a shadowy horse with distended nostrils and flaming eyes was the weird, uncanny figure of a man, clad in the hunting costume of the last century. The hoofs of the galloping steed made no sound on the short, dry turf, but as he sprang across the yawning cliffs his rider shouted a loud "Tally-ho!" in a voice that earthly lips could never have uttered, a voice that chilled my very marrow, and caused the wretched curate, whose nerves were weaker, to fall senseless to the earth. Dick, with Mary sheltered in his strong arms, was standing a little nearer the sea; I saw him quiver from head to foot as the hideous spectre passed us, and then fold his darling closer to his brave heart.

Just as we were beginning to breathe freely again, and as the lovers turned to approach me, a sudden gust of wind caught Mary's hat, and carried it off. On the impulse of the moment, with no thought of where he was, Dick sprang forward to recover it. As he did so his foot slipped on the sloping turf, and in an instant, merciful God! he was over! I caught sight of his dear face as he fell backwards to his awful doom, and its livid, maddening agony I shall remember to all eternity. True, even in the agony of sudden and horrible death, he turned upon his speechless and terror-stricken love a look of unutterable yearning; and with her dear name upon his white lips, he sank from our gaze for ever. I stood for a moment transfixed with horror, as I heard his splendid form strike the cruel rocks in its descent, and fall bruised and broken into the arms of the treacherous, voracious tide! Then I turned to look at Mary. Great Heavens! shall I ever forget the face that met my shuddering view? Her grand eyes, that had always a lurking smile in their misty depths, were fixed with a blazing, rigid stare upon the spot where her lover had disappeared from before her, never to be seen again. Her softly rounded bosom rose and fell in fearful agitation; her lips were white and drawn; over her whole face there was spread a look of abject, cowering dread that no pen could describe or pencil portray. As I approached and laid my hand on her quivering shoulder she seemed to awake from her trance of terror. She looked in my ashen face for a moment, and then recoiling from my touch, made a spring towards the edge of the chasm, in whose dark depths her dead treasure lay bruised and mangled. Quick as thought I threw my arm around her lithe and graceful figure, *and swung her round*, but only just in time! Then commenced

one of the strangest and fiercest struggles that ever mortal hands engaged in. I saw at a glance, young as I was, that the maiden's reason had gone. As I held her back from destruction, my head grew dizzy and my heart sick. One incautious step on my part would have added two more deaths to the tragedy of the Huntsman's Leap. I held my footing, thank God! If ever a man prayed for deliverance I did then. Mary, poor mad Mary, whom I had learned to love as a sister, in the meanwhile fought with all the rage of a tigress to get away from me. Heavens! what strength madness lent to that fragile, youthful body! I was as muscular as any man of my time at Cambridge, yet I confess to you that I was only just a match for the young girl robbed of her love and reason at one and the same time. She tore my face as a wild cat might have done, and poured the most awful curses on my head because I was keeping her from her precious love, who was calling to her! "Let me go to him!" she cried, with an exceeding bitter cry. "Fiend that you are! how dare you hold me back! What have I to do with you that you should hold me thus in your arms! I am not yours! I belong to Dick! My handsome, loving darling! Then let me go to him! Don't you hear him calling me?" Then in her frenzy she would call down Heaven's worst malediction on me.

Mary's other lover, meanwhile, was standing at a safe distance, wringing his flabby hands, and imploring me in whining tones to "hold on to dear Mary, for the love of Heaven!"

After a protracted struggle my superior strength and endurance conquered, and seizing a temporary lull in one of the poor child's paroxysms, I once more secured my footing beyond the reach of danger. Then I lifted my lovely, and now unconscious, burden in my arms, and bore her home. What a homecoming it was! Shadrach Morse dragged his trembling limbs to the vicarage by a shorter cut than I could take, burdened as I was. At the vicarage gate I saw the old man coming out to meet us, his servants with him, for the curate had managed to make them comprehend the evil tidings with startling abruptness. A messenger was dispatched on horseback to Pembroke for medical aid. I laid my tender charge on a couch in the drawing-room, where we had spent such a delightful evening only a few hours before; and leaving her in the care of her father and the female servants, I ran all the way to the coast-guard station, about a mile distant, called out the men in charge, and hurriedly told them what had happened. I knew from the first that we could do nothing for him who had gone. Still we hastened back to the leap, and securing ourselves with stout ropes we peered down into the moonlit depths, but could see nothing of the remains of him whom I loved as my own life! Nor were we ever successful in discovering any trace

of him, beyond a blood-stained piece of garment half-way down the cliff. The greedy, devouring waters must have wrapped him in their cold embrace, and borne him out to the fathomless recesses of their own wild home.

“ Where he shall sleep, and take his rest,
Till the Great Archangel stand,
One sacred foot on the restless sea,
And one on the trembling land !”

I stayed for many weeks with the stricken vicar and his worse than widowed daughter. The light of reason never shone again in those bewitching eyes until Death, who had robbed her of her beloved, brought her face to face with him once more!

Years have rolled on since those unhappy days of which I write, but the memory of that awful night is clear, distinct, and terrible still. And ever as the merry Yuletide comes round, with all its unspeakable associations, my heart grows sick and my brain reels as I live over again the horrors of that Christmas Eve beside the Huntsman's Leap.

LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(*With Original Illustrations.*)

XXV.

THE HEDGE LAWYER.

Readers of the *Red Dragon* were last month presented with a sketch of the Hedge Lawyer from the picturesque pen of "Ap Adda." The genus, as known to me, was of more modern date, and I may be excused, therefore, for attempting a description of my own. If the reader will compare the notes of the genial Son of Adam and myself, he or she, as it may happen, will be able to form some notion of the manner in which the Darwinian doctrine of evolution applies to creatures of the species Hedge Lawyer. First among those I knew was old Sam Sloopington, with fair round face, of which the fire appeared to have been all drawn into the nose, where, a glowing knob distended with constant snuff-taking, and irritated with constant applications of a capacious mahogany-coloured handkerchief, it burned with a steady, never-ending glow. His head, with the hair parted neatly in the middle, brushed smoothly down over the forehead, and turned up into tufts at the sides (as proper pendants for the nose, I fancy), appeared like a well-kept lawn with a drive up the centre, at each lower end of which the gardener had swept the rubbish up into a little hillock. The classical reader would soonest understand the way in which the man's head was laid out, if I informed him that it resembled as nearly as possible the Greek capital Omega. After you got up the hill to his hump of veneration by the drive in front, you descended on the other side by another drive, and came to a great stile of a shirt collar, which you would have to be careful how you jumped, because not only were there spikes a-top, but gaping at you, on the other side, a dark morass of velvet coat edging, so well greased that you must almost inevitably sprawl over it helplessly. At the termini of the arms there were wide expanses of frayed linen to match the shirt collar. Shoes well down at heel, a pair of decently cut, but sadly worn, nether integuments, double eye-glasses put in position with a flourish, and—*Ecce Homo.*

His forte was to give cheap advice to clients who had business in the county or police court. Chancery practice he resolutely abstained from interfering with. Sometimes he negotiated a case at sessions or assizes, but this was not often. He knew his path in law, and stuck to it.

Then besides him there were the two great will makers of our district. One a horny-handed son of Vulcan, with a face like a pickled cabbage, and a stomach like a barrel. The other his very antithesis in appearance, active and bustling, an inveterate hand shaker, as well of those he did not as of those he did know. I'm told they both got their law from "Hervey's Meditations;" they were unequalled at epitaphs, and had the reputation of being regularly tipped by all the leading undertakers and monumental sculptors, otherwise grave-stone-makers, for miles round.



the wills they turned out were of the most fearful and wonderful description.

The fourth of my group had craft written in every line of his face; walked as if he were constantly engaged dodging a blow on the back, and spoke pins and needles — daggers, too, sometimes. He made a name for himself at

I need hardly tell you that *Prisoner left the court without a stain on his character* the assizes, where he brought out the great Sir Hickory Thimble-
 rigge, since raised to the woolsack under the title of Lord Billcomb and Baron Diddleham, of Diddleham, in Cakeshire. It was a case of receiving stolen goods. Defence had not a leg to stand on, but Thimble-
 rigge so well bullied the witnesses, badgered the judge, and wheedled the jury, that neither of them at last knew whether he stood head or heels uppermost. The result was that the prisoner left the court without a stain on his character. This worthy, being a wife beater, was locally known as Hainau. He was our great sessions practitioner.

It was his custom to attend court, watch the committals, obtain bail for the prisoners, and then apply to the clerk for a copy of the depositions taken at the hearing. These were made out for the accused party at a charge of three halfpence the folio of ninety words, or less than a fourth of the fee the prosecution had to pay for the same favour, the precise amount in this case being sixpence a folio of seventy-two words—a dozen words a penny exactly. You may know it, or you may not, but prosecutions at sessions or assizes are conducted by the majority of lawyers gratis. A regulation fee of three half guineas per case at sessions and three guineas at assizes was allowed by our county in my time. I do not know what it may be now and in Glamorganshire. If an attorney had a client who could afford it, he generally clapped on something handsome in addition. Now it is a rule of law, or I would be speaking more correctly, perhaps, were I to call it the etiquette of the profession, that a barrister must conduct all his business through an attorney. It was to avoid feeling the middle man that our Hedge Lawyer obtained his copy depositions. He acted as middle man himself, button-holed some son of the briefless, handed him the depositions and a guinea, and the needy prisoner was thereby made sure of a defence. If the business had been conducted in the usual way the accused would have had to find his solicitor five guineas, and counsel three more at the very least. What the Hedge Lawyer's charge was it would be very difficult to fix. He cut his coat according to his cloth always. I would not be over-stepping the mark one way or the other, probably, if I were to say that he usually contented himself with a clear profit of ten shillings on each transaction.

Sessions or assize cases are favourite prey for young lawyers just setting up in business. One of these, getting scent of a charge of malicious wounding or false pretences or theft after previous conviction, would pounce down upon the prosecutor and offer to conduct his affairs in the police court for him for nothing. Prosecutor, particularly if he was poor, would be rather proud than otherwise to "show off" in court with "a lawyer to plead for him," and the bargain would at once be settled. If a committal ensued our young attorney would get his fee; if none his practice, just like the barber's apprentice, who entices young lads into his master's shop and cuts their hair for a penny, or shaves a sheep's head for nothing—all to get his hand in. Some of these young lawyers aforesaid have on their pension list a number of people who regularly tout for business. Policemen and bailiffs make no end of half-crowns by bringing in committals or bankruptcies in prospective. The man who stands well in with the police will get the lion's share of the criminal business of his district

at sessions and assizes you may depend upon it. I remember the whole of the committals in one hand for six months running in a division adjoining our own. Of course the prosecuting attorney has his favourite barrister, friend or relation, or what not, and the consequence is that at sessions or assizes you are frequently treated to the spectacle of one or two busy men worked off their heads while half-a-dozen others are literally eating off their own. In the case I refer to a bit of a rumpus ensued. Several of the disengaged, both barristers and solicitors, kicked, and in the end some pre-committal rules were adopted which had the effect of, to some extent at least, a more equitable division of the spoils.



The law is extensive

One other and the last of my gallery of Hedge Lawyers. He was a regular attorney's clerk, and kept a public house, which, as well as himself, was managed by the most admirable of wives. On fair and market days there wasn't a busier place in the village. Fat farmers and their spouses made it their head quarters; put up their horses and dined there. For half-a-crown and a couple of glasses of rum our little quill driver discoursed bad law with these worthy people by the hour. Sometimes a small cheese or a basket of fruit and vegetables was the reward. The wife took good care that her customers drank enough and that her husband drank nothing at all—at least nothing that was intoxicating. She kept a little glass cask of cold tea, labelled "Rum" and paid for as such by everyone who came to consultation, for her husband's special consumption.

The oracle referred to on every occasion was a *Burns' Justice*, no matter what the point of law was which required settling. It was a grand old volume of about the size of a Family Bible. Some indeed swore it was a Family Bible, and that this was

the only law book the man had in the house. But whether the Bible was the particular book consulted or not I cannot tell; of this much, however, I am quite certain: our Hedge Lawyer *had* a *Burns*. It was the last edition but ten. He bought it in a pawnshop cheap. His clients were invariably awestruck in the presence of the mighty tome.

"Dear me, Mr. Jones," some simple soul would say at sight of the volume. "What a wonderful man you are to be sure. You must have studied tremendous to know where to find my case in a book so big. I wish I had your head, whatever."

"The law is extensive," Mr. Jones would reply with a majestic sweep of the hand, and then, deprecatingly: "every one to his business, Mr. Jenkins. Bless your heart, this is nothing. I am obliged to read through a dozen books of this size every week,"—a statement which was about as true in fact as his opinions were sound in law.

The man made a lot of money in this way; as much, it was said, as the firm that employed him, which was why they dismissed him directly they found him out. He was a lucky beggar, though. Pitched well on his feet and made more money twice over "on his own hook" than he could have ever hoped to make had he continued, as he expressed it, in "chains and slavery."



XXVI.

HANGERS-ON AT COURT.

These are quite a study in themselves. We see the same old familiar faces constantly. Watching police business appears to have a peculiar fascination for some people. So very peculiar indeed that I honestly believe not a few have been drawn into crime through it. They begin by thinking the court and its environs very wicked; presently there grows about the place and the work an aureole of romance; the victims grow excited; their lips smack, their eyes sparkle, and—all is over. They have been dragged into the vortex unwittingly, but with a sense of dreamy pleasure, like the drunken Indian's whose canoe took him over Niagara. Generally speaking these unfortunates are quite cured of their illusions by a seven or ten days' imprisonment. "Skilly" and a judicious course of exercise on the everlasting staircase have a wonderful effect upon the imagination. Mahomet ought to have tried it. Once convicted twice or two hundred times shy are these people of the police court for the future.

I will endeavour to sketch some of the more notable among the types of humanity hanging on at our court. Very queer people many of them are. There is old "Sally in our Alley," as she is everywhere known; would never miss a court if you were to crown her. A deuce of a virago; funniest conformation of head and body I ever saw. Face like a flat-iron, of which the handle was her nose. Eyes almond shaped; mouth a right angled triangle; shoulders fashioned like a schoolboy's kite, and arms and hands for all the world like a pair of badly matched toasting forks. Knows everybody's business but her own; is a retailer of scandal; pawner-general to the nobility, and even something worse for good pay.

In contrast to her stands "Wee Tommy," so called because he is six feet three; a tremendous fellow, with ears like Billy Bottom, the weaver, when Titania was so smitten with him. Has, moreover, a nose like a bellows' spout, and the merest line of chin. He is the court critic. Catches the point of an argument or joke, through ear flaps bent



The court critic

with his hand like a half closed umbrella, and flashes them back from eye and feature upon the younger portion of the audience, whose oracle he is. They applaud where he applauds, and are effectually silenced by a stern look from him if they let in a laugh at a wrong juncture. Count Fosco couldn't hold a candle

to him. The man's presence was electrical. At a signal from him the sighing "O!" of pity ascends from a hundred bosoms—or from possibly lower depths, say toes—through the sky-lighted roof, and thence—well, I can't tell where. At other times you hear the great "H'm" of doubt; the "Phew" of astonishment; the "Ha!" of triumph; the "Ho!" of sarcasm; the "Hoo" of execration; the "Haw!" of scorn; the "He!" of mirth, alternately. He turns his head and shakes it at the audience, or perhaps winks. That means "I told you it was coming," and instantly the faces become brimful of expression. You see

the fire-lit eye of eagerness, the hand creeping mechanically to the ear, the neck craned, as though the parched soul strove to lap up every drop in the stream of speech bubbling from beyond. You notice the scowl of the angry, the frown of the mortified, the lurid light sweeping across the human face divine with a glare such as that which might have flashed across demon faces at the opening of hell gate! These, my friend, are the multitude. Methought I saw in these forests of upturned faces the surging of mighty passions within. I felt a tingling even at the soles of my feet as though they were treading a volcano sure one day to burst. Nay, I thought that had I been born a philosopher, I could even guess the time of the bursting, so intently used I to watch the plying of the lever which is to give vent to the fire.

A wonderful place the police court, or the back seats of a theatre or opera to study character. Let me advise those who love the pursuit not to mix up too much with the people in the front. All there is artificial and strained. They have even taught themselves not to laugh now-a-days—for fear possibly of cracking the wax they have filled up the holes in their faces with. Let the *genre* painter go direct to nature for his studies. It doesn't matter if his tailor or his grocer, who a moment before had been making legs to him, should now stride proudly by to a stall. From the gallery come real criticisms. The people there don't wait to hear what somebody else says without first saying something of their own. The unartificial expression of first impressions is always worth having. Attitudes not struck to order, words that have not been stereotyped, faces and forms worked by natural chords from within, these are the things for you, my friend. Get at the marble; listen to Nature's voice, which is that of God; pass by the figures done in wax of which you know the springs, and those groups of animated clothes-props dressed *en militaire* who pay for all the thought they ever possess. Do this, I say, if you wish to become a true artist; if you don't, then in Heaven's name do just what you like. Hang yourself if you wish it; which is perhaps the best thing that could happen to you and the general community.

Our court was visited by all the public characters of the day. Mr. Gladstone, a hatter, was with us nearly every sitting, and his great rival, plain Mr. Disraeli then, almost as often. He sold pine-apples, a penny slice. Mr. Fawcett I knew by sight as well as my own father. He use to blow a trombone in a local band. Mr. Robert Lowe, a collier, was fined half-a-dozen times for getting drunk before we got rid of him. Lord Salisbury was once had up for vagrancy, but got off by a clever bit of special pleading. Earl Granville, a "tailor by trade," having been fined £2 and the costs for assault, and allowed time to pay, cut

his lucky and was never seen or heard of more. "Lord John," as yet "Earl" Russell was not, a regular ragamuffin, told a wag of a magistrate to speak to him (the prisoner) familiarly and without fear, impudently adding that *he* had been a poor man, like his worship, once. The Duke of Wellington, a pedlar of pins and needles, raised the siege of our town directly he heard the



*He had been a poor man,
like his worship, once."*

police wanted him for hawking without a license. The Emperor Napoleon, bell ringer and purveyor of small coal, made no secret of his high descent; used it, in fact, as a trade advertisement. "Lord Derby," an inveterate prig, I last heard of doing seven years' penal servitude. The personal likeness borne by each of these men to his prototype was simply marvellous.

I have a somewhat extraordinary collection of names, real and "nick," in my album of hangers-on at the police court. I will give you just a few by way of specimen. Belonging to the former were Oliver Cromwell, notorious fighting man; Daniel O'Connell, a troublesome customer, who would gabble over nothing by the hour; Owen Tudor, Henry Plantagenet, Lemuel Gulliver, Samuel Pickwick, and Jonathan Swift. "Calling spirits from the vasty deep" was the observation of a smart magistrate on hearing the Superintendent of Police reading over the charge sheet containing a few of these names. The latter category included: Dick the Demon, Blue Fire Jack, Bill Bobamitey, Judge Blackstone, the Duchess of Kendal, Duke of Brunswick, Alexander the Great, Paul Portobello, Great Western, Don Giovanni, Lady Fitzgerald, Count Arnim,

Nicholas of Russia, Prince Bismarck, Sally Gamp, Duke of Cambridge (oddly enough an umbrella mender), Count Slobberiboski, Bow Wow, Fat Bull, Sir Roger, Cadge, Julep, Magnesia, Camphor, Salts and Senna, Paregoric, Pillacooshia, Bitter Aloes, Soapie, Jumping Jesus, Father Adam, Holy Moses, Lincoln, Sally Chitterlings, Molly Coddle, Buttery Ben, The Tearer, Will Pig, Flarer, Tipperary Girl, Hopping Jenny, Saucebox, Jawley, Sheep's Head, Carrots, Blearie, Bunkum, Saint, Billy Boxhat, Greg the Gravy, The Genius, Child of Nature, Billy Big Pot, Rad, Fad, Lad, Daddy Longlegs, Danny Knows, Lot's Wife, Jephtha's Daughter, Daddy's Boy, Mammy's Dumps, Tommy my Lady, Dickie my Child, Willie my Girl, and a hundred others equally nonsensical, meaningless, and many of them irreverent and disrespectful.

MERLIN.

(To be continued.)

ON THE POINT OF A PIN.

If it were possible to recall to mind every action of one's life, no matter how trivial, such as raising one's hat or twirling one's moustache, what a wonderful chain of cause and effect would be apparent. It would be found that each action, slight as it might appear in itself, was a link which could not be taken away without destroying the concatenation of the chain; or, rather, that the chain could never have been what it was but for that one link. This reflection may be trite enough, but it is not often that it is practically illustrated. I once met a somewhat eccentric friend at a "five lanes' end," where he had stood for half-an-hour debating with himself as to which lane he should choose for his stroll. He allowed me at first to decide the point, but we had not gone twenty paces when he stopped and said, "No; I've a presentiment that this is not the lane I should take." So we took another, in which we fell in with two young ladies whom I knew intimately, and to whom I introduced my friend. He married one of them, and the poor gentleman is now in a lunatic asylum; but this is not my story.

My father was a retired captain in the army, living in the country on an ample income and with a moderate family, of whom I was the second and youngest son. I had finished my education two or three years at a celebrated public school, but had not yet taken to any trade or profession, for I was thoughtless, and my father making a companion of me, seemed quite content that I should remain idle at home. How much longer I would have wasted my time in rural felicity I cannot tell; but it so happened that my father was cajoled into some absurd and unnecessary speculation, which turned out unfortunately, and very much straitened him in his circumstances. Being a "lad of grace," if I may say so myself, I recognised that it was no longer proper for me to continue idle, but rather that I should go into the world as a worker; the more so since I knew not how soon my mother and sisters might be left but poorly provided for. Accordingly, after much deliberation, it was determined that I should write and state the case to a friend of ours, a rich Liverpool merchant, asking him, in effect, if he could find a stool for me in his office, to which stool *should appertain* a salary that I could subsist upon. Mr. Feeler,

for that must be his name, of the firm of Messrs. John Feeler and Co., replied in more of a business-like than friendly manner, that he would be glad to take me into his office for six months on trial, at the end of which time he would be better able to judge of my value, and consequently to say what salary he would be willing to give.

We were not over-pleased with the dry tone of Mr. Feeler's note; for he had been mighty friendly with us in the height of our prosperity, often coming up full of joviality to shoot with my father and me over our estate. But we were not offended, and I accepted Mr. Feeler's offer thankfully, though it would, for six months at least, entail extra expense for my lodgings and other matters. I believe that Mr. Feeler imagined we were a ruined family, and that as a man of business he was naturally averse to ruined people. So considering this, I think he was generous enough. Besides, my first object was to get amongst the ships and warehouses somehow, and that accomplished, I was boyishly confident of making my fortune.

Well, it was settled that I should go, and the night before my departure we sat round the fire talking matters over. My father, who, by the way, had about as much notion of business as a romantic girl at school, thought it nevertheless incumbent upon him to give me some sage advice in regard to my general conduct in the busy world to which I was bound. I knew that in such discourse he was quite out of his element, and that he was only repeating some dry, stupid maxims or lectures which he had heard or read before, and for which his own careless, generous nature could not have borne much love. For instance, he told me quite seriously that ridiculous story of the youth who, attracting the attention of a great banker by carefully picking up a pin, and thus securing the patronage of the wealthy man, himself rose to be a millionaire. When he had ended this story, I declared I would never go about picking up pins whilst pins were at their present price, and that that young man must have been the long lost son of a tailor. The girls laughed at this, and so did we all; my father breaking out the last, as if he couldn't help himself, but explaining: "But look you, Harold, the moral of the story is good enough. In business you must be painstaking, thrifty, and so forth."

On the morrow I was off, the whole family bidding me good-bye at the little country station, where my innocent face was kissed by my mother and sisters before the London train full of people, somewhat to my embarrassment, and my sister Carrie tripped close up to the carriage door as the train was on the move, and said, half crying and half laughing, "Harold, don't forget to pick up the pin."

When I arrived in the evening at Liverpool I went to my lodgings, which Mr. Feeler had been good enough to obtain for

me, and the next morning I presented myself at his office. He received me not quite after the fashion of other days, with a hearty shake of the hand and so on; but, on the whole, as kindly and politely as I could expect under the altered circumstances. I flatter myself that he was well-disposed towards me, and that so long as we kept tolerably well-up in the world he was proud to be on good terms with my family, which was a good one; whereas, his in the same sense was a very "shaky" one indeed. Courtesies over, he introduced me to his head clerk, a painfully slow and precise gentleman past middle age, who put me into the way of setting to work, and kindly informed me that I would write an excellent hand in time, but that at present it was not sufficiently business-like. I retorted, looking at his copper-plate style of caligraphy, that that was a mere mechanical art that could be easily acquired, if it were worth the trouble, at which he seemed rather hurt, but immediately taking up his pen he executed a really magnificent flourish, which, after gazing at it for a while, I perceived to constitute a great B. He saw that I was abashed, astounded, humbled, and I think that was the supreme moment of his life. In the afternoon Mr. Feeler very considerably invited me to dinner at his house, so in a few hours we started for the boat, for he lived on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, in what they are pleased to style the most fashionable suburb of that hideous mushroom town of Birkenhead, which so stirred the bile of the good-hearted Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray. Having arrived at the red-brick mansion—for it was no end of a mansion, but with precious little ground about it, so that it had a hot, uncomfortable look—I was presently introduced to the family and a small company assembled there. I naturally addressed myself particularly to Mrs. Feeler and the Miss Feelers. The former, I fancied, affected a grand air, and the latter were what merely pretty girls generally are to thoughtless young fellows bent on an hour's entertainment, namely: pretty girls. But I was not quite a thoughtless young fellow now, and somehow the general company was not such as I could readily make myself at home with. Nevertheless, there was one young lady whom I soon noticed on account of her remarkable expression of intelligence, graceful figure and carriage, and a certain calm and perfectly well-bred air of superiority which chiefly characterised her. She was the only girl there that showed any real sense or wit, and the only one that failed to ask me "whether I had been out much that winter;" for rationally enough winter is the season for balls and parties in that "aristocratic" suburb. I had not the pleasure of taking this young lady in to dinner, but I enjoyed some lively and very agreeable conversation with her afterwards, and from what *occurred a few moments before I left, I am inclined to think*

that if she had been elsewhere the subsequent course of my life would have been entirely different from what it has been.

There happened to be a lull in the conversation, and I, who was rather weary, was looking listlessly on the floor, when what should catch my eye but a pin. In rather an absent mood I arose, stepped forward into the middle of the room where it lay, and picked it up. It might seem a stupid action for a young man, but I did it, as I have said, in an absent way. Now what possessed me I know not, but instead of throwing it into the grate, I began in the same dreamy, humdrum frame of mind to stick it into the lapel of my coat, as I retired to my seat. Then was I, somewhat to my confusion, made aware that they had all watched my little journey, and noticed the ridiculous object of it, for several of my good friends laughed outright, while Mr. Feeler, making merry over it too, congratulated me on this evidence of my careful habits. All at once the story of the pin that my father had narrated to me, and also my sister Carrie's injunction, "Mind you pick up the pin," recurred to my mind, and feeling really vexed with myself, I commenced to explain that in truth I did not well know what I was about when I picked it up and stuck it in my coat. Thereupon I was going to be weak enough to draw it out and throw it away, but the young lady to whom I have before referred, cried out: "If you had been a moment later, Mr. Temple, I would have picked it up myself. I felt the oddest impulse to do so."

"Then," cried I, "I am sure I shall not part with it, unless *you* desire it."

"Not at all," returned she, "keep it by all means. You don't know what magic there may be in it."

So keep it I did, but it looked rather unsightly in a gentleman's coat, and I fancy my friend Miss Pynford was of that mind, for just before I took my leave she suggested that I should make it useful by having a flower in my button-hole, and I acquiescing, she selected one from a bouquet, and rather "cheekily" perhaps, but *very* prettily, fixed it in its place. I noticed that she stuck the pin slanting downwards with the point much exposed, and she was proceeding to rectify this when (*mirabile dictu!*) I drew back, saying it would do excellently.

Jack Feeler, a fast youth about my own age, insisted on walking down to the boat with me, not so much to oblige me, I fancy, as for an excuse to get out. On our way we overtook two of Jack's chums, Will Smith and Tom Robinson (as I choose to call them), and he introduced them to me, and so we all went on together. I soon discovered that they too were fast young fellows, with a good dash of the local vulgarity about them. Their conversation ran upon the chances of the yet distant Derby, in which, according to their own accounts, they were already deeply involved, upon the break-downs at the

burlesques, upon disreputable nocturnal adventures, and so forth. It was clear to me that these were not the kind of acquaintances I should cultivate, but as they were Jack Feeler's friends I made myself as easy with them as I could. It seemed that they were bent on some skylarking in Liverpool, and without much trouble they persuaded Jack to accompany them, at which I felt some concern, for if Jack should stay out all night, it might appear as if I had led him astray. Presently we took a cab down to the ferry, and in about twenty minutes were in Liverpool. Then my extravagant friends would have another cab, and there was nothing for it but that I should go along with them. Their first place of call was an hotel about two minutes' drive off on the way up town. Here they were all well known, and the smart young lady behind the bar, whose ignoble business it was to administer alcohol to these dissolute lads, was evidently their beau-ideal of all that was physically and intellectually fair and brilliant. We drank repeated glasses of whisky toddy, with hot water and sugar and lemon, comfortable stuff enough taken frugally for a cold frosty night as it was, but I am sorry to say that we were not drinking it in moderation, and I am afraid we were talking very noisily and foolishly. Tom Robinson, who had nothing of a pair of shoulders, would dilate upon his skill in boxing, and upon the untold power of his biceps, and putting himself in fighting attitude he began giving us a wrinkle or two, as he imagined. Observing that he held his tongue occasionally between his teeth, I cried out to him that that was a dangerous habit for a boxer to fall into, "for" said I, "the first smart chuck under the chin, and off goes the tip of your tongue." With that I had my story of such an accident ready, and seeking to illustrate it, I feigned a blow under my own chin, but in doing so my fist rising up with great force, came into contact with the point of the pin which Miss Pynford had put in the lapel of my undercoat (for my overcoat was now thrown back as the room was hot), in such a manner as to rip up the skin for at least two inches. The pain and the suddenness of it sobered me—not that I was entirely the reverse before, but I confess that my head was not so cool as it should have been—and the blood flowed freely, so that I was obliged to bandage my hand with my handkerchief. My merry friends laughed at what in their eyes was a mere accidental scratch and nothing more, and Tom Robinson suggested another glass of whisky to compensate for the loss of blood, but I could not help recurring in my own mind to the manner in which I had come by the pin and to Miss Pynford's words, "there may be magic in it." Then it struck me—and but for that accident I should soon have been past reflection—that my present conduct was improper in every way; so I rose and proposed that we should make a move, as it was then a little after eleven o'clock. They

were quite ready to leave, for their skylarking had not yet commenced, but they were sadly put out when I gave them to understand that I was going direct to my rooms, and I also went so far as to urge Jack to get back home as soon as possible. But it was of no avail, and they pressed me beyond bounds to go along with them, at all events just to one "crib," as they expressed it. Now my hand was smarting acutely, and as I was just sober enough to know how far from sober I was and how I had nearly overstepped the boundary line, and as, moreover, I was sick of the fellows, I was short in my answers and determined to be quit of them, although previous to the pin cutting my hand I had engaged to accompany them to one of their choice haunts, which was the next to be visited, and I am sure it was that mysterious pin that caused me to break faith with them. Well, to proceed quickly, after a little further palaver I sprang into a hansom, and they went their way on foot.

On the following morning I was down at the office by nine o'clock, though, by reason of the whisky punch, which I was not used to, not quite as fresh as a lark, but I set to work with a good will, never once troubling my head about Jack, and Will, and Tom. About ten o'clock in came Mr. Feeler, looking as black as thunder, and summoning me in rather a peremptory tone into the private office, as he passed by me hurriedly, without as much as giving me a nod or saying "Good morning." I obeyed, as in duty bound; and immediately closing the door, and glancing at me suspiciously, he asked, "Where is Jack, Harold?" I replied that I was not at all aware, and then it transpired that Master Jack had not returned home. Divining now the cause of Mr. Feeler's abrupt manner and unfriendly aspect, I began to exculpate myself, telling him that I left Jack with his friends at such an hour, and had neither seen nor heard of him since. My explanation was satisfactory, and so I retired.

Well, the cat was entirely out of the bag next morning, for the newspapers reported, under an attractive heading, how three young "gentlemen," that word being placed in inverted commas, as I have written it—this being a stereotyped form of irony in newspaper offices—how three young "gentlemen"—here followed the names and addresses of Messrs. Feeler, Smith, and Robinson—were brought before the magistrates, Messrs. So and So and So and So, two local commercial magnates, charged in a general way with being "drunk and disorderly," but more particularly with assaulting the police and certain other innocent persons on the public street. It was a great scandal; for the youths, or rather their fathers, were well known, the latter being influential merchants, and the magistrates recognised the culprits as soon as they appeared in the dock. X

will not repeat the case as it was reported in the newspapers ; but it was considered so damaging to my quondam companions that I had reason to be heartily thankful that I was not mixed up with it, and that I had been diverted from going along with them by the accident occasioned by that little pin. For I make no doubt of it at all that had I been present at the fray, I would have stuck by them like a young fool ; and though it seemed that they were to blame in the first place, it was certain that the police were so rough with them, that, had I been there, and excited with drink as they were, I would have been only as one more very inflammable brand cast on the fire. I felt so convinced that the little pin was the means of saving me from what, under *my* circumstances, would have been a ruinous disgrace, that I was glad to find it still in my coat, undisturbed, though the flower was gone, and, taking it out, I folded it carefully up in a piece of paper, and put it into my purse. But I have not quite done with the three unfortunate "young gentlemen." As soon as they had paid their fines, and were set at liberty, they, in a great fright, went off to the newspaper offices to implore the editors to suppress their names ; but the only effect of this was to make the report in the morning papers all the more prominent and piquant ; and, not having the courage to face it out, the poor fellows kept themselves in the background for a week. They were no better off for their temporary retirement, for on their reappearance all the respectable family men, and the rising young men, who were careful of their reputations, cut, or avoided them, particularly the more influential of the two magistrates, who never relented towards them, though on good terms with their families. This magistrate was the brother of an eminent statesman, and I had the good fortune to be introduced to him some time after this occurrence, for he was greatly instrumental in bringing about what is to follow. As for Will Smith and Tom Robinson they never did any good afterwards, though, perhaps, that was in a measure owing to their continual imprudence, but Jack Feeler at last reformed and prospered.

I was now forgetting all about this adventure, and applying myself with the utmost diligence to business ; and I am happy to say to such purpose that Mr. Feeler began to appreciate my services by taking me more into his confidence ; and, finding that I possessed an excellent memory, was quick at accounts, and could understand a thing in all its bearings better than the other clerks (who seemed to have no ambition, or were too dull to think beyond their regular routine work cut out for each), my shrewd master let me into a few of the secrets of his trade, and talked to me of his schemes, the state of the markets, and so forth. I was not in the least spoilt by the preference he showed for me, but continued to bring every scrap of ability or

talent I possessed to bear upon his business affairs. Now the term of my probation was drawing to a close, and I was in daily hopes that Mr. Feeler, being already assured, as he must have been, of my aptitude and disposition to business, would not wait for the expiration of the six months, but would offer me a liberal salary at once, to date from the day of my coming into his employ, for I was conscious that I had been of real service to him, and was not, therefore, unreasonable in my expectations. But he kept strictly to his engagement, and on the day the six months expired he, while acknowledging the satisfaction which I had given him, offered me a salary which was to commence that day, and which I considered much below what I was justified in anticipating. In reply, I told him that the salary which he proposed was less than the allowance I had from my father, and that I could not well live on a smaller income, and, that being the case, I asked him whether he could hold out to me any prospect of a tolerably early improvement in my position if I remained in his office. To this he replied that he would advance my salary as I increased in value; but, not relishing being referred to in this fashion, as if I were a bale of cotton, and remembering that the head clerk, whose flourishes had extended over a period of a quarter of a century, had not yet risen to the value of Mr. Feeler's drawing-room furniture, I was very much displeased and dissatisfied. However, I concealed my indignation, and accepted the salary, for it was no use quarrelling with my bread and butter, and I wrote to my father telling him to deduct that much from my allowance.

I should mention that all this time I had not forgotten the young lady with whom I had been struck at Mr. Feeler's house, and who had placed the pin and flower in my coat, though I had not seen her since. About this time, however, I met her again, and it came round in this wise. One evening, when it chanced that the work of the office was finished early, for it was now only five o'clock, and Mr. Feeler had been gone half an hour, I was just brushing my hat, preparatory to taking my departure, the other clerks having already left, and the warehouseman alone waiting to cast up his accounts and lock up the office. Having put on my hat, said good-night to the man, and advanced to the door, I bethought me to ascertain how much money was in my purse, for I remembered that I required a certain sum for my landlady, and a few other odd matters. Consequently I turned the money in my purse on to a desk, which was near me, in order to count it, but in doing so the little piece of paper enclosing the pin, which had lain there unopened since I put it by, fell out along with the coins. The latter I counted in a few moments, and found sufficient for my purpose, and was about to pop the diminutive parcel referred to back in its resting place, when it came over me that I would just have a

peep at what it contained. An idle, silly, unaccountable whim it might be, but afterwards I was inclined to think it very providential. I opened the paper, but, holding it awkwardly, I suppose, and it being stiff and elastic, the pin was jerked out on to the floor under the desk. Immediately I stooped to pick it up, but it was not to be seen, and from looking for it with my eyes, I began searching for it with my hands also, for there were some old papers rolled up under the desk, and it might have fallen amongst them. But the little elf still lurked out of sight. The warehouseman, seeing me almost down on my hands and knees searching for something, came and inquired what had I lost. I could not, for shame, confess that I was making all that fuss about a merely ordinary pin, so I replied that it was but a common pin I had dropped, but added that I would not, for reasons of my own, lose it for a ten pound note. So he set to work to find it with intense seriousness, as if the trifling object of his search was now invested in his mind with a great idea. Well, we rummaged about and spied into every nick and crevice, and hole and corner, for yards around, but we were as yet unsuccessful. The Falkner Square omnibus, for which I had been waiting to take me to my lodgings, was now gone seven or eight minutes, for I looked at my watch. Still we could not find the pin, but after a few minutes further search I caught hold of a roll of old documents, and shook them impatiently for the third or fourth time, for I was getting "wild," when, lo and behold, out dropped the pin. I picked it up, examined it, to make sure it was the identical one (for, mind you, there was blood on it, and not the last either, but I must not anticipate) and put it back into my purse in the paper. Having washed my hands, for they were soiled with the dusty papers, I was on the point of leaving the office to catch the next 'bus, when who should enter but Mr. Feeler. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I am just in the nick of time. I have been over the water and back again, for I forgot two things; I forgot to take with me some letters which I wanted particularly, and also—I must beg pardon—I forgot to ask you to come to dinner. My wife told me to be sure to bring you. I was afraid you would have gone; and now I have found you I hope you are at liberty." I was happy enough to accept the invitation, but please observe that but for that little pin I would never have received it; and I could not help reflecting, as I went home with Mr. Feeler, and still more seriously afterwards, on the trivial accident which led me that evening to his house.

It was with something of a start that as soon as I entered the drawing-room I recognised the same young lady, who, in the same room, had, some months before, deterred me from throwing away the pin. I had several times visited the Feelers' since, but, as I have said previously, I had not had the pleasure

of meeting with her again, either there or elsewhere. It was no subsequently formed fancy that I felt towards her now a mysterious feeling, which I cannot well describe in my present humour, but which I hope to do justice to by-and-bye. There were a few other guests besides us two, but I was resolved this time to take her in to dinner as a beginning, and I did so. Nor did I part with her after dinner; for, strolling out into the garden, I enjoyed a long chat with her, and it seemed to me that we were exactly fitted for each other, and that our guardian angels were doing their best to make us coincide. In the course of our conversation, which filled me with an exalted idea of her wit and goodness, she informed me that she was going to Yorkshire on the following day; but at this stage of our discourse we were interrupted, and presently we were thrown asunder. Seeing me alone, Jack Feeler, who was still living at home, doing little or nothing, made up to me and said, good-humouredly—and, by the way, I may remark that Jack, with all his faults, was not a bad-natured fellow at all; but he had been, like his companions, ill-educated on the whole—well, he said to me good-humouredly, “Do you know you’re poaching? Miss Pynford is engaged, and she is going down to Yorkshire to-morrow to her uncle’s to be married. She’s an orphan. She’s on a visit at her aunt’s near Wavertree, but she stays with us over night. I thought it as well to tell you, because the old lady (that was his mother) and the girls (these were his sisters) are enjoying the fun at your expense, and denouncing the charmer for impropriety and taking advantage of your innocence.” Here was a sad collapse. In short, I felt extremely hurt, and could have strangled Jack for the words he uttered, but I turned upon him with as indifferent an air as I could assume, and laughed it all off. When I took my leave Miss Pynford offered me her hand, and though I thought it rather too familiar under the circumstances, I am bound to say that I pressed it somewhat cordially, and I liked, not to say loved, her none the less for her frankness.

(Will be concluded in our next.)

WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.



THE CARDIGANSHIRE HERRING DEALER.

It was like going back half a century. One does it sometimes, and it is similar to poring over faded letters written by hands that have long crumbled, dictated by hearts long since at rest; or going into isolated districts where the locomotive has not made its appearance, and the general influences of civilisation are still afar off.

He was a burly man, who had weathered the ills and ails of life. Exposure had browned him and twisted him, as the winds and weathers do with old thorns, and he was pitted

deeply, showing that where he had vegetated Jenner and vaccination were unknown. His clothes were homespun, and home made. The tailor of his district, knowing no change of fashion, had handed down the old cut and make, just as they had been handed down to him from his great grandfather. Clear of eye, loud of voice, he seemed the personification of health, and after every call laughed widely, showing great, irregular teeth as he did so. He seemed to consider the business of selling herrings a joke.

"Fres 'erin," he shouted. "Fres 'erin," and then relapsed into a "ho! ho! ho! fresh erin!"

His vehicle was a curiosity, like himself. It was an old butter cart improvised; had some hoops stretched partially over, covered with a yellow waterproof patched and stitched in many a square. We thought of a pit-sinker's garb, head covering, as well as leg, having been diverted from its original use; or possibly some cast-off sailor's rig had been the normal condition of that yellow waterproof. His voice struck everyone as marvellous. Over the din of the street traffic, and far down the thoroughfare, it could be heard with wonderful distinctness. It would have made an auctioneer's fortune to have had such a voice. The largest chapel or church would have been filled with it. Amidst the steelworks and the whirl of the rolls not a note would have been lost. This was not a matter of great surprise when one came to think how that voice had been fashioned; how the rough training had broadened his chest, and given full play to the ample lungs, making them massive, and giving them a tone of great loudness and volume.

It was not surprising when one began to consider the place of his origin—the famous Bay of Cardigan. What other human voice would be of any use on such a coast, where the mighty waves have a louder roar than any other waves, and the surf gives forth its eternal accompaniment. It was a voice in harmony with such a revel of nature. You might hear it above the roar shouting "Boat ahoy," "Ship ahoy;" a voice prolific in wondrous adjectives—as distinct and as thrilling as a navvy's. Here it was only "Fres 'erin," with a deep bass "Ho, ho, ho!"

I pictured that man as a character from the first time I saw him, and had him down in my mental scrap instantler; his oyster shell mouth, and all, and then he disappeared. When I saw him he was going down into the coal valleys, amongst wondering Rhondda colliers, getting relays of fish at occasional stations; always merry, making the Welsh hillsides ring again with his "Fres 'erin, ho, ho, ho!"

I pictured him arriving in Cardiff preparatory to making the bend in his tour round and through the Glamorgan Vale, and then felt that once he passed the Scylla of the public-house,

and the Charybdis of Bute Street, he would be safe. There he was in peril—ay, greater peril than upon the sea. But I had faith in his manliness, faith in his crying out “avast,” in his “steering clear” of temptations, and “making all sail” on to the old world villages of Norman and Flemish life, by pit and haystack and barn, until Swansea was reached once more, and the road was straight for home.

No more consignments of fish then, no more slow journeys. I pictured him getting into the cart redolent of “’erin” scales, no longer fresh; his round red face peering out from beneath the yellow oilskin like a Chinese mandarin’s, and Grey Dobbin going ahead “all sail on” for the bay to the fullest capacity of speed. And home reached at last, in a storm-dinted cottage, in a village wonderfully whitewashed, wind beaten and treeless, a round red-faced wife and round red-faced children greet him. And as he pours out the gleanings of Rhondda colliers and Cyfarthfa ironworkers, wife smiles, children dance, and his exultant shout rings out, “Fres ’erin, ho, ho, ho!”

AP ADDA.

WELSH POETRY IN ENGLISH DRESS.

“FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.”*

A translation of a celebrated Welsh song, by the late Mr. David Nicholas, Private Tutor at Aberpergwm, near Neath.†

With Fanny, blooming fair,
Who still unrivall'd reigns,
What virgin can compare,
Thro' all Siluria's plains ;
Come, Cambrian bards, and weave a beauteous chaplet rare,
Of sweetest flowers from Pindus' bow'rs,
For Fanny, blooming fair.
Sweet lily of the dale,
The theme of every song,
Her charms shall still prevail,
O'er all the youthful throng ;
Still bright as morning dawn, her lovely face and rare ;
Of life the balm, she bears the palm,
Dear Fanny, blooming fair.
No pleasure can I taste,
But pour the mournful strain,
My tedious hours I waste,
In sorrow, grief, and pain ;
If you, dear lovely maid, refuse to ease my care,
Oppress'd with woes, my life I close,
Dear Fanny, blooming fair.
Slow Neath‡ shall seek the hills,
And leave th' extended main,
Its hoarse resounding rills,
The towering Beacons§ gain ;
Tho' high, o'er rolling clouds, its lofty peak it rear ;
Whene'er I rove, or cease to love,
My Fanny, blooming fair.

*This song was often sung in the public-houses about Merthyr and Abardare fifty years ago, under its original title of “Ffani blodeu'r ffair.”—NATHAN DYFED.

†See the *Cambrian Register* for 1796 ; also Miss Williams, Aberpergwm's “Welsh Melodies.”

‡A river in Glamorganshire.

§A high mountain near Brecon.

Beneath those Polar skies,
 Where streams forget to flow,
 Where icy mountains rise,
 Wrapt in eternal snow ;
 Tho' tempests round me rav'd, and shook the frigid air,
 With fond desire, I'd strike the lyre,
 To Fanny, blooming fair.
 In all the blaze of day,
 On Afric's utmost bound,
 Tho' Phœbus' noon-tide ray,
 Should parch the burning ground ;
 Tho' sickening nature droop, mid scorching deserts bare,
 My song should be, of love and thee,
 Dear Fanny, blooming fair.
 Thou balmy zephyr mild,
 Breathe on the hawthorn pale,
 Soft April's modest child,
 That decks the flowery vale ;
 And then each tender sigh, perfum'd with incense bear,
 (Those sighs that prove unfeigned love,)
 To Fanny, blooming fair.
 In softest whispers speak,
 Her poet's anxious pain,
 That faithful heart must break,
 That long has sighed in vain ;
 For soon, without one smile to chase my deep despair,
 The yew-tree's gloom must shade my tomb,
 Dear Fanny, blooming fair.

“ DREAM FACES.”

CHAPTER I.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LUCY VERNON. “ HE LEADETH
ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS :”

In Penally churchyard there is a simple white marble cross, standing under an elm tree, on which the above words are inscribed, and the freshness of the grave shows that it is tended by loving hands. That grave has a history which it is my intention to try and weave. It was a very severe winter, and the particular night of which I write was fearfully wild. The wind was whistling, and the sleet came down in torrents. The Manor House, however, was fairly sheltered, and its inmates were seated round the dining-room table, when little Gladys Maclean exclaimed, “ O, mother, how the wind howls round the house ; it makes me feel quite miserable even here in this cosy room. What must they feel who have no home ?” “ Well, darling, we ought to thank God that we have such a warm shelter,” said Mrs. Maclean ; “ but don’t be down-hearted, little woman, He will care for the poor friendless as He does for all His children. Draw up uncle’s chair, and let us begin our reading.” Her uncle, who was the rector of the parish, was a bachelor ; a handsome, middle-aged man, with whom life had been a hard struggle ; his only sister, who had been early left a widow, with one little girl, kept house for him, and assisted greatly in parish work. To-night Mrs. Maclean had a presentiment that something untoward would happen, but she was determined that Gladys should not see her anxiety, for, though rather a nervous woman, she was full of self-control.

A knock at the door announced nurse for “ Miss Gladys,” so, with a good-night kiss, the child ran off.

Five minutes after she had left the room a low wail was distinctly heard outside the house. The rector started up from his long reverie, and, unlocking the hall door, looked out into the darkness of the night. As he gazed around, his eye fell on a bundle lying on the path, seemingly inanimate. On closer inspection, however, he discovered it to be a half-frozen

woman, clasping a little baby in her arms. He raised her from the hard ground, and with the assistance of his sister carried her into the house. They unfastened her clothes as gently as possible, and, lifting her frozen hand, saw there the symbol of marriage. Her face was drawn with pain and grief, but it once must have been lovely to look upon. Poor thing! she opened her eyes, but was utterly speechless. The only thing that seemed to comfort her was the presence of her child, who still lay in a sweet, unconscious sleep.

"O, would she but speak, and tell us what we can do to relieve her," said Mrs. Maclean, for she saw by the convulsive twitch of the woman's face that she must be suffering intense agony. At last her lips moved, and slowly the words came forth, "Take my child, and love her for my sake; never let her know how he deserted me. Ah! Heaven forgive him, as I do. My life is spent, but I die happy in the belief that baby, Digby, and I, will meet again in the heaven of rest."

With one last long look at her sleeping child, she fell back, and the troubled spirit was at peace. Next day they laid her to rest in the quiet little churchyard, leaving no one to mourn her loss but the little one, who, when they took her body away, cried "Mam, mam."

CHAPTER II.

Twelve years have passed away since that winter night, and the baby, who was christened Gwendoline, adopted by the rector and his sister, has grown into a pretty girl, with such sweet, winning ways. Let me describe her in as few words as possible. She is fair, with a lovely complexion, slightly tanned by the sun, which, however, only adds to her prettiness; blue eyes, which are ever changing into almost black, and long black lashes. Her mouth is considered her best feature. Such a sensitive little rosebud; so small, and yet so expressive. Gladys Maclean is quite grown up, and out in society, and a charming picture it makes to see the clinging tenderness which exists between the orphan child and her loving "sister," as she will call Gladys.

Another thing which binds them closer to each other is, that Gladys has a lover, and that Gwennie has been let into the secret. Charlie Stainer, the young fellow in question, is as handsome and as nice as any girl could wish, and as free from conceit as Gladys herself. These two are mutually engaged, but her mother and uncle will not hear of it till they are both

older and wiser, much to the disgust of Charlie, who is at this time stationed at Penally Barracks. He finds that the Manor House is just a nice little stroll on a summer's afternoon, and that it is still nicer to sit with the two girls in the little summer house, where they always persist in stuffing him with strawberries and cream, or any of the other good things which may happen to be in season.

“Gwennie, how merry you seem, always singing,” said Gladys, as the child rushed up to them, humming a snatch of an old ballad. “When you are my age you will have a splendid voice; I wish I could sing as well as that.”

“Oh! Gladys, you sing much better than I can, and if you don't think so, Charlie does, I know. What do you think? Auntie is going to let me have singing lessons from a music master in Tenby; won't it be lovely? So that is the reason why I am so happy, because I do love music.”

On she ran as blithely as a bee, without a care, for little did she know her history. Be happy as long as you can, little Gwen. Some day you will be told of your mother, and her sad ending. Sorrow will fill your heart in time, as it does all others, more or less.

The following day the whole party came into Tenby shopping, and visiting friends, but the great event of the afternoon to Gwen was the visit to the singing master, a funny little man with blue spectacles, which tickled her fancy immensely. He tried her voice, and after pronouncing it very promising, she was told to come to him for lessons twice a week; the child could hardly contain herself, such was her delight, and it was only a frown from the rector that brought her to her proper senses.

Gladys and Charlie had strolled off on their own account for a quiet little “spoon” on the Castle Hill. It certainly was a lovely evening, the moon shone resplendently on the phosphorus waves as they came rippling in. The heavens were studded with stars, and to add to the harmony of the scene the band was playing “Dreamland Waltzes;” so who could help feeling “spooky?” Certainly not Charlie and Gladys, who were found in a comfortable little nook, apparently unconscious of all that was going on around, so enrapt were they in each other's society—a not unusual mood with lovers.

“Well, you are nice people,” said Mrs. Maclean; “here have we been hunting for you everywhere, much to uncle's annoyance, who has left us and walked home; so come along, or it will be midnight before we reach Penally. Gwennie, what are you looking at so vacantly? You seem to be in Dreamland.”

“Yes, auntie, so I am; I am longing for the ‘touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still.’ If

mother could see me from Heaven, how happy she would be in the knowledge that her little girl is happy. Poor mother! we shall meet again some day."

They walked home slowly along the Burrows, feeling rather tired, but very happy, especially Gwennie, who was looking forward to the morrow for her singing lesson.

CHAPTER III.

Four years have brought great changes in this peaceful village home. Gladys has at last succeeded in obtaining her mother's consent, and is married to Charlie Stainer, who has a good army appointment in India. She is just the same as ever, and as pretty. The climate suits her, her husband worships her, and she is happy.

And Gwennie—where is she? Well, she has got on so wonderfully with her singing that, with the advice of her masters, she has gone to London for higher training, and also to try and obtain an engagement. Her kind friends at Penally had tried to dissuade her from this intention, but nothing would change her mind. She felt that she had genius, and it was her duty to repay those who, in her helplessness, had befriended the orphan child. It was rather lonely at first in her lodgings, but her mind was contented, and the landlady was a kind motherly woman, who sympathised with the young girl.

In the drawing-room above lodged Sir Edwin Travers, a man of about thirty-five years—not handsome, but thoroughly gentlemanly and refined. He was passionately fond of music, and many a time when Gwennie was practising would he open his door and listen to her lovely voice. On one occasion he went downstairs and thanked her for the treat he was enjoying, and thus began a friendship which proved lasting. Through his assistance she obtained an engagement to sing at St. James' Hall. Being with a friend in the neighbourhood at the time, both went to hear the *débutante*. Travers glanced at the orchestra just as a young girl was appearing on the stage, and looking at his programme, saw "Dream Faces—Gwendoline Vernon."

There she stood, looking perfectly lovely in a simple white silk dress, so unaffected, and yet so commanding. He laid aside his glass to listen, and by degrees the trembling voice steadied and filled the hall.

"What if she fails," he thought, as he saw her quivering lips. But no, she did not fail, and her last notes, as they rang out, made the building resound. She was encored, and muster-

ing up sufficient courage, sang “Home, sweet Home,”—sang it so beautifully that it fairly brought down the house. With tears in those exquisite eyes she responded with a bow; she had made a name, and her end was accomplished.

On looking round to speak to his friend, Travers saw that he was deadly pale. The sight of this unprotected girl, only nineteen, brought back to him the face of a young wife whom he had left years before, so striking was the likeness.

“Hullo, old fellow, what’s the row with you? You look quite too, too affecting,” said Travers, jokingly.

“Nothing, nothing, Edwin,” was the reply; “I only feel a little queer. This place is so stifflingly hot; come out for a mouthful of fresh air.”

When they had made their exit Travers said, “How beautifully that Miss Vernon sings; I could listen to her for hours; she lodges in the same house as I do, and a nicer girl you could not meet—quite a lady, you know. Why, now I come to think of it, her name and yours is the same. No relation, I suppose, Digby?”

“No, of course not; all people of that name are not related to me, thank goodness!”

“Well, you need not shut me up so. I simply asked a question, and you might as well have given a civil answer. *Au revoir*, old fellow. Come and lunch with me to-morrow, and I will introduce you to the fair one in question.”

Feeling by no means happy, Sir Digby Vernon wended his way homewards. The thought would trouble him that this was his daughter, and it was his duty to acknowledge her as such in the eyes of the world. Calling on his friend next day, as invited, he interrupted a charming *tête-à-tête* between Travers and Gwennie.

“Come in, Digby, and let me introduce you to my friend and affianced wife, Miss Vernon.”

Digby Vernon, drawing himself up to his full height, said in a clear voice—“Edwin Travers, this girl is my daughter, whom I have so deeply wronged. I deserted her mother years ago, in pursuit of employment, when we were so poor; and day and night have I been haunted by the remembrance of my cruelty. When you asked me if this girl was any relation to me, I basely denied it; to-day I resolved to come and tell you the truth. Gwendoline, can you, will you ever forgive your erring father?”

Looking up into her lover’s face, as she stood with his arm around her waist, she said with tears in her eyes, “We will forgive you, father, as mother did on her death-bed.”

Now my story, imperfect as it is, draws to a close. Six months after, in the little village church at Penally, a congregation was assembled to see the wedding of Sir Edwin Travers

and Gwendoline Vernon. The rector, now quite an old man, married them, and merrily rang out the bells for the union of two loving hearts. Before leaving the Manor House, Gwennie and her husband visited the churchyard, where, under the shadow of an elm tree, her mother had been laid to rest twenty years before. As she gazed upon the silent grave, she whispered to her husband, "Edwin, this is the resting-place of my mother. I feel as though she were looking down from Heaven, and blessing our happy union. Let us think of her suffering life here on earth as a preparation for that happy life which is now her reward."

"Sweet Dreamland faces, passing to and fro,
Bring back to memory days of long ago ;
Murmuring gently still the old refrain,
Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet again."

Tenby.

MAY CHURCH.

MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

CAROLINE FOX AND HER JOURNALS.

The saying that "Comparisons are odious" is so very much the worse for wear that we have wondered why it was not long ago ashamed to show itself. And yet we find it with unblushing impudence entering an appearance every now and then in the most unexpected quarters, in many of which it has no business whatever to be seen. The fact, no doubt, is that, like many another axiom which everybody has felt himself at liberty to handle and appropriate, it has lost all sense of shame, of decency even, and is perfectly content to make at least a show of service on any and every occasion it may be requisitioned. If we were allowed to personify the saying we might be led to characterise it as not only an indecent knave but a lying. So far from being odious in themselves Comparisons are the most wholesome of any of the ratiocinative methods known to us. Are we not constantly resorting to them for aid and counsel? Are they not at the bottom of every act of reasoning and of speculation ever indulged in? Do we not constantly compare? Of course we do. Without comparison, without knowledge, without everything that distinguishes man above the brutes that perish. And yet comparisons are odious forsooth! Out upon it for an epigrammatic falsehood; a loathsome medicine cased in sugar to make it the more easily swallowable.

Do you ask why all this preface? We will tell you. Last month you may remember we reviewed the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. This month we find ourselves called upon to do a similar service by Caroline Fox's *Memories of Old Friends*. The two women were gifted, were contemporaries, were personally known to each other, and many friends of the one were friends of the other. Thus far our comparisons run on parallel lines. It is when we come to analyse the circumstances, the dispositions and the talents of these ladies that they diverge and become, strictly speaking, comparisons no longer, but contrasts. Mrs. Carlyle lived in London, moved in society and had her being among a small crowd of admirers who thought her one of the most brilliant women of that or possibly any

other time. She had a husband who, after a great brute-fashion, worshipped her in life and in death held her memory sacred above that of all of womankind the world had ever seen. This might have been the outcome of the egoism of his nature, perhaps. I, Thomas Carlyle, am greatest of the sons of men, therefore is my wife fairest and best and most accomplished of the daughters of women. Whether it was so or not is, however, no great matter. Certain we are of the super-eminent esteem in which Mrs. Carlyle was held by her friends and her husband, and that is enough for us.

Caroline Fox, on the other hand, had none of the life-advantages of her competitor. She had no great man husband; had no husband at all, in fact, passing her life and fulfilling its mission in pure and blameless spinsterhood. Her home was at Penjerrick, in Cornwall, a place of which very few people can have heard even the name. Society there was of the scantiest, and her Quakerism must have acted as a bar to prevent her plunging into it elsewhere had she been so inclined. And yet we find nearly every man and woman of note in contemporary literature and science and art attracted to her, and remaining her fast friends to the end. With her they did not break as with the Carlyles; probably for the reason that she did not bore them with Iliads of headaches and paint-smells, drunken servants and shirt rendings; she did not preach to them from the stomach nor trouble them with day dreams 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of'—dyspepsia. She was fonder of listening than of talking, particularly if she had nothing to say, and she made no attempt either to preserve friendships by showing the tooth of satire, or to worry others into the circle by fear of her bite. Hers was a calm, kindly nature, and observant withal. In her sketches we are not presented with herself painted large in the foreground, and the really greater figures thrown in just to fill up the picture. She reverses all this, keeping herself well out of sight and presenting us instead with portraits as perfect as she was capable of making them, leaving it to other hands to preserve her lineaments, if the owners of those other hands should happen to think such a proceeding at all worth their while. The result is a book which has plenty of 'body' in it, not one of those repositories of brilliant common-places which fall flat upon us immediately its adventitious newness has ceased to effervesce.

After all this prologising, let us pick a few of the plums from the book for the benefit of readers of the *Red Dragon*. On the very first page almost we meet with a very good story of the brilliant but eccentric and violent Lady Hester Stanhope. We are introduced to Derwent Coleridge reading his father's "Christabel," and afterwards to Sir Henry De la Beche, the *geologist*, and Tom Moore, the poet, whom Miss Fox found in

all his glory "looking like a little Cupid with a quizzing glass in constant motion," at a meeting of the British Association at Bristol. Of Dr. Buckland—Bridgwater Treatiseman—Professor Wheatstone and John Martin, the painter, Professor Sedgwick, Sir Charles Lemon, Admiral, then Captain, Fitzroy, who had just finished his voyage in the *Beagle*, Darwin, "the fly catcher" and stone pounder, Sir Edward Belcher and Sir James Ross, the Arctic voyagers, the Begum of Oude, John Murray, the naturalist, and Southey, the poet, the writer tells us a good deal, and if some of the information come to us at second-hand most of it will be found quite new.

Capital stories are those about Southey and Charles Lamb. The former on a visit to Derwent Coleridge took down a book from a shelf, observing which, Derwent, who must have been in a deliciously dreamy state, murmured apologetically, "I got the book cheap—it is one of Southey's." "Derwent!" exclaimed Mary Coleridge, who had overheard the remark, and the dreamer was awakened into consciousness at once. Coleridge (Samuel Taylor) holding forth on the effects produced by his preaching said to Lamb, "You have heard me preach, I think?" "I have never heard you do anything else," replied the imperturbable innocent appealed to.

Professor Wightwick, a friend of Charles Mathews the elder, lecturing on the Pyramidical style of architecture, said in illustration: When the French Army under Napoleon came to the Pyramids they passed on without emotion, but when they reached the Temple of Karnak, which is a horizontal elevation, they with one accord stood perfectly still. "Rather tired, I suppose," was the delightfully impudent comment of Snow Harris, who was among the audience. At Rydal Miss Fox heard Hartley Coleridge read Elia's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," which must have been a treat, and at Liverpool Sir David Brewster and Whewell discussing spectrum light. Conversations are noted with Sir Wm. Hamilton and with Dr. Lardner, the man who, having quarrelled with his wife, got a divorce. His name being Dionysius and hers Cecilia, people went about calling him by the august title, Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily. A story is told of Charles Kemble's lofty thoughts on contemplating Niagara being knocked over by the exclamation of the Yankee who stood behind him: "I say, sir, what an omnipotent row!"

The Right Hon. W. E. Forster was a frequent visitor of the Foxes, who were intimately known also to the Fowell Buxtons and Sir John Bowring, from which latter they got no end of good things concerning Shelley and Byron, both known to him well. We must pass quickly over Nadir Shah, Henry Mill, Dr. Calvert (mentioned by Carlyle in his "Life of John Sterling"), Julius Hare, Sir Boyle Roche—why is there no bio-

graphy of *him* by the way?—O'Connell, Macaulay, whose critique on Bacon, Sterling, and many besides thought a brilliant falsehood, Walter Savage Landor, and a number of lesser names until we come to the Carlyles, Sterling, and Stuart Mill. The two last were great and constant friends of the Fox family, of which the members and the Carlyles visited and corresponded with each other a good deal. Guizot, the French historian, whom Mill held in ridiculously high regard, Miss Fox saw, heard, and spoke to frequently. Concerning Wordsworth the characteristic story is told by a friend that he was never heard praising any poetry but his own, except a piece of Jane Crewdson's.

The early part of the second volume of the work is rendered additionally interesting by the Carlyle letters of which Miss Fox was the recipient. The Chelsea sage, sad and sick under present pressure of work, nevertheless can see some twenty thousand in pauper-Bastilles looking for a Voice, inarticulately beseeching, "Speak for us!" And can he be silent? Of course he can't, and won't if he could. Mill's "System of Logic" arrives, and the diarist, Frederick Maurice, and John Sterling—a man who must have been esteemed rather for what was in him than for what came out—indulge in some not *very* profound speculations on the philosopher's masterpiece. Carlyle's book, once written, was copied for simultaneous printing in England and America, "so that he being the Prophet to both lands, may receive the profits from both," about the only attempt at punning of which we remember Miss Fox to have been guilty. Sir William Molesworth, editor of "Hobbes," if we remember, just on the verge of blindness, the Carlyles at Cheyne Row, and Professor Owen having been visited, we find Dickens' *Christmas Carol* coming out; and Carlyle revealing himself writing "upon Oliver Cromwell." The great one "wishes for a Fortunatus' Hat that he might fly into deepest silence to meditate this sad problem of mine, far from Babylon and its jarrings and its discords, and ugly fog and mud, in sight of the mere earth and sea, and the sky with its stars. But," adds the philosopher sorrowfully, "I have not such a hat, there is none such going." Of course not; the hatters have no customers for such articles. "Hyperion," Mrs. Carlyle tells W. E. Forster, "answered, and Longfellow has married the lady, Mary Ashburnham, otherwise Fanny Appleton—at whom he wrote it." Good.

Visits now to the Wordsworths, resultless, except for fresh displays of egotism. "His whole deportment virtuous and didactic," Miss Fox says. Merle d'Aubigné's acquaintance made and Landseer's. Latter "has a somewhat arrogant manner, a love of contradiction, and a despotic judgment." A good deal is told about the Bunsens, Sir Roderick and Lady Murchi-

son, Mary Ann Schimmelpenninck, Archdeacon Hare, and Frank Newman. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" makes a stir, and a very ugly one; is publicly burnt at Oxford (what an honour!) and so on. Caroline describes the work as "a wild protest against all authority, Divine and human." Elihu Burritt turns up and Henry Hallam; Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, walking Capt. Barclay, Thackeray, Faraday, and Carlyle (lecturing), and then a lot of letters of Miss Fox, which might in great part have been omitted, because as a letter writer she was rather of a failure. Charles Kingsley, Harriet Martineau, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Livingstone, Dr. Whewell, John Ruskin, Tennyson (who, contrary to Mr. John Howells, St. Athan, has "a firm belief in Arthur as an historical personage, though old Speed's narrative has much that can be only traditional"), Holman Hunt, Val Prinsep, and a whole host of other well known men and women, "come like shadows, so depart," whilst we are turning the pages of this pleasant book whose writer, herself a shadow now, has impressed us with her kindly, brilliant personality in a manner we shall not easily forget, nor soon.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

Mr. Edwin Poole, editor and publisher of the *Brecon County Times*, is engaged in the compilation of a pamphlet, entitled "The Parliamentary Representatives of the County and Borough of Brecon, from the Earliest Times, with Biographical Notes," &c. Mr. Poole, who published a popular history of the County of Brecon some years ago (now out of print) contemplates the re-publication of the work in an enlarged form, bringing it down to date. The work will be published in parts, at a popular price. No doubt Mr. Poole will be glad to hear of intending subscribers. The history will consist of about twelve shilling parts, issued at intervals.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of the recent performance of Sir George Macfarren's "King David," says that the soloists and conductor were the same as at Leeds, with the exception of Mdme. Valleria, whose place was filled by Miss Anna Williams, who sang the thankless music admirably. One or two slight alterations have been made; but none of them affect the more prominent pieces of unintentional humour, which remain as droll as ever. The work was well received.

According to the Rev. F. W. Weaver, vicar of Evercreech, Bath, the first syllable in the place named "Mendip" is from the Celtic *maen*, a stone or rock. Cf. *Maen-dû* (Monmouth), black rock; *Mehenist* (Cornwall), for which see *Tregellas, Cornwall*, page 51.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* writes to ask who was Gwion the Red, to whom the parish of Llanbedr Mathafarn Goch was primarily dedicated. Gwion Goch is traditionally said to have been a physician. Mathafarn signifies a hospice or hospital.

Mr. R. S. Charnock, Boulogne-sur-Mer, wants to know the meaning of the Welsh baptismal name Hwfa. Does *fa* stand for *ma*, place, spot, &c.

Mr. Lewis Morris's volume of "Songs Unsung" has already reached a third edition.

At a recent meeting of the Numismatic Society, Dr. J. Evans in the chair, Mr. G. D. Brown exhibited a gold coin of Cunobeline, similar to the one in Evans' "Ancient British Coins," pl. ix., 3.

The council of the Cymmrodorion, on the application of Mr. Thomas Powell, M.A., have presented the library of the South Wales College, at Cardiff, with all the volumes of *Y Cymmrodor*, which have been published since the revival of the society, a collection which will be of undoubted interest to students of Welsh literature.

The Rev. J. E. Davies, M.A., B.Sc., of Llanelly, delivered a lecture on "The Relation of the Bible to Modern Science," at a recent fortnightly meeting of the Nassau Street Literary Society, London.

The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, probably with an eye to the present position of the Church in Wales, has published a translation of an English work by the Rev. M. F. Sadler, M.A., precentor of Wells Cathedral, and rector of Honiton, entitled "The Doctrines of the Church, the Truth of the Bible" (*Athrawiath yr Eglwys yn Wirionedd y Bible*). The nature of its contents is fully indicated by the title.

Mr. E. Baldwin Evans, of Hicks Pasha's Intelligence Department, who, it is feared, has shared the sad disaster that has befallen the army of the Soudan, was a Welshman from Rhuddlan, North Wales, the son of Mr. John Evans, a well-known Cymric scholar and antiquarian. Last year he was with the Intelligence Department of the English army under Sir Garnet Wolseley, and when the Soudan expedition was sent out he accompanied it as chief of the Intelligence Corps.

The author of the work entitled "Some Professional Recollections" is a "Former Member of the Council of the Incorporated Law Society." As a solicitor of forty years' standing in London, he has seen many strange things which he relates in a crisp and racy style. No clue is given as to the identity of the writer, but he bears a Welsh name, and now resides in North Wales.

After we went to press last month occurred the death of Sir William Siemens, the distinguished scientist, whose name is most familiar in the Principality through his connection with the steel works at Landore. Only a short time previously it was our pleasant duty to place on record the fact that the Queen had conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, in recognition of eminent services rendered to the cause of science. The funeral service was performed at Westminster Abbey.

Gwalia mentions the fact that the monument raised to the memory of Ioan Arfon in the churchyard at Llandwrog has just been unveiled. It is of Italian marble, and contains an excellent likeness of the late bard. The sculptors were Messrs. Hugh Jones and Co., Carnarvon.

The Committee of the National Eisteddfod, lately held at Cardiff, have resolved to publish their "Transactions." A

London correspondent of the *Western Mail* thinks there must be some mistake in the announcement in so far as it includes the prize essay upon Welsh Literature, for which 100 guineas was offered by the National Eisteddfod Association. When the prize is awarded, which is rather a necessary preliminary, and which had not been done when the announcement referred to was made, the Association will immediately take steps for the publication of the essay as a separate volume. The first step will be the securing of a competent editor, who, in addition to unquestioned literary ability, must be a Welsh scholar of the first rank. The work, after undergoing careful editing, will doubtless prove a worthy supplement to the great work by Thomas Stephens, of Merthyr.

DRACONIGENÆ.

The Rev. Horatio Thomas, and many of the good old-fashioned country gentry with strong individualities, will fade with the present generation, so let us put on record, now and then, a characteristic anecdote of them for the benefit especially of Cardiff readers. Horatio had great influence with country guardians, and could at any time carry his man, or his motion. A schoolmaster was to be appointed for a certain district, and the elder Mr. Vachell was in the act of proposing a candidate in the board room when Horatio entered, and forthwith proposed another, who was seconded and carried, after high testimony had been paid to his integrity and ability by his proposer. Returning homewards with the rev. gentleman, a friend of his, stopping him on Cardiff Bridge, said, "O, by the way, Horatio, what was the name of your candidate to-day?" Horatio, taking out his snuff-box with his usual calmness and dignity, and regaling himself with a pinch, said, "'Pon my word—I don't know who he was; never heard his name before; but I was determined old Vachell shouldn't run his man!"

* *

In criticising a recent concert, at which Mr. Brinley Richards played some of his brilliant pianoforte music, a writer in the *Sunday Times* aptly described our countryman as the laureate composer of Wales. This title Mr. Richards has fairly earned, for his "Cambrian Plume" and his "Harp of Wales," like his other lyric, "God Bless the Prince of Wales," have taken a prominent position among the favourite melodies of the Principality.

* *

"There is now (says a newspaper of January, 1820) lying for signature in the county of Glamorgan a petition to the Legislature to take into consideration the mistaken policy of sending annually out of the kingdom such large sums to purchase foreign corn and wool. It has already three hundred respectable signatures to it."

* *

Says a correspondent:—"Sir J. Allanson Picton, Knight, in addition to being a well-known contributor to *Notes and Queries*,

is also a well-known member of the Cambrian Archaeological Society, and read a paper on 'Place Names' at the W. meeting of that society in 1879. In that paper, which was published in *Bye-jones* at the time, he alludes to the origin of the names of rivers."

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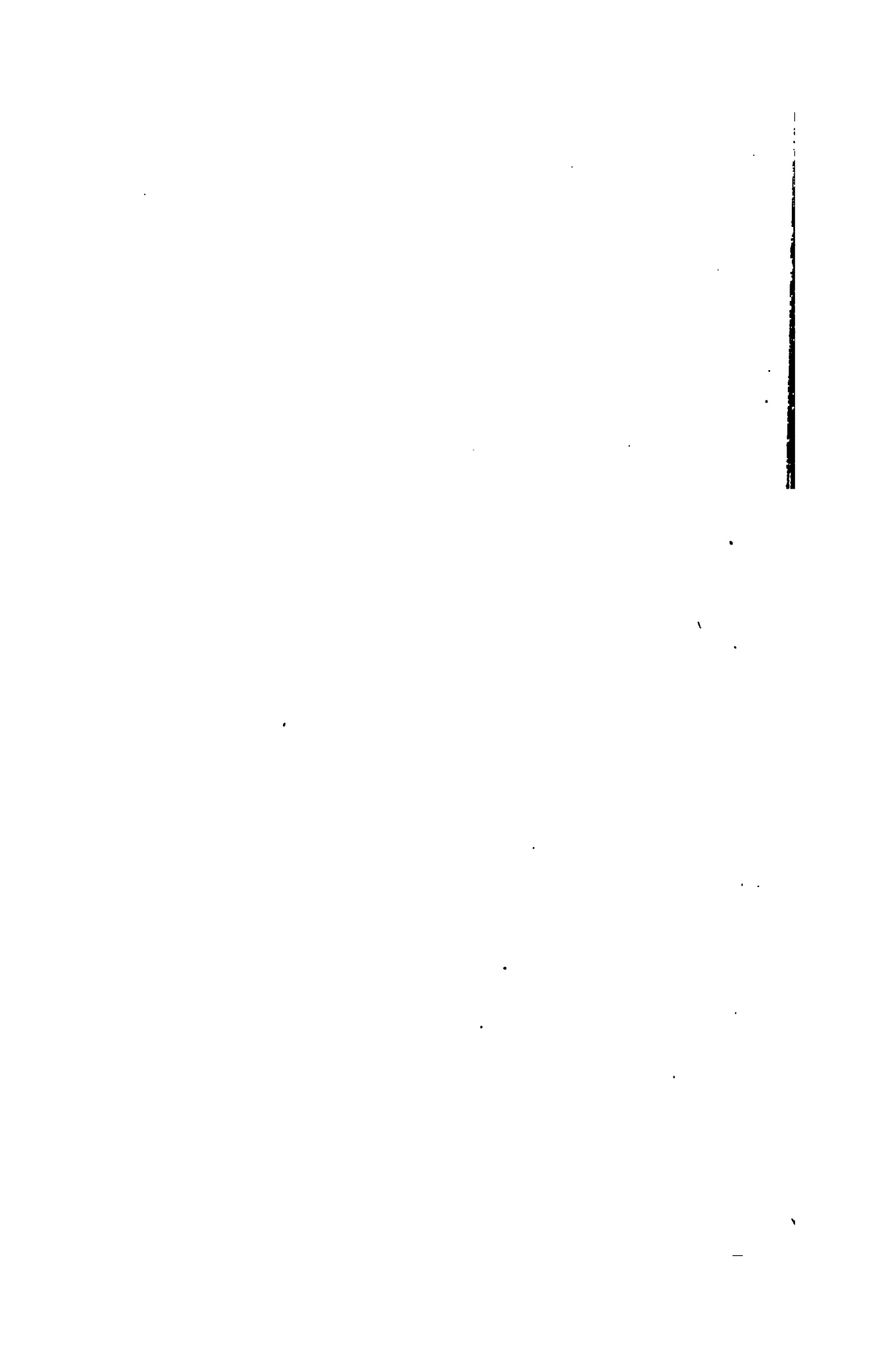
"Will you also allow me," asks the same correspondent, "to correct a printer's error in the interesting paper on *Railways*, by Mr. Green-Price. Mr. Davies's partner is Savin—not Gavin—and the first line they made was known as the Vale of Clwyd, the first sod of which was Mrs. Townshend Mainwaring."

•••

"I have never met," says our correspondent, "James the record of any Eisteddfod held in London, save one, and that one seems to have been more productive of set than of hard cash. The 6th of May was the day on which held, the Angle Rooms the place of meeting. The affair wound up with a concert, at which Richard Roberts, of Aberystwyth, played 'Sweet Richard's Lullaby'—a gushing reporter saw many a fair woman tear emotion, and many a bright eye dimmed with a tear, and many a committee member by the venture. I have written in italics as a protest. Why do our Welsh scholars of all countenance the new-fangled term 'baptists'? Even the revisers of the New Testament have not dared to change the passage which tells of 'baptists baptizing with water' but one so well-known as the editor of the *Journal* has no compunction in writing of Penderel's baptism as a 'baptism'."

•••

But why not 'baptize,' good James? is in the margin. We have the authority of quite as great an English scholar as any of those engaged in the 'Authorized Version' of the word. We refer to Sir Thomas Bowdler, the author of the *Family Edition* of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 'Baptize' has about as good a right as 'baptism' to that word, except of being substituted for 'baptism'."





ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS FOLEY.

NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS FOLEY.

In the present number I propose to attempt a sketch of the life and services of a distinguished naval officer, a native of Pembrokeshire, whose career was passed in the days when the British navy asserted and maintained the supremacy of its country over that of every other nation; and whose individual services contributed in no small degree to some of the most glorious successes achieved in that War of Titans carried on by Napoleon the Great against Europe in arms. I allude to Sir Thomas Foley, the friend of Nelson, leader of the British line at the battle of the Nile, and his Flag Captain at Copenhagen.

In those days the life of the British sailor and his junior officers was not, perhaps, one of unmixed pleasure. Excitement here certainly was, and prize money, but the discipline was severe; flogging reigned supreme; mutinies, doubtless brought on by extreme severity, were not uncommon. The captains were despots, and in many cases tyrants; whilst the crews, when supplied by the Press Gang, were not derived from the most cultivated branches of the lower classes, and often drew down by their conduct those punishments, which were dealt out to them with an unsparing hand. In these days we are advocates of self-respect, and therefore substitute penal servitude for the old methods.

The midshipmen of Rodney and Nelson were little more than children when they entered the service. Much of their time was passed in the darkness of the cockpit, and, doubtless, a fair share of bullying on the part of their bigger brethren was their lot. The junior lieutenants, unless they had good interest, remained lieutenants until their demise, though they may have done excellent service, and borne a conspicuous part in fighting their ships triumphantly through actions the description of which even now thrills the blood and excites the astonishment of a generation which knows not anything of a parallel nature. These were the days and the conditions when young Foley chose a sailor's life, with few other possessions than the mind of a gentleman—the tenderness of a woman—the heart of a hero.

The materials for this Biography are unfortunately very meagre. One would have wished to have laid before the public the early life of this gallant officer; for certainly, judging from his love of his profession, his modest appreciation of his own merits, his devotion to duty, and his brilliant services when the opportunity came, a fuller description of the days passed in the lower ranks of the profession he had chosen would have shown a bright example to the present generation; but the dry records of his services alone remain—brilliant enough though they are, as will be seen.

Sir Thomas Foley was born in 1757. He was the second of three sons of John Foley, Esq., of Ridgeway, near Narberth, Pembrokeshire. His elder brother, John Herbert Foley, succeeded to the Ridgeway estate, and his direct descendant now possesses it. The younger brother, Richard, was a Barrister. He died in 1803, and a letter of sympathy on that occasion from Lord Nelson to Sir T. Foley will be found in a later part of this sketch. His mother was the second daughter of John Herbert, Esq., of Court Henry, near Llandilo, Carmarthenshire. They married in the year 1753. The pedigree of the Foley family begins with John Foley and Ellen, his wife, of Ridgeway, in the parish of Llawhaden, in the county of Pembroke, in the year 1383, to whom the estate of Ridgeway was granted in that year by Bishop Hoton, of St. David's. The grant in question is now among the title deeds of the Ridgeway estate. In it the above named John Foley is styled "*Constabularius Castri Nostrum de Llawhaden, et Magistri operum nostrum.*" The Castle, which has always given the Barony to the Bishop of St. David's, is now in ruins, though a considerable part was standing in the early years of the present century. It was an extensive fortress of great magnitude and strength, built of fine hewn stone and well fortified. It appears by family documents that the Castle was commanded by the above named John Foley, and was put in a perfect state of defence by the orders of Guido de Mona, the then Bishop of St. David's, in the year 1412, during Glendower's insurrection in the reign of Henry IV. When Henry VIII. diminished the possessions of the Church at the Reformation, the diocesan of St. David's at the time, Bishop Barlow, claimed the estate for the Church. The claim was tried in the Court of Star Chamber, before King Henry in person; and the estate was confirmed to the Foleys of Ridgeway for ever, subject to paying a nominal rent to the Church.

From the Ridgeway papers it appears that the male part of the family had chiefly been in the Royal Service either by sea or land, and that five of them were killed at Colby Moor, near the Ridgeway estate, in the year 1648, whilst fighting for the Crown during the civil war between King Charles I. and the Parlia-

ment. An uncle of the subject of the present sketch, also Capt. Thomas Foley, was a post captain in the navy in 1754, and had been with Lord Anson in his voyage round the world.

Turning to Sir Thomas Foley's maternal ancestry, the pedigree of the Herberts of Court Henry commences with Sir William Herbert, of Rhagland, or Raglan Castle. He had two sons. From the elder, William Earl of Pembroke, descended William Earl of Huntingdon, and Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, the paternal ancestor of the present Duke of Beaufort. From the younger son, Sir Richard Herbert of Coldbrook, who married Margaret, sister of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, Knight of the Garter, were descended two sons—the eldest Sir William Herbert of Coldbrook, Knt., ancestor of the Herberts of Coldbrook; and the second being Sir Richard Herbert of Powys, Knt., the ancestor of the Herberts of Parke, and grandfather of the John Herbert of Court Henry, whose second daughter was the mother of the subject of our sketch.

Young Foley entered the navy as midshipman on board H.M.S. *Otter* in the year 1770, when only thirteen years of age. The *Otter* was employed on the Newfoundland and Labrador stations, but returned each winter to Spithead. In November, 1773, he was appointed to the *Eymont*, then guardship at Spithead, in which ship he remained till February, 1774. In this month he was appointed to the *Antelope*, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Clarke Gayton, Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica, where he remained until the latter part of 1775. In October of that year he was appointed to the *Race Horse*, which was employed cruising in the Windward Passage to protect the trade against American privateers till November, 1776, when he became acting lieutenant on board the *Atalanta*, on the coast of West Florida. During this appointment he sailed up the River Mississippi as high as New Orleans. In September, 1777, he was appointed to the *Porpoise* on the coast of Jamaica, but only remained in her till November in the same year, when he rejoined Admiral Gayton's flag-ship, the *Antelope*. From Admiral Gayton he received much kindness, and fifty years afterwards, when taking up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, he made Lieutenant Charles Gayton, a descendant of the admiral, his flag lieutenant, for he never forgot a friend. Lieutenant Gayton, an excellent and meritorious officer, died only a few years since, himself then, in his turn, an admiral.

In the *Antelope* he seems to have come home to Spithead in May, 1778, and on the 28th of that month he joined the *America* as lieutenant. The *America* formed part of the Channel fleet off Brest, and young Foley saw his first general action in her, in the engagement between that fleet, under the command of the Honourable Admiral Keppel, and the French

fleet under Comte d'Orvilliers, on 27th July, 1778. Mr. Foley continued in the *America* till October, 1779, when he was appointed to the *Prince George*, ninety-eight guns, Rear-Admiral Digby's flag-ship, on the Channel station. On board this ship was Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV., who had joined her as a midshipman on 15th June previously. The *Prince George* was attached to the Channel fleet under the orders of Sir Charles Hardy, and cruised in the Bay of Biscay until the latter end of the same year, when she accompanied Sir George Rodney to the relief of Gibraltar, the garrison of which place had long been subjected to the privations attendant on a close blockade. On the passage to that garrison on January 8th, 1780, the British force captured a Spanish sixty-four gun ship, five frigates, and several sail of transports. To Lieutenant Foley was given the charge of one of the prizes, the *San Beuno*, of twenty-eight guns, to take to England. He arrived at Plymouth, and was ordered round to the Thames. On this passage, on 12th April, off Beachy Head, he fell in with the *Ranger*, brig of war, and the *Three Sisters*, armed ship, with a convoy, which were being attacked by two French frigates. Lieutenant Foley instantly joined in the fight, and the result of their united efforts was that the enemy's ships, after a conflict of several hours' duration, sheered off, much damaged in their sails and rigging.

After delivering his prize to the agent, Lieutenant Foley rejoined the *Prince George* at Portsmouth, and was employed in the Channel fleet until the end of the year, when he was again sent to Gibraltar, then again besieged, and subsequently rejoined the Channel fleet until the month of June, 1780, when Admiral Digby was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the North American station. In November the *Prince George* was attached to the fleet under the orders of Sir Samuel (afterwards Lord) Hood, and sailed to the West Indies. She took part in the three actions fought by him with a superior French force under Comte de Grasse, for the protection of the Island of St. Kitt's. The *Prince George* also took a distinguished part in the actions of the 9th and 12th April, 1782, between the British force under the command of Sir George (afterwards Lord) Rodney, and the French fleet under Comte de Grasse. She had nine men killed, and twenty-four wounded. Lieutenant Foley was in a few months afterwards made a Commander into the *Britannia*, guardship at Sandy Hook, at the mouth of the New York River, from December, 1782, to March, 1783. He continued in her, cruising on the coast of North America and Canada, between New York and Quebec, until November, 1784: and in January, 1785, arrived at Spithead, where he remained until March. Commander Foley had the *Race Horse* from December, 1787, to September, 1790, cruising on the N.E. coast of England, and

the latter month he was promoted to the rank of post captain.

The next mention that we have of Captain Foley is in James' *naval History*, Vol. I., p. 65. From this work, which is considered the ablest and best upon the actions of the British navy; this period, we shall chiefly quote during this sketch. Captain Foley was flag captain to Admiral Gell in the *St. George*, ninety-eight, in April, 1793. France having when she declared war assembled a powerful fleet at Toulon, it was considered necessary to despatch a British fleet without delay to the Mediterranean. The first division, composed of the *St. George*, the *Ganges*, *Edgar*, and *Egmont*, of seventy-four guns, and the *Phaeton* frigate, sailed from Spithead early in April. On the 14th of that month, in lat. 41°43' N., long. 25° W., the British squadron chased two sail in the N.W. The frigate soon overtook one of them, which proved to be the *San Iago*, a large Spanish galleon under French colours. Dropping a boat as she passed, the *Phaeton* left this ship to be taken possession of by the *Ganges*, and stood in pursuit of the headmost enemy's ship. At the end of two hours the latter also was captured, and proved to be the French privateer *Dumouriez*, conveying to a French port the richly laden ship which eleven days before her commander and crew had thought themselves fortunate in having fallen in with. For greater security the *Dumouriez* had since transhipped to herself portions of the cargo, of the reputed value of £200,000. The galleon was from Lima, bound to Spain. Both the *Dumouriez* and the *San Iago* arrived in safety at Plymouth, and the latter ship and her precious lading, after a tedious litigation, were condemned as prize to the captors. This condemnation of a recaptured ship, however legally correct, caused a great stir at Madrid at the time, and was one of the chief causes of the war which subsequently broke out between England and Spain.

A fleet consisting of twenty-one sail of the line assembled before Toulon, under Lord Hood, by the middle of August. Their operations were not attended with any great results, though there was much severe fighting, in which the *St. George* bore a conspicuous part.

Captain Foley is next met with in the following year, 1797. The French admiral at Toulon put to sea on the 5th June with seven sail of the line and four or five frigates. Lord Hood, who then lay off Bastia, departed the moment he received information with thirteen sail of the line and four frigates, including the *St. George*. On the 10th the two fleets gained sight of each other. The British immediately made all sail in chase. On the 11th the British and French admirals were between three and four leagues apart. To avoid an action with a superior force, M. Martin, the French

commander, pushed for the anchorage in Gourjean Bay, which he reached with his fleet about two p.m.; but none of the British ships were able to get near except the twenty-eight gun frigate *Dido*, Captain G. H. Towry, who received and gallantly returned the fire of some of the rear ships, as well as that of the two forts guarding the entrance to the anchorage. It was Lord Hood's intention to follow the French into the bay, and from the judicious plan of attack he had matured little doubt was entertained that every ship of the squadron would have been either captured or destroyed, but the prevalence of calms and unfavourable winds caused the enterprise to be abandoned. Meanwhile the French had landed some of their guns, and erected strong batteries on shore; still hopes were entertained of destroying the squadron, and for this purpose two or three fire ships were fitted, and entrusted to the command of two able officers—Lieutenants Ralph Willett Miller and Charles Brisbane—the latter of whom, it appears, had suggested the enterprise; but on approaching the bay these officers found the French so well prepared, and so strongly posted, that this plan also had to be given up. The French eventually succeeded in reaching Toulon in safety.

The *St. George*, still commanded by Captain Foley, is next found, with Sir Hyde Parker's flag on board, forming part of Vice-Admiral Hotham's fleet of thirteen sail of the line lying in Leghorn Roads. On the 8th March, 1795, Admiral Hotham received intelligence by express from Genoa that the French fleet of fifteen sail of the line had been seen off the islands of St. Marguerite two days before. On the 9th he put to sea, and on the 10th descried the French working their way back to Toulon. On the 12th the two fleets were within three miles of each other, and on the 13th, the French admiral evincing no intention of bearing down to engage, Vice-Admiral Hotham threw out the signal for a general chase. A partial but distant encounter ensued. Owing to the calm state of the weather no general engagement was possible, and after some slight loss on both sides all attempts to renew the attack were relinquished. In this action the *St. George* lost four men killed and thirteen wounded. Two French ships, however—the *Ca-ira*, of eighty guns, and the *Censeur*, seventy-four—were captured.

About the year 1795 Captain Foley purchased the estate of Abermarlais Park from, we believe, the trustees of Lord Hawarden. Abermarlais was a place of note as far back as the reign of Henry VIII., and even earlier. "The lordship of Llansadwrn, with a capital messuage called Abermarlais, belonged in that reign to Rhys ap Griffith, a grandson of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, of Abermarlais, the hero of Bosworth Field (1485). The said Rhys ap Griffith, upon a frivolous pretext, was attainted of high treason, and this lordship King Henry granted

in the 37th year of his reign to Sir Thomas Jones, Knt., and the Particular for the grant is in the Augmentation Office." Such are the words of a document recapitulating the results of a search made many years ago, amongst the records in the Augmentation Office, relating to the churches of Llanwadwrn and Llanwrda, Carmarthenshire, in the former of which parishes Abermarlais is situated. In 1732 the estate was the property of Miss Letitia Cornwallis, whose name is still connected with charities in the immediate neighbourhood, and eventually, as has been said, was purchased by Captain Foley, in whose family it still remains. A description of the place, one of the most historically interesting residences in South Wales, is reserved for a later part of this sketch.

The next occasion on which we find Captain Foley's name is in the month of July, 1795, still in command of the *St. George*, with the flag of Sir Hyde Parker, and still forming part of Admiral Hotham's fleet. The French fleet of seventeen sail of the line, and six frigates, under the command of Vice-Admiral Martin, or rather of M. Deputy Nion, as was sometimes the custom under the Republic, put to sea from Toulon on the 7th June. The British fleet, consisting of twenty-one sail of the line, being at anchor in the Bay of St. Fiorenzo, and Admiral Hotham having detached Commodore Nelson in the *Agamemnon*, she discovered the Toulon fleet, which immediately gave chase; but on looking into the bay discovered the British fleet at anchor, and turned their heads to the westward. On the 8th, at noon, the British fleet steered to the W. Receiving information that the French had been seen a few hours before to the S. of Hyeres, Admiral Hotham threw out the signal to prepare for action, and made all sail to the S.W. A heavy gale during the night split the maintopsails of six of the British ships, and whilst bending new ones the French were descried about five miles off, endeavouring to escape. Signal was made for a general chase, and at noon the rear of the French bore three-quarters of a mile from the British van; but the rearmost British ship was eight miles from its van. An engagement ensued between the three rearmost French ships and the three leading vessels of the British force; but whilst this was going on, and after the *Alcide*, seventy-four, had struck to the *Cumberland*, Captain B. S. Rowley, the Commander-in-Chief, fearing his van to be too near the coast, made signal to discontinue the action, and the French gained the Bay of Fréjus.

"There was a most beautiful manœuvre," says a lieutenant of the *Victory*, "performed by the captain of the French frigate *Alceste*, stationed to windward of the enemy's line. Seeing the *Alcide* in distress, and dropping astern into our fire, she bore down right athwart her bows, lowered a boat, and attempted to send her on board the *Alcide* with a hawser in order to tow her

clear of us ; but before the boat accomplished its object a shot from the *Cumberland* cut it in two, and it disappeared in an instant with all its brave and unfortunate crew. The frigate, perceiving the calamity, immediately made all sail in a masterly manner, and was soon out of danger. On the frigate coming down to take the *Alcide* in tow, the captain of the *Victory*, one hundred guns, came down below with orders to reserve our fire for the frigate which had bore away to rescue the French seventy-four, then abreast of us and not half-a-mile distant ; and although the *Victory* did fire, and many other vessels also, at this gallant vessel, she had the good fortune to escape any serious accident, having only some of the running rigging cut, which was soon replaced by her daring crew. She got off most beautifully, to the astonishment of all our fleet ; and I pronounce this to be the best executed, though unsuccessful, and most daring manœuvre I ever witnessed in the presence of so very superior a force."

Captain Foley is next found in command of the *Britannia*, flag of Vice-Admiral Charles Thompson, forming part of the force under the command of Admiral Sir John Jervis, afterwards Lord St. Vincent. This fleet consisted of fifteen sail of the line, and on the 13th of February, 1797, was on its way to its station off Cape St. Vincent, when the *Minerve*, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Nelson, joined with the intelligence that on the 11th, soon after quitting Gibraltar, she had been chased by two Spanish line-of-battle ships, and afterwards in the mouth of the Straits she got sight of the Spanish fleet. The signals were made for the British to prepare for battle, and to keep in close order during the night, at intervals of which the signal guns of the Spaniards were distinctly heard. The grand fleet of Spain, under the command of Don Josef de Cordova, in the *Santissima Trinidad*, of one hundred and thirty guns, consisted besides of seven ships of one hundred and twelve guns each, two of eighty guns each, and eighteen of seventy-four guns each, with twelve frigates. Their destination was Cadiz. The rumour was that this fleet would proceed on to Brest, join the French and Dutch fleets, and then invade England.

The morning of the 14th broke dark and hazy upon the two fleets. The admiral made the signal at 3.15 a.m. for the British to form in close order, and in a few minutes afterwards repeated that of the preceding evening to prepare for battle. We shall not trouble our readers with the oft-told tale of the battle of Cape St. Vincent. The Spanish line had been allowed to separate itself into two portions. The British fleet steered straight into the opening. At 11.28 a.m. the *Victory* and the other ships hoisted their colours, and at 11.31 the action commenced. At 3.52 p.m. it was over. But the *Britannia*

from her slow sailing had been unable to take a prominent part in the battle. The *San Ysidro*, the *Salvador del Mundo*, the *San Nicolas*, and the *San Josef* surrendered. Night coming on the remaining Spanish ships saved themselves by flight. The British loss was seventy-three killed and two hundred and twenty-seven wounded. Nelson was the hero of that day. To his own ship, the *Captain*, "with her wheel shot away, all her sails, shrouds and running rigging more or less cut, her fore-top-mast gone, no alternative remained but to board the Spanish two-decker," the *San Nicolas*. He did so, captured her, and then followed on to the deck of the *San Josef*, one hundred and twelve, which he captured in like manner. Sir John Jervis was made Earl St. Vincent with a pension of £3,000 per annum. Vice-Admiral Thompson and Rear-Admiral W. Parker were created baronets, and Nelson a Knight of the Bath, with the freedom of the city of London. Gold medals were distributed to the captains. Captain Foley was now transferred to the command of the *Goliath*, seventy-four, in which he was destined to make his mark amongst the sea-captains who followed the fortunes of Nelson.

On the 31st of March Earl St. Vincent quitted Lisbon, and with twenty-one sail of the line proceeded to Cadiz, where the Spanish fleet then lay. After cruising before it for many weeks, he resolved to bombard that town in order to provoke the Spanish Admiral to put to sea. On the night of the 3rd of July the *Thunder*, bomb vessel, Lieutenant John Gourly, covered by gun boats under the orders of Sir Horatio Nelson, took up her station near the tower of San Sebastian, and within 2,500 yards of the walls of the town. The *Thunder* commenced throwing her shells with great precision, but the large thirteen-and-a-half inch mortar was soon discovered to have been materially injured by its former services. The safety of the bomb-vessel requiring her immediate withdrawal, the *Goliath*, Captain Foley; *Terpsichore* frigate, Captain Richard Bowen, and *Fox* cutter, Lieutenant John Gibson, kept under sail to afford her the necessary protection. The retreat of the *Thunder* was the signal for a number of Spanish gunboats and armed launches to sally forth in hope of capturing her. They were, however, driven back by a similar description of force, led by Nelson, and pursued to the walls of Cadiz, leaving two mortar boats in the possession of the British.

We now approach the turning point of Foley's career—the Battle of the Nile.

With the view of ascertaining the precise object of certain rumoured preparations making at Toulon, the British Admiralty had directed Earl St. Vincent to detach from the Mediterranean fleet a few ships under Sir Horatio Nelson, who, having been in England for his health, had on the 29th of April, 1798, returned

to the fleet off Cadiz. On the 2nd of May Sir Horatio quitted the fleet in the *Vanguard*, and steered for the Mediterranean. He was afterwards joined by two other line-of-battle ships. On the 17th, when off Cape Sicie, the Rear-Admiral received information, through a captured privateer, that there were nineteen sail of the line in Toulon harbour; that fifteen of them were ready for sea, and that Buonaparte, at the head of an immense body of troops, was expected soon to embark; but for what destination could not be ascertained. The Rear-Admiral then proceeded with his three vessels to the Sardinian harbour of St. Pietro, where we will leave them at present to attend to what was going on at Toulon.

In the early months of 1798 Buonaparte submitted to the Directory a plan of a campaign in Egypt, and on the 5th of March in that year was appointed commander-in-chief. Buonaparte quitted Paris on the 3rd of May, and on the 8th arrived at Toulon.

The expedition, now that it was complete, consisted of thirteen sail of the line, eight frigates, two Venetian sixty-four's, and six frigates, with other smaller description, in all seventy-two vessels of war, exclusive of four hundred sail of transports. Of this immense fleet the crews alone were computed at ten thousand men, besides which there was a body of troops amounting to about thirty-six thousand men. The fleet was commanded by Vice-Admiral Brueys, having under him Rear-Admirals Villeneuve, Blanquet and Decrès, and Commodore Ganteaume, as captain of the fleet. The admiral had his flag on board the one hundred and twenty gun ship *Orient*, as the *ci-devant Sans-Culottes* was now appropriately named, and in her Buonaparte and his suite embarked.

On the 19th of May, in the morning, the whole of the fleet, with the exception of a portion of the transports, got under weigh from Toulon Roads, with a strong wind from the N.W., and running along the coast of Provence, stopped off Genoa, to be joined by a division of transports; and then stood straight across to Cape Corse, which was signalled on the 23rd, at day-break. On the 3rd of June Buonaparte received intelligence that three English ships of the line and two frigates had been seen off Cagliari. The French fleet proceeded, and on the 7th passed within gun-shot of Mazzara, in Sicily, and on the 9th sighted the islands of Malta and Gozo. On the 10th a landing was effected in seven places, and on the 12th the islands of Malta, Gozo, and Comino surrendered by capitulation.

To return to Admiral Nelson, in the harbour of St. Pietro. On the 27th of May he put to sea with his three ships and steered for Toulon. On the 5th of June the *Mutine*, Captain Thomas Masterman Hardy, joined with the intelligence that she had on the 30th parted from a squadron of ten sail of the line, and a

fifty gun ship that was on its way to join the Rear-Admiral. On the 7th, at noon, the two squadrons gained a masthead sight of each other, and by sunset were united.

About three weeks after Nelson had been detached by Earl St. Vincent, a reinforcement from England, consisting of eight sail of the line, under Rear-Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, joined the fleet off Cadiz, and on the same evening, the 24th of May, Captain Trowbridge sailed, in compliance with orders from home, to strengthen the force of Admiral Nelson. After his departure from Earl St. Vincent's fleet, Captain Trowbridge was joined by the *Audacious* and the *Leander*, making the force under Nelson to consist of thirteen seventy-four gun ships, and one fifty; and we will here give their names, and those of their captains, for the Heroes of the Nile will bear a fresh introduction to a generation which owes them much:—

All of 74 guns.	{	<i>Vanguard</i> ...	{ Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson.
			{ Captain Edward Berry.
	<i>Orion</i> ...	„ Sir James Saumarez.	
	<i>Culloden</i> ...	„ Thomas Trowbridge.	
	<i>Bellerophon</i> ...	„ Henry D'Esterre Darby.	
	<i>Minotaur</i> ...	„ Thomas Louis.	
	<i>Defence</i> ...	„ John Peyton.	
	<i>Alexander</i> ...	„ Alexander John Ball.	
	<i>Zealous</i> ...	„ Samuel Hood.	
	<i>Audacious</i> ...	„ David Gould.	
	<i>Goliath</i> ...	„ Thomas Foley.	
	<i>Majestic</i> ...	„ George Blagden Westcott.	
	<i>Swiftsure</i> ...	„ Benjamin Hallewell.	
	<i>Theseus</i> ...	„ Ralph Willett Miller.	
50	<i>Leander</i> ...	„ Thomas Boulden Thompson.	
16	<i>Mutine</i> , Brig, Sloop	„ Thomas Masterman Hardy.	

Nelson was left entirely to his own discretion as to the course to be steered in pursuit of the fleet, which he had been ordered by his instructions to use his utmost endeavours to “take, sink, burn or destroy.” How he carried out his instructions the sequel will show.

On the morning of the 17th of June the British fleet stood into the Bay of Naples. The only information which the English Ambassador, Sir W. Hamilton, could give, was that the French had not entered that port, but had coasted the island of Sardinia, and proceeded southwards. It is not necessary here to recapitulate the well-known story how the two fleets failed to come in sight of one another until the eventful 1st of August, 1798. The French fleet had arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July, and (Nelson having left it that morning), landed Buonaparte and his army; the admiral being directed by him to anchor the men-of-war in the Bay of Aboukir, about twenty miles E. N. E. of Alexandria. The *Culloden* having been despatched from the

fleet to Coron, returned with the intelligence that the French fleet had been seen about four weeks before on the Coast of Candia, steering S. E. South east was then steered by the British, and a fresh breeze astern, with a heavy following sea, drove them rapidly towards the goal of their hopes. On the 1st of August, at 10 a.m., the towers and minarets of Alexandria, the Pharos and Pompey's Pillar made their welcome appearance, the port displayed a forest of masts, and the French flag waved upon the walls. The two British look-out ships signalled, however, that all but eight were transports and merchantmen, but the *Zealous*, a little before 1 p.m., signalled that seventeen ships of war, thirteen or fourteen of them formed in line of battle, lay at anchor in a bay upon her larboard bow. Instantly the British fleet hauled up, steering to the eastward under top-gallant sails, with a fine breeze from north by west to north north west.

The Bay of Aboukir, or Bay of Shoals, as it is also called, commences about twenty miles E. N. E. of Alexandria, and extends from the Castle of Aboukir in a semi-circular direction to the westernmost, or Rosetta, mouth of the Nile, distant from the castle about six miles. Aboukir Bay has no depth of water for line of battle ships nearer than three miles from the shore, a sandbank on which there is not anywhere more than four fathoms of water running out to that distance. Owing also to the width of its opening, the bay affords very little shelter except on its W.N.W. side (that from which the wind on this coast commonly blows), by a small island, situate about two miles from the castle point, and connected with it by a chain of sandbanks and rocks, with a passage between for small craft. Aboukir Island is surrounded by a continuation of the shoal that runs along the bottom of the bay, and which extends from the island nearly a mile in a N.E. direction.

The French fleet was formed in line ahead in the following order:—*Guerrier*, seventy-four; *Conquerant*, seventy-four; *Spartiate*, seventy-four; *Aquilon*, seventy-four; *Peuple Souverain*, seventy-four; *Franklin*, eighty; *Orient*, one hundred and twenty; *Tonnant*, eighty; *Heureux*, seventy-four; *Minerve*, seventy-four; *Guillaume Tell*, eighty; *Genereux*, seventy-four; *Timoleon*, seventy-four; within an inner line, and about midway between that and the shoal, the *Serieuse* frigate nearly abreast of the opening between the *Conquerant* and *Spartiate*; the *Artemise* abreast of the *Heureux*, and the *Diane* of the *Guillaume Tell*.

The van ship bore from Aboukir Island S.E., distant about two thousand four hundred and twenty yards, or one and seven-eighths of a mile, which is rather more than double the extent of the shoal in the same direction. Between the *Guerrier* and her second astern, and between all the other line

of battle ships successively, the distance was about one hundred and sixty yards, so that, reckoning each of the thirteen ships to occupy on an average a space of seventy yards, the length of the line was rather under a mile and five eighths. But this line was not a straight one. From the centre ship *Orient* the van ship bore N.W., the rear ship S.E. by S., and the *Guerrier* and *Timoleon* from each other N.W. half N. and S.E. half S. Hence the line was a curve, or rather a very obtuse angle, having its projecting centre towards the sea. The edge of the shoal at the back of the line, on the contrary, was a concave, so that the *Orient* was nearly twice the distance from it that either the van or the rear ship was. To protect the flanks the French Admiral had erected a battery on Aboukir Island.

When the *Heureux*, at 2 p.m. on the 1st of August, made the signal for a fleet of twelve sail of the line (*Alexander* and *Swiftsure* not then being seen), in W.N.W., the French ships were still lying at single anchor, without springs on their cables, and with a great proportion of their crews on shore getting water. In an instant the men were recalled on board. At 3 p.m. the French Admiral made the signal to prepare for action.

The course of the British fleet and the rapidity of its approach indicating an immediate attack, Admiral Brueys ordered his ships to cross top-gallant yards, as if intending to get under weigh; but shortly afterwards, observing some of the advanced British ships bring to, he appears to have thought that the attack would be deferred until the next morning; he therefore signalled that he should remain at anchor. The admiral's expressed opinion of the impracticability of the attack on that night was well known; and it was equally well understood that he only waited for darkness to set in to weigh and put to sea, with the intention, in compliance with orders from Buonaparte, of endeavouring to effect his escape.

At 3 p.m. the signal was made to prepare for battle, and at 4 p.m. the British ships were ordered to prepare to anchor by the stern. Shortly afterwards another signal was made to signify that the admiral meant to attack the enemy's van and centre. As far as can be gathered from the vague accounts on the subject, Sir Horatio intended with his thirteen seventy-four's to pass the French line on its outer side down to the seventh ship, the *Orient*, so that every French ship of the seven might have a British ship on her bow and quarter. At 5.30 the French being nearly abreast of the extremity of the shoal, the signal was made to form in line of battle ahead and astern of the admiral, as most convenient from the then accidental position of the ships. The fleet then bore up, and at about 6 p.m. the admiral made the signal to fill and stand on. The ships did so, and were then ranged in the following order:—Goliath,

Zealous, Orion, Audacious, Theseus, Vanguard, Minotaur, Defence, Bellerophon, Majestic, Leander. And at a still greater distance to the westward, the *Alexander* and the *Swiftsure*, making every exertion to get up. About 6.20 p.m. the French ships hoisted their colours, and the *Conquerant*, followed by the *Guerrier*, opened her fire upon the *Goliath* and *Zealous*, then in line close to each other, and at some distance ahead of their companions. We will now take up Southey's *Life of Nelson*, which describes what followed, and how the whole plan and scheme of battle was at this moment changed by the genius and boldness of the gallant Foley: "Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, outsailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed this point of honour with him. He had long conceived that if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner-bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit, but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquerant*, before it was clear, then anchored by the stern inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and he totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir J. Saumarez; she passed to windward of the *Zealous* and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier*; then passing inside of the *Goliath*, sank a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round towards the French line, and anchoring inside, between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin*, and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, and returning the fire of both."

Southey's graphic and brilliant description of the continuation and sequel of the fight must be sought in his own work. It is, however, worth while to extract his account of the explosion on board the *Orient*. Nelson had been severely wounded, "but with his characteristic eagerness took the pen and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone: when suddenly a cry was heard that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up unassisted and unnoticed, and, to the astonishment of everyone, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that the boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy. It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys

was dead ; he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post ; a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted ; and the oil jars and paint buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which the sea was strewn, others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momentarily dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats ; and some even in the heat and fury of the action were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, stood the danger till the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful : the firing immediately ceased on both sides, and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake—such an event would be felt like a miracle ; but no incident in war produced by human means has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause and all its circumstances.

“About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the Commodore Casa-Bianca, and his son, a brave boy only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up.”

“With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part ;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young and faithful heart.”—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Only four vessels of the French fleet escaped, and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. “Victory,” said Nelson, “is a name not strong enough for such a scene ;” he called it “a conquest.” “Of thirteen sail of the line nine were taken and two burnt ; of the four frigates one was sunk ; another, the *Artemise*, was burnt in a villainous manner by her captain. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to eight hundred and ninety-five. Westcott was the only captain who fell. Three thousand one hundred and five of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and five thousand two hundred and twenty-five perished.”

Nelson was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham

Thorpe, with a pension of two thousand pounds for his own life and those of his two immediate successors. Two of the French line of battle ships, the *Franklin* and the *Spartiate*, were taken into the British Navy. The *Franklin* was renamed the *Canopus*, and the curious may still see her, a hulk, in the Hamoaze at Devonport.

Captain Foley's sudden manœuvre is not difficult even for landsmen to understand. The French fleet was moored in a line with their heads bearing north-west. The English fleet advancing from Alexandria had a north-west wind with them, and had it been Nelson's intention to engage on the inner side of the enemy's line he would apparently and naturally have done so at once. But instead of doing so he ran in a south-easterly direction, then bore up, so as to engage on the outer side of the French, but not desiring to commence his fire until he had run past six of them, so that attacking the seventh, the *Orient*, he could bring two of his own ships to bear on the starboard side of each of the seven French ships, leaving the remaining six untouched until he had destroyed their consorts, well knowing that none of the six could come to the assistance of the seven attacked. Captain Foley led the line, and would naturally, according to this plan, have anchored on the starboard bow of the furthest French vessel, but at this moment he conceived the daring idea of bearing up and doubling on the leading French line of battle ship, the *Guerrier*, so as to engage her on the larboard or unprepared side. I have heard it said that he had discovered at the last moment an old chart in his possession showing a sufficient depth of water to carry his ship successfully through the ordeal; or it may have been that he knew "where one could swing another could anchor;" be it how it may, the manœuvre was entirely successful: the ships following his lead ran past him when he anchored, took up their stations on the inner instead of the outer side of their opponents, and the victory was gained, as has been previously described.

In Marshall's *Naval Biography*, a work of great authority, this famous manœuvre is thus noticed:—

"It had long been a favourite idea with Captain Foley, which he had mentioned the preceding evening to Captains Trowbridge and Hood, that a considerable advantage would arise if the enemy's fleet were found moored in line of battle with the land to lead between them and the shore, as the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, or to be ready for action. The original plan of attack which Sir Horatio Nelson had intended to have adopted, if Captain Foley had not judged it expedient to lead within the French line, was to have kept entirely on its outer side; and to have

ationed his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow, and another on the inner quarter of each of the enemy."

The victory was complete, but Nelson could not follow it up, as he would have done, for want of means.

"Were I to die this moment," he said in his despatches to the Admiralty, "'want of frigates' would be found stamped on my heart. No words of mine can express what I have suffered and am suffering for want of them."

It is curious to speculate on what would have been the probable results to the world if Nelson had possessed those 'eyes of the fleet' during his long and disheartening pursuit of the Toulon expedition to the East. It is well known, as has already been mentioned, that he arrived at and left Alexandria before Buonaparte arrived there. In fact, Nelson departed in the morning of the 1st of July, the very day on which the French fleet arrived. Had he possessed the frigates he pined for, they would have been scouring the approaches to Egypt, and would certainly have discovered the advent of Napoleon on that day. The action which would have ensued would probably have ended in the same way as the Battle of the Nile. Buonaparte would have been captured or killed. The soul of France having departed her body would have been easily controlled by a combination of the Powers of Europe. Trafalgar would not have been fought; the Peninsular War would never have taken place. The Duke of Wellington's extraordinary genius for war would have had no field for its display, and he would probably not have emerged from comparative obscurity. There would have been no Austerlitz—no retreat from Moscow—no Leipsic—no Waterloo, whilst the peace-at-any-price party would have had no *locus standi* in these days, since the National Debt of England would have been but a nominal burden. Certainly Lord Spencer and his Board of Admiralty of that day have much to answer for!

Captain Foley was appointed to the command of the *Elephant*, seventy-four, on the 6th of January, 1800, and was employed in the Channel fleet at the blockade of Brest and L'Orient until March, 1801.

We will now turn to Copenhagen.

England had long exercised the recognised right of searching the ships of neutrals for contraband of war. On the 25th of July, 1800, a British squadron of three frigates fell in with the Danish forty-gun frigate *Freya*, Captain Krabbe, having under convoy two ships, two brigs, and two galliots. Captain Thomas Baker, of the twenty-eight-gun frigate *Nemesis*, the senior officer, hailed the *Freya* to say that he would send a boat on board the convoy. Captain Krabbe replied that if an attempt of the kind were made he would fire into the boat. Both threats were put into execution, and an action ensued, ending, of course, in

the *Freya's* submission. Lord Whitworth was at once despatched to the Danish Court to place the matter on an amicable footing. A squadron accompanied him, and an agreement was come to on the subject; but Russia, although an ally of England, took offence at the attack on the *Freya*, and particularly at the passage through the sound of a British squadron. A convention between Russia and Sweden, agreeing to the re-establishment of an armed neutrality, was entered into, which was joined by Denmark, at the instigation of Russia and Prussia. This menacing attitude of the three northern Powers was met by the despatch on the 12th of March, 1801, from Yarmouth Roads of a squadron, under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, in the *London*, ninety-eight, with Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson in the *St. George*, ninety-eight, as his second in command, and fifteen, afterwards augmented to eighteen, sail of the line, with as many frigates, sloops, bombs, fire-ships, and smaller vessels as made the whole amount to about fifty-three sail; with also the Forty-ninth Regiment, two companies of the Rifle Corps, and a detachment of artillery on board. Opposed to them were forty-one Russian, Swedish, and Danish effective ships of the line. In answer to an enquiry whether Denmark would negotiate, she returned a reply of open defiance, and on the 30th of March the British fleet got under weigh, and proceeded into the sound in line ahead—the van division commanded by Lord Nelson in the *Elephant*, seventy-four, Captain Foley, into which ship, as a lighter and more active one than the *St. George*, he had on the preceding day shifted his flag; the centre division under the Commander-in-Chief; and the rear division under Admiral Graves. About noon, or soon after, the fleet anchored at some distance above the island of Huen, which is about fifteen miles from the city of Copenhagen, the Danish capital. The enemy's defences were soon ascertained to be of the most formidable description. At a council of war much was urged to forego, or, at least, to delay the attack; but Lord Nelson prevailed, and offered with ten sail of the line and all the small craft to carry the business through in a proper manner. Admiral Parker cheerfully accepted the offer, and granted to his enterprising second two sail of the line more than he had asked. To increase the danger and difficulty of navigating the narrow approach to Copenhagen the Danes had removed or misplaced the buoys; but Lord Nelson, accompanied, amongst others, by Captain Brisbane, of the *Cruiser*, proceeded in his boat to ascertain and re-buoy the outer channel. On the morning of the 1st of April the British fleet weighed, and shortly afterwards re-anchored off the north-west extremity of the Middle Ground, a shoal which extends along the whole front of the city of Copenhagen, leaving an intervening channel of deep water, called the Konig Strife, or King's Channel, about

quarters of a mile wide, and in which channel, close to town, the Danes had moored their block ships, radeaus, raams, and gun vessels. The distance of the anchorage from city of Copenhagen was about six miles. The ships of Lord Nelson's detachment coasted along the edge of the Middle Sound until they had reached and partly rounded its southern extremity. Here, at about 8 p.m., just as it grew dark, they anchored. During this night Captain Hardy proceeded in a small boat to examine the channel between the British anchorage and the Danish line, and actually approached near enough to sound round the first ship of the latter, using a weight lest the noise of throwing the lead should lead to a discovery. The enemy's force consisted of two decked ships, chiefly old and in a dismantled condition; frigates, praams, and radeaus, eighteen in number, and mounting six hundred and twenty-eight guns, moored in a line from a mile to a mile and half in extent, flanked at the town end by two artificial or formed islands, called the Trekroner batteries, one of thirty-two four-pounders, and the other of thirty-eight thirty-six-pounders, with furnaces for heating shot, both batteries being commanded by the two two-decked block ships *Mars* and *Phantén*. Many ships and batteries, with furnaces for heating shot, lay moored in advantageous positions. The Danish Commander was Commodore Olfert Fischer, with his broad pendant board the *Dannebrog*, sixty-two.

At 9 a.m., on the 2nd of April, the pilots and several of the radeaus were ordered on board the *Elephant*. The pilots were chiefly men who had been mates in Baltic traders; their inattention and indecision about the bearings of the east end of the shoal, and the line of deep water might well have provoked a more patient man than Lord Nelson. At 9.30 a.m., however, a signal was made to weigh in succession. The *Bellona*, Sir John Jarden Thompson, kept too close on the starboard shoal, and grounded four hundred and fifty yards from the Danish line. The *Russell*, closely following the *Bellona*, grounded in like manner, almost over the *Bellona's* taffrail. The *Elephant* was drawn up to the *Russell*, and Captain Foley, as soon as he perceived the state of that ship and the *Bellona*, starboarded his helm, and passed to the westward of those ships, as did all the ships in the rear of the *Elephant*.

At five minutes after ten the cannonade commenced; and at half past eleven the action became general. At the end of three hours' cannonade, few, if any, of the Danish ships had ceased firing. It was at this time that, in consequence, as is well understood, of the pressing solicitations of the captain of the *Elephant*, grounded, amongst other reasons, upon information received a full hour before, that signals of distress were at the same time sent from the heads of the *Bellona* and *Russell*, the Commander-in-

Chief was persuaded to throw out the signal for discontinuing the engagement.

The manner in which Lord Nelson received this signal is very forcibly depicted in Southey's work :—"About this time the signal lieutenant called out that number thirty-nine (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Nelson continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked him if he should repeat it. 'No,' he replied, 'acknowledge it.' Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, 'Mind you keep it so.' He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' said he to Mr. Ferguson, 'what is shown on board the Commander-in-Chief? Number thirty-nine!' Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant. 'Why, to leave off action!' Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words—"Leave off action? Now, d—n me if I do! You know, Foley,' turning to the captain, 'I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes;' and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'I really do not see the signal!' Presently he exclaimed, 'D—n the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!"

At 1.30 the fire of the Danes slackened; and at a little before two it ceased along nearly the whole of the line; but few, if any, of the ships whose flags had been struck could be taken, as they were protected by one of the batteries—that on Amak Island; and an irregular fire was made by the ships upon the boats as the latter approached. This naturally irritated Lord Nelson, who at one time thought of sending in the fire ships to burn the surrendered vessels. Before doing so, however, he wrote the celebrated letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark :—

"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English." A wafer was then given him, but he ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried or informal."

After having been warmly contested for five hours the action was thus brought to a close. It had been a murderous engage-

ment. The British loss was three hundred and fifty killed and eight hundred and ten wounded. The greater part of the Danish ships or floating hulks were literally knocked to pieces. The distance between the opposing forces had been from three hundred to four hundred yards. Commodore Fischer reckoned his killed and wounded at between sixteen hundred and eighteen hundred at the lowest estimate.

As an instance of individual courage and devotion on the part of the Danes, and of most noble feeling on the part of Lord Nelson, we transcribe from the *Naval Chronicle*, vol. xiv., p. 398, the following anecdote:—"During the repast (at the palace) Lord Nelson spoke in raptures of the bravery of the Danes, and particularly requested the Prince to introduce him to a very young officer, whom he described as having performed wonders during the battle by attacking the *Elephant* immediately under the lower guns. It proved to be the gallant young Welmoes—a stripling of seventeen. The British hero embraced him with the enthusiasm of a brother, and delicately intimated to the Prince that he ought to make him an admiral, to which the Prince very happily replied, 'If, my lord, I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service.' This heroic youth had volunteered for the command of a praam, which is a sort of raft, carrying six small cannon, and manned by twenty-four men, who pushed off from the shore, and in the fury of the battle placed themselves under the stern of the *Elephant*, which they attacked in so determined a manner that although below the reach of the stern chasers, the British marines made terrible slaughter amongst them; twenty of these gallant men fell by their bullets; but their young commander continued knee-deep in dead at his post until the truce was announced."

Amicable relations between England and the northern Powers were restored towards the end of May.

For the successful issue of the Battle of Copenhagen the thanks of Parliament were voted to the admirals, captains, officers, and men of Sir Hyde Parker's fleet. The following extract from Lord Nelson's despatch shows his appreciation of the services of Captain Foley:—"Elephant, off Copenhagen, April 3rd, 1801. To Captain Foley, who permitted me the honour of hoisting my flag in the *Elephant*, I feel under the greatest obligation. His advice was necessary on many and important occasions during the battle."

With the Battle of Copenhagen Captain Foley's war services afloat terminated. On the 24th of July, 1802, he was married to Lady Lucy Fitzgerald, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Leinster by Lady Emily Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and sister of the beautiful and celebrated Lady Sarah Napier. Lady Sarah, as is well known in her early youth

attracted the admiration of George III., and His Majesty was with difficulty prevented from making her Queen of England. The Royal Marriage Act was afterwards passed, in order to prevent such risks in future. Lady Sarah eventually married Colonel George Napier, and became the mother, amongst other children, of the three distinguished brothers, who chose the military profession, Sir Charles, the hero of Meanee (17th February, 1843), and Governor of Scinde; Sir William, "the faithful, impartial, and eloquent historian" of the great war in the Peninsula, in which he bore so distinguished a part; and Sir George, who knew how to rule the Cape of Good Hope without either jeopardising the great name of England or losing the goodwill of the colonists.

It will be found that Sir Charles Napier is, to some extent, mixed up with the present sketch; and had he been enabled to follow his own inclination, there would have been no necessity for the present biographical notice of his distinguished relative; as he intended to have placed before the public a record of Sir Thomas Foley's life and services many years ago.

J. B. H.

(Will be concluded next month.)

WHAT CANNOT LOVE DO ?

OR,

A TALE OF TWO FRIENDS.

BY

JOHN SAUNDERS,

*Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Hirell," "Israel Mort, Overman ;
or, the Story of the Mine," "The Sherlocks," "A Noble Wife,"
"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," &c., &c.*

CHAPTER IV.

TRACKING THE FUGITIVES.

Arriving at Holyhead at midnight, Larry O'Neill got a porter to take care of his portmanteau, so as to be ready either to put it into the London train, or to bring it to the hotel, as in the next few minutes he should determine.

Moving swiftly to the hotel, he tipped the first waiter he could find, so as to secure his attention, and then asked him if he remembered a white-haired elderly gentleman, accompanied by two ladies, one being very young, arriving two days before by the morning packet from Dublin.

The waiter, moved by the silvery eloquence Larry so skilfully administered, tried to remember, but could not. He went to other waiters and asked them, with the same result.

"Ah," said Larry, "I expect men don't notice these things as women do. Go to the chambermaids. Try them."

He went, and presently returned with one of the chambermaids, who preferred bringing herself with her information, to trusting her interests to the waiter.

Larry hurried to meet her as she and the waiter entered.

She had seen and noticed them, through the young lady removing her veil, and her thinking she had never before seen such a sweet, comely face, or one so pale and sorrowful. She asked if she were ill, but was answered, No; and then the young lady drew her veil over her face, as if to avoid further talk.

Repressing any show of what he felt in listening to this, Larry merely remarked—

“I am acquainted with the family, was to have seen them before they left Ireland, and I particularly want to hasten after them. Can you tell me where they were going?”

“No, sir, but they went on directly by the train then waiting.”

“Thanks; that will do. I am very much obliged to you;” and so saying, he left her equally obliged to him by the liberality of his payment.

Now, what should he do? Hurry into the train and trust to the chapter of accidents; or stay where he was till next day, and then get hold of the guard of the same train by which they had gone?

He decided on stopping.

Weary were the hours next day he spent in wandering about the most desolate of places, Holyhead, as it seemed to him in his own despairing mood; but they, like all other sorts of hours, passed, and he came face to face with the guard he sought.

The guard also remembered them, and where they had got out—at Crewe; but that was the extent of his knowledge; but he added,

“An enquiry among the porters at the cloak-room at Crewe may help you.”

So Larry went with the train to Crewe, keeping as near to the guard as he could in case of anything occurring to the latter that might be additional help. But nothing came of this little precaution.

Still Larry was in good spirits. He knew now he was on their track, and felt increasing confidence he should find them.

At Crewe he could do nothing for some time, so great was the bustle with the departure of his train; but when that had gone he looked out for an intelligent porter, and found one.

The man knew nothing himself, but as Larry had an “Open, Sesame,” to all pockets by the use of his own, which he had plentifully supplied with silver, the porter took bright views of things; and set out to hold counsel with the likeliest among his luggage-bearing brethren.

Embarrassing was the result. Two porters recollected such a group; but the one was certain he had labelled their luggage to Chester; the other that he had put them into a first-class carriage for London, and received a two-shilling-piece, the gentleman not being able to find any smaller change.

Of course the men were referring to two different parties, as Larry saw; and he was once more brought to a pause—Chester—or London?

Well, Chester was at least a reasonably circumscribed area,

while London was a limitless world. He would try Chester first, and thither he went.

Thinking over the chances, he speedily narrowed them to two. The next train to Chester would probably be the one they took, and he might again find a guard who remembered them.

If this entirely failed, he must then walk the streets till dark in the evening, and, if he saw or heard nothing of them, over a great part of next day, in the hope they or one of them would be moving about. The face of each was so distinctly imprinted on his brain that he was certain he should know if either came near.

Neither the guard in the train, nor the porter, when Larry got out of it, nor the keeper of the cloak-room, where he fondly hoped they might have found occasion temporarily to deposit their luggage, and possibly be well-known, were able to render him any help.

His hurried run through the streets was equally fruitless, and darkness soon stopped even the trial.

It happened that there was a concert of a very distinguished character that evening at Chester, as Larry had seen by the big posters that stared him in the face, soon after leaving the station.

Now, might not Mr. Blake have had reason through this hurried journey to be specially anxious for some occasion of pleasing the ladies at the end of it, if Chester was their end, and the concert have given him the opportunity.?

He went there; heard for the first time in his life without caring for it, music and songs by some of the finest English executants and singers, and left the place at the end of the first part, quite certain those whom he sought were not there.

He felt the same inability to think of anything but Norah Blake during his renewed search through the picturesque streets and "rows" of Chester next day. Nothing interested him, however fine, in the absence of any trace of the one being in the world that, were she found, would have made all things interesting, even the humblest, if in any way associated with her.

London remained. And blank, indeed, was the prospect in that direction, if they had gone thither.

Not solely for its vastness, and for the fact that Larry had never been there—never indeed left his own country before; and, consequently, felt as if he would be lost amidst its wildernesses of brick and mortar, but also for that other disturbing fact—that London was a place of all places for travellers from every point of the compass to arrive only again to depart; often without quitting the platform on which they set foot on leaving their carriage.

Again, he laid *himself out* for a talk with the guard who

might have been attached to the train from Crewe to London, but this effort, like all else, ended in failure; and Larry, as he entered the metropolis, could only compliment himself on the precision and completeness with which he had proved his utter and ridiculous failure.

The hotel attached to the station revived his hope. They would have arrived, as he did, late—about ten—and, very likely, might have done what he intended to do—stay there.

But alas! neither waiters nor chambermaids, however greedily they listened to Larry's unspoken, but once more very silvery eloquence, were able in the least to assist him.

He was truly miserable! So much so that in his many wakeful hours of the night he almost resolved to go back to Ireland, and undo all he had been doing, including a very absolute forgetfulness of the sleeping maiden of the wood.

But the morning brought back healthier views. Again he recalled Mr. Blake's biting, corroding sentences; and again he felt courage, purpose, and will—and soon determined on a new mental departure.

He had learned from one of the tradesmen at Bray, who had been accustomed to gossip occasionally with the elder lady, that she had, some days before Larry's memorable meeting with her party, been asking questions about Hastings at one end of the country, and Torquay at the other; as though the family had been then thinking of a change of locality, and were hesitating between the two; though nothing had passed that distinctly pointed to such a conclusion.

Yet, if that were so, the sudden change might not, after all, have been so sudden as it had appeared to Larry; or, at least, might have found them prepared.

Of course, he would visit those places, and to make sure would stay a week in each, if necessary; and if failure, like a destiny, still dogged his steps, acknowledge himself beaten, and try no farther till something like actual enlightenment promised successful guidance.

And then? Well, then he would resolutely turn to his own position and affairs; consider what was best; *do it*; and so break through this all-absorbing preoccupation of his thoughts and feelings which would speedily leave him fit for nothing in the world else.

Hastings first, and then Torquay, were visited. He saw many ladies at each place that in other and past days would have given him a rapid succession of loves at first sight; and set him to institute a philosophical inquiry if there was any connection between so many charming women and the places they were in, both among the loveliest of our watering places.

But his ever hungry eyes paused on each fair one only just long enough to know it was not his fair one. His ever restless

movements only became apparently quiet at last, when he murmured to himself, as he entered his hotel on the last night of his explorations at Torquay—

“Well, there’s an end! Very likely ’tis all for the best. But, best or worst, I’ll try no more.”

The journey to London next day was for some time a chaos of emotion and thought, through which nothing appeared clear—a vista of gloom, leading to what terrible goal he knew not—nor cared even to fear.

But calming at last, so that he could think and put his thoughts into something like shape and orderly array, he fell into soliloquy.

“I begin to respect that father of her’s, if only for the promptitude of his determination and the skill with which he worked it out. Nobody else, I do believe, could have so baffled me!

“But don’t I owe him something more than respect? And,” he presently added, with a laugh, “respect of such a very equivocal character! Hasn’t he taught me to know myself? And hasn’t he been the first to do anything of the kind?”

“And still more. Has he not actually put me in the way to disprove his own prophecies if he was thinking of my probable future?”

“Ay, but how? It is the future, not this little noisy, turbid bit of the past that will decide. Let me recollect what it was I was so madly bent on in that call, or in some subsequent call, whenever I could have found her alone, if but for two minutes.

“Well, it was this: to repeat what her father said, show he had opened my eyes, and that the result had been that I came to tell her, that she might some day tell him, my fixed purpose—to make him as my friend some day unsay his hard sayings, by going immediately to work to create a new position, and then seek him once more.

“And then? Why, then I should have tried whether or no I could win from her any token of sympathy with my purpose; any word, or look, or trivial, but thenceforward most precious of earthly gifts, that might show what was in my heart; and, as I hoped in her’s, though not then to be spoken by either.

“Is all that changed? Not a bit of it. It is not changed at all—except in the order of the two events. I wanted to secure her, if I could, first. Now my right to secure her must precede.

“So be it. And if the ultimate aim fails, there will still, I dare say, be a woman or two here and there left in the world!”

And in that mood he entered London, prepared to fight his way as he best could.

CHAPTER V.

A LITERARY ADVENTURE.

Larry O'Neill was by no means so rash in leaving Ireland, and in committing himself on such apparently weak motives to that unceasing giddy whirl we call London life, as observers might have thought.

He had in his late idle way speculated for many past weeks on the career of a literary man, where only he could be certain to find a broad and fruitful field for fitting labourers, the British capital.

But he would probably have gone on speculating and doing nothing but for the stir given to his whole heart and soul by his memorable meeting with Miss Blake.

For he had no introductions—the life and work would be entirely new, and the struggle might be arduous, while he was still self-indulgent.

But now all things were changed. And his very first day in London was signalised by his writing to the editors of a paper distinguished for the catholicity of its opinions, the depth and moderation of its tone, and the earnestness of its policy, especially on subjects relating to the welfare of the people. Also for the example it set to its brethren—though few cared to follow—of opening its pages to attacks on itself or its policy, where the writer was acting in self-defence, or controverting its opinions with something like a right to be heard.

The letter was so characteristic that it must be given in his own words:—

GENTLEMEN—I am a young Irishman, have lately taken my degree at Trinity College, Dublin, and have come late last night to London, knowing not a soul in it, to try what I can do in the way of earning honest bread.

I have no credentials, no introductions, unless the endorsed slip cut from a Dublin paper, containing a notice of a new play that accident caused me to write, may serve.

Tired and ashamed of the idle life I have led since leaving the University, my thoughts have turned first to you, for a very simple reason. Your paper has for months past been the unfailing accompaniment and solace of my Sunday rambles, and so far as the opinions, tastes, and views of so young a man—who does try to think for himself—can be said to have any serious and independent value, they are in accordance with your own, and largely indebted to you.

I am not without private means, though small. Am prepared for hard work, and hopeful I can do good work. And the greatest possible service that could be rendered me would be the opportunity to discover for what work I am best fitted.

I will call at eleven to-morrow, and I shall feel greatly indebted to you if I may have the honour of an interview, however brief.—I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

LARRY O'NEILL

In sending that notice, Larry had not only the obvious and ~~motive~~ motive he suggested, but a very sly one besides, known

only to himself. Could he become a theatrical critic he would have endless opportunities found for him, free of any extra expenditure of time or money, to look out for the Blakes, who if they were in London would, no doubt, visit the theatres.

He got his interview, and was politely received. His notice of the new play had been read. It was found fresh, thoughtful, almost too good in style, verging on the scholarly and academic, but it pleased.

And had that been all he might have gone away to feed as he best could on a few words of praise; perhaps also on a few words of wise, but necessarily commonplace, advice, supplemented by good wishes as farewell.

But for once Larry was in luck. The theatrical critic of the paper was ill. There was a new actress about to appear in London, and he might try his hand on a notice of her, with the understanding that its insertion must be left to the editorial judgment, not taken as a matter of course.

Larry joyfully accepted, went to the theatre on the first night of the lady's appearance—a Thursday—but instead of using the Press admission, paid for a seat where he would be little noticed—in a snug corner. There he made notes in the briefest fashion as the performance went on, and when it was over took a cab home. Then he sat down and wrote his notice, carefully corrected it twice over, taking out an academical touch here and there, about which he had been warned, and pruning away every useless ornament.

At three in the morning he handed in the MS. to the printers; and in the evening he managed to get a copy of the paper. Opening it nervously, he found his notice in, with hardly an alteration.

But a remarkable and, to Larry, alarming thing had happened that morning. The notices in the daily Press took almost unanimously a very different view from his. What would the editors think? What would they say?

He took the bold course, and went to the office on the Saturday morning of publication. The same gentleman again received him, and, with a look which puzzled Harry, said—

“A pretty mess you have put us in, Mr. O'Neill. Hardly any other paper agrees with you.”

“So I see, sir; and I am very sorry.”

“For them or for yourself?” was the response in a somewhat jocular tone.

“No, sir, for the truth. I am bound to say I believe I am right.”

“Well, Mr. O'Neill, I may tell you that I myself did what I do not often do—went to the theatre on a first night, so that I might see how you and I should agree. I am pleased to say I am sure you are right. You have thus done us a service we

particularly appreciate, but which seldom offers. Call on Monday, and we will consider meanwhile if we can find you something of a permanent character. Meanwhile this (putting an envelope into Larry's hands) may be useful. Good morning."

Larry's shake of the hand then held out was something to receive, and to be remembered ever after. *That* was his substitute for the words that he could not trust to let loose while his heart was so full.

Hurrying away, it was some minutes before he remembered the envelope he had thrust into his pocket. He opened it in the street, and found a cheque for five pounds.

How he would like to have given a loud hurrah that should have been heard a mile off, instead of being obliged by the proprieties of the place and of his future to go with sedate features to the bank; and get the cash with the air of being thoroughly used to that sort of thing, and finding it commonplace.

Monday's visit proved even more fortunate. The dramatic critic had been asked when he thought it probable he would be able once more to write, and had written back to say he had just put the matter to his doctor; who had not only advised him against any early resumption of labour, but, further, said the best thing he could do was to take a long sea voyage that would probably completely restore him.

So he had taken counsel with friends, and the voyage was settled. He must, therefore, relieve the editors from any embarrassment by asking them to consider his engagement at an end.

How Larry listened, hanging upon every word, while the end could still only be doubtfully conjectured; and how he felt when the position was really offered him at the close—none could imagine who had not, like him, so wasted past opportunities—like him yearned to redeem them, and who, above all, had, like him, an object to attain dear to him as his own heart's blood.

For one moment he felt all was obtained. And although cooler moments followed, and brought back the actual truth that this was but a first step, it coloured even his few words of thanks.

"If I could tell you, sir, how much for me hung upon your reception—and which is now decided by your present offer—you would see I ought to be grateful, and am not likely to be negligent."

A warm grasp of hands on both sides put the seal to the bargain. And Larry felt exultingly he had already an occupation that he preferred to all others, and had taken a first but

very important step, indeed, in the advancement of his future, and towards the ulterior aim to which everything was dedicated in advance.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW HOME.

In the course of a few months Larry had formed so many acquaintances—some attracted by his criticisms, others by the simple *bonhomme* of his character—that he began to find the small, cheap lodgings he had taken on his first arrival in London unsuitable alike to his tastes and circumstances.

The original literary engagement did not long form his only one. He became fully occupied, was well paid, and had only to choose his new apartments and go in.

But there was a secret idea in his mind that still kept him where he was.

One day, however, he began to stir to some purpose. A letter from the Irish agent came to say he had received an offer for the house and garden—six hundred pounds—but the gentleman who made it had furniture of his own, and could not, therefore, buy Mr. O'Neill's. The agent suggested it was a fair price, and that he would venture to advise the keeping of the furniture, for it was choice and valuable, though old. It could be safely packed and forwarded to London. He would himself see to that, if desired.

“Accept the offer—send me the money, and see the furniture packed and sent off directly.”

That was Larry's answer the very instant he had read the letter. And so deeply did the circumstance interest him that he would not wait to write, but telegraphed the message at once.

“The time, then, has come,” he said to himself, as he stood thoughtfully looking out of the window of his room in Camden Town. “Am I now going to make another and in every way more costly experiment than before, leading to the same end—failure? Or having secured one step—an income—am I about to realise a second step of the scheme I so roughly shaped out to myself the day of my journey to London, and so prepare for the third and final one, when all may be crowned with success?”

Going to the nearest stables from which he had seen issue carriages on hire, he engaged one for the day, with a pair of good horses, warning the owner he was going a long round, perhaps thirty or forty miles.

“Can they do that *having a rest between?*”

"Yes," was the answer, "but the coachman must judge."

"All right," responded Larry, and soon they were off.

"Where to?" asked the coachman, bending low to the front window.

"Highgate. I am house-hunting, so look out for boards."

They went to Highgate, from thence to Hampstead, from thence to Kew, and finally to Richmond and Surbiton, Larry exploring every likely house and garden, but finding none to satisfy his exacting demands.

For the place was to be just sufficiently large, and no more. He did not want "grounds," but a good-sized garden. The position must be elevated, commanding a fine prospect, but so well sheltered that any and everything would grow. It must be old, but perfectly sound, with excellent drainage and pure water.

However, after a couple more days had been thus expended, he found it necessary to moderate his expectations; and then discovered at Twickenham a very pretty and picturesque villa, with a garden that had been the study of the last occupiers for above twenty years to fill with the choicest low trees, shrubs, and hardy flowers. These surrounded in varying groups or masses a bold stretch of green lawn in the centre, directly connected at one part with a conservatory, and, through wide windows opening to the ground, with the drawing-room and a charming little boudoir beyond.

Then his furniture came, and every spare hour was thenceforward given by Larry to the business of making the interior of the dwelling worthy of the garden.

And when at last all was accomplished, and he saw nothing more to do or wish for inside or out, he sighed to think,

"How useless it may all be!"

For Larry's three steps, so long and so deeply cherished in the secrecy of his heart, were now to have their value determined.

He had an honourable and well-paid vocation.

He had a home not unworthy even of such a wife as he sought.

And he was ready again to seek her and her father, for he had a fortnight for an autumn holiday at his disposal.

Nothing could be more complete and satisfactory, if only he had known where to go.

But, unfortunately, that fact was still wanting.

Suppose he reversed his former proceedings, and instead of seeking the places where she might possibly be, he sought the places to which he himself would like to go?

His chances could not be worse than before; they might be better.

The fancy pleased, and he speedily shaped out his route. He had long desired to explore Wales, which he had learned from

an Englishman whose friendship he had made, while the latter was on a tour through Ireland, he would find even more freshly wild, picturesque, and grand, because more concentrated, than his own country.

Larry, laughingly, refused to believe anything of the kind.

"Pay me a visit there and try," challenged the Englishman.

"I will," said Larry, "some day."

"There is my address," said the friend, giving his card.

All this Larry recalled, connecting therewith the lost card and the forgotten address, but remembering with pleasure the warm-heartedness of his many-days companion, and thinking he might possibly find him while engaged in another and dearer search.

Looking at his time table, he saw Chester might be best taken as a sort of fine old vestibule to the land of the Cymry, so he determined to begin his walking tour from there.

Chester! How the name recalled the hot fever of his first pursuit of the fugitives, and the first of his decisive failures; for it was there he began to realise the extreme probability that they had finally escaped him.

It was an unlucky omen. But Larry had changed his views of Fortune's unkindness since that time.

So he thought it might now be a good omen his accidental visit to the same place. For after all, what certainty could his evening search of one day, and his morning search of another, have given that she might not have been there all the while—possibly might be there still?

The treasured home he had prepared for her he put into hands that he could trust to guard it safely, and show it to no one under any circumstance. It seemed to him like preparing an unexpected birthday gift for one dear, which it would be a sacrilege for any eye but her's to be the first to see.

And, if all went well, would not that be a birthday gift indeed? For what is marriage for those who love but a kind of a second birth, opening to a new and higher life?

(To be continued.)

THE GLAMORGAN REVEL.

(GWYL A GWLEDD MABSANT.)

If the nineteenth century has been a marvellous period for the development of commerce, of manufactures, and of science, it has—as a set-off—been most destructive to many an old custom, to old habits of rural life, to many a harmless and fanciful superstition and belief. The whistle of its Locomotives, the whirr of its Spinning Wheels, the strokes of its Steam Hammers, and the shocks of its new Electric development, have scared away our Ghosts, our Fairies, and our death omens. If we have become richer in material wealth, we are poorer in fancy. If we feed and clothe our bodies better, we starve our imaginations. The sources of our enjoyments and pleasures are changed, and not always for the better. Even our children don't read the *Arabian Nights* or *Robinson Crusoe* with anything like the zest and appetite their grand-dads did. *Jack the Giant Killer* no longer rouses any enthusiasm in the juvenile mind—nay, are there not six-year-old sceptics to be met with, who regard both Jack and his Giants as being what Mr. Weller would call nothing better than “faberlous animals.” A dull uniformity threatens to overwhelm us; for just as Railways are said to have equalised the prices of commodities all over the kingdom, so does the progress of the age threaten to level all our ideas to the same utilitarian standard. Changes are like purchases; they must be paid for in some kind of coinage; and the beautifully poetic sentiment, that “nothing dies but something mourns,” is perfectly applicable to the uprooting of old and venerable customs.

We have become so mercenary that even our holidays must be endorsed by the bank before we can feel free to indulge in them. The old saint's day, or the anniversary of some notable event, either local or general, has now no force, unless backed by an Act of Parliament. A few days annually, called Bank Holidays, are forced upon us rather than voluntarily hailed and welcomed, when, as it were, we are ordered to make merry, free from the fear of the bill or promissory note that might have fallen due on that day. “Saint Lubbock” has displaced Saints James, or Andrew, or David, and Lombard Street dictates

nstead of Rome. Here in the plain of Glamorgan the shades and spectres of former festivals and revels mock at us on the annual round of the day or days on which they were wont to be observed—those parish festivals that were healthy, spontaneous, and full of heartfelt sense of enjoyment, when all classes had opportunities to meet fraternally their neighbours and friends, and do honour to Evangelist, Apostle, Saint, or Martyr. What is become of those festivals? They are all gone, absorbed into the political economists' "national wealth," to the continued production of which they must be sacrificed.

Glancing backwards fifty years and more at the habits, pleasures, and modes of life then common in the villages that are so thickly dotted over that strip of country usually called the Vale of Glamorgan (Bro Morganwg), many are the social changes that become evident to the memory. Most of the old hospitality, that won for the people the character of being gentle and kind (Mwynder Morganwg), has departed, and innocent amusements, with a character of their own, and a kind of local rural beauty about them, have disappeared. No doubt the habits, practices, and feelings of the peasants now approach more nearly to those of the towns and to the classes above them, but that kind of change does not by any means always indicate improvement.

Amongst the sports and games that have quite ceased to be practised in the localities indicated are bandy or hockey, and tennis, which was not in all respects like the game of that name that is now played in tennis courts. Bandy was played in meadows or on the sands by the sea side, and tennis most frequently against the parish church walls; but no sport or game has more completely perished than dancing, which was at one time a most common and frequent form of amusement. So common and general was it, in fact, that if a question had been asked, "What is the most general accomplishment to be met with amongst the youthful inhabitants of the Glamorgan valleys?" the answer that it was "a knowledge of dancing" would have been as true as any that could be devised. Every lad and lass danced on holidays and highdays, at fairs and reddings, and especially at the village festival, the Glamorgan Revel, or "Gwyl a Gwledd Mabsant."

It is not my intention, had I the means and knowledge at hand, to attempt to trace the origin of the village festival or mabsant, but simply to describe, as well as I may from my memory, the manner in which it was observed in the early part of the second quarter of this century. To call it, as I have known it called, a remnant of Popery, is to take a very narrow and unworthy view of it, and condemning it on wholly insufficient ground. That it passed through the Roman Catholic period, and lived on to the nineteenth century, is true enough;

but fetes, festivals, revels, and vigils are older than Christianity itself—as old, in fact, as are gregarious communities of men. The Greeks had their Olympiads, and the Romans their Saturnalias, from the beginning of their histories; and amongst all the races that later times have discovered—be they Mexicans, Peruvians, South Sea Islanders, or North American Indians—none have been found but had their feast and festival days; and dancing, or the moving of the body in rhythmic measure, always formed part of their enjoyments. A love of dancing is inherent in mankind. A young child will obey its natural promptings, and will try to move itself in unison with musical sounds almost as soon as it can walk, or the first time it hears such sounds. The Roman Church had doubtlessly fixed the day for the fete, but it had by no means invented it. It was usually held on the Ecclesiastical Sabbath day next before the saint's day in the calendar to which the village church was dedicated; but there were exceptional cases, where it had been arbitrarily fixed, for some other cause quite forgotten. It is certain that at the time in question not one in a thousand of the people that entered upon its pleasures had any knowledge at all about its origin, or cared for its claims on Pagan or Christian days. They only knew it as a time for them to unbend and enjoy themselves, and in that guise only did they care about it. The village saint may have been a very worthy person, but of him they had no knowledge, nor wished for any. If such saint, looking down upon their proceedings, approved of them, well and good; if not, it mattered not to them.

Many or most of the villages in the dales at that time had municipal buildings of their own, for, in fact, was not every parish a small municipality, managing wholly its own affairs—having the care of its own poor, its roads, and the keeping of the King's peace entirely in its own hands, without Government auditors, inspectors, or interference of any kind. Those buildings usually consisted, on the ground floor, of a number of separate apartments resembling alms-houses, which sheltered the pauper poor; and on the floor above, a spacious apartment over all, called usually the Church Loft, in which the ratepayers and vestries assembled to settle parochial affairs. Those Church houses were, and are where they still exist, very interesting buildings to the antiquary and archæologist. They date back to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and are well worth preserving. In them the village school was held, and the village club transacted its affairs. In them also the Mabsant was celebrated, so far as dancing was concerned; and that was the chief, if not the entire, attraction of the festival at the period I remember it.

In the village I was best acquainted with, the Church build-

ngs had even then ceased to be used in a parochial manner, having been converted into cottages. It was a marine parish, standing high, in a breezy position, commanding fine views of the Glamorgan Hills and of the Bristol Channel, being bounded on the south-west by the highest cliffs on the Glamorgan coast. It had in it several small commons or village greens, most of which have now ceased to be, through the land hunger of the adjoining proprietors, who have absorbed them. There were three reputable inns in the place, two of them having assembly or club rooms, which were available for dancing; while the third relied upon the strength and potency of its beer as its chief attraction, which liquor was brewed so strong and mighty that I well remember seeing and enjoying the fun of a parturient sow rolling about in a beastly state of intoxication, through having indulged too freely in the consumption of the grains from which the beer had been extracted for the Mabsant.

Following the time of the Ecclesiastical Sabbath, which was from sunset to sunset, thus keeping touch with the Jewish Sabbath, which the legal Sunday does not, the Mabsant commenced on Saturday evening, but only as a foretaste, to which none but very inveterate celebrants (taplaswyr) resorted, Monday evening being reserved for the high festival, when dancing would be indulged in throughout the night—the Saturday preliminary proceedings, out of regard to the Protestant Sunday, closing punctually at twelve o'clock.

The intervening Sunday was observed much as other Sundays were in that neighbourhood, excepting, perhaps, that there seemed to be rather more movement, and more dress amongst the villagers; visitors, relations and friends from a distance having come into the place in anticipation of the revel; and it will surprise such persons as are given to mourn over present Sabbath breaking to be told that the following is a literal and entirely unexaggerated description of the Sunday as then kept in the dales of Glamorgan.

If the tide served there would be bandy or hockey played on the mile long stretch of firm sand on the shore, under the high cliffs, to which nearly all the youths and young men resorted. If unfavourable, then would tennis be the game; which was played in the churchyard, against the church walls; the players collecting together noisily and impatiently awaiting the termination of the afternoon service to commence operations. As soon as the last Amen was uttered they went at it with a will, the clergyman himself coming out and joining in the crowd of onlookers, and encouraging the players as heartily as any one present. Later on the sweetheating couples would be seen promenading the village green, and as evening closed in all would adjourn, of both sexes, to the ale houses and eagerly discuss the morrow's prospects.

Monday was very generally kept as a whole holiday, the most necessary work only being done. There would be more bandy and more tennis. Masters and mistresses would make presents to their servants, accompanied with good advice, and strict instructions as to their conduct and stay at the Mabsant. In some villages a custom prevailed of farming families inviting and receiving morning guests, and giving substantial dinners at mid-day; all departing for their homes soon after.

When sunset approached the sound of violin or harp, sometimes both together, would be heard proceeding from the public rooms of the inns. It was a remarkable fact that these minstrels invariably came down for the occasion from the hilly regions, from Gellygaer or Llanwonno, or some distant place. The Glamorgan dales did not produce any of them. I don't remember one exception to this rule.

The dances indulged in were the "jig," practised only by males; the "reel," which consisted of two or four couples, and "country dances," of which there was quite a variety. To excel as a jigger or stepper was a point eagerly sought for, and it was quite an exhilarating sight to see two or more famous jiggers competing for the applause and approbation of the onlookers, by

"Keeping up to tire each other down."

as Goldsmith has it. This exercise was indulged in mainly before the ladies arrived, when the reel had to take its place, in which pastime there was a great deal of jigging to be done by the gentlemen, while the lady reeled or stepped sideways in half circles, facing her partner. Then breaking up suddenly, all the couples would go through an intricate figure, which after a time brought them face to face again, when the process would be repeated.

But the country dance was the main attraction, especially to the ladies, the jigs and the reels being, as it were, side dishes or interludes of the great feast, to be indulged in at resting time, or before the whole of the company had arrived. I will now assume that the preliminary jig and reel in the public room are ended, and that the minstrels have taken their allotted places in the assembly room for the night, and that the country dance is in full operation. On entering and looking up the room there will be seen, perhaps, twenty couples or more engaged in going through it regularly and laboriously. Don't let anyone suppose it to be light work. Beginning at the top couple, each pair has to go through figures more or less intricate with every succeeding couple all the way down, set and poussette, cross hands and back again, form rings, change partners, down the middle and up again, set corners, set partners, and begin the

next couple. There are perhaps four or five pairs of dancers at once, at intervals, toiling downwards, every side couple on the way insisting upon being danced with to the full extent of its due. No shirking or passing by is permitted, no mere slipping and sliding, and walking, as in the fashionable modern quadrille, but hearty downright toe and heel dancing, both mind and body for the time abandoned wholly to the pleasurable work. The tunes are fast and furious, and become more so as the dance progresses and nears to its end. Time is kept to perfection, and the scene looked at from the end of the room is invigorating, joyous and lively in the extreme.

Round, and round, and round they go,
Peasants in their corded smalls ;
Nymphs in printed calicoes,
Divested of their clogs and shawls,
Every feature wears a smile,
Every eye with pleasure's gleaming,
Perspiration all the while
Down their happy faces streaming.
In and out they frisk about,
Now retreating, now advancing,
Oh ! there is no joy in life,
To compare with hearty dancing.

Mark that more delicate and refined damsel, who dances with positive grace, daintily, almost mincingly, yet with all her heart in it.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice peep in and out
As though they feared the light,

—followed by a blowsy, rosy cheeked dairymaid, who attacks the dance as she would a job of work, determined to go through with and conquer it or die. The sight is exhilarating, and it is difficult for the lookers on to remain still. Even that elderly woman, who has just entered the room with refreshments, falls into the rhythm of the music unwittingly, and quite fails to resist its influence.

In the intervals large jugs of ale are brought in, accompanied by a number of small glasses called "tots," for the ladies to drink out of, and dishes of currant cake for all to partake of. The hat is sent round for subscriptions to the music, and the minstrels are plied with refreshments. Before another country dance is commenced, two or three sets of reelers will take the floor and perform their very best. About midnight the more juvenile portion will leave, or will be fetched by anxious parents or friends, and none will remain but the more seasoned revellers, who will keep it up unflaggingly till morning dawns upon them.

Thus have I feebly tried to describe the Glamorgan Revel or Mabsant as it remains in my memory. It is now quite dead—dead as that deadeast of all things, a door nail, and is quite past

resuscitating or reforming. So long as it remained a friendly gathering of neighbours, all knowing and respecting each other, it kept its reputation unsullied. But the changeable nineteenth century would not let it alone. There were influences at work, both internal and external, that hastened its ruin. Young men bred in the dales had migrated extensively to the coal and iron-works, where their manners were not improved. Those young fellows, returning home to the Mabsant, brought their vitiated manners with them, and oftentimes their new friends that had assisted in their vitiation. The latter having no consideration for anything beyond indulging in their gross pleasures, created scenes of drunkenness and debauchery, resulting in the farmers and better-class of tradesmen withdrawing consent to their youngsters attending. This withdrawal of the more respectable element left the field open to lower and still lower vices. That social nuisance the "rough" was invented about that time, and *he* came there. That noisy offensive typical pair, "'Arry and 'Arriet," came to the Mabsant from the towns, and with that selfish indifference to every one's comfort but their own which characterises them, made the scene of the revel oftentimes little better than a bear garden. Then railways were being made not far off, and that typical ruffian, "Bill Sloggins, with his black eye and his bulldog," came and settled its fate most completely. Old and venerable as it was, it must be confessed that it did not end in good odour.

Dancing is now as completely a lost art as spinning and weaving amongst the Glamorgan peasantry, nor has it been succeeded by any substitute worthy of mention as an amusement. Looking on at that inane, dull, and most uninteresting pleasure (save the mark) now in vogue, and that is deemed so proper as to be patronised by Sunday Schools, called "kiss in the ring," one who remembers the wholesome, hearty exercise of the dance turns away and indulges in regret, and in a hearty belief that there was far less moral harm in the dance than in the juvenile game now practised, that has in it no kind of benefit to mind or body, while no one can deny but that dancing is excellent as a physical exercise.

For my own part, far fetched as the idea will perhaps appear to some readers of the *Red Dragon*, I am strongly disposed to believe that the dance had much to do in keeping the Glamorgan agricultural peasant from degenerating into the lout and clodhopper, so commonly met with in rural England. The dale workman is smart and active, and will turn round thrice whilst his English prototype is thinking about turning once. Activity of body acts and reacts on the mind, the liveliness of the one inducing intelligence in the other. I fancy I hear some one remark that "they are lively because they are Welsh;" to such I would reply that there has been for centuries,

as there is still, an extensive infusion of English and even Flemish blood in the dales. That there have been and are still communities—whole villages—of English and Flemish people, who speak English exclusively, yet differ not at all in physical briskness from the Welsh speaking classes, they having adopted Welsh habits and customs, though they rejected the language. Nor must it be forgotten that the Dutch-Flemish races at home are perhaps the most lethargic and slow in all Europe, yet the power of example and habit has wrought in them a remarkable change when they are compared with their own countrymen in their old homes.

Though the village wake has perished in Glamorgan, it still survives in other lands. Probably, at the present time, the highest ideal of a saint's day festival is enjoyed in provincial France. It has been my good fortune to witness several of them, and anything pleasanter and prettier cannot well be imagined. All classes join in it, from the lord of the chateau on the hill to the poorest peasant; and all ages dance at it, from the girl or boy of six to the aged matron of seventy. To witness so much pure and harmless enjoyment is worth a journey. No roughness, no intemperance, no division of classes, no late hours. The poorest peasant woman dances as gracefully as the countess, and the surliest peasant man takes off his hat and bows as gracefully as a duke. Their dancing is immeasurably better than is seen at county and race balls in England. To recall the scene to mind is to envy the people the possession of it; and then its cheapness; for the French peasant is ever economical. It doesn't cost more than half a franc each person. Much the same scene may be seen in the North of Italy, where the same economical views, combined with extreme industry, prevail, as in France; but in the South of that sunny land saints' days are very numerous, and are made the excuse for much idleness. In the Eastern or Greek Church saints' days are very numerous. Thackeray, in his *Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, says that it seemed to him, when in Greece, that it was "Saint Thingamy's day yesterday, Saint Thingumbob's to-day, and Saint What-d'ye-call-Him to-morrow," and that saints were always in the way of the people doing any work. This is by no means the case in rural France, where nothing is allowed to interfere with the day's work, nor was it the case in the Glamorgan dales, when men—in the days of Mabsant—did not do less, but a great deal more work than they do now.

Here let me recall, out of the gathering mists of fifty years, the person of "Janet the Rhymer;" and in doing so I trust I may not be thought to be wholly departing from my subject, since I mean to show that Janet on one occasion identified herself with the Mabsant in a characteristic manner. Janet has had

no biographer, though she deserved one, and in another generation she and her works will be wholly forgotten. Had Janet been a Scotch, instead of a Welshwoman, she would have lived in many a reminiscence, and had for herself a few pages in many journals and magazines. But being Welsh, composing in the vernacular, and residing in a remote locality, she is already more than half forgotten even by her old neighbours. To rescue Janet out of the total darkness that threatens to envelope her memory, though it be at the tail end of an article in the *Red Dragon*, and in an apologetic manner, is, to my mind, worth doing, and some rustic bard readers may be grateful to me for doing so.

Janet, though entirely illiterate (she could neither read nor write), was the wife of a substantial farmer. To string verses together in pure Glamorgan Welsh was to her as easy as to milk cows, make butter, or perform any other of her daily avocations. Give her but a motive, or the hint of a subject, she would amplify it to any extent, and would fill up all deficiencies out of her own fanciful imagination. Her appreciation of the ludicrous and incongruous was keen in the extreme, and her treatment of them most amusing. She would catch up a passing foible, and turn it into a song. All Janet's productions took that form, and they were all actually sung. Had Janet an education, Wales might have had her Burns. A troop of rustics had been overtaken in a thunderstorm on returning from a fair, and had spent the night very crowded in a small wayside ale-house. Janet, out of the depth of her consciousness, composed a long and varied string of whimsical verses, descriptive of their sayings and doings during the night, much after the style and manner, but less gross, of Burns' "Jolly Beggars." The youths of the parish Janet lived in were defeated in a grand bandy match; Janet avenged the defeat by lampooning the whole of the conquering party, their wives, sweethearts, relations, and friends. At an adjoining village the annual Mabsant was about to be held, and the company on the Saturday evening had collected together in strong force, but the minstrel failed to arrive. Not to be wholly deprived of their much-loved amusement, several reels were indulged in without music, the general company whistling and humming a tune for the occasion, and beating time. An account of this extemporal affair reached Janet's ears, and its suitability for humorous treatment was at once apparent to her. It was just the kind of thing for bringing into exercise her peculiar talents. This circumstance illustrates the rapid manner in which her ideas flowed, for on the following Monday evening, when the Mabsant was in full fling, the musicians having arrived, a youth from Janet's village, to whom, in the short interval, she had dictated the song she had mentally composed,

and taught him how to sing it, actually sang the song before the whole company, amidst irrepressible mirth. She had taken the utmost liberty with her subject, having mentioned the names of a number of the most unlikely persons as having been present, the halt, the lame, and the aged ; adding a variety of incidents and accidents most provocative of laughter. It would be impossible at this day to convey the ludicrousness of the whole affair as detailed by her to any mind not acquainted with the persons mentioned. Thinking it may gratify some of the thoroughly Welsh readers of the *Red Dragon* to have a taste of Janet's productions, I append an extract out of the middle of her song on the Mabsant, not because I think it a choice bit, but because it happened to stick to my memory more perfectly than other portions. The old woman referred to in it was lame, and walked by a crutch, while "Alsie" and "Twm" were a singularly ill-assorted pair physically ; the wife being light, lean, and tall ; while Twm was dark, short, and sturdy. They were most unlikely persons to be present. The lady who came unexpectedly had recently lost a parent.

Daeth yno Anne gwraig Meyric,
 Clywch ar gyhoedd ;
 A'i ffon yn ffysto'n ffyrnig,
 Clywch ar gyhoedd ;
 Ac ar waith Alsie'n percan,
 Hi bwrodd hi ar ei thalcen,
 Nes doedd hi ar ei chefn,
 A Thwm bron colli ei hunan,
 Clywch ar gyhoedd, dyma'r modd.
 Daeth yno ferch mewn mwrnin,
 Clywch ar gyhoedd ;
 A hithau heb ei herfyn,
 Clywch ar gyhoedd ;
 Yng 'wmpni Dau Llewelyn
 Yn dawnsio'n dal heb delyn."

There was a half-saved old man in Janet's village, who made straw chairs, and whose confidence Janet pretended to hold exclusively, to whom she imputed, jocularly, the manufacture of her songs. Those humorous effusions can scarcely be said to have been written down, much less printed. A few of them, no doubt, still dwell in the memories of some of the oldest inhabitants, but when they depart all will be lost. Like most other humorous writers Janet could be pathetic, and knew how to touch the tenderest feelings, but she never tried or aimed at preserving her compositions. They served the purpose of the moment, and she was too modest of her own merits to care for anything beyond.

Saint Athan, 1884.

JOHN HOWELLS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WILT THOU REMEMBER ?

Wilt thou remember me when I have gone
Far from thy lingering gaze ?
Bearing thy smile and thy voice in my heart,
All through the desolate days.
Sunshine and gladness may rest upon thee,
Fond hearts be hovering near ;
Then, in the midst of thy innocent glee,
Wilt thou remember me, dear ?

When laughter and music abound, and thy feet
Are threading the maze of the dance,
Will sweet recollections of days that are gone
The bliss of those moments enhance ?
While lovers surround thee, to bask in thy smile,
Or whisper soft vows in thine ear ;
Though distance may sever us many a mile,
Wilt thou remember me, dear ?

Wilt thou think of the hours I've spent at thy side,
In these brief, happy days by the sea ?
Will the far-away voice of the murmuring tide
Bring thy heart some remembrance of me ?
Or in moments of sadness, should sorrow or pain
Dim thy beautiful eyes with a tear ;
In the midnight of gloom, as in days that are bright,
Wilt thou remember me, dear ?

Tenby.

HOWELL DAVIES.

THE DEATH OF LLEWELLYN.

There is thunder in the heavens,
There is strife on earth below,
And meteors flash from out the sky,
Portents dread of coming woe ;
'Tis Cambria's dying struggle,
That is imaged in the stream,
And the spears of British foemen,
That as waving corn are seen.
She had stood each savage onslaught,
She had faced her foemen's steel ;
Had not coward slaves within her
Basely sold their country's weal.

See! on every hill-top beacons
 Herald forth their dread alarms,
 Each one, as it blazes, calling
 Every son of Wales to arms.
 Welshmen! will ye idly slumber
 While still nearer Edward draws?
 Burst the chains your foes are forging,
 Rise and aid your country's cause.
 All the tempests fierce are raging
 On behalf of Cambria's right;
 Hark! I hear the thunders roaring
 As they rush to join the fight.
 Gloucester willed to cross the waters,
 And he crossed to meet his fate;
 Edward had to rue the moment
 When he tried to tame the strait*
 Builth has earned a name unenvied †
 By her base and cruel deed;
 She repulsed her fleeing chieftain
 At his sorest hour of need.
 Vainly rose the Wye in anger,
 As they crossed her by the ford; ‡
 Swift upon Llewellyn's traces
 Rushed the fierce victorious horde.
 Hoofs reversed were unavailing,
 For a traitor told the tale, §
 And the foemen learnt they pointed
 To the Irfon's lonely vale.
 Dark the tale that glen could whisper,
 Sadly did the river moan,
 When their Prince, Llewellyn, perished,
 Unbefriended and alone.
 'Twas in vain his mare flew swifter
 Than the eagle's brood can fly,
 Swifter than the glistening raindrop
 Falling from the clouded sky.
 Through the Irfon boldly dashed she,
 Knowing well the fate she bore;
 Cambria's life was in the balance,—
 Safe she gained the further shore!
 All in vain; and he must perish;

* On November 6th, 1282, the Earl of Gloucester crossed the bridge which had been constructed over the Menai Straits, and was surprised and killed, with many of his followers, by the Welsh.

† Bradwyr Buallt.

‡ Discovered by Sir Edmund Mortimer by Elias Walwyn.

§ *Madoc Goch Min Mawr*, the blacksmith who reversed the horse's shoes, afterwards betrayed the fact.

Hark ! he hears the savage yell,
 And he stays the gallant charger
 With the hand she knew so well.
 Then he spake right kindly to her,
 " Snowdon, would you have me fly ?
Here I'll meet the deadly onset,
Here the Prince of Wales shall die."

There was moaning on the mountain,
 There was sadness in the wind,
 Sadly flowed the eddying waters
 Of the river close behind.
 Then the breezes whispered to him
 That the foe had crossed the stream,
 And the willows part asunder
 To reveal their armour's gleam.
 Now he feels his fate upon him,
 Now he bows his princely head,
 And the breezes waft to heaven
 Pray'rs for those for whom he bled.

Nature veils her mourning features,
 Clouds obscure the noonday sun,
 All the universe is darkened—
 Hark their cries, "'Tis done !" "'tis done !"
 Short the strife, but like a hero
 Died the Prince when hope was past,
 Dying for his country's freedom,
 Fighting for it to the last.
 Sobbed the waters of the ocean,
 Sighed the winds in every tree,
 For their liberty enchained,
 For their land no longer free.

Higher Tranmere.

G. MORTIMER.

THE MURMURING BILLOW.

Why murmur, oh ! ye billows, so gently flowing on ?
 Ye know not grief or sorrow—then wherefore do ye moan ?
 Do spirits hover o'er ye, and haunt the glassy deep,
 Within whose hidden caverns so many loved ones sleep ?
 They heed not now thy tempests—the pang of death is gone—
 They fear no more those changeful waves so restless flowing on !
 Oh ! sweet, sweet is thy voice to me in this thy peaceful hour ;
 Alas ! how oft it changeth to one of fearful power.
 One moment calmly sleeping, with scarce a ripple shown,
 The next a mad, tumultuous whirl of wildly raging foam !
 In calm or storm, thy varied voice is ever dear to me ;
 Admiringly I gaze on thee—oh, thou mysterious Sea ?

Tenby.

J. P. GWENNY.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

Sir Coutts Lindsay, in bringing together an assemblage of the works of England's great portrait painter such as for number, historical interest, and artistic value has never hitherto been equalled, has eclipsed the fame of all the preceding loan collections formed by his taste and energy, and has provided art lovers with an exhibition likely to be for ever memorable in the records of even this art-exhibiting age. The causes of Sir Joshua Reynolds's popularity lie, to a certain extent, outside the artistic excellence of his work—a consideration that at the best can but appeal to a cultured minority in each generation. The great claim of a painter upon the admiration of the many-headed multitude lies in the extent to which his works convey a definite message to their ordinary understandings.

For an artist to present in his pictures a reflex of the inner or outward life of the age in which he lived, to embody its abstract thought in concrete form, or, by the magic of a master's hand, to revive old scenes, obsolete customs, past phases of his time's work-a-day life, to bid live again on his canvas the forms and features of the mighty or ignoble dead who stamped their names, for good or evil, on the pages of their century's records, is, in after days, to clothe the dead bones of history and tradition with a semblance of living flesh; and to invest the works of his genius with an interest unailing, and, indeed, intensifying as time rolls on, bringing in each succeeding generation a curiosity about the past, the more lively in proportion to the remoteness of its contact.

Every great painter is, indeed, in some measure representative of his period, inasmuch as his genius is either moulded in its development by his environment and becomes reflective of it, or in some few instances, rising superior to its conventions, has compelled the submission of the environment to his own commanding influence, and thus still expresses the dominant spirit of his time. The Crucifixions and Madonnas, the Magdalens and St. Johns, of the early masters remain as lasting monuments of the priestly supremacy of the Middle Ages, as the boors and inn kitchens of the Dutch school are commemo-

rative of the prosaic, sensual, and matter-of-fact life of prosperous burgher Holland.

In England the most entirely national of our native school of painters was Sir Joshua Reynolds. To him might be fittingly applied the words of Hazlitt, used originally in a different connection:—"He was not French, nor Dutch, nor Italian. He was altogether English. The mind of his country was great in him, and it prevailed. What he performed was chiefly Nature's handiwork, and Time has claimed it for his own." The most hard-working and indefatigable of painters—he left more than a thousand works behind him—he was, outside his art, a personage in the intellectual and social life of his time. A gentleman, a scholar, and a great artist, he was a central figure in the group of wits, *savants*, and *litterati* of the eighteenth century. Loved by his friends, courted by his inferiors, and cultivated by those above him in station, all alike thronged to his studio and sought his art. Not one man of note is there who flourished during the forty or fifty years of his active artistic career who is not immortalised by his skill, so that the series of Reynolds's portraits is in itself more than the illustration of a phase of English art. It is a pictorial chapter of English history, a series of painted biographies, more forcible in the vigorous, yet delicate, characterisation of their portraiture than many volumes of dry memoirs. For Reynolds as a portrait painter stood alone. The practice of this branch of art was not to him, as to many other eminent painters, a mere easy means of money making, or a relaxation from the strain of imaginative effort. It was the calling to which his genius particularly bent itself. The human face, as he was wont to declare, was his landscape; and in the spirit of a landscape painter did he treat it, not falsifying its features, extenuating nothing and setting down nought in malice, yet giving fuller expression to its natural characteristics, accentuating its beauty, its grace, its hardness, and its ruggedness; investing innocent childhood with a fuller and more perfect expression of its innocence than would be perceptible to an insight less delicate than his own; and even finding in the fancy classicalities, in which his subjects at times masqueraded, something so startlingly sympathetic with their real characters as to add inconceivably to the force and interest of the portraiture.

No more remarkable instance of this subtly suggested indication of character is to be found than the portrait of Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe, one of the most fascinating of the Grosvenor Gallery pictures. This woman was the mistress of the third Earl of Bristol, the putative husband of the celebrated Duchess of Kingston. Mrs. Nesbitt's influence over the Earl was so great that he left her an estate of eight hundred pounds for life, and a moiety of his personal

property, estimated at thirty thousand pounds. As Sir Joshua has painted her she sits with a charming-rod in one hand and almost listlessly resting in her lap, while her right arm hangs at her side. A gleam of sunlight has passed between the branches of the great tree, shadows of the foliage of which have been cleverly disposed about her form in order to heighten and concentrate the golden lustre which is shed on her pure robes of the richest white, and her dazzlingly fair face, passion-worn and pale, but not wanting in fire and animation. The accessories of the picture include an owl, a white cat, and a too obviously artificial panther, painfully and ludicrously suggestive of an excess of sawdust-stuffing. But in the charm of that lovely face all incongruities of surroundings are forgotten. From the canvas those wonderful eyes look out with a pleading, alluring expression, infinitely captivating at the first glance, until, with a lengthened gaze, something of mockery seems to enter into their expression, and reveals the true nature, amorous but cunning, self-seeking, heartless, and treacherous, that lies beneath the mask of that perfect face. There is another exquisite picture of Sir Joshua's, a fit pendant to this in its poetry and pathos, yet differing widely in its sentiment, the portrait of Elizabeth Linley, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's sweet-faced wife, as St. Cecilia. It is, unfortunately, not here, but may be seen at the Royal Academy Exhibition. This is one of Reynolds's pictures that have suffered much from the ravages of time. The canvas is sadly cracked and worn, but the pure, beautiful face is intact, and the fading of the colours seems but to have given an additional charm of fragile loveliness that spiritualises the features and fits them the more for the saintly impersonation.

It is a pity that some, at least, of the five and twenty fine Sir Joshuas that are shown at Burlington House could not have been secured to add strength to the exhibition at this gallery, in which it is weakest. The group of Sir Joshua's own particular intimates is not strongly represented. There is a portrait of Garrick in Vandyck costume, one of Edmund Burke, once the property of Thomas Gainsborough, one of Richard Burke, and one of Johnson, that was given by Reynolds to Boswell, not nearly so interesting as that shown at the Royal Academy (a replica of the National Gallery picture), which was painted for Topham Beauclerk, who inscribed on the frame the quotation from Horace, ending with the lines:—

ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore . . .

an unflattering personality that (*teste* Boswell) greatly offended the subject of it. The best and most characteristic portrait of any one of this group of celebrities in the Grosvenor Gallery is

the singularly fine one of Guiseppe Baretto, the Foreign Secretary to the Royal Academy. This picture was painted for Mr. Thrale's collection, and Mrs. Thrale, in her verses on the Streatham pictures, refers to it as follows:—

“Baretto hangs next, by his frowns you may know him,
 He has lately been reading some new published poem;
 He finds the poor author a blockhead, a beast,
 A fool without sentiment, judgment, or taste;
 Ever thus let our critic his insolence fling,
 Like the hornet in Homer, impatient to sting.
 Let him rally his friends for their frailties before 'em,
 And scorn the dull praise of that dull king decorum:
 While tenderness, temper, and truth he despises,
 And only the triumph of victory praises.
 Yet let us be candid, and where shall we find
 So active, so able, so ardent a mind?
 To your children more soft, more polite to your servant,
 More firm in distress, or his friendship more fervent.”

All the points of character expressed in these diffuse and wordy verses are far more forcibly indicated in the cold, hard, critical face on the canvas. Baretto is poring over a book in a manner admirably suggestive of the short-sightedness that was his great affliction, and once nearly cost him his life. Mr. F. C. Stephens relates the story as follows, from Mrs. Piozzi's autobiography:—

“In the Haymarket Baretto having, October, 1769, in self-defence and misapprehension, fatally stabbed a man, he was tried for murder and acquitted. Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Topham Beauclerk were strenuous witnesses in his favour. Johnson's evidence illustrates the purblind character of the face of this portrait. To the question, ‘How is he as to eyesight?’ the reply was, ‘He does not see me now, nor do I see him. I do not believe he would be capable of assaulting anybody in the street, without great provocation.’ Reynolds, Garrick, and Burke were Baretto's bail on this occasion. When Johnson and Burke went to condole with Baretto during his incarceration in the Old Bailey they had small comfort to give him, and bid him not hope too strongly. ‘Why, what can he fear,’ said Baretto, placing himself between them, ‘that holds two such hands as I do?’”

Two pictures are exhibited by the present Dilettanti Society, groups of portraits of original members of the society painted by Reynolds during his association with that body. These include Sir W. W. Wynn, Sir John Taylor, Sir William Payne Gallwey, Sir William Hamilton, celebrated in after days as the husband of the fair and frail lady who achieved distinction from her connection with Romney and Nelson; Lord Mulgrave, who essayed the discovery of the North-West Passage; Lord Dundas, the last Earl of Seaforth; Richard Thompson, *Spencer Stanhope*, Smith of Heath, Charles Greville, Crowle the

Antiquary, the Duke of Leeds, celebrated as a picture collector, and Sir Joseph Banks. The still-existing Dilettanti Society is the oldest association in the kingdom formed for the study of artistic antiquity. Its institution took place many years before the painting of these pictures, and the original intention was to include in the society both artists and amateurs; indeed, the Royal Academy ran a great risk of being affiliated to it, and it was only due to the spirit of sturdy independence evinced by Hogarth, and other leading artists, that a catastrophe was averted in the association of the recognised heads of English art with a lay element that might probably have embarrassed its councils and introduced a pernicious element of titled patronage detrimental to the highest interests of artistic progress.

Of Sir Joshua himself many portraits are exhibited, one of the most interesting being a very early example of his art, the first portrait that he painted of himself, given to his niece, Lady Thomond; another is taken as President of the Royal Academy, in his official cap and red gown, as D.C.L. Oxon; and a third in his old age.

Passons aux dames. Here, in a place of honour at one end of the great gallery, is the noted picture of the three Waldegrave beauties, one of the most charming of Sir Joshua's favourite studies in white. The three daughters of James, second Earl Waldegrave, and Maria, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, grand nieces of Horace Walpole, were painted for the latter. While the picture was in hand Horace found it "charming" and the faces "very like," but the "mauvaise quart d'heure" came with the settlement, and he complained that "Sir Joshua Reynolds gets avaricious in his old age. My picture of the young ladies Waldegrave is doubtless very fine and graceful; but it cost me 800 guineas."

Mr. Tom Taylor recognised in the faces of Walpole's nieces the influence of that disappointment in love which each lady had experienced not long before she sat for this picture. Walpole wrote to Mason:—"You will be charmed, I flatter myself, with poor Horatia, who is not at all well, but has behaved with a gentleness, sweetness, and moderation that are lovely. She has had no romantic conduct, concealed all she could, and discovered nothing she felt but by her looks. She is now more pleasing, though she looks ill, by her silent softness, than before by her youthful vivacity. Maria, almost as much wounded, and to be pitied, carries off another kind of misfortune with a noble spirit." The facts are that the Ladies Laura and Maria had been jilted by their lovers, the Lords Carmarthen and Egremont, and the Duke of Ancaster, who was betrothed to Lady Horatia, "died of a scarlet fever contracted by drinking and rioting, at two and twenty." Lady Horatia

put on mourning for him, "behaved in the most reasonable manner, shows very proper concern, but nothing romantic or extravagant." Probably the lady was "reasonable" enough to see that beyond the dukedom her loss was not great enough to justify romance or extravagance; and she, as well as each of her sisters, was not long in consoling herself. Walpole's letters are full of these ladies, their looks, their dresses, their sayings, and doings, and the delicate high bred beauty of the three charming faces is enough to justify the evident pride and affection of their worldly old uncle.

Near to this canvas hangs a sadly cracked and faded portrait on which one gazes curiously in the vain endeavour to trace in the shadowy features some indications of the wondrous beauty that brought three dukes to the feet of the fair Elizabeth Gunning. The story of the "Gunning girls" is almost too well known to need re-telling. Walpole has recorded how, when they came to London, they were so poor that they proposed going on the stage for a living, how Peg Woffington lent them dresses, and how their beauty at once made them the rage. People took places at the theatres to observe them; crowds mobbed their chairs, peers and peeresses clambered upon tables to get a sight of them at Drawing-rooms. Several hundred people sat up all night about a Yorkshire inn to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her post-chaise, and a Worcester shoemaker got two guineas and a half, at a penny a piece, by the exhibition of the Countess of Coventry's shoe. Of Elizabeth Gunning's marriage Walpole wrote the following account to Sir Horace Mann:—"About six weeks ago, Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl of Coventry, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at Pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each; he soon lost a thousand. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without a licence or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtains, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and, what is more silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other."

By this marriage the lady became the mother of James

George, seventh, and Douglas, eighth Dukes of Hamilton. After her husband's death she refused the Duke of Bridgewater to marry Col. John Campbell, afterwards the fifth Duke of Argyll, by whom she became mother of George, sixth, and John, seventh Dukes of Argyll. The Irish beggar woman's blessing, "the luck of the Gunnings attend you," was not without reasonable foundation. The condition of this picture, as before remarked, leaves it impossible to judge fairly of its subject's appearance. It is sad to see how many of Sir Joshua's pictures are spoiled by time, sadder still to observe those that owe their ruin to the interference of "restoring" Vandals. There is one popular and well-known picture that Reynolds painted, "Mrs. Pelham feeding her chickens," familiar to everybody from William Dickinson's fine old engraving. If the world want in future to form any accurate notion of Sir Joshua's work, it is to Dickinson it will have to go, for the Mrs. Pelham here has been scraped and relined, loaded with fresh vivid paint, and daubed with sticky varnish till she absolutely glares from the wall, killing everything near her, in a blaze of gaudy shining colour, with the self-assertiveness of a japanned Brummagen tea-board. Such ill-judged interference is worse than a mistake, it is a crime. Even in decay there remain some touches of the master's hand, some indications of his meaning, which are effectually disposed of when the irreverent hands of meaner men presume to paint over his work. Here is another portrait, the Countess of Erroll, "in peeress's robe, holding a coronet in hand," from which Reynolds has definitely retired, and his successor has made the most of his opportunities in the way of laying on strong colour in the tinsel coronet and gaudy robes. As if to accentuate the atrocities of this work, the hanging authorities have placed it between two of the grandest-toned paintings in the exhibition, a half-length of William Duke of Devonshire, and the splendid "Schoolboy," lent by the Earl of Warwick. Not Rembrandt himself ever painted anything finer than these.

Among the portraits that suffer from Mrs. Pelham's obtrusive company is a characteristic one of saucy Mrs. Abington as "Miss Prue" in *Love for Love*. Frances Baston was said to have begun life as an errand girl, as a milliner's assistant, and as a flower-seller in St. James's Park. Her first appearance on the stage as "Miranda" in the *Busy Body*, 1755, was a failure. Shortly afterwards she married Mr. Abington, her music-master, from whom she was soon parted. Her first success was in Dublin as "Kitty" in *High Life below Stairs*;" after which she became the fashion. She plagued Garrick with her whims, and offended Goldsmith by refusing at the last moment to act the part written purposely for her in *She Stoops to*

Conquer, to his great mortification, and the risk of the comedy's utter failure. Mr. F. C. Stephens writes of her as follows :—

Her chief characters were "Lady Teazle" in the *School for Scandal*; "Miss Prue" in Congreve's comedy; "Roxalana" in the *Sultan*; the "Comic Muse" in the *Jubilee*; "Widow Belmore" in the *Way to Keep Him*; "Beatrice" in *Much Ado about Nothing*; and "Charlotte" in *The Hypocrite*. Reynolds painted her in 1771, in a cardinal cloak, out of character. Again in 1782, as "Roxalana" pulling aside a curtain—a portrait Reynolds gave to the actress, and she entrusted to Sherwin to engrave, who, notwithstanding her plaintive remonstrances, kept her nearly four years before he finished the plate. Again, 1764, as the "Comic Muse," a whole length picture, which is now at Knole; as "Lady Teazle," and as "Miss Prue," the likeness which is now before us . . . Walpole thought most of Mrs. Abington in "Lady Teazle."

A celebrated theatrical portrait, of a very different character to the preceding, is the great "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse." This picture belongs to the Duke of Westminster, and is a repetition of the famous one in the Dulwich Gallery. It is one of Sir Joshua's few pictures that bear his signature—he having inscribed his name on the hem of his robe with the courtier-like declaration that he had thus secured his immortality. Space would fail to do even approximate justice to the claims of the crowds of lords and ladies, statesmen and authors, courtiers and courtezans, fair mothers and lovely children who court attention.

Here is Lord Thurlow, square, stern, and magisterial, looking so wondrous wise, that he recalls and justifies Charles Fox's witticism, that "nobody ever *was* so wise as Thurlow *looks*." Here are Warren Hastings and Sir Francis Delaval, Sir John Cust, the Speaker, satirised for the shortness of his nose—"Sir John Cust is Speaker, and bating his nose, the chair seems well filled," wrote Walpole on the occasion; Admiral Byron, "Rough-weather Jack," the poet's grandfather; Lord Anson, the circumnavigator; General Keppel and Sir Wm. Fawcett; Field-Marshal Jeffery, First Lord Amherst, Anthony Chamier, M.P. for Tamworth, and Under Secretary of State, and a great friend of Sir Joshua's; John, third Earl of Bute, and his Secretary, afterwards first Earl of Liverpool; the Marquis of Rockingham, Sir Abraham Hume, "Butcher" Cumberland, big and burly, looking his popular character; Charles Rollin, the historian; Anne Damer, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Edmund Malone, and Kitty Fisher; Alderman Beckford, and his son, the author of "Vathek," the builder of Fonthill, and collector of a considerable portion of the art treasures dispersed in the recent Hamilton Palace sale; Dukes and Earls innumerable, Anne ~~Bingham~~, in her familiar large brimmed hat, and the beautiful

portrait of Fanny Kemble, afterwards Mrs. Lewis ; the virtues of the lady and the charms of the picture are commemorated in the following "poetic tribute," culled from Northcote's *Life of Reynolds* :

In Kemble's look chastised will yet be seen
 What one bright daughter of the stage has been ;
 Reserv'd, tho' mingling with the loud, the vain,
 And uneduc'd where syren pleasures reign.

Should time, whose force our hopes in vain withstand,
 Blast the nymph's face, and shake the painter's hand ;
 Yet may these tints divide the fame they give,
 And art and beauty bid each other live."

There are comparatively few pictures in this collection in which the element of portraiture is not predominant. There is one landscape, a bold and effective view of the familiar panorama of country and water seen from Richmond Hill. Sir Joshua had a house there, built for him by Sir Wm. Chambers, but it is asserted that he never slept in it and did not enjoy the view. Of classical subjects there is the noted *Cymon and Iphigenia*, belonging to the Queen ; the *Infant Hercules*, a repetition of part of the famous picture sent to Russia, for which the Empress Catherine paid 1,500 guineas and gave Sir Joshua her cipher in diamonds on a gold box ; the subject, Hodges said, looked as if it had been boiled in brandy.

Reynolds in his will left a first choice of his unsold paintings as a legacy to his friend and patron the Earl of Upper Ossory. The Earl selected a splendid study of the nude, a "Nymph and Boy," which is here exhibited. A second choice was given as bequest to the second Viscount Palmerston, who chose the well-known subject, "The Infant Academy." This charming and fanciful picture is too well known through the numerous reproductions of it to need remark ; as indeed, are most, if not all, of the subjects in the remaining and most charming part of the exhibition. Sir Joshua's children, of whom I have left myself little space to write, have been familiarised to us by the art of generations of engravers, from Bartolozzi and Raphael Smith to Samuel Cousins. Here are the majority of the immortal little ones whom the great painter loved so well and painted with such tenderness and grace ; his niece, "Offie, who made her uncle coffee," as the ever-popular "Strawberry Girl ;" "Muscipula," and "Felina," examples of the pointed chinned, sly-faces that Sir Joshua sometimes painted ; Miss Gwatkin, as "Simplicity," a sketch for the larger picture in the National Gallery ; the ruddy-haired Frances Harris, fresh from a romp with her dog, one of the most lovely of Reynolds's child pictures. This has been claimed to be the last finished painting that left Reynolds's hand. Miss Harris was the daughter of the Earl of Malmesbury. She married Sir Lowry Cole, and died in 1842, one of the last survivors of Sir Joshua's sitters. The Duke of Marlborough's

children, Lord Henry and Lady Charlotte Spencer, are here masquerading as "The Young Fortune Tellers." Prince William Frederick, second Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, was born 1776, and was painted in 1780 in Van Dyck dress of lavender shot with rose, holding a plumed hat in his hand. The baby Prince looks amusingly affected, as no doubt he appeared in his antiquated bravery. Another celebrated picture of infant dignity is the lovely painting of the baby Viscount Althorp, in white suit and blue sash, with black hat. This was shown at the South Kensington Museum a few years ago with the rest of the Spencer pictures. One more fair-faced child is Master Philip Yorke, son of the Earl of Hardwicke, a little fellow in short baby skirts, with a robin on his arm and a dog at his feet, afterwards to come to a sad untimely end by shipwreck in a storm off Lübeck. One gem of the east gallery remains to be mentioned, Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, the child of Reynolds's friend, the Earl of Upper Ossory, as "La Collina," stands demurely and coquettishly with hands held together, her skirts gathered up round her waist, a kerchief crossed upon her shoulders, alone upon a hill, with a flower growing at her feet, a lovely picture of an ideal, pure and winning "colleen."

In the limits of one article much must necessarily remain unsaid respecting the main features in an exhibition so unique as this, to say nothing of the reflections excited by its contemplation. Our time has expired, and as we turn to go, our last lingering gaze at the semblance of the world of by-gone days that we leave behind us meets that of the fair, serious Angelica, the embodiment of Sir Joshua's first, last, and only romance, and as we pass into the "crowd of curb and rut" without, the thought of that sweet, sad face remains in our memories, as in our hearts arises a sorrowful sympathy with the wasted loves and hopes, the fruitless aspirations and the unatoned sorrows of the hearts that have so long ceased to beat, the lives of a century back that have so long passed away into the silence of death, leaving so little behind them beyond painted faces on canvas, and reputations over which their friends speculate and wrangle.*

London.

FREDERICK COOPER.

*An important adjunct to the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition is the catalogue, ably and exhaustively annotated by Mr. F. C. Stephens, to whom I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness in many important details.

“HAMLET.”

O, another pretender! another attempt to solve the insoluble; another chapter added to the limbos of defunct speculations, the reader will say. Yes, my friend, too true; another added to the millionth baffled attempt to scale the golden mountains, to enter the poet's world of unutterable beauty. The invention of the perpetual motion, the squaring of the circle, the discovery of the N.W. passage, swimming the Niagara, the relationship of the ego to the non-ego, and Hamlet's character, stand as constant provocations before the human mind. And ever and anon we are startled at some fresh attempt, and pedestals to fame claimed on fancied solutions, which, on closer examination, turn out to be illogical and baseless.

There is an irresistible fascination about *Hamlet*; one is attracted to it, and spellbound by it; and when you attempt to fathom it you are engulfed in the abyss of its thoughts and the disparity of its actions, the moral sublimity of its teachings, the vastness of its compass, the regularity of its movements towards its inevitable and tragic conclusion. *Hamlet* is the veritable *pons asinorum* of poetry, and requires study as hard as mathematics. The sculptor makes the marble to speak his thoughts; the painter's material is the canvas; and human language is the instrument of the poet for the embodiment of his sublime creations. And dramatic poetry is the highest kind of teaching; men are made to reveal in themselves the rewards and punishments inherent in moral actions.

If we trace up the history of this Play for some five hundred years before Shakspeare was born, and place together all the earlier attempts, we should only get hold of the materials that had been prepared, and how many hands had been at work on the foundations before the master mind of the great architect took them in hand—these floating legends, these partial attempts—to form his own matchless creations. What the rough misshapen stone in the quarry is to the sculptor who carves out of it a thing of beauty for ever; what classic lore and mediæval beliefs were to Milton for his colossal *Paradise Lost*, such were the legendary whiffs from northern lands to Shakspeare, who arrested and arranged them in his immortal dramas. These inner unwritten prophetic thoughts of nations were to him as the star dust of space, to evolve his creations of

superlative excellence. He found the Chaos and his brooding genius produced the Cosmos.

It is a difficult task to give a clear and adequate exposition of the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare as a Play—still more difficult to analyse into its component parts the character of Hamlet the prince. It is almost impossible to believe that *he* is simply a fictitious character and no more. He is clothed with such a real and historical existence that the mind refuses to acquiesce in the thought that he is only a creature of the imagination, without father and mother, and home and country. One might as well try to disprove the existence of Napoleon as the existence of Hamlet.

Let us read the Play, and jot down a thought here and there as we proceed, before we finally conclude as to the teaching of the Play, and the character of the Prince.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Soldiers at their post keeping the midnight watch.*

Notice here, how common-place men and women are transformed for the moment into poets or prophets, with language sublime and sustained, when possessed by great passions, or by insight into the heart of things. How changed the soldiers on the watch after the ghost vision. Bernardo and Marcellus talk poetry:—

"When yond same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns."

And Horatio talks of the "majesty of buried Denmark," and then "it started, like a guilty thing, upon a fearful summons," and points to "the morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Again, it is the soldiers *on duty* that get at the very core of things. To them the Ghost appeared, and its true meaning.

Horatio. "In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state."

The performance of duty is the condition of all high knowledge. These soldiers knew infinitely more than Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain.

We are here told of great preparations, "of daily cast of brazen cannon, and foreign mart for implements of war." The whole political machinery is outlined in this scene. There is a twofold order of things. The supernatural is at the root of all unravelment. The dark caverns of human story, and the secret springs on which the philosophy of history rests, are all revealed by this ghost scene. The gorgeous pageantry of monarchs, the marshalling of armed hosts, the diplomacies of rival statesmen, and also the unsuspected, secret, unerring designs of Divine

retribution are moving parallel to each other. The whole Play is already in germ before us. The supernatural is not introduced by men of Shakspeare's genius without an adequate cause, either for the unexpected development of human character, or preparatory to great turns in human history. What we have to guard against is, *not* to draw conclusions from partial disclosures of the Play. From any one single scene our conception of the whole would be utterly inadequate and false. And if so with Shakspeare, what of the universe and the cycles of eternity? “There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.” What a rebuke to the presumption and vanity of science!

Horatio. “Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young Hamlet.”

The friend who called the father “valiant” called the son “young.” He is brought to notice in the first scene as “young Hamlet,” and yet he must have been about thirty years of age—at least, if we are to believe the gravedigger. How silent on the stage of the world great men and great events make their first appearance.

SCENE II.

We have here the King announcing his marriage to his “dear brother's” wife with the most consummate skill and unctuous hypocrisy:—

“Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, &c., . . .
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we . . .
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife.”

Then he turns to high affairs of state; sends the ambassadors to Norway, and attends to the petition of Laertes to return to France, asks him,

“Have you your father's leave?”

Mark the words in this most typical speech of the timid, wary, pliant “old Polonius:”

He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.”

Next we have Hamlet in the royal presence, and how he brings us from the very first into the governing and central idea of the play. The inner heart of things cannot be acted. We in the main are actors. What is known of us mostly is acting. All the world's a stage; history is but play. The counterfeit grief of the Queen, &c.:—

“all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.”

By-the-bye, is this commonplace philosophy sufficient to assuage the grief of all widowhood ?

We are first of all carpenters, orators, bookmakers, editors, critics, statesmen, poets, &c., and last of all we are *men*. The "seeming" first and the "it is" last. A Hamlet that knows no "seems" is only found at rare intervals during the revolving ages.

Queen. "Thou know'st 'tis common."

Hamlet. "Ay, madam, it is common."

This is more Mephistophelian than Mephistopheles,

"She is not the first."

Notice the philosophical amplitude of the mother's hypocrisy by the unctuous villain who was "more than kin and less than kind."

" 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost his
'Tis unmanly grief," &c. . . .

How little we know of each other's hearts. How little consolation philosophy at best can give. Each one of us is a new being in this world. And the "'tis common, you know," will not do. The philosophy of the necessitarian does not help us. The human heart in sorrow will have none of it. The grief of the bereaved is more than a match for the creed of the fatalist.

What a sad passage is Hamlet's first soliloquy. Instead of this outburst of terrible and righteous indignation in an irresistible torrent of words, a man of action would simply grow pale, and mutter that monosyllable of John Bull's ; and their lives would not be worth half an hour's insurance.

It has been finely said that there are feelings which, unuttered, would make a man dangerous, or morbid, or mad ; utterance relieves, and, weakening the *feeling*, makes the *man* strong.

"To me alone there came a thought of grief,
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong."

This was not the case with Hamlet. His utterances seem to have exhausted all his energies. The last line,

"But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue,"

seems to have been wrung out of Shakspeare's own soul, and accounts for the apocalyptic style of the drama. The Lord Chamberlain of his day would not allow a more direct reference to contemporary characters.

Scene II. develops Hamlet's character as too self-conscious a man of action. You get from him words, words, but not great and terrible moral truths, but not actions leading

to world-wide consequences, involving the future in themselves. His words betray fatal irresolution.

How he loved his father !

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

And Horatio’s account confirmed his own suspicions :—

“My father’s spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play
Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o’erwhelm them, to men’s eyes :”

SCENE III.

Claudius said all that can be said philosophically about death and grief. Laertes said all that moralists ever said about passion, and chastity, and equal marriages, from the Chorus to Io of the *Prometheus Vincetus* down. And Laertes got all the thanks usual in such cases.

No better advice was ever given :—

“For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,” &c.

But oh, how vain !

Father and brother caution Ophelia against him, but his defence is her rejoinder. Their advice, as usual, came too late !

SCENES IV.—V.

Hamlet. “The air bites shrewdly : it is very cold.”

The weather: the weather a subject of talk—how many untold millions of times. Even here, on the midnight platform, in the momentary expectation of the supernatural, it could not be dispensed with. Will anything ever dethrone the weather god from our daily conversation ? How can Englishmen exist in heaven without it ?

Here Hamlet is a censor of court morals.

“Though I am a native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach, than the observance.”

In theology a scientific Calvinist.

But what chiefly concerns us is: Here is the turning point in his character :

Enter Ghost.

Horatio. “Look, my lord, it comes !”

Hamlet. “Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

What may this mean,
That thou, dread corse, again in complete steel ?”

He receives his call ; his work is cut out ; his destiny is shaped ; he is an altered character. The honest, brave Marcellus first saw the Ghost : first suspected the truth

“Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.”

But the commission and the burden were laid upon Hamlet.

He was to be the god, the avenger of blood. The burden was laid upon him with dread solemnity.

"I am thy father's ghost ;

List, list, O list !—

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
. . . . Adieu, adieu, remember me."

Hamlet instantly promised,

"Haste me to know ; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge."

But the Ghost suspected his chicken-heartedness, and in strong words urged him again and again to his high destiny.

The essence, in choicest language, of all warning in case of suspected love is given by Laertes to his sister. All the elements of a successful career are laid down by Polonius to his son. The belief of the ages as to Purgatory and the sum total of Dante's immortal poem are given by the Ghost to Hamlet, and the result in each case was a disastrous disappointment. The Ghost's charge, he being at the time in unutterable torments, closes with this strange advice, not to lay violent hands on his mother, but

"Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her,"

as a more exquisite punishment in *this* life than any pains of Purgatory hereafter. Conscience is a worse hell than any torments of fire.

"In this distracted globe "

was the burden more than he could bear? This is the history of knowledge without obedience. A higher communication ends in implicit obedience or in madness. He feigned madness to get rid of his duty. When the imperative voice of duty calls, man has no business to reflect. "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood."

In the first soliloquy his prophetic soul had divined the situation: "My uncle." But there are indications of hesitation in it. He oscillates between suicide and murder. In the second soliloquy all doubts have vanished—all is clear. The historical and supernatural are in complete harmony. But the hesitation has painfully developed also. At the end of the most impassioned resolve his courage evaporates—presumably from sheer exhaustion, and he ends by fumbling for his "tablets" to write down the tritest of all common-places:—

"My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain !"

Only his supposed madness screens himself in the case of Ophelia from being not far off. A distracted coward in the face of duty is not far removed from the smiling villain.

Hamlet. “Look you, I’ll go pray.”

Horatio. “These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.”

Horatio had gauged him. “I’ll go pray,” indeed. He had something fitter to do than pray. Pray for what? To get rid of duty?—Jonah-like. Pray for the chapter of accidents to relieve him of the embarrassments created by his own weakness—Gladstone-like? Had Shakspeare Lord Bacon in his mind? The profound philosopher and the vacillating statesman.

In Act I. we have the whole future drama in its hidden springs laid bare—the germ seeds are sprouting up; and the vacillating character of Hamlet developing itself step by step, passing through the incongruous, stupid cellar ghost scene down to the

“The time is out of joint,—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!”

Thou, amiable, sweet, irresolute youth, wert never born to set it right, though the only man in the kingdom who could do so. This cellar ghost affair was not a stage trick to relieve the audience. It is not the natural rebound from too severe a tension. It was a psychological necessity. Hamlet, conscious of his own weakness of resolve, tries to frighten his friends to keep the secret by the ridiculous trick of an underground ghost. These men’s fidelity requires no such fortifying. What a chapter there is here on the religious terrors of history! Hamlet had gone through a great deal. His mental suffering must have been tremendous. But in the midst of it all, what a keen observer and subtle analyst of human motives he continued.

“That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber’d thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, ‘Well, well, we know,’ or, ‘We could, an if we would,’ or, ‘If we list to
speak,’ or, ‘There be, an if they might.’
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me.”

We have here a complete anatomy of subtle, dangerous calumny—that most damaging of all calumnies, which ruins men’s reputation, takes away their character, and not a word is actionable in a court of law.

ACT II.—SCENES I and II.

The wise conceits of the meddling, muddling old Polonius are here introduced to give us a breathing time; or to allow Hamlet to mature his plans of vengeance. And we are in a position and an expectant mood for the rapid development of events. For *we are not yet altogether* unprepared for a noble,

brave, tragic deed. We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the

"Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me,"

is slowly evaporating from the chambers of resolve. We felt in reading Scene I. that our attention was drawn elsewhere that Hamlet might have time to achieve something to redeem his promise, to honour the memory of an outraged and murdered father, and to save a kingdom. And how disappointed we are to find that instead of the curtain rising on a tragic stroke of Divine retribution, and a nation rallying round the rightful heir, and "the treacherous, lecherous, remorseless" tyrant hurled from the throne which he had so foully usurped, we behold him (Hamlet) insulting and shocking the beautiful Ophelia under the guise of madness.

The pithless nature of his character, which was all along apparent to others, has at last dawned upon himself, and what a wail of excruciating astonishment escapes him.

"O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain?

"'Swounds, I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal," &c.

And then he begins to make excuses—justifies himself; doubts the vision; calls his father's ghost a devil. The latter part of the soliloquy, as usual with him, is the result of exhaustion; "he has unpacked his heart with words."

What a bitter thing is self-discovery. The great purpose of life is lost in meaningless trifles and dalliance with players, and throwing at last the burden of setting things right upon them.

"The play is the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

But while this melancholy and disastrous weakness is brought home to himself, he has been most instructive to others; his various speeches go to the heart of things, and literature has been for all time enriched. The second act is pregnant with moral and ethical truths. And, strange to think, we have inherited this enriching fulness of teaching because he was "unpregnant of his cause." Mankind has gained more by its failures than by its victories.

The "great baby" Polonius jumping at baseless conclusions,

and offering his head for their validity, and proving them by irrefragable syllogisms whose major premisses we know to be utterly false, represents the tottering fabric of many a popular and plausible theory of the universe, of government, and of disease.

“ Which done, she took the points of my advice ;
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein he now raves,
And all we mourn for.”

Pretty theory. The King and Queen never believed old Polonius about this love madness.

This second act, methinks, brings out as well some sore point and disappointment in the personal life and feelings of Shakspeare himself. Hamlet is Shakspeare delivering himself ; and painting his age and country in the only way open to him. This is an autobiographical chapter.

Hamlet had no energy in reserve ; it was dissipated in words. We have no faith in him. The Gladstone of our day is Hamlet's antitype, a learned sophist, a master of words, a profound and conscientious casuist, but a vacillating statesman—too timid to strike a blow for hearth and home and honour. No great and wise policy trusting to the chapter of accidents. His cowardice, against his better nature, drives him to equivocation, and to say,

“ The play is the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.”

“ Grounds more relative !” Never. Hamlet characters, luring violent crises, ruin their country for all time. And more than all he was tamely allowing a web to be woven around himself.

In the first soliloquy he found out his mother ; in the second his uncle ; in the third himself. All bitter discoveries.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

We are now entering on the third act, and are prepared for all kinds of vagaries, hubbubs, wrongs, and disasters. There was evidently no commanding mind—no steady hand to guide the ship of state through the rapids. And the guilty conscience of the King may drive him in self-defence to any desperate and villainous deed.

Here is a bit of old Polonius's very marrow :—

“ 'Tis too much proved,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.”

The first intimation from the King of his own foul act—Conscience was already doing its work on the Queen.

King (aside). "O 'tis too true !

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience !
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word :
O heavy burthen !"

Hamlet's fourth soliloquy is more than a justification of own cowardice. He hints that it is even meritorious. Br once more on suicide. Says what an easy thing it is.

"When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin."

And then again his fears break forth:—he is afraid of "dreams" that *may* come ; and "because of that dread so thing after death."

"Enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

Neither his uncle nor Fortinbras thought this. The G did not come to him from the land of dreams. No enterp of great pith and moment was ever turned away by the of those evils we know not of. Could a naturally brave 1 be metamorphosed into a coward by the dread of purgatic tortures described by the Ghost ?

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood : . . .
Make thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

A man's consciousness of right is more than a match for fabled Inferno.

All the soliloquies are Shakespeare's own—his own he autobiography.—They are not the creations of his imag tion, but the outcome of his wrongs.

But what was Hamlet's conscience afraid of ? The n derer's fears in *Richard III.* we can well understand.

In Scene I. we have the King's fears, Polonius's confessi Hamlet's soliloquy, Ophelia's prayer, and the complete di pearance of everything worthy the name of action on the of Hamlet ; and the King's quick determination to get ri him.

"It shall be so ;
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go."

Observatory Cottage.

JOHN JONE

(Will be concluded in our next.)

LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(*With Original Illustrations.*)

XXVII.

THE OATH QUESTION.

I hold some singular views on the oath question, acquired from long experience and study. Used to think of the whole proceeding attendant upon the administration of an oath with the profoundest awe and respect, how, I ask myself, have I come to execute so complete a *Volte face*? I will briefly tell you. It did not take me long to find out that the Bibles and Testaments in use at our court were a set of miserable, dilapidated frowsy old rags, of which the sides were kept together and the interiors prevented from falling out by a net-work of pretty stout cord. After prevailing upon "the Court" to give an order for a set of bran new books, bound in stout leather and fitted with firm clasps, I took the trouble to loosen the bonds of one of the old ones for the purposes of a peep inside. Talk about desecration and sacrilege! I never saw such a mess made of a holy thing in all my life. About half the leaves had been torn or had dropped out (think of ten thousand oaths half sworn, reader!), and the remaining half had bad jokes and obscene sketches scored all over the margins. The dedication "to the most high and mighty Prince James" had undergone the most fearful amendment, interpolation and commentary. I kept it as a curiosity, and I would print it did I dare. Add to all this the fact that some scoundrel had worked systematically through the whole of the sacred volume, underlining the more than doubtfully decent passages, and you have some notion of what defilement in a holy and pollution in a high place really mean.

I told you of the respect, the almost reverence I might have said, with which I used to watch the administration of the oath.

I found it impossible to retain this pure fresh feeling long. How could I, or you, or anybody have felt differently after being compelled to repeat, or hear repeated, a couple of hundred times a day, a formula galloped through at race-horse speed and jumbled up into a chaotic mass, of which you could understand neither the beginning nor the end. So much for the swearer, now for the swearee. The varieties of him were endless. There was Tommy Atkins, fifty of the species at a time perhaps, sworn to allegiance to his Queen and to faithful fighting for his country. These men were arranged in groups of four or five, as many as could conveniently lay hold of a Bible with the right hand. Then round went the word, "I Tommy Atkins, I Robin Riffraff, I Jack Tagrag," and so on until the whole list had been gone through, after which all joined in the chorus, "do make oath that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance," &c. I need hardly tell what frightful distortion of the words ensued. Everybody said just what he liked, played



Ach!

what tune he pleased, as if he belonged to the Salvation Army band. Some cracked jokes, others wilfully perverted the words, others purposely swore *not* to bear any kind of allegiance, *not* to obey those in command over them, and wound up by substituting for

the final adjuration some horrid form of ribaldry or irreverence. This done, they kissed the thumb holding the book, or rubbed their noses in the covers, or licked them with their tongues. This may appear very dreadful conduct, but it is the truth I am telling you, every word. I, the Superintendent of Police, and a sharp sergeant or two used to tell each other off to watch these tricks, to prevent their consummation, or where we found this impossible, to insist that a particular individual or batch should be re-sworn.

Jews, you may be aware, take the oath with their hats on, and upon that part of the Bible called the Old Testament. One, whom I remember being sworn by mistake upon the New, fell into a fit of uncontrollable fury. He threw down the book, spat upon it, and in the face of a crowded Gentile Court cursed Christ as an impostor! Some Jews there are who will not be sworn on the Sabbath—our Saturday. Very few, indeed—probably not more than one in five hundred—will sign their depositions on that day. This may be thought odd, for they fleece the uncircumcised all the week round without scruple.

Roman Catholics, the stricter, and the female portion of them more especially, are very fastidious about their oath taking. They generally insist upon a New Testament, and if the covers have the addition—I cannot say ornamentation—of a flaring white cross, so much the better. I used to be thought an expert cross maker. I learned from some now forgotten book the trick of snicking out with one operation of the scissors a well proportioned, evenly cut cross, which, pasted on the glazed cloth lining of the Court Testament, used to look very well indeed. It wore badly though, the impact of a thousand greasy chops shading it down until it became indistinguishable from the cover, or rubbing it into a mass of unseemly shreds and patches. I mentioned just now the female part of the Catholic population as being very punctilious about taking the oath. Allow me to enlarge a little. It is a very common thing to see one of these women refuse point blank to “kiss the book,” or for that matter to touch it. Remonstrated with, she will reply, “I shall be a mother shortly, in respects to your riverince, and the Mother of us all forbid that I should be sworn till I am over me trouble.” It was a singular sentiment, but one not altogether devoid of a certain simple pathos and beauty. If you came across a woman who indulged in more than the regulation number of genuflexions and crossings of the face and breast before she ventured to give the required kiss, you could safely discount her evidence fifty to seventy-five per cent. I did not learn this until afterwards. The show was intended to throw us all off the scent. The same rule held good with the witness who took pains to impress you with the knowledge that he

went regularly to Sunday School, and was a Good Templar. It didn't take with the older birds though, nor for very long with me.

A Johanna Southcote man—you will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that the species is not yet extinct—won't take an oath of any kind. In his eyes the whole ceremonial is a damnable heresy, invented by man, and enforced by him in direct contravention of the distinctly expressed will of the Christ. *Make him* take an oath—drag him to pieces with wild horses first! Of Quakers, Moravians, and Separatists I have had no personal acquaintance. The few of them who lived in our neighbourhood had sense enough to keep clear of the police court for the



"I am not as this Publican."

fifteen years, more or less, that I was connected with it. They, as you are probably aware, are one and all entitled to affirm. Materialists, Atheists, and the like, were without any such privilege until, if I remember, the passing of Denman's Act in 1869. Before then you might have punched the head of one of these unfortunates, stolen his spoons, or eloped with his wife and escaped all punishment, unless there were testimony enough against you independently of his own.

A Japanese, whom I remember being robbed in a low quarter of our town, gave great trouble over the oath taking. The Bible was put in his hands, and the nature of its contents explained to him by an interpreter. You should have seen the fellow

! He shook his head, put the book down, and made a statement which the interpreter assured us was Japanese for that to the marines."

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Tell that to the marines.
Japanese. Nothing he could find to say would by any possibility convey to the witness's mind the English notion of God. The Court, astounded and incredulous, desired Mr. Interpreter to make an attempt. He did so; muttering something, and waving his hands skywards and all round. The look of blank idiocy on the witness's face I shall never forget. You could not drive any conception of our Creator into that fellow's head with a sledge hammer. The interpreter assured us the witness was not only an intelligent, but a well-educated, man for a Japanese. Urged to another effort, the interpreter tried, but only with the result of making the witness angrily rebuke the English people were a lot of fools for believing such nonsense. His own conception of a god he undertook to explain, and as we had nothing else in particular to do that day we listened patiently and attentively. I will not trouble you with the witness's long disquisition, it being sufficient for me if I say as far as I could make him out he was a Pantheist, who considered himself to be quite as much a god as anybody else—a very flattering to one's vanity. We finished with him at last by the interpreter handing the Clerk a written translation in the form of oath in Japanese; this the Clerk recited, a few minutes at a time, and the interpreter re-rendered into Japanese, the witness giving the finishing touch to the proceedings by handing the cheapest saucer a policeman could find for that purpose in the market close by.

Suppose you've heard the story of the Chinaman witness. I asked what he thought would happen if he told a lie, he replied that all the rest of the Court would go to perdition. Chinamen do not say such foolish things. It is quite the rule for one Chinaman who has a spite against another to go and kill himself

at the enemy's door. I have often asked myself the question, What is the good of an oath at all? The only really shrewd man I knew to have the slightest belief in its efficacy was a lawyer, whose jargonelle tree was in one night stripped bare of its lovely burden. The police, to whom the matter was referred, declared—and I have reason to think accurately—that it was a moral impossibility the robbery could have been committed by any but a servant of the house. Instantly the old man had all



A "fruitless" swearing.

his retainers drawn up in rank, and the Family Bible presented to each who was not afraid to swear on it that he or she had not touched the forbidden fruit. They all took the oath most cheerfully, notwithstanding, as it afterwards turned out, that they had their pockets stuffed with the proceeds of the robbery at the time. I unhesitatingly say it: the oath, as a means of securing the telling of the truth, is not one mortal bit of good. Honest men will tell the truth without it, while the dishonest are about as much afraid of the penalties promised the informer in the world to come as Jem Mace would be supposing you or I had threatened him with a thrashing. It is no mere opinion I am expressing, but the cumulative

result of a long experience which has forced conviction upon me much against my will, and to the destruction of pre-conceived notions tenderly cherished and parted with not without a groan. In attempting to reason out the question I have often asked myself whether if a man lose his soul by perjury are not our legislators accessory to the loss by wilfully putting the opportunity in his way. Any one who has taken another than a business interest in the administration of the oath must know as well as I do that it is the ildest farce to expect a fellow who has made up his mind to tell a lie to be frightened from his purpose by ulterior consequences which have the least bit of the speculative about them. The only thing he fears is being found out by man. If he thought he would be detected on the spot, and sentenced to six or twelve months imprisonment at the ensuing sessions or assizes, that would have some effect upon him I think. The remoteness of the other penalty deprives it of all its terrors. You know what some of the greatest English thinkers have said with reference to the damaging effect of the oath upon the value of human testimony. I will not ask you to receive or reject these views, but I do sincerely and earnestly beg you to remember that the Master Himself hath told us to "Swear not at all." And if you will not listen to Him, I do not suppose there is any use pressing upon you the views of Bentham and all the prophets.

MERLIN.

(To be continued.)

ON THE POINT OF A PIN.

II.

And now for a picture of love and despair. I could not banish her image from my eyes; her silvery voice was ever in my ears, the sweet rustling of her dress was suggested to me over and over again, as was also the delicate odour that hung about her, as if she breathed it like a flower. Yet, in all probability, I would never behold her again, or if I should, she would then be the wife of another. It was madness, and madness to be so mad; for it was the height of folly to cherish such feelings and imaginings as I have indicated; and, indeed, I tried to suppress them, or to get myself away from them, by throwing myself into one excitement after another. But I am sure something plucked me by the sleeve many times, and a silvery voice whispered in my ear, "Don't go there, and don't go there;" so I could not make myself free.

I was very much depressed, not only on this account, but because I was very much disappointed in regard to my position, for I had anticipated sudden good fortune in a place that I had imagined offered wealth freely to those who were forward in seeking it; but I found the reality very different from my dreams, and my knowledge of many men with infinitely greater business ability than I possessed, past middle age, and yet only enjoying very moderate gains after all their toil and anxiety, was to me highly dispiriting. My despondency was aggravated by receiving an extremely doleful letter one morning from my father, informing me that the speculation into which he had been led had involved him more deeply than he had apprehended, and that he was afraid the old house would have to be abandoned for a less expensive one—the more so as my brother, who was an officer in the army, had been leading a wild life in London, and drawing upon my father's resources to such an extent as to considerably add to his embarrassment.

All this made me feel very gloomy, for it seemed to me that my family was going irretrievably down in the world, and that my boyish expectations of growing rich and recovering all were mere moonshine. Yet I could not help flattering myself that there was in me a fair share of the elements of success, whilst my advantages, such as education, connections, and good family, were not of small importance; therefore, I began to

persuade myself that it was not my fault, but the fault of the place, that I failed to progress as I had expected; consequently, Arabian Nights' visions of foreign cities and marts rose up before my mind's eye. Here, in Liverpool, all was slow and drizzly prosaic, whilst there all was magical and romantic. I would be a merchant after the fashion of the "Golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid," with something of poetical splendour about me. Full of such dreams, I seized the first opportunity to speak in regard to my desire to the eminent merchant and magistrate of whom I have before made mention, and with whom I was now well acquainted, for I had transacted a good deal of business with him on behalf of Mr. Feeler; and there was every reason to believe that he thought very well of me, and would take an active interest in me willingly. Accordingly I broached the subject to him, telling him that what I sought in the first place was a situation in some house of business abroad, and a free passage out, intimating at the same time that I would prefer India or the China Seas. The good gentleman expressed himself, as I had expected, very ready to assist me in carrying out my plans, saying, moreover, that he accepted the responsibility of giving me his opinion that I could not do better than go abroad, for that Liverpool was overrun, and young men were apt to stagnate in it; whereas, if I went to foreign parts, I would gain knowledge and valuable experience, which would enable me, even if unfortunate, to return with a higher chance of success in my own country. I thanked him heartily for his kind promises to further my scheme to the best of his power, and so well he kept them that on the following day he introduced me to a great merchant who carried on a rich trade with India and China, having agents and correspondents in those countries, and a large mercantile house in London besides. He scrutinised me for about half a minute, as if he were going to purchase me, never uttering a syllable the while, and then he desired me to be seated, for we were in his office. My worthy patron, as I may call him without offence to myself, seeing me brought well together with his friend, and likely to stick, spoke a few words expressive of his hope of a happy issue, and withdrew. Then the merchant, fixing his eyes on me and sitting opposite, began to enter upon the subject fully, speaking with the nicest care and precision as to what he had in view in seeking to engage the services of a young man of ability and steady character to go out to China. After the interview had lasted about an hour, during which I did my utmost to put myself before him in the best possible light, he assured me that from what he had heard from others and from myself he was much disposed to make me an offer in regard to the matter in hand, but that he should like to consider it a little further before coming to a decision. Thereupon I parted from him

with high hopes of my future, and I was so confident that I would be elected to the post which the merchant was desirous to fill that I went at once to Mr. Feeler, and informed him that I was making my plans for going abroad as soon as possible, and that I trusted he would be so good as to set me at liberty if I were suddenly called upon to take my passage. He seemed surprised at this, but, whilst promising to do nothing to hinder me, he at some length endeavoured to dissuade me from my project, offering me at last substantial inducements to remain in his firm. This elated me still more, for it proved that I was right in the value I had set upon myself, but it did not at all influence me, as Mr. Feeler had calculated.

And now I must anticipate a little. It seems from what I learnt after all I have to narrate in this story had happened, that Miss Pynford had not gone to Yorkshire to be married at all, as had been given out; but, on the contrary, that she had gone to implore and supplicate her uncle to spare her the great misery which he cruelly insisted upon her undergoing, in the shape of a marriage with a man whom, as a lover, she abhorred; for you must know that her uncle was her guardian, and, indeed, she was entirely dependent upon him. He was an extremely wealthy retired West India merchant, a widower, and without children living. Eccentric he certainly was, but gentleman-like, sensible, and good-hearted, except in this one matter respecting his niece's proposed marriage with the objectionable person to whom I have alluded; for in regard to this one matter he seemed bewitched into a monster of unreasonableness, cruelty, and obduracy. He would banish his niece from his house; he would leave her penniless; I know not what he would not do if she crossed him in this unfortunate plan or whim of his. Yet he loved her as a daughter, and she him as a father. You may guess he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties; but not only that, he declared the marriage should be solemnised forthwith. At that the poor girl fled alone to her aunt's, near Wavertree—who, by the way, was in no wise disposed to protect her—and her uncle and ill-assorted lover, a man old enough to be her father, and with nothing but money to recommend him, followed in pursuit as soon as they discovered her flight. But to return.

The East India and China merchant, after some delay, decided to close with me, offering very liberal terms, including a free passage and money in advance to defray my expenses; besides glowing prospects if what I was about to undertake prospered. But it was imperative that I should commence the voyage in about a fortnight, so that there was not an hour to be lost. First of all I ran up home to bid them all good-bye, and cheer them up, assuring them that now my fortune was as good as made, and that I would return in a

ew years and buy back the old house; for my father had been obliged to sell it, and was now living at a distance from among strangers, and on comparatively scanty means. That done, and it cost me a bitter pang, I returned to Liverpool, and set about preparing for my voyage.

I had now but a very short time to remain in that town, for it was Wednesday afternoon, and in the course of Friday I was to go up to London, whence I was to take ship for China. As I was walking along Castle Street, full of business, I met poor Jack Feeler, looking very rakish and out of sorts; and running his arm through mine, he began telling me, with many expletives, inadmissible here, what a sore scrape he was in. He swore he had a good mind to go to China with me—which rather alarmed me—for Liverpool was getting too hot for him, and his “governor” had given him notice, in a great fury, to quit his house within a week. Like Dr. Johnson to Oliver Goldsmith on a memorable occasion, I desired him to be calm, for he was talking wildly and angrily, as if he were the most ill-used person in the world; and I promised I would walk down to the boat with him, as he requested me, and talk over his grievances, but I had first to go to a watchmaker’s hard by to have some trifling repair done to my watch. Jack entered the shop with me, and having told the watchmaker what was amiss, and placed the watch in his hands, saying I would return for it in the course of the afternoon, I was about to leave when my eye caught some pretty trinkets, which put me in mind of *souvenirs* for my sisters. I therefore turned again, and purchased a brooch and pair of earrings, the price of which I found amounted to one shilling more than I had in my purse, but the shopkeeper readily waived the shilling; so I put the packet of jewellery into my breast pocket, and displaying the empty purse to Jack I said, “There’s a pin in there which I would not give for all the money that has just parted company with me;” and with that I restored the empty purse to my pocket, and left the shop. Jack did not at first understand the illusion, but when it struck him he laughed, and said:

“Ay, you were very sweet upon her, old fellow; but don’t despair. By the time you come back, as yellow as a guinea, he may be an eligible widow.”

I had no intention of making jest out of the subject, so I turned the conversation to my friend’s alleged grievances. When we arrived at the Landing Stage we found a great crowd at one end of it, to which was approaching a steamer. Jack says to me, “Oh, it’s So and So,” naming a distinguished personage who was then on a visit to Liverpool—but I do not repeat the name, because I do not wish to be too circumstantial—and who had been taking the usual trip on the river in order to have a view of the line of docks and shipping.

The people were pressing towards the spot where the illustrious visitor would land, to have a stare at him ; and although I had no curiosity that way, and, besides, no love for crowds, Jack dragged me along with the throng. When the gallant personage had come ashore and driven off, and the people had dispersed themselves—Jack in the meantime having gone by his boat—I returned to the office, where, putting my hand into my pocket, in order to bring out my purse to have it replenished, I discovered that it was gone. I knew then that my pocket must have been picked in the crowd on the Landing Stage ; but the discovery did not at first concern me in the least, for the purse itself was worthless, and, owing to my purchases at the watchmaker's, there was not so much as a sixpence left in it. I would certainly never have walked a single step to recover it, nor have thought any more about it, but for the precious pin which it contained, and which presently began to occupy my thoughts. And I would have it observed, that had I not left my watch at the goldsmith's, the great probability is that the thief would have grabbed that, and would have been only too happy to make off with it without investigating my trousers pocket, for my watch-guard would have dangled on my waistcoat in too tempting a manner to be resisted ; and I am sure Jack's watch would have gone had he not providentially left it at his "dear uncle's" that morning, who, by the way, had lent him twenty pounds sterling, and given him a ticket in remembrance thereof. But this is a digression ; only I must say further that it was a strange thing that the pickpocket neglected Jack with his twenty pounds, and confined his attention to me with my empty purse. Well, when I bethought me of the pin, I determined to try some means of recovering my lost property ; so as soon as I could get my business done I resolved to go to the police office, and report the case there. Several occurrences, however, delayed me ; and it was after five o'clock, and as I was going to my rooms, that I entered the police-station, and told the clerk what had happened to me. He laughed, and desired me to describe the purse, which I did, adding that there was nothing in it except a common pin wrapped up in a piece of paper. Thereupon he retired for a moment, and then returned with my purse in his hand, and the pin safe and sound, just as I had left it. It appeared that the thief had been captured, a short time after he had tried his skill on me, in practising it again on another gentleman—whether because he had discovered his previous venture a barren one, or because he was of an over-speculative disposition, I cannot tell. However, I declined to prosecute, and was withdrawing with my recovered purse, when who should I meet at the door but my East India and China merchant. "Ah !" cried he, "you are the very man I want,

and this is the very place to take you into custody. I have letters from China this afternoon, and I have a great deal of fresh business to talk to you about, and it occurs to me now what I can do so better to-night than to-morrow. I am on my way home; could you possibly come along with me?" I complied at once, and I could not help turning it over in my mind what a curious chance it was—falling out all through the little in my purse—that I was brought to that place, and at that very moment, just in time to meet my East India and China merchant. His business at the police-station was with the head constable, and as he was not within we were in another second in the merchant's carriage, which was waiting outside.

He had a fine old house at Wavertree, a village about three miles from Liverpool, and not now a very desirable place in itself; but it was different then. Here it was, by-the-bye, what Mrs. Hemans lived for some time, and wrote poetry; and what the Duke of Edinburgh was entertained by the well-known member for Liverpool, Mr. Graves; and more recently, Prince Arthur, by the same gentleman. The outskirts of the village were, or were, when I visited it, pretty enough; indeed, there were a few quite picturesque "bits" about it, one in particular being Olive Mount, where my friend the merchant resided. At the foot of the hill lay the village pool, or lake, as they call it, which reflected the quaint, grey stone prison—a mere hut in size—standing on the village green, and an aristocratic looking mansion with its lawn bordering the lake on the other side, so that one might almost say, "A palace and a prison on each hand." These features, however, may have altered since I was there. The road coming down the hill from Olive Mount makes a curve, you must understand, and when it reaches the lake it runs round it, with nothing in the way of a fence or wall to separate the road from the water. Or rather, so it was then; for although the local authorities had been importuned to erect such a protection, they took no steps in the matter until a little while after I left the village, when, so I heard, they built a strong wall on that side of the lake where the descent is made from Olive Mount; the said wall standing there to this day, "to witness if I lie." But I must say that I am very glad there was no wall there then, for in that case, I am afraid, I would now be in China, the great wall of which could have no such interest for me as this one has. The merchant's house stood at the top of the hill, where the road takes a sharp turn to the left, and leads almost straight away, if I remember rightly, for some distance. But just before the turn the scene is, or was then, really very pretty, the road being "quite over-canopied" with tall trees standing in the grounds of the few houses grouped together, but screened from one another by "high-walled gardens, green and old," like all the old fashioned houses

around Liverpool; and which the slave-trading merchants built and lived in, "built them with blood," as a great orator of those days would have it in regard to their grim-looking warehouses.

Having arrived at his seat, the merchant introduced me to his wife and family, which was a large one; and I should remark here, in order to baffle the too curious, that all the families who then resided in that nook have, as I am well informed, been long since scattered far and wide. We presently sat down to dinner, after which some neighbours dropped in; and we were all assembled in the large drawing-room, one window of which opened out on to the lawn. We were chatting merrily together, when one of the children ran in through the window with a large and very brilliant dragon-fly, which the little fellow had just captured; and which he now presented to one of his grown-up sisters, who was an enthusiastic entomologist. She was delighted with it; for indeed it was an extraordinarily fine specimen: and as she held it in a leaf, we gathered round her to inspect this latest contribution to her collection of insects. I suggested that she should transfix it with a pin to a piece of paper; so that its beautiful wings and tints might be seen to better advantage; and also that it might be made secure; but strange to say not one of the ladies present had one of these little accessories to the toilet about her; at all events, none was forthcoming. So I bethought me of the pin which was in my purse, and which in a moment I produced, much to the amusement and perplexity of one or two young ladies at my side. But she with the dragon-fly was now at the far end of the room, showing the creature to an old lady. I had torn off a blank leaf of a note I had in my pocket, and stuck the pin through the middle of it; and as I entered into conversation with a lady sitting next to me, I threw the paper with the pin run through it on to a chair on the other side of me—a low chair it was, with a high sloping back; such an one as you fall into with indolent suddenness. Well, the old lady having finished her inspection of the dragon-fly; and the fair entomologist having turned about, as if she would dispose of it somehow, I arose and asked her if I should run the pin through it. She replied that she did not like to pierce it while it was alive; and that for the present she would put it under a glass; and as there was one on the side-table near me, I took it to her and helped her to put the dragon-fly under it. That finished, I was retiring to my seat; but another of the daughters had appropriated my chair, so, quite forgetting about the pin, which I had left on the one next to it, I—I—I.—I say, forgetting about the pin, which I had left on the one next to it, I—I—I—well I sat on it. Like a tiger from his jungle I sprang into the air, uttering several "Oh's" and "Ah's" of agony; for I had lost my presence of mind; and had not felt anything

like it since I had left school. To my great embarrassment I found myself the centre of attraction, and the subject of ill-suppressed merriment; and I could not help thinking that the ladies *might* have been unconscious of my misfortune, if they had so chosen.

I was so annoyed, and so covered with confusion, that as soon as I could extract the pin (which operation must have placed me in the most awkward and ridiculous position which it is possible to conceive), I was glad to seize the opportunity of snatching the little boy, who still remained in the room, up in my arms, as if I would have a romp with him, and carrying him off on to the lawn, having already pitched the pin towards the fire grate. I set the child down on the lawn at the side of the window, and proposed a race to the gate, and as he ran along laughing and crowing till the groves rang again, I pretended to follow at his heels at full speed.

Well, as we drew near to the gate, I heard the sound of a horse's feet and of wheels coming along at a furious pace down the straight road, which I have mentioned as leading down the hill to the lake; and when we reached the gate I was just in time to rush out and recognise, without being able to offer any assistance, Miss Pynford and an old gentleman in an open vehicle, with which the horse was running away, helter-skelter. I shouted out to them to keep their seats, as they darted round the sharp bend of the road, and took their way down the steep hill at an increased and terrific speed. It was a mercy, and seemed almost a miracle, that they were not dashed to pieces at the turn; for in ninety-nine similar cases out of a hundred the horse would have come into collision with the garden wall which faced the straight road: and had it been a high vehicle it would certainly have been upset at the bend; but happily it was a low carriage, though, even as it was, the wheel next to me was a foot or more off the ground. I set off like lightning down the hill after them; and I was not unmindful of the dangerous pool of water below, which the bend of the road shuts out from view as the hill is descended. There happened to be no one about except a labouring man, who sprang out from a field on the right hand side, and bravely, but madly, made a dash at the horse's head; but he was knocked down in an instant; and I passed him lying on the ground insensible, though he afterwards recovered. When I came in sight of the lake a shocking spectacle presented itself. The horse had galloped clean into it; and was now kicking and drowning in deep water; whilst the young lady had been thrown still further in, but in dangerous proximity to the animal, and she seemed perfectly helpless. The old gentleman was floundering in tolerably shallow water, but apparently unable to rise. There were only a few children

whom I bore in my arms; but I pressed on through them all until I laid her down on a bed. That done I was now only in the way, so I retired at once, and left her in charge of the women; but not before I was aware that she pressed my hand. However, I took up my station some short distance from the door of the chamber to guard it from intrusion; I knew not what amount of audacity my rival might possess. Happily, the doctor arrived almost as soon as I had taken up my station on the landing, and as he entered the room I descended the stairs with the merchant, who had come up with him.

But my story has already reached its climax, and you might almost imagine the rest. Of course it was all over with my rival—I saw that at once; and I lost no time in letting the China merchant know that in all probability I would be compelled to break off my engagement with him; and he, seeing how things were, was too much of a gentleman not to express his willingness to release me from it. The old gentleman, whose life I had perhaps saved, as without doubt I had that of his niece, would hear no more of the objectionable suitor, and was even as much against him now as he was previously in his favour; and becoming at once very much attached to me, he gave his hearty consent to my marriage with his niece; at the same time furnishing me with sufficient capital to set up business; in which I was exceedingly prosperous; but the old gentleman dying a few years afterwards he left to us the whole of his property; whereupon I retired, and commenced life as a country gentleman, leaving my business to Jack Feeler, who, very much owing to my influence, was now entirely reformed, and having plenty of ability for a mercantile career he settled down and succeeded admirably.

As for my own family I fulfilled whatever I had promised them, so that we were all very happy.

As for the pin, I picked it up again that same evening from the hearth, where it had fallen when I threw it away, and have carefully preserved it to this day to remind me of the value of trifling things. For has not my life turned upon the point of a pin?

RUBY.

WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.



THE WELSH FARMER.

Ere the assimilation of races becomes so great as to destroy the old characteristics of the Welsh farmer, let me sketch him, as he is still to be found, "living in the hills apart." He was a veritable descendant of the Grand Old Man Adam, versed in a primitive agriculture, ignorant of all the isms and the ologies. *The glory of the sun, the beauty of the moon, and the bright-*

ness of the stars were regarded apart from all astronomical opinions or theories. The sun was his augury of good or bad harvests; the moon indicative of dry or wet weather; the stars of frosty or humid nights.

He had not advanced much in agriculture upon the manner which tradition has left us of Hu Gadarn, though that worthy certainly had used a wooden plough, which his descendant must have exchanged for one of iron. He grew oats and rye after the manner of Coll, son of Collvreni, who, according to Geraint Vardd Glâs, taught the Britons to sow corn in furrows. Like Gweirydd the Great, son of Ithon, he observed the practice of preparing and preserving hay for feeding horses and cattle in winter. He knew the value of calcination, by which, as Pliny tells us, the limestones of Gaul, and certainly of Britain, were used for manure. He did, as his ancestors did in the time of Diodorus Siculus, cut off the ears of corn and stored them in subterranean repositories; but he had advanced from the use of the quern, as stated by Julius Cæsar, to the use of wind and water-mills, for giving employment to his "bakestone" or oven. From the time of Cymryw, who, according to the genealogy of Iestyn ab Gwrgant, was a great improver of live stock, and kept a considerable number of all kinds of animals, his ancestry had devoted some little attention to this branch of a farmer's life; but our farmer was not versed in the art of cross breeding any more than he was in bee farming, grafting, or fruit rearing. It is true that from time immemorial the apple had been a favourite of a great part of the Kymry, as witness the Avallanau of the bards, and the choice varieties specified by Iolo Morganwg as grown in the vale of Glamorgan. But then our farmer lived on the hills, the everlasting hills, amidst which only a few hardy trees sprang up in sheltered spots. His estimate of fruit was about on a par with that of flowers. Thus his garden was a small one at the side of the house, the greater part being used for potatoes. Only a strip close to the house was devoted to a few herbs and a sprinkling of old fashioned flowers, which came up and died, or flourished, as the fates willed, or sheep permitted. For the walls were not too high for agile sheep of the mountains to clamber, and they were of the dry kind, mortarless.

Our farmer paid great disrespect to the advanced belief in the usefulness of birds by shooting the earliest crow, and hanging it up as a warning in the middle of the oat field; and as for leaving fields in "fallow," alternating crops, trenching in winter, and subsoil drainage, they were experiments which, if he knew, he derided.

Our farmer lived to be over ninety years of age, and though he had vegetated all his life within four or five miles of a large ironwork and colliery town, held it as a proud distinction that

he had only once been there. He heard every day the roar of mighty machinery, but had not the slightest idea of the simplest process of iron making; was told by gossips of great colliery explosions, of thousands of tons of coal sent away daily but had never seen a coal pit, and only once a collier in his uniform. He lived on the limestone amongst mountain sheep. Had coal been found underneath his acres very different would have been his history. Perhaps, however, even then he might have been like one of the old Welsh farmers in the Taff Valley to whom speculators came with smiling countenances and broached the subject of a coal pit and royalties. The sturdy old yeoman brusquely said, "Don't want a tip near my house. Go away, man, got nuff money out spoiling farm."

Our farmer was never so tempted; his acres were underlain by limestone, and on the short sweet grass and wild thyme blended his sheep attained a flavour such as the Cotswold and the heavier animals of English flat lands knew not. It was in looking after his sheep that he had grown, or developed, that wonderful voice of his. If you met him on the highway, or going to church, he shouted at you as if you were a long way off upon the mountains, and it was invariably the old question about your health or what the weather was likely to be. It is astonishing with what a small vocabulary some men will go through the world, and how their limited range of ideas can be co-existent with a fair interest in the welfare of your neighbours and the continuance of a peaceable government. Our farmer had ample sagacity for his calling, for the increase of his flocks, the multiplication of his cattle, for sowing and reaping, and the preservation of his homestead. On any one of these subjects he was an intelligent listener or speaker. With this he had a tolerably extensive and thoroughly orthodox knowledge of the Bible, the narrative passages in particular, and the leading moral maxims. All these things, with a hazy notion of heaven being somewhere amongst the stars, and of hell being deep down in the earth, with Satan wandering about tempting and deceiving, and God voiceful in the thunder-storm, had somehow or other become part of his mental instincts, and he would, if taxed, have scouted manfully the new fangled doctrines of modified punishment after death, and the plurality of worlds, which he would affirm were a blow aimed at "atonement."

But he was never brought into collision with heterodoxy. Infidelity to him was typified by the ne'er-do-well son of a neighbour, who, when a boy, plundered hen roosts instead of going to church, and "listed" a soldier: and of a wandering mason who was always poor, got drunk whenever he could, and in his cups spoke lightly of ruling powers and church authorities and doctrines.

farmer's neighbours attended fairs, visited towns, were at markets; but this his sons and daughters did—he he was not given to buying and selling. It was not in his wife, until she became old, was the better adapted of the he always kept the money bag, paid the bills, and when er he lost his right hand, and was never the same man ds. He dozed on through the next twenty years, doing ive work, leaving all to his children to do. He would on the mountain, in the little lane, or amongst the a listless, aimless manner, when the weather was fine. was not fine he would sit right through the day by ide, joining in the meals, placid, and speaking little; e going down of the sun he went to bed. It was a om the hearty, old, loud-talking man of the mountains, atural one. It was the quiet fading of the year. The spring, the robust summer, followed by the quiet ve autumn.

larly enough—and yet not singular if we note the annals, which include so many grey hairs in the list—he died in the early days of winter, and though age was not abrupt, the hueless leaf fluttering tran- the ground, yet great the void in the old homestead district. “Big” was the funeral, hearty the comments long good life; and though in the grandsire's chair ouths now clamber, memory for many a day will fill it absent form.

ld man of ninety has still his congeners amongst the ns. Many I know, primitive and conservative in their l moods; but the race is thinning rapidly. The sons igher schools, enter the professions. Some are mining s, others engaged in the midst of London life. The rs go to boarding schools, and in the holidays bright-eyed rom English homes visit them, and are enraptured with s, and the ravines, and the mountain land, and take terest in the simple incidents of farm life, and become ver rural episodes. So come in the changing elements, away the old.

mountain wanderings I stood one day near an isolated use, approached by a long and narrow lane, a place cut civilisation, to which the “post” and the “news- could only go once a week. And so loitering there, to the ripple of a “burn” and the faint sounds of s, I saw coming a sledge kind of cart, and there on a dried fern was a London made piano! “For young said John, smiling with his eyes and teeth, “back from u see.” And into the old farm house it was carried; roomy, raftered, ham and bacon laden kitchen, and ith the faultlessly clean china and platters of the old

WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.

housewife in the best room, with its hand polished furniture, its best clock that had been silent many a day, staring toward the hermetically closed window.

The intrusion set me musing when on my long homeward journey. The "eternal, the everlasting hills" had merited the term, the old homesteads and changeless architecture, the ways and habits from grandfather to grandchild have all been in keeping; so, too, the bleat of sheep, the lowing of herds, the murmur of rivulet, the cawing of rooks, and cadence of lark; but the London made piano, the book lore, and trained manners will blend with deeper tilled acres, fir planted lands altered homestead. Sounds of collier labour, of train and machinery will vary the sounds of old, and higher than the hills will soar the engine stacks, which every year, like pioneers are intruding into old solitudes and changing all things.

AP ADDA.

MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's *Doctor Claudius*, although unquestionably clever and abounding in passages of beauty and brilliancy, is not quite up to the standard of the same author's *Mr. Isaacs*, reviewed in a previous number of this magazine. The hero is a Heidelberg student, who at thirty falls in love with a dark-eyed Countess Margaret, whose husband, Count Alexis Alexandrovitch, of the Russian Guards, fell mortally wounded at the siege of Plevna. Just as the story opens Doctor Claudius hears of the death of a wealthy uncle at New York, whose fortune he in due time goes to claim. The voyage out is made in the yacht of an English Duke—a noble fellow, but rather stupid, one of a type which American writers delight to paint—in company with the Duke himself; his sister, a Lady Victoria; the Countess Margaret, her companion, and a Mr. Silas B. Barker, whose father was Claudius's uncle's partner in the firm of Barker and Lindstrand. Barker, like Artemus Ward's opossum, is a thoroughly "amoosin cuss," so much so that we are sorry the author should have made a scoundrel of him. Smitten with the charms of the Countess, Barker determines to lay siege, gets Claudius to make a return journey to Europe in search of proofs of his identity, and while his rival is out of the way proposes to the fair one, but only, of course, to be rejected. Claudius comes back to marry Margaret a greater hero than ever, for she finds out that he went away rather more on her account than his own, and that he has been successful in obtaining from the Czar a ukase revoking a decree of forfeiture, and continuing to her and her heirs the estates of her deceased husband, the succession to which had been compromised by her brother-in-law's relationships with some Nihilist conspirators. Besides his American cash, Claudius finds himself in possession of a title—mysterious marriage of mother with a person of high degree, result Claudius, sealed packets, and so on; the reader knows the trick—and landed estates in Europe. Of course, hero and heroine pair off, and are happy ever after. Mr. Crawford, with true Yankee conceit, moralises occasionally over the decadence of everything not Yankee. "Alas! the generation of those English boys and girls," he says in one place, "is

growing rarer day by day; and a mealy-faced, over-cerebrated people are springing up who, with their children again, in trying to rival the brain work of foreigners, with larger skulls and more in them, forget that their English forefathers have always done everything by sheer strength and bloodshed, and can as easily hope to accomplish anything by skill as a whale can expect to dance upon the tight-rope." This is positively funny. The foreigners, with larger skulls and more in them—we will not go back to Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton, Watt, or even to Walter Scott—are yet a long way from producing a Darwin; they cannot show a Dickens or a Thackeray; they have not a Carlyle or a Tennyson, a Tyndall or a Huxley. Larger skulls and more in them—faugh! Mr. Crawford needs just a word of caution. He is young; he mustn't be flippant; it is beneath him. Above all, let him guard against being worked to death by a crew of rascally booksellers. Having found that he can write, they will stick to him like leeches, until the last drop of his life-blood is spent. The temptation to let the sucking go on unchecked is a tremendous one, but let him beware. We fancied we saw marks of the goad about *Doctor Claudius*, and the harnessed animal going too fast for his powers.

If the adulation of the literary quacks of the metropolis has not already induced you to take up Miss Peard's *Contradictions*, we would advise you to pass the book by, and take to some other. It is a miserably-written affair, the English being no better than a school girl's, and the French and Italian affectations which many a Cook's tourist would have better sense than to indulge in. It is a mystery to us how some things find publishers; how they obtain praise from journals having pretensions to candour and independence of judgment is a riddle of which the reading is easy.

Ottilie, an Eighteenth Century Idyl, is, on the other hand, a lovely little work. The plot is very slight; indeed there is no plot. The story is that of a talented youth of wilful ways, whose inconsiderate gratification of self ultimately ruins his own happiness and that of his family. It is in the unities of time and local colour, and in the simplicity of the diction, that the great charm of the book lies. The author is "Vernon Lee," of whom we may say that she is something more than an accomplished writer; she is a genius.

Mr. Swinburne's *Century of Roundels* is a failure. If they have any use at all it is that of showing that Pegasus can occasionally do duty as a dray horse. The harness sits awkwardly upon him, and his lumbering load appears at times to be more than he can draw. Roundel is English for *Rondeau*, a measure which used to be a favourite one with the older French poets. It is no more suited to the genius of the

English language than the *terza rima* of the Italians. Let us admit, however, that Mr. Swinburne has handled his oar in a way that no other similarly manacled Englishman could hope to emulate, although the late Dante Rossetti ran him a close race in his "Old Roundel" from the French of Villon. It may be interesting to compare notes—Rossetti's best with Swinburne's:—

AGES AGO.

Ages ago from the lips of a sad glad poet,
Whose soul was a wild dove lost in the whirling snow,
The soft keen plaint of his pain took voice to show it,
Ages ago.

So clear, so deep, the divine drear accents flow,
No soul that listens may choose but thrill to know it,
Pierced and wrung by the passionate music's throe,
For us there murmurs a nearer voice below it,
Known once of ears that never again shall know,
Now mute as the mouth which felt death's wave o'erflow it,
Ages ago.

This, in our opinion, is exquisite. Note the simile in the second line in the first stanza, and try to remember if you ever met anything like it for form and colour. Now for Swinburne:—

A Landscape by Courbet.

Low lies the mere beneath the moorside, still
And glad of silence: down the wood sweeps clear
To the utmost verge, where fed with many a rill
Low lies the mere.

The wind speaks only summer: eye nor ear
Sees aught at all of dark, hears aught of shrill,
From sound or shadow felt or fancied here.

Strange, as we praise the dead man's might and skill,
Strange that harsh thoughts should make such heavy cheer,
While, clothed with peace by heaven's most gentle will,
Low lies the mere.

This is Rossetti, and this is Swinburne, and this is Courbet for you—geniuses all three; but not one of them at his best.

Ouida's *Wanda* is, like all that lady's books, clever, and just a trifle wicked. The hero, Vassia Kazán, the illegitimate son of a Russian prince, Paul Zabaroff, by a peasant girl of the Ural, thrown upon his own resources after the death of his father, plunges into society, and lives so well by his wits, and a handsome daring person, that he at length wins the affections and the hand of the beautiful and wealthy Austrian Countess Wanda, who holds a sort of royal court at her Hohenzalras, up in the heart of her native mountains. Kazán, under the assumed title of the Marquis de Sabran, makes a most exemplary, not to say uxorious, husband. His cynical sister-in-law, the Countess Olga Brancka, can't stand the male who loves his own wife better than another man's. It is a fault she sets her pretty self about to cure, and the perverse fellow is at length brought to view the matter in the proper (French)

society light; the mocking "*Ah, quel mari amoureux!*" of the temptress being the last mesh of the net with which she entangles him. Now, however nice it may be for a man to be beloved by and to pay court to his neighbour's wife, the pleasure is not usually shared by either that wife's husband or the other wife. Hence the mess which the Marquis made in his domestic and other affairs. An estrangement, a separation, a physical catastrophe, and an all too late reconciliation with the much-injured Countess Wanda, wind up the misfortune and end the life of the brilliant villain-hero of probably a brilliant a three volume novel as any in the circulating library this season.

M. Ernest Renan's *Recollections of my Youth* is a work that has been pretty widely read and criticised. To do anything like justice to it a whole "Note" would be necessary. In the limited space at our disposal we can only say that the book is one of the most remarkable that has recently seen the light. The writer is frank to the point of self-condemnation as often as—and sometimes, we thought, oftener than—is necessary. His up-bringing among women and priests, his steps at the seminaries of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, Issy, and St. Sulpice, the gradations of thought by which he parted with devout Roman Catholicism for every bit as devout scepticism are all charmingly narrated, and we say again that no more remarkable a production has issued of late years from the French or any other press.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

The Marquess of Bute has accepted the post of president, recently conferred on him by the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University, in succession to Mr. Ruskin. His lordship will be back from his visit to Greece in good time to fulfil all the duties of the office with which he has been honoured.

We fancy the announcement is not a new one that we found in the *Athenæum* of December 22nd, to the effect that Mr. Quaritch proposes to publish "The Old Stone Crosses of the Vale of Clwyd and Neighbouring Parishes," together with some account of the ancient manners and customs and legendary lore connected with the churches, by the Rev. Elias Owen, M.A., Rector of Efenechtyd, and Diocesan Inspector of Schools. The crosses, sketched by the writer, are carefully described, and in the course of his journeys through the vale and the neighbouring parishes he has gathered together stories of curious bygone customs, some of which were witnessed by the narrators, and of ecclesiastical usages which have long passed away.

Mr. James Palmer Budd, of the Ystalyfera Iron Works, died in London on Sunday, the 6th inst., in the eighty-first year of his age. Mr. J. Palmer Budd always maintained a high position in the iron trade. He was the first to take the hot air from the top of the blast furnaces and use it for heating the steam boilers, &c., at Ystalyfera. By the introduction of this system an enormous economy has been effected in the manufacture of iron.

Dr. Rees, Swansea, has recently brought out a second edition of his *History of Nonconformity*. Mr. Herber Evans and Dr. John Thomas, Liverpool, have gone to the joint expense of presenting a copy of the work to every Welsh student in every college throughout England and Wales. Lucky author!

A distinct hint on a new work in course of preparation by the noble owner of Cardiff Castle is supplied by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, the well-known Shakspearian scholar, who, writing to *Notes and Queries* on the subject, "Powis Horses, temp. Edw. I.," says:—These occur very often in a list of war and baggage horses now in type for a book for the Marquess of Bute. As all the other horses are described by their colour, it was at first supposed that *Powis* or *Powys* was a colour. Having been asked on the point and not being able to find the

name of a colour that would suit, I was driven to the conclusion that the horses were Welsh ones, from the district of Powy:—in Wales. I then referred the point to my learned friend Professor Paul Meyer, of the College de France, &c., and his answer settles the question:—"Powis horses are Spanish (originally) horses, imported into Wales by the Norman Earl of Salou, Robert de Belesme. See Giraldus Cambrensis, *Itinerarium Cambriae*, ii. (Camden, *Anglica*, p. 875): 'In hætertia Walliæ portione quæ Powissa dicitur sunt equitia (*studiorum*) peroptiona et equi emissarii laudatissimi, de Hispanensium equorum generositate, quos olim comes Slopesburia, Robertus Belesmo in fines istos adduci caraverat, originaliter propagat. So it means a sort of Welsh horse, as you rightly suppose."

Mr. Chas. Stewart Parnell, M.P., the well-known leader of the Irish Nationalist Party in the Commons, must have Welsh blood in his veins if a "Life" of him recently published at Dublin is to be trusted. His mother, Mrs. Delia Parnell's grandmother was a Tudor, and the lady prides herself upon the fact of her descent from a family which she says was "of Spanish origin and afterwards settled in Wales."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, G. L. Fenton, San Remo, says that the author of the beautiful hymn, "Lo! He comes with Clouds Descending," as well as of the tune to which it is generally sung, was Thomas Olivers, a Welsh shoemaker, born 1725.

An interesting question is asked by the Rev. C. S. Ward, vicar of Wootton, Basingstoke. He wants to know the derivation and meaning of the name "Cynicht" given to the fine Welsh mountain rising in a bold cone at the head of Traethmawr. If this spelling of the name, which is that of the Ordnance Survey, be correct, the rev. gentleman thinks it is certainly not Welsh.

Some extracts are made by the *Athenæum* from a paper read by Dr. René Collignon before the Parisian Society of Anthropology entitled "An Elementary Anthropometric Study of the Principal Races of France," from which we learn that in the course of experiments tried on 100 recruits from departments reported to have a Celtic population, 100 from those reputed to be Kymric, 50 Lorrainers, and 30 from the Mediterranean department of the Pyrénées Orientales, the average height of these 280 Frenchmen is 65.2 inches, as follows:—Mediterranean, 64.4; Celtic, 64.5; Kymric, 65.4; Lorrainers, 66.8. The information is, unfortunately, not distributed according to age; the mean height of British recruits being 65½ inches at 17 years of age, rising to 67 at 22. The average stature of British adult males is distributed by the Anthropometric Committee into racial elements as follows:—Early British, 66.6 inches; Saxon, 67.2; Scandinavian, 68.3; Anglian, 68.7. Both series

of observations, therefore, give the advantage in point of height to races of Northern origin. Dr. Collignon makes the curious observation that while the length of arm increases with the stature, the height of the head and the circumference of the thorax diminish as stature increases. He considers the length of the trunk to be specially affected by race, being least in the Celtic, intermediary in the Kymric, and greatest in the Mediterranean departments. The volume of the head increases with the stature, but not in proportion with it; the length of the various segments of the face, especially the nasal region, increases proportionately with the stature. The influence of race is all-powerful in the proportions of the head; brachycephaly is accompanied by a tendency to prolongation of the nose. These observations, and others equally noteworthy, are enforced by ingeniously arranged diagrams.

Miss Eliza Vaughan, St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, the authoress of the admirable written poem of the "Tournament" in last month's issue of this Magazine, is a tragedienne, playwright, and journalist of considerable note. She announces herself at liberty to accept engagements as a leading actress in legitimate drama. Her *répertoire* includes Joan of Arc, Jane Shore, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Lucrezia Borgia, Romeo and Juliet, Lady of Lyons, Leah, East Lynne, Lady Audley's Secret, Lady Clancarty, and Pygmalion and Galatea. She can also arrange for the production of her own dramas, and is a competent directress of amateur entertainments. Authors or editors requiring assistance in the revision or production of poems, articles, &c., might consult her with advantage. The *Red Dragon* of next month will contain a charming ballad from her pen, entitled "The Loves of Edith and Ronald."

Mr. Brinley Richards delivered a lecture on New Year's evening before a meeting of the members of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society on the subject "Music, Ancient and Modern." The *Eastern Morning News* came out next day with a long report of the proceedings, which winds up with the statement that "the lecture throughout was a treat rarely enjoyed by lovers of music in Hull."

DRACONIGENÆ.

A correspondent writes :—There are one or two inaccuracies in the description of the Wynns last month that it will well to correct. Referring to Mr. Askew Robert's *Wynnstay and the Wynns*, published in 1876, I find it there stated that Mr. Watkin Williams, eldest son of the second Sir William Williams, of Llanvorda, Oswestry, inherited Wynnstay through the will of his kinsman, the last Sir John Wynn of the Gwy line, who died in 1719. Sir John did not succeed to the Gwydir estates, and come into possession of Wynnstay (then Watstay) by marriage with the daughter of Eyton Evans, the owner. The family estates of the Wynns descended in the female line, from the first Sir John, to Lady Willoughb D'Eresby, who now possesses them. With the death of Sir John in 1719, the title ceased, and the new possessor of Wynnstay, who took the additional name of Wynn, did not become baronet until his father, Sir William Williams, died in 1742. Sir Henry Williams Wynn—grandson of the first Sir Watkin and a Knight—was the father of the present Lady William Wynn, of Wynnstay, and died at Llanvorda (not Llanvord) the house previously mentioned. Another of his daughters was married to Count, not Prince, Bismarck.

* * *

The Right Honourable Charles W. W. Wynn was the lifelong friend of Southey the poet, and for some years allowed him £200 a year out of his private purse. It was he who gave the Bishopric of Calcutta to Heber. His remarkable knowledge of Parliamentary precedents gained for him the sobriquet "Small Journal Wynn," and it is said that on one occasion when he fainted in the House of Commons, Lord Brougham suggested that an Act of Parliament should be held under his nose, as the familiar smell would soon revive him! One of his daughters, Charlotte, was a remarkable woman, as her published letters show, and his son, the late Member for Montgomeryshire, is now Recorder of Oswestry.

* * *

"If 'Harper' offends some ears polite," writes "Jarco," "has an 'alternative' term by all means, good Editor, and follow up by such varieties as Trumpetist, Singist, and Conducti Whether 'Pianner,' as you suggest, will be successful is doubtful question; because, if it got into general use, we should be at a loss to know whether Betsy Jane was referring to the 'Playist,' or to the instrument, when she used the 'alternative' in this form."

* * *

Our friend is evidently determined to have the last word. He should not have had his way, though, if their had been *anything* in his rejoinder to reply to.





*Yours faithfully
Daniel Thomas*

BRIEF MEMOIR

SEE PAGE 2

the \mathbb{R}^n -valued function \mathbf{f} is a solution of the system (1) if and only if

$$\mathbf{f}'(x) = \mathbf{A}(x)\mathbf{f}(x) + \mathbf{b}(x), \quad (2)$$

where $\mathbf{A}(x) = (a_{ij}(x))$ and $\mathbf{b}(x) = (b_1(x), \dots, b_n(x))$ are $n \times n$ and $n \times 1$ matrices, respectively, of continuous functions on I .

Let $\mathbf{f}_1, \dots, \mathbf{f}_n$ be n linearly independent solutions of the homogeneous system

$$\mathbf{f}'(x) = \mathbf{A}(x)\mathbf{f}(x). \quad (3)$$

Then the general solution of (1) is given by $\mathbf{f}(x) = \mathbf{f}_h(x) + \mathbf{f}_p(x)$, where

$$\mathbf{f}_h(x) = c_1\mathbf{f}_1(x) + \dots + c_n\mathbf{f}_n(x), \quad (4)$$

and $\mathbf{f}_p(x)$ is a particular solution of (1). The functions c_1, \dots, c_n are arbitrary constants.

Let $\mathbf{f}_1, \dots, \mathbf{f}_n$ be n linearly independent solutions of the homogeneous system (3).

Let $\mathbf{f}_p(x)$ be a particular solution of (1). Then the general solution of (1) is given by

$$\mathbf{f}(x) = \mathbf{f}_h(x) + \mathbf{f}_p(x), \quad (5)$$

where $\mathbf{f}_h(x) = c_1\mathbf{f}_1(x) + \dots + c_n\mathbf{f}_n(x)$ and c_1, \dots, c_n are arbitrary constants.

Let $\mathbf{f}_1, \dots, \mathbf{f}_n$ be n linearly independent solutions of the homogeneous system (3).

Let $\mathbf{f}_p(x)$ be a particular solution of (1). Then the general solution of (1) is given by

$$\mathbf{f}(x) = \mathbf{f}_h(x) + \mathbf{f}_p(x), \quad (6)$$

where $\mathbf{f}_h(x) = c_1\mathbf{f}_1(x) + \dots + c_n\mathbf{f}_n(x)$ and c_1, \dots, c_n are arbitrary constants.

Let $\mathbf{f}_1, \dots, \mathbf{f}_n$ be n linearly independent solutions of the homogeneous system (3).

Let $\mathbf{f}_p(x)$ be a particular solution of (1). Then the general solution of (1) is given by

$$\mathbf{f}(x) = \mathbf{f}_h(x) + \mathbf{f}_p(x), \quad (7)$$

where $\mathbf{f}_h(x) = c_1\mathbf{f}_1(x) + \dots + c_n\mathbf{f}_n(x)$ and c_1, \dots, c_n are arbitrary constants.

Let $\mathbf{f}_1, \dots, \mathbf{f}_n$ be n linearly independent solutions of the homogeneous system (3).

Let $\mathbf{f}_p(x)$ be a particular solution of (1). Then the general solution of (1) is given by

$$\mathbf{f}(x) = \mathbf{f}_h(x) + \mathbf{f}_p(x), \quad (8)$$

where $\mathbf{f}_h(x) = c_1\mathbf{f}_1(x) + \dots + c_n\mathbf{f}_n(x)$ and c_1, \dots, c_n are arbitrary constants.

Let $\mathbf{f}_1, \dots, \mathbf{f}_n$ be n linearly independent solutions of the homogeneous system (3).

Let $\mathbf{f}_p(x)$ be a particular solution of (1). Then the general solution of (1) is given by

$$\mathbf{f}(x) = \mathbf{f}_h(x) + \mathbf{f}_p(x), \quad (9)$$

where $\mathbf{f}_h(x) = c_1\mathbf{f}_1(x) + \dots + c_n\mathbf{f}_n(x)$ and c_1, \dots, c_n are arbitrary constants.

NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS FOLEY.*

II.

Captain and Lady Lucy Foley resided chiefly after their marriage at Abermarlais.

The present house was built, by Captain Foley, not long after his purchase of the estate. It stands on slightly elevated ground, about a mile and a half from the small town of Llangadock, in Carmarthenshire. The old road from Llandilo to Llandovery passes near the east front of the mansion, which some forty years ago was surrounded on the south and west sides by a broad gravel walk, planted at its side with evergreens. The dining-room on the west side opened on a stone terrace, connected by a flight of steps with a lower terrace; and the same from the drawing-room on the south side. The front entrance on the north side opened into a circular hall, leading into a larger one, communicating with the principal rooms. A stone staircase led to the bedrooms above, which opened on a large landing. The drawing-room, a delightful one, looking full south, with three windows, has a view over the park and surrounding woods to the distant, picturesque Black Mountains. Out of the drawing-room, with the same aspect, was the library, a bright room, well filled with books and pictures. Here Sir Thomas passed his mornings. On the walls were hung, amongst other pictures, some engravings of the Battle of the Nile of an authenticity which is rare, as they were made from drawings taken on the spot by Capt. James Weir, commanding the Marines of H.M.S. *Audacious*. Out of this room was a smaller one with a spiral staircase, leading to the bedroom suite. To return to the west front, on the ground floor, the dining-room, with three windows, opened, as has already been said, on the broad stone terrace, and beyond was the gravel walk with masses of rhododendrons, a blaze of beauty when in blossom, with a distant view of the park and woods. The bedrooms were over the sitting-rooms, and all bright and warm. From the higher ones the Vale of Towy is seen, backed by

*A portrait of this worthy was given in the *Red Dragon* for last month.

the Brecknockshire hills. The park and plantations, especially the one called the Dingle, a deep ravine, were entirely planted by Lady Lucy Foley herself. Indeed the same may be said of the surrounding woods, with delightful walks and rides made through them, so as to bring out the beauties of this charming spot. The kitchen gardens were at some little distance from the house, on the further side of the Marlais, which was crossed by a rustic bridge. Passing the gardens you ascended through woods to the hamlet of Vellindre; and continuing your walk up a wooded path you reached the summit of the Van, a hill which stands sentinel over the peaceful woods and pastures at its feet, whilst through the lower grounds on the east side the little Marlais flows murmuring on, as though reluctant to lose its individuality by mingling with its greater neighbour, Towy.

A notice of Abermarlais would manifestly be incomplete without mentioning the *menhir* of stout proportions which stands at the entrance into the grounds. It has been passed over unnoticed in the Government survey; though the Druid stone in the grounds of Dan-yr-Allt, in the same district, has been carefully marked. Neither of them bears any inscription; their age is probably greater than that of the art of writing, or commemorating by inscription. Also on the east the bowling green, in the age of chivalry, was one of the largest tilting yards in South Wales, which was often the scene of grand tournaments.

Though residing chiefly at Abermarlais as we have said, Captain and Lady Lucy Foley frequently visited London, where they resided at No. 1, Manchester Square. Towards the end of 1803 Captain Foley had the misfortune to lose his brother, Mr. Richard Foley, and on that occasion received from Lord Nelson the following letter of sympathy:—
 “How little, my dear Foley, do we know who is to go first. Gracious God! I am sure to all appearances he was more likely to see us pass away than we him. My dear Foley, I only desire that you will always charge yourself in reminding me of your nephew,* in whatever station I may be. I should be most ungrateful if I could for a moment forget your public support of me in the day of battle, or your private friendship, which I esteem most highly; therefore, as far as relates to you, your nephew, and myself, let this letter stand against me. I was glad to see that Freemantle had got his old ship again. If you are employed, I think the Mediterranean would suit you better than the Black Rocks, North Seas, or West Indies, and I shall

* Richard Foley, son of the late Richard Foley, Esq., of Haverfordwest, entered the navy as a midshipman in the *Elephant*, 74, in the year 1800. After Copenhagen he served in the *Medusa*, and in 1806 was wounded at the siege of the Trinity Islands. He obtained post rank in 1814, and died in that rank, s. p.

be truly happy to have you near me, and to have frequent opportunities of personally assuring you how much I am, my dear Foley, your faithful and affectionate friend, Nelson and I unite."

Unfortunately in the year 1805 Captain Foley's health failed; otherwise, another brilliant chapter would have been added to his already eventful life. Intelligence having reached England that the combined fleets of France and Spain had entered the harbour of Cadiz, Lord Nelson immediately applied for the command of the British fleet, then cruising before that place under the orders of Vice-Admiral Collingwood. His services were as willingly accepted as they were offered, and Lord Barham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, giving him the Navy List, bade him choose his own officers. Passing through London from Merton, his first step was to call in Manchester Square on his old friend and companion on the sea, and to offer him the highest position his rank would allow—that of Captain of his Fleet. Captain Foley, however, felt that his state of health made it quite impossible for him to accept the flattering and touching offer of so arduous a position.

Lady Lucy Foley, in an original letter now before us, and which is hereafter transcribed *in extenso*, says:—"Lord Nelson expressed his regret in a manner so strong and so affecting as to have made a great impression on my memory." One can well imagine the scene in that house in Manchester Square—the great captain, foreseeing the near approach of one of the decisive battles of the world," was doubtless eager to have by his side his old comrade in arms—the one who had led him long that royal road to the victory of the Nile, in his own words—"not a victory but a conquest," who had listened with congenial ear to his bitter sarcasm at Copenhagen, when No. 39" was signalled, to whom he had felt on that occasion under the greatest obligation, whose "advice was necessary on many and important occasions during the battle."

And on Foley's part surely deep regret was there. One can hardly conceive a more interesting scene, or to him a more trying occasion. His old comrade, whose transcendent genius and undaunted courage as a great sea officer he had himself so often witnessed, one whose glory was recognised by all the world, coming personally to offer him companionship in that culminating, but alas! clouded, scene of triumph which one of them certainly anticipated; it must have gone hard with the author of the manœuvre at Aboukir Bay to feel compelled to decline his share in the hero's further exploits. But the demands which nature imposes upon frail humanity are sometimes irresistible, and so it must have been in this case, for nothing short of conviction of his own physical unfitness could have allowed Captain Foley to decline such an invitation.

We need not dwell on the national mourning, outweighing the national rejoicing, which followed Trafalgar. To few could the agony have been so great as to the subject of our notice.

From the year 1805 to 1811 Captain and Lady Lucy Foley passed their time chiefly at Abermarlais, dispensing a generous hospitality to their friends and acquaintances. In the year 1809 an interesting occurrence took place in the family of Lady Lucy Foley. Her first cousin, Major Charles Napier (afterwards the hero of Meeanee), had been severely wounded whilst leading the 50th Regiment at the battle of Corunna. He was returned as killed in the official despatches, having been taken prisoner in advance of and without the knowledge of his own men, his life being saved by a French drummer, named Guibert. His family went into mourning for him, and his will was actually proved at Doctor's Commons. But after being most kindly treated by Marshals Ney and Soult, he was sent to England on parole;* and amongst the other rejoicings of his family must be chronicled a ball given by Lady Lucy Foley at Abermarlais Park; so that the hero of Scinde was duly honoured in Carmarthenshire more than thirty years before he made his mark as one of the great captains of the age.

In 1811 Captain Foley became Rear-Admiral, and on the 11th of March received some recognition of his services, by being appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Downs, with his head-quarters at Deal. Deal was in those days an important point on the Channel. Being within a few miles of Dover, it watched the enemy's coast during the desultory naval warfare which ensued after the destruction of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar, and was the head-quarters of an important force occupied in guarding the Channel. Sir Thomas (who became Vice-Admiral on the 12th of May, 1812) held this command until the close of the war in 1814. During that period upward of thirty of the enemy's cruisers were taken or destroyed by H.M. ships and vessels under his command. In the latter part of his term of office a curious incident occurred, which we will relate. On the 21st of February, 1814, a horseman arrived at the Commander-in-Chief's offices, bearing a despatch, which he desired might be immediately placed in Admiral Foley's hands. The despatch ran as follows:—

Dover, one o'clock a.m.,

21st February, 1814.

Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you that the *L'Aigle* from Calais, Pierre Duguin, master, has this moment landed me near Dover, to proceed to the capital

"The Government sent a frigate to ascertain his fate. Baron Clouet received the flag, and hastened to inform Ney. "Let him see his friends and tell them he is well, and well treated," was the Marshal's response. Clouet looked earnestly, but moved not; and Ney, smiling, asked why he waited. "He has an old mother—a widow, and blind." "Has he? Let him go then and tell her himself that he is alive."

th despatches of the happiest nature. I have pledged my honour that no harm all come to the crew of the *L'Aigle*, even with a flag of truce they immediately and for sea. Should they be taken I have to entreat you immediately to liberate them. My anxiety will not allow me to say more for your gratification than at the allies have obtained a final victory, that Bonaparte was overtaken by a party of Sacken's Cossacks, who immediately *slaid (sic)* him and divided his body between them. General Platoff saved Paris from being reduced to ashes; the allied sovereigns are there, and the white cockade is universal. An immediate peace is certain. In the utmost haste I entreat your consideration, and give the honour to be, your most obedient and humble servant,

R. DE BOURGH, Lieutenant-Colonel,
and Aide de Camp to Lord Cathcart.

To the Honourable T. Foley, Port Admiral, Deal.

The horseman bearing this despatch, after delivering it to Admiral Foley, requested that its contents might be immediately telegraphed by semaphore to London. Whilst the messenger was being served with refreshments, he stated, probably in his confusion, that he had ridden his horse forty miles. Admiral Foley's coachman, Henry Southwell by name, a native of Haverfordwest, on hearing this, asked to speak to the admiral. On being admitted he said "the messenger who has just arrived states that he has ridden his horse forty miles. That cannot be true, for the horse shows no signs of such a journey." Admiral Foley's suspicions were aroused, and he determined to send the supposed despatch by mail in the ordinary way to the Government.

The letter proved to be a concoction of certain speculators for the purpose of producing a rise in the public funds. The delay in forwarding the message, however, defeated the scheme, and a careful examination of the original document, its errors, and its composition, together with the inconsistency of the 'forty miles' story, threw suspicion upon its character, and although a rise was effected to some extent in public securities, the great fraud which was intended was prevented by the sagacity of Southwell.

Upon the foundation afforded by this letter was instituted the Government prosecution of Lord Cochrane and others. The heroic patriotism of that day did not clothe itself in Liberal garments; party spirit ran high, and judges and juries were prejudiced against those who entertained advanced opinions. Lord Cochrane, as gallant and honourable a sailor as ever fought in the great wars of England, was a Liberal in politics, and on the most intimate terms of friendship with Sir Francis Burdett, the Liberal member for Westminster, and, without being ill-natured, one may perhaps conceive the existence of a hope that if a verdict of guilty could be obtained, that party generally would be hopelessly discredited. Some slight circumstances of suspicion were taken as proofs, and the desired verdict was obtained. Lord Cochrane, however, lived to see his great name cleared from all knowledge of the

conspiracy, and he descended to his grave half a century afterwards with the respect and admiration of his countrymen, as one of their most distinguished and honourable officers, and as one who had been prominent in great deeds even in an age when valour was not rare, and who admitted no difficulty where his services were required.

On the termination of his command at Deal, at the close of the war, Admiral Foley received the Knight Commandership of the Bath, and was thenceforth Sir Thomas Foley. He retired again to Abermarlais, and with the exception of occasional visits to London and Paris passed the next fifteen years amongst the pleasures of a country life, superintending the improvement of his estate, interesting himself in the welfare of his tenantry, and exercising a genial hospitality towards his neighbours, in all of which he was affectionately seconded by Lady Lucy. They were assisted in the management of the estate in those now long past days by the excellent advice and assistance of the late John Lewis, Esq., of Bryneithin, near Llandilo, a man of sterling worth, ability, and independence in his profession. He survived Sir Thomas Foley eighteen years, during nearly the whole of which time the management of Abermarlais was left entirely in his hands by Lady Lucy, who had the highest respect for his character. He died in 1850, only a few weeks before her.

In the year 1825 the admiral of the fleet, His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV., paid a visit to Pembroke Dockyard, and on his return was met by his old comrade, Sir Thomas Foley, and Lady Lucy near what is now termed Abermarlais Gate. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duchess, afterwards Queen Adelaide. A triumphal arch had been erected for the Royal visitors to pass under, and when they reached the point of intersection a warm greeting took place between the Royal Admiral and his old companion in arms before the Royal party passed on their route.

On the 12th April, 1815, Admiral Foley was invested with the Knight Commandership of the Bath, and with the Grand Cross of that Order on June 8th, 1820, at Carlton House. In 1830 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, in succession to Admiral Sir Robert Stopford. He appointed Captain Hyde Parker* his Flag Captain and Lieutenant Gayton his Flag Lieutenant, and took up his residence in what has been since known as Government House in the High Street, which was then the official residence of the admirals, commanders-in-chief, but which has been recently

*This well known and distinguished officer died First Sea Lord of the Admiralty in 1854. His eldest son, also Captain Hyde Parker, was killed at sea during the Crimean war in 1854.

appropriated as the offices of the staff of the S.W. district. Directly opposite is the old George Hotel, where Nelson lodged the night before his departure in the *Victory* on the last voyage he was destined to take. It is said that when he was at the point of leaving the hotel by the front entrance he found the crowd assembled to cheer him so dense that he turned round, and passed through the house into Penny Street, with the intention of getting unperceived to the beach at Southsea, where his barge was waiting to take him on board the *Victory*; but the crowd guessed the manœuvre and ran round so as to intercept him at the corner of Green Row. The crowd most insisted on shaking hands with him, and he is said to have expressed his sorrow that he had only one hand to offer them! The spot where he embarked is close by Southsea Common, and is marked by the then anchor of the *Victory*, with an inscription put up by the order of Lord Frederick Fitzlarence, Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth in 1848.

Sir Thomas Foley was not destined again to see his dear Abermarlais. He continued to hold the command at Portsmouth until his death, in January, 1833. We cannot more appropriately close this memoir of his life than by quoting the following paragraph, taken from *The United Service Journal* of 1833, part I. :—

“On the night of the 9th of January the Naval Commander-in-Chief of the port, Admiral Sir Thomas Foley, G.C.B., and Rear Admiral of the United Kingdom, died at the Admiralty House in High Street. This venerable and distinguished officer succeeded Admiral Sir Robert Stopford in May, 1830, and consequently would have been relieved in May next if the word of death had spared him so long. Few officers have seen more service than Sir Thomas Foley. He was a lieutenant in the service of the ships in Lord Rodney’s action, and was promoted to the rank of commander in 1782. In 1807 Sir Thomas Foley was appointed to a colonelcy of Marines, which he retained until, on the 28th April following, he was promoted to the rank of rear admiral. In 1811 he succeeded the late Sir George Campbell as commander-in-chief in the Downs, and remained there until the termination of the war. Sir Thomas became a Vice-admiral on the 12th August, 1812, and was nominated a G.C.B. on the origin of that distinction on the 2nd January, 1815, and in 1820 was invested a G.C.B. His state of health for some time past precluded him from entering much into the gaieties of life, but he was esteemed for the most unbounded generosity and hospitality by numerous old officers and companions in arms, and was considered a most entertaining and delightful companion by all who were admitted to his society. His remains were publicly interred in the Garrison Chapel with great pomp on the 16th inst., the naval and

military authorities attending." The coffin in which he was interred was constructed of oak saved from his old ship, the *Elephant*, when she was broken up.

Sir Thomas Foley's personal appearance was described as having been handsome and attractive. He was above six feet in height, of a fine presence and figure, with light brown hair, blue eyes of a gentle expression, and with a mouth combining firmness with good humour; his general appearance being very taking. The engraving which accompanies this narrative has been taken from a photographic copy of a portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A., in the possession of H. Foley Vernon, Esq., of Hanbury Hall, Worcestershire, a collateral descendant of Sir Thomas Foley. Mr. Vernon, with much consideration, immediately consented to our application to be allowed to engrave the copy, and we are thus enabled, by his courtesy, to preface the biography with the best likeness extant of his gallant and distinguished ancestor.

Sir Thomas died without issue.

Before bringing this memoir to a close we are tempted to place before our readers two very striking and remarkable letters written four years after Admiral Foley's death. The first is from the pen of one who was then a major-general on half pay, but who is now known in history as General Sir Charles Napier, the hero and conqueror of Scinde. It is addressed to his cousin, Lady Lucy Foley.

3rd July, 1837, Cheltenham.

My Dear Cousin,—I have seen an account in the *United Service Journal* which gives Lord Nelson the credit of what your husband did at the Nile. This I shall answer as soon as I am prepared, paying all due attention to Lord Nelson's glory, but claiming for Sir Thomas that which belongs to him. In doing this I shall write as one detesting Foley, as Nelson would himself speak, not as one who would detract from the glory of the hero, but as one who would not see that glory tarnished by gilding it with another man's gold. Both Lord Nelson's family and your own must approve of this. As Fanny's* husband, and your cousin, I have a right to do this, and if any other members of Sir Thomas' family think they can do it better, my attempt is no hindrance to them; and now I want to go further, but not without your approbation. Sir Thomas was one of Lord Nelson's Paladins, and I want to write his life. Collingwood's has been written: others have been written; yet none earned more fame, or were more intimate with Nelson than Sir Thomas. Far be it from me to say that I can do it in a manner worthy of him, still less can I add to his renown; but unless some one collects his history into a piece of biography, he will soon be heard of only as an actor in victories, whose history will be told only to notice Nelson; that is to say, he will be forgotten, who, among them all, was perhaps most worthy of being recorded! If there is any one that will undertake this, and whom you think will do it better, I have nothing to say; but if you think me able to write his life I will not only do so, but do so with much pleasure. If you will furnish me with materials I will give my time, and write a book which will very possibly gratify Fanny and your family, especially yourself, for if I do it well or ill still he will be known. I am the only one that can lose; but I am willing to risk my small credit as an author, and my money in printing the book. Now, tell me all you think about this. I have talked over the matter with my sister

* Lady Napier was great niece to Sir Thomas Foley, being descended from one of the Miss Herberts, of Court Henry, sister and co-heiress with Sir Thomas's mother.

Folly,* who is most eager for me to do it; and as to Fanny, she, of course, thinks it derogatory to the fair fame of her uncle to have such a Radical mixed with it! Mind, if I write the book, I shall not write as either Whig, Tory, or Radical, but to say what is truth! Adieu, my dear Lady Lucy, and believe me always yours affectionately,

To Lady Lucy Foley, Abermarlais.

C. J. NAPIER.

Lady Lucy Foley's reply—

1st August, 1837.

Thirty-nine years since the battle of the Nile.

My Dearest Cousin.—When you propose to write the life of my much loved Admiral Foley, you must be very sure that the proposal is most grateful to my feelings. That you would write it better than any one else I certainly think—as I believe all the world would think—but when you propose that I shall furnish you with material I know not what to say! Heaven knows how willing I should be to give my poor aid if it could avail so far as to perpetuate the memory of those virtues, which in a peculiar manner were the characteristics of Sir Thomas Foley. The mere statement of them unadorned by any advantages of style, such as you would give it, might perhaps so far be useful as offering to youth this one remark, namely, that if Admiral Foley's career was marked with glory; if few have been more honoured and esteemed, and beloved; if without friends or patronage he rose to the highest distinction in his profession, these advantages all arose to him from that strong sense of duty which was the sole spring and motive of all his actions.

I may say that thirty years' observation of his noble mind never led me to derive any other. As he was very free to own this motive, I have sometimes thought that an intimate acquaintance with Admiral Foley's character had suggested to Lord Nelson in idea the happy apostrophe which he addressed to his fleet before the last great day of Trafalgar.

If it had depended on Lord Nelson, Captain Foley would have been by his side that memorable occasion. He had called upon us in Manchester Square as soon as he had received from the Admiralty the command of the fleet, anxious to secure his friend Foley the highest rank in that fleet, which, as a captain, he could hold, that of Captain of the Fleet.

My husband was at that time in such exceeding bad health as to be obliged to refuse, at which Lord Nelson expressed his regret in a manner so strong and so affecting as to have made a very great impression on my memory. You are no doubt aware that owing to the want of influence at the Admiralty in his early youth he got his promotion as Post Captain too late in life to allow of his commanding those fleets which bore such distinguished honours in the war of the French Revolution, as scarcely to leave a hope of their being exceeded by the generations to come; but short of the command of a fleet every distinction was granted to him which his rank in the service could bear; never courting those honours, he won their esteem by a conduct always perfect.

His modest expression to me was: "I had ever the honour to find them more favourable to me than I had any reason to expect." When occasionally I have regretted that his rank in the service was not at that time more advanced, he would good humouredly scold me for knowing so little of the service as to object; "Why are you not higher?" That *why* never troubled him, since, as he said, he had performed his duty. He looked no further. The quality called by the French *bonhomme* was very marked in his pleasing character. Always pleasing it was; to all that remember it but to feel, alas! with keen regret that they shall never meet anything like it again.

But, my dear Cousin, this his endearing character in his family is not all that you would have to write of (and who can write, think, or speak of war's terrific glories as you can, my Cousin?), and where shall we find the records of his deeds? I can give you no assistance beyond what is to be found, I suppose, in the Herald's Office, from whence he was many years ago directed to send a written account of his naval career (on the occasion, I think, of his Banner of the Knight Grand

* Lady Bunbury, the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart., K.C.B., author of *Narratives of some Passages in the Great War with France* (London, Bentley, 1854). Sir William Napier, the historian of the great war in the Peninsula, is said to have declared that this work made him dissatisfied with his own, so admirably was it written.

Cross of the Bath being to be placed in some particular situation, whether permanently or on some particular occasion I am not aware. He wrote out the account, because, as he observed to me, "he was desired to do so," adding, "I wish I could make it shorter."* And this mere list of the actions he was in was not short, my dear Cousin, I saved a rough copy, which must be among my papers, which are now at Arundel. As to the mistake which I find by your letter that the writer in the *United Service Journal* has fallen into, he has probably copied an erroneous account which was given very soon after the battle; by whose agency it is needless now to enquire, since Lord Nelson himself subsequently acknowledged the truth in the fullest manner, and the truth was that Captain Foley, without instruction (save the general one of forming the line of battle), and following the impulse of genius, uncontrollable at the moment, imagined and at the same instant performed the manœuvre on which the success of the battle is said to have depended. I can furnish you with no further account of this, or of any of the engagements he was in, for although I could have listened for evermore to hear him and his friends converse on the subject, and although my attention was riveted to the observation of the calm, cool courage, the tranquil self-possession in the hours of danger described, which could seize every circumstance of advantage which could tend to victory; and in the midst of battle feel and practise every degree of tender humanity towards the sufferers, yet beyond this my weak woman's understanding failed to comprehend so as to arrange into any order of recital those great deeds. I have heard that even the sea terms belonging to naval discipline, and their meaning may be quickly learned, yet that to understand them, even through the medium of those terms when acquired, the merits or demerits, or disadvantages of any manœuvre on the sea is nearly impossible to any one not having received a naval education.

To write this history so as to delight your readers, the most discriminating, the most accomplished, your genius, my dear Cousin, is sure of effecting, but will you be enabled to write for the veterans of the sea service? And will you be satisfied, in fact, to write for any but them? I mean for their approval of your descriptions? While books remain to be printed and read, your brother's book will be immortal: so should yours be, for you are brothers in talent, you have difficulties to meet which he had not, but it is my earnest wish that you should accomplish your kind proposal if you can do so to satisfy yourself. This is a safe test to guide one who has no vanity as an author, great powers, and a taste which he may rely on.

Affectionately yours,

LCCY FOLEY.

Sir Charles Napier did not forget his promised letter to the *United Service Journal*. Here it is:—

SIR THOMAS FOLEY AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Mr. Editor,—In an article entitled "Naval History," that appeared in the *United Service Journal* for last June, I observed the following paragraph, which circumstances of a private nature prevented my previously noticing. Speaking of the victory gained by Lord Nelson in Aboukir Bay, your correspondent says— "The position certainly presented the most formidable obstacles: but the English Admiral, with the eye of a seaman, immediately saw that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there must be room for one of ours to bring up; and though he had already made known his plan in case of finding the enemy at anchor, he now from the manner in which he saw them riding, resolved upon the smashing system of doubling upon the van and centre, so as to give each Frenchman a foe on the bow and quarter, knowing that the rear would be unable to weigh and succour their friends."

The article goes on to give a due commendation to this brilliant and prompt blow struck in fight, and which blow decided the great sea battle in the Bay of

*By the courtesy of Sir Albert Woods we have been allowed to see this record, and we are indebted to it for the facts stated in the account of Sir T. Foley's services. That it should have been so readily produced reflects no small credit on the careful arrangements of the College of Arms.

†The History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France—by Sir Charles Napier.

Aboukir. In all engagements we know that some circumstance occurs which, more than any other, destroys the balance between the contending hosts; and whether this circumstance happens late or early in the struggle, from that moment or crisis in the fight the current of the battle sets with the victor, and the doomed squadrons faint and perish, the desperate efforts of heroic bravery and the skilful application of such courageous exertions may prolong the fight—may add to, or diminish the slaughter, or the glory, but the day is lost. Such, Sir, was the nature of the decision taken at Aboukir, to pass between the French fleet and the shore. By this manœuvre the enemy's preparations for battle would be deranged. This advantage was, as your correspondent justly says, observed "with the eye of a seaman," and the blow was struck with the boldness of a hero, for it was the boldness of moral courage assuming the deepest responsibility. But, Sir, Lord Nelson was not the man who proved the adventure; the exploit was achieved by Sir Thomas Foley; the chivalrous commander of the *Goliath* began the action. He it was who in this critical moment saw that there was room to pass between the shore and the enemy's fleet; and though the orders of Lord Nelson were to attack the French on the *outrard* side, Foley, against those orders, passed *inside*, between the enemy's ships and the shore, thus incurring all the responsibility of disobedience, of getting aground, and of defeat—not the defeat of his own ship only, but of the whole fleet, already inferior to the enemy. Sir, the action was great in itself, and would have been great even in the great Nelson, but it was greater in the subordinate than in the chief.

Far be it from me to desire that any warlike deed achieved by Nelson should be disputed, but his actions can acquire no splendour by attributing to him the deeds of another man—a man who was both his friend and the companion of his glory. It is also known that Lord Nelson said, "had he seen the manœuvre in time, he would have made the signal for Foley not to go inside." The Victor of the Nile was too great to feel envy, nor desired to deprive Foley of the glory which attached to his intrepid conduct; on the contrary, Lord Nelson made that conduct more glorious and more public by his approbation. My being closely connected with the family of Sir Thomas Foley has induced me to write this letter, correcting an unintentional error in the *U.S. Journal*, and other valuable works, which correction, I have no doubt, the authors will approve of; for such biographical notices as these serve to free histories from those small but unavoidable errors incident to all great works.

I have the honour to be, your obedient Servant,

CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, Major-General.

Bath, August 1st, 1837,

Anniversary of the Battle of the Nile.

To return to Sir Charles's proposal to write Sir T. Foley's biography—nothing came of it. We cannot but think the public has lost a charming book, either through Lady Lucy Foley's fears for her cousin's literary reputation among sailors, or from Sir Charles having felt the same difficulty in obtaining facts for his hero's earlier life which we have ourselves experienced. Each with a genius for war on different elements, the hero of Meeanee would have done ample and sympathetic justice to the manœuvre of the Nile. We can only deplore the misfortune. Perhaps there was not time, for the great Sir Charles speedily emerged from his comparative obscurity, and was soon engaged in making history instead of writing it. It is, however, a curious commentary on fame, that one whose genius for war certainly stood alone in the East from 1843 to 1848, and who was forced into the chief command of the British army in India in 1849 by a resolute public, who knew that he had no equal, and who would not suffer jealousy on the part of

the East India Company to stand in the way of his appointment when there was believed to be real danger, is now seldom quoted as a military authority, or pointed to as a great soldier! Perhaps he must still wait. The memories of his conflict with the Company, his devotion to Lord Ellenborough, his war with corruption, his disregard of private interests where the public was concerned, his open contempt for the Indian newspapers in return for their anonymous attacks upon him, are still fresh. We hear of Pollock, of Gough, of Hardinge—never of the great Napier; yet those commanders, where they obtained victories, had all the armies of India in their thousands at their backs. Sir Charles made his name with a modest force of five hundred Queen's Troops, a wing of the 22nd Regiment, commanded by Colonel, afterwards Sir John, Pennefather, and one thousand Sepoys or so, against at least twenty thousand of the boldest and most warlike tribes of Beloochistan, posted in a position of their own choosing. His victory, after three hours' close fighting, sounds like a romance; yet he is seldom mentioned now. At the time it could be explained. The East India Company was all-powerful, and the grateful steam from the directors' kitchens could, if well directed, repay support and obscure much merit; but the feeling might have been supposed to have died away by this time. It appears, however, though the fires are out and the good cheer cleared away, that the ashes still have some vitality, if we may judge by some recent biographies and modern histories. One historian can see in Sir Charles Napier only the eccentricity of Lord Peterborough,* whilst another must surely excite the laughter of the Army by accusing Sir Charles of a carelessness in selecting the site of barracks for his soldiers.† As we have said, the hero of Meeanee must wait a little longer. The vapour will yet clear away, and his sun will shine again.

Curiously enough, his remains are interred within a few feet of those of Sir Thomas Foley—the one without, the other within the Garrison Chapel, or *Domus Dei*, at Portsmouth; and to carry coincidences still further, the maternal ancestor of both Sir Charles Napier and Lady Lucy Foley—King Charles II.—was married to Catherine, Princess of Portugal, in the same chapel. Truly, the world is small.

Our biography draws to a close, but it would be incomplete without a further reference to Lady Lucy Foley. During Sir Thomas's command at Portsmouth she endeared herself to the humbler inhabitants of that town by interesting herself in all works of charity and benevolence, and supporting to the best of her ability every good and useful object. Daily at the side door of the Admiralty Servants' Offices might be seen the

* McCarthy's "History of his Own Times."

† "Lord Lawrence's Life," by Smith.

recipients of her charity, receiving soup, bread, and meat, and praying for blessings on the head of the giver. In those days soup kitchens were unknown, but Lady Lucy Foley managed to arrange a very efficient substitute. After Sir Thomas's death she continued to reside in retirement for three years at Portsmouth, and then moved to Arundel, the climate of that part of Sussex suiting her somewhat weakened health. The poor of Portsmouth must have much missed her. It is a curious fact, although fifty years have elapsed since her departure, a collateral descendant, Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar, within the last year, from the same house, though in a different capacity, should have been found dispensing a large and generous charity, and endearing herself in every way to the inhabitants of Portsmouth, thus continuing the beneficent acts of one in whose veins also ran the blood of the Lennoxes.

Lady Lucy Foley was compelled by increasing ill health to abandon England in 1841 for a residence in the south of France. For the last ten years of her life she resided at the Chateau de Belle Vue, on the heights above Marseilles. From the terrace of the chateau, where she daily took her walk, her eyes fell on that Mediterranean Sea on which her gallant husband so frequently followed the fortunes of Nelson and Hood, in the early days of the French Revolution.

Here she continued to reside for the remainder of her days, always glad to welcome to her house any members of that gallant profession which her husband had adorned, who might be brought in the course of their duty to, or be passing through, Marseilles. She also never forgot her Abermarlais dependants, and at her death it was found that all those who had at any time served Sir Thomas Foley or herself in any capacity on their Carmarthenshire estates were generously remembered and benefited. She also left the sum of one thousand pounds to the Portsmouth Sailors' Home, the managing committee of which named one of the wards "The Foley Ward," in memory of that munificent gift. She expired at the Chateau de Belle Vue on 21st January, 1851, in the eightieth year of her age. The poor of the village of St. Just, at the gates of the chateau, still speak of her with gratitude and respect. She needs no further epitaph.

London.

J. B. H.

[CONCLUDED.]

WHAT CANNOT LOVE DO :

OR,

A TALE OF TWO FRIENDS.

BY

JOHN SAUNDERS,

*Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Hirell," "Israel Mort, Overman
or, the Story of the Mine," "The Sherlocks," "A Noble Wife,"
"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," &c., &c.*

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Reaching Chester he resolved to stay there till the morrow but to make no more of the old mad rushings to and fro. So he took a leisurely stroll to look at the "rows" of which he had heard so much; that is to say, the shops, raised to an upper storey, which is ascended by staircases at convenient intervals

While he was thus serenely gazing about, and while for the moment even Miss Blake had passed from his mind, he was roused by a shock as great as if a wire from an electric battery had suddenly touched him.

He was standing before a stationer's shop, when a photograph met his eye. At first he refused to believe it was what he had instantly thought.

He went nearer; and then, wasting no more time, called the stationer to him—

"Can you tell me the name of that lady?" pointing to the photograph.

"I fear not. It was done long ago. But I will see if our books have any record."

While he was turning over the pages of an order book, Larry, though too far off to read, could not resist himself at following the particulars of each page; as if some secret monition would warn him if her name came in sight.

"No, sir, we have no record. So I suppose the transaction began and ended the same day."

"Is the photograph for sale?"

"Oh, certainly."

Larry bought it, put it in an envelope, and the envelope in

his breast pocket, feeling as he did so her semblance at least lay at last close to his heart.

As he passed down into the street he thought—"She may be here! It is possible I may meet her at any moment. Fool that I was to make so absurdly short a visit. If I now lose her I shall think it was all my own doing, or not doing, on that fatal day!"

As he moved along with the old haste, restlessness, and inquisitive look from side to side, a lady passed out from a shop just in front of him, entered a Victoria, drawn by a couple of black ponies, and was driven off.

Larry had not caught a single glimpse of her face, but he had that peculiar faculty which attaches to some persons of identifying people known to them, even at a considerable distance, by slight peculiarities of form or outline—even the mere shape of the back; indications so slight as to mean nothing to ordinary observers.

"Good God!" was Larry's inward exclamation—"Can I be mistaken! That was surely her!"

A cab was near—He jumped in.

"Quick! follow that carriage now turning the second corner to the right," he cried, and was soon quickly following after.

He was barely in time to see the door where the lady entered—but he did see, and carefully made sure of the right one by the surroundings, for her carriage had already disappeared.

His cab dismissed, he had the good luck to find the door open. He went in, heard a step moving on the upper floor, and ascended to an antique landing, with doors in different directions.

Pausing in doubt he heard a soft step. Following the sound he reached a drawing-room, where a lady advanced, as if to meet some one she expected, recognised him with a cry of astonishment, and dropped into a chair in emotion at the discovery.

Larry tried to tell his tale methodically, but it was useless; so, blurted out the first words he could command, he said—

"How I have sought you there is no time to explain. How I have striven to come to your father, when I did come, so that he might listen to me—that, too, cannot now be told. Miss Blake,—Fortune smiles at last!" He could say no more, but knelt at her feet, his story only too sufficiently told.

Trembling, pallid, bending over him in excitement that shut out all thoughts but of the devotion of this man, whom she had been led to believe might have found her if he would, she imprinted one cold, tremulous kiss on his forehead, then rose, and, drawing off her glove, pointed to her wedding ring, while she murmured—

"Too late! I am married."

CHAPTER VII.

NORAH'S HUSBAND.

When Larry saw the fatal sign—the wedding ring—and heard his doom pronounced in the words “Too late! I am married,” he felt as if crushed to the very earth, and with no touch of manhood remaining in him.

His head sunk into his hands as he knelt before her, the quivering of his frame, as well as the entire attitude, revealing to her the intolerable anguish of his soul.

While for a few seconds they thus remained, she trying to shape some words of comfort that yet should leave no perilous misconceptions behind, she suddenly cried in alarm—

“My husband is coming! Away! I will explain all to him. Go down there!” (pointing to stairs that led into a lane running into the main street); “you will not then meet.”

Leaving Larry to obey as he best could, she advanced to meet her husband, full of alarm on account of his occasional fits of violence, which even the honeymoon had not quite concealed from her; but covering her fear with a tender and winning smile, she said—

“I was expecting you when——” Here she was rudely interrupted—

“Who was that man I saw with you?”

“Listen to me, my dearest, and I will tell you all about him.”

As she said this, she perceived he was intending to pass her by; so she clung to him, as if to compel him by love's gentle violence to calm himself, and let her explain all to him, as alone she found it impossible even to make the attempt.

“Where is he?” he cried, evidently restraining, as long as he could, the secret fury that possessed him.

“Gone!”

“Gone is he? By the back way—a worthy exit—unhand me!”

“Since my love appeals to you in vain, I entreat, nay, I demand as a matter of justice, that you do hear me before taking any other step that may compromise us all.”

“And which will give him the time he wants to secure his safety!” he shouted out, throwing all self-control to the winds.

He then violently wrenched her arms from his waist, and flung her aside; how or whither he knew not, and for the moment cared not—his every look and gesture suggesting the frenzy of a madman.

Leaping down the stairs two or three at a time, he reached the lane, and glared down it—then up to the main street, but saw no sign of the fugitive.

"e! I have lost him. Fool that I was to stop parleying ; even while I suspected her object."

ught still led him on—that something in the look or of the man would reveal him—even among the many n the streets.

that thought was succeeded by another—he must e his own aspect and demeanour, lest he himself should revealed to the man he sought, and so a fresh oppor- given him for escape.

was his forethought—he saw no one that he could, fancy, connect with the man he had seen at his wife's l who had been kissed by her.

with the instinct of all jealous men, he had not broken them at the moment that he first saw them; but, noticed Larry enter the open street door, had followed tairs; and there, looking through a sash that opened anding of the rambling, old-fashioned house, saw all owed.

d in regard of the man, he only turned the more to action on his wife.

villain has for the day escaped. I must then wring h from her."

ning in that mood to the house, he found his wife's rs. Moran, waiting for him at the top of the stairs. ; the lady to whom Larry had been indebted for the n to call on the family at Bray, which had ended in his the family gone.

ere is my wife?" he said quietly.

ng on a couch in the drawing-room."

ll go to her."

is too ill to see you."

ill to see her husband!"

, since it is to her husband she owes her illness. I shall you, Mr. Baxendale, what I think of your behaviour; ; necessary to say I have sent for my brother-in-law, re, who will presently be here, and with whom you can icate."

[understand you refuse even to let me see my wife for of minutes?"

le I have the strength to resist you, Mr. Baxendale, you ; see her for even a couple of seconds."

this is too absurd! But I cannot quarrel with women!" but you can strike them, or do what is equally "

lood came to Baxendale's face and forehead in such a ; the veins became visible. He looked at Mrs. Moran the moment he was prepared to treat her as only one of iers cunningly built up by the falseness of his wife to

cover the doings of her paramour, and therefore to be brushed aside. But after a pause, during which the aunt's gentle, but indignant features formed a strange contrast to incipient storms that were but too visible in his, he descended the stairs, and left the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

While Larry had bent in hopeless misery before the idea of his soul nothing would have seemed to him more important than even a momentary extrication from his sense of despair.

But the instant he became aware of the dangerous position of his visit and her sympathetic behaviour had placed before him everything selfish, even in the nobler senses of the word forgotten; and he had but one aim, one desire, one duty—to guard her, if he could, from any evil consequences.

His own first instinctive idea would have been himself to have met the husband, and narrated his whole story, but he had to cry to him to go away was decisive. She alone had the right to judge, and the means for judgment. Even the humbleness of such a flight failed to touch him, since it was solely for her sake.

The avenger would in all probability have overtaken him in the same, so short was the distance between them, but an evening cab was crawling past just as he reached the main street. Without stopping its walk he opened the door, leaped in, and was whirled away to his hotel.

There he sat for some minutes in his bedroom, pondering what he ought to do. Stay in the city, so as to have the chance of assisting her, directly or indirectly, if matters were desperate; or should he depart at once on his tour for her sake and his own?

For her's, for he saw how improbable it was that he should be again admitted to her, while his continued presence might be a source of fresh danger; and because she had been so confident in her innocence of any wrong-doing that his explanations to her husband would be sufficient.

For his own sake, because he knew too well that to remain near her was only to nourish the love that could henceforth only become his bane.

His bane! Was that true? Could such a love be any but ennobling? And then seeing how absolute was the barrier between him and her, he saw with faint hope that when the first anguish of the blow should have had time to pass away

might find in the recollections of the past, and in the certainty he felt that something akin to his own passion had lived in her heart till stifled by the marriage, something to alleviate his present bitter despair.

How had that marriage happened? He could think of only two influences sufficiently weighty—her husband, perhaps, was a man to be liked, and so she may have liked him; and then that her father, and probably a father's sense of the husband's wealth, did the rest—she never having seen nor heard from him;—Larry—

“And for the best of reasons!” as with bitter irony he added.

Finally he decided to start at once for Wales, and began to exchange the plain gentleman's suit he had been wearing for a tourist's.

And then he would walk to the station and learn about the trains, and try if anyone knew his old friend and where he lived.

Going along the street, he saw some one approaching with a strangely involved air; and so heedless of passers by that a child who was carrying a basket of ordinary street flowers heedlessly tripped against him, and fell; the flowers being strewed on the muddy pavement.

It was striking the change in the gentleman when he saw the state of things. He lifted the child, asked her if she was hurt, and to her whimpering reply—

“No, sir, not much.”

“Ah, then, all's well. Your flowers are too dirty to be worth picking up. Here's a half-crown to buy more.”

The child brightened up, took the half-crown, and hastened away to impart this wonderful stroke of fortune to a group of youthful cronies near.

And then the gentleman seemed, as a matter of course, to relapse into his self-absorbed way; and as he advanced in Larry's direction the expression of the face was so strange and full of pain that the latter did not, till they were very near, recognise the very man he was thinking of, his old friend.

Stopping suddenly before him, so that the gentleman was obliged to look up—instantaneous were the lightening and brightening of his face for a brief moment.

“Good God!” he exclaimed, “O'Neill, is it really you?”

“Really me! And a witness once more to the way in which my friend makes it rather a bit of good fortune for anyone to suffer accidentally at his hands.”

“Ah! Circumstances alter cases. Perhaps I have since deteriorated in character. Or, perhaps,”—there he paused.

“ Good Heaven ! What can be the matter ? I saw you look disturbed as we met ; ” said Larry, as a horrible suspicion crossed his mind.

“ Larry, is it God or the devil that has brought the man to my side that alone I should care to see at a moment of supreme torture ? ”

It was hardly likely that Larry could listen to this without showing his emotion by a disturbed look.

To conceal his growing agitation, he said, with an attempt at a smile—

“ At least his Satanic Majesty has forgotten to give me any credentials. ”

“ Let us walk to some quieter part—say towards the Dee, ” said his friend.

“ Very well. ”

After a strangely silent pause—one in which they would have heard each other’s heart beating tumultuously had the fact been physiologically possible, the friend asked—

“ Were you seeking me ? ”

“ I was, and I was not. I lost your address, but knew it was somewhere in Wales. ”

“ My place is a few miles from here. Where were you going ? ” Larry was then asked, as his friend linked their arms together.

“ To Wales, in pursuance of the strong commendations you gave me of the scenery. It is my fortnight’s holiday from literary work, and I thought I might chance on you by the way. ”

“ Give me a day or two, then, and I will not be so selfish as to ask for more. ”

Of course an immediate consent was given. And then finding that Larry waited to hear what he might have to say, but from motives of delicacy, perhaps, asked no questions, he presently began—

“ Did you hear of my marriage six weeks ago ? ”

“ No. ”

“ Well, I am married to one of the loveliest and falsest of her sex. ”

“ Are you sure of the last ? ”

“ I have within this very hour seen a man kneel at her feet and seen her kiss him. Perhaps it may be said, that as I believe the kiss was given on his forehead, not on his lips—though even of that I am not sure—it lessens in some infinitesimal degree the character of the act. ”

“ I can conceive, ” said Larry, in tones of deep emotion “ the one capable of explanation, and certainly needing it ; but not so the other. ”

“ While I gazed, both being too deeply absorbed to discover

my presence near, she saw me, hurriedly dismissed him by a back staircase, and advanced with a smiling face, and was about to say something, barring my way the while, as I could not but see and take note of.

"I demanded the name of the man—it was not forthcoming.

"I moved to follow him, when she so clung to me to prevent me that I had forcibly to disengage myself and fly after him.

"He escaped! And with that damning fact I might well be quiet, and not harrow a friend's feelings by any more details of my dishonour."

"It is a terrible story!" ejaculated O'Neill, his voice half stifled with emotion.

"Yes. I see you are moved with it, almost like myself."

"Have you seen her since?"

"I went to see her and wring the truth from her guilty soul, but her aunt, Mrs. Moran, to whom my wife had, no doubt, told the story with all the requisite gloss, would not allow me."

"Was she ill?"

"Her aunt says so."

"The circumstances were of a nature to make any woman ill, guilty or innocent."

"Yes."

"Baxendale, I hope your friendship will excuse the question I am about to put to you."

"Trust me. Say what you will."

"Can you, then, be absolutely sure that she might not have explained the incident to your satisfaction had you permitted her the opportunity?"

"Impossible! There was the man; and my wife was kissing him. Think! Who but a favoured lover could she possibly have kissed?"

"But you said not on the lips."

"No, the forehead. That at least was my impression; but they were so situated I could not be sure."

"That implies emotion and respect certainly, but not necessarily love. It might be done for very innocent reasons. Has she had any lover before you, and rejected him; or any relation of that kind which she may not have authorised, but on which he might have built sanguine hopes that he could not at the time realise, and then had come to her, only to learn the truth?"

"It might be so. Such a thing is not absolutely outside the region of the possible. But do any of us assume or accept in business, friendship, or love any such wild fantasies?"

"No, no, Larry. Dismiss these kindly excuses for her. If there be such a man, and he were to come to me this moment, and tell me such a story, I am afraid I should give him, or he would have to give me, short shrift for such contemptible pre-

tences. I swear to you I should find in his cowardice, his fear to speak out the truth manfully, however wickedly, added reasons for stamping on his odious form as I would stamp on the slimy head of a viper I had crossed in my path."

There was now for some time silence on both sides.

"What do you think of doing?" asked Larry, when he could again venture to speak.

"Nothing, till I see how to do everything. I do regret one thing—that I forgot myself in so roughly thrusting her away. I did love her, Larry. I do love her, I am afraid, still. God help me!"

"Can't you send some mutual friend to her?"

"No one but you."

Seeing how Larry shrunk from the proposed mission, he said

"You seem inclined to be her friend. Go, then, for her sake or for mine, which you like. Take my card. If you see Mrs. Moran, with whom we are staying on a brief visit, introduce yourself as my friend, but in what other fashion you like best."

"I am not the right man for such a mission."

"But if the only possible one, what then? You have already calmed me. I will think over all you have said while you are gone, with a desire to believe, and to make the best of things. Go, then, and come back to report to me."

"Where shall I find you?"

"Here facing the river bank."

"Will you send her any message?"

"I think it were best not till I know more. To tell you the truth, Larry, I will know who was that man! And meanwhile I can do nothing that may weaken my right to win the fact from her, as a part of any explanations she may wish to give. But I am ready to receive whatever she has to say, if that one fact is included.

"I go further. If, when I have heard all, I can find anything that even dimly promises to become light—if the story commends itself to my judgment (as it is my ardent wish that it shall do so), as one involving only weakness, temporary forgetfulness of duty under admissible provocations to such an error, and the man himself will come to me and make full acknowledgments, then, Larry, something may yet be done. That is my only hope."

CHAPTER IX.

LARRY O'NEILL'S MISSION.

"Surely," thought Larry wildly to himself when he had left his companion, "never was man so situated sent before on such a task!"

The combination of events struck him as awful. His own friend the husband from whom he had to fly. That husband not in the least suspecting he was the man he had seen at his wife's feet, and for whose blood he was thirsting. The stricken, possibly injured wife, before whom Larry was always in spirit bending in idolatrous worship, and he now sent to her—to the woman he loved—by that husband!

The thoughtful reader will probably have noticed how closely Larry drew to the actual truth in his hypothetical explanations; but may not have foreseen that he was intentionally doing so, in order to say at the first favourable moment, "I am the man!"

And why did he not do so, he asked himself more than once irritably in that walk from the banks of the Dee to the place of Mrs. Baxendale's present residence. The threats to which the maddened husband had given way did not alarm him for himself; but they were truly terrible when he thought of their bearing on his wife.

For what violence had been done to her under the supposed provocation might not have gone so far but that it might be forgiven.

But if Larry became a victim to his violence (and he had promptly determined that if words failed to satisfy his friend he would not be tempted under any circumstances to injure him), what then would be the future state of the married pair?

Having, therefore, no choice, if the crisis he feared should happen, he withheld the tremendous fact that he was the man, while determining to use every faculty of his soul to make peace between husband and wife, and then seek the opportunity for full explanation.

And the thought that he might even yet be instrumental to the happiness of the woman he loved gave him a kind of comfort—was a ray of light through the dark future.

Mrs. Moran was pleased to see him, and said at once,

"She has told me all"; and then in the course of a few minutes she let out the secret of the flight and of the marriage, as she knew her niece could not with propriety.

Mr. Blake had just then become a railway director, and had been called suddenly to a meeting at Chester, where Mrs. Moran had lived since their leaving Bray; and with her, the father and daughter, when they were not travelling about, of which they were very fond.

"And there we all expected you," she said.

"No message or address of any kind was left at Bray," said Larry sadly; fearing he was about to add to the great loss he knew of some new proof that the loss itself was due to his own

"We had so little time. The letter came only by the early morning post, and we had to pack and reach Dublin for the morning packet. Well, from that time for three or four months we neither saw nor heard anything about you. But one night, during a visit to London, when Norah was unwell, and indisposed to amusement, Mr. Blake and I went to the theatre: and, as we came out, closely shawled and muffled, there we saw you in the centre of several other men, radiant with mirth and laughter, looking as if you were the happiest man in creation."

"I am a dramatic critic," interposed Larry, "and depression itself sometimes leads to a reaction of the spirits which may deceive a bystander."

"Well, I should have spoken to you, but was stopped by Mr. Blake, who, on our arrival home, told Norah. That may seem to you unkind, but he had his secret object. He could not think of you under the circumstances, and he had long thought of somebody else—Mr. Baxendale—a rich man, young, good-looking, who had often of late paid attentions to Norah without getting any response. But after that London visit—I don't know how it was exactly—but you know Mr. Blake's way, and how it affects all about him—there was a brief struggle, and then the marriage was settled."

So ended the narrative, and Larry was glad it was over; for, though it deepened the conviction in his heart that he had been loved so far as a modest girl could love a man whose later conduct seemed to disprove the faint sweet hopes excited by his behaviour in the glen, he was here on business that demanded he should tread down all thoughts of, or reference to, his own passion and bitter disappointment.

So after satisfying Mrs. Moran's kindly inquiries about himself, and what he had been doing all the while—his brief narrative greatly affecting her,—

"Do you know," he asked, "I come from Mr. Baxendale, who is an old and valued friend; and that I have but now heard from his own lips an account of what happened?"

"And he knowing you to be the man?" almost screamed Mrs. Moran, in her sudden fear of fresh dangers.

"No, and I could not tell him; I do not mean for my own sake, but for my fear of still more deeply compromising Mrs. Baxendale."

"Ah, yes, I understand," and the tears sprang into her eyes as she tried to look at Larry through her spectacles in her fervent admiration and sympathy.

"Can I now see her, as coming from her husband?" asked Larry.

"I am afraid not. She is greatly bruised in body, but it is

on her mind that the worst injuries have fallen. She will not see her husband; and forgive me saying there are great reasons why she should not receive you."

"It is true. I did my best to refuse the task; but he so appealed to me that I could no longer help giving way."

"Well, I will go to her; but she is in so low and nervous a state that—but, however, I will try."

Many minutes passed. Most deeply agitating ones for Larry, who seemed to see before his mental gaze even the procession of her thoughts and feelings from the moment her aunt should have startled her with the news of the visitor, and with his object in coming, up to her final determination one way or the other.

How well could he foresee the many promptings that might take shape thus—

"No, I must not see that man again under any circumstances. Has he not already done me irreparable mischief?"

But then he saw other promptings that might lead to a different conclusion. Though she would not see her husband, might she not be inclined to see his messenger, in that aspect only; perhaps hoping to receive some manly, generous apology, which he had not got to deliver, or perhaps intending to demand one herself from her husband?

He was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Moran, who looked distressed, but said,

"She will see you. Come with me, please."

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF CARDIFF, 1838-40.

The modern history of Cardiff may be said to date from about the year 1838. Then it was that the idea first dawned upon the minds of a few of its five thousand inhabitants that a distinguished future might be awaiting it; and that something should be done by them to anticipate and encourage the advent of a change, socially and commercially. That change seemed to be stirring in the air, and causing an indefinable restlessness and mild commotion in the minds of the townfolk. It was a time when railways were being made in many parts of the kingdom, and it might fairly have been surmised that it was but a question of time their reaching the South Wales district. That the anticipations of the most ardent of the Cardiff pioneers of progress were not over sanguine, or ever approached remotely the requirements that were about to spring into existence in a few years, there is plenty of evidence to prove, for the faint efforts then made to extend the town and the shortsightedness displayed, actually created difficulties which the present Cardiff has to contend against. That wretchedly inadequate Bute Street, which was then formed and which is still the principal outlet from the town to the Docks, fairly represents the utmost height to which the aspirations of Cardiff men had then reached to, and the extent of their hopes as to the increase and future trade requirements of their port. In many other ways it could be shown how utterly the minds of the inhabitants failed to rise to the occasion, and how far they were from grasping the idea of Cardiff growing in fifty years into a town of first importance, and the centre of an enormous commerce; whose name would spread to every port in the universe, and that, at least as regarded one article of export, would occupy the first position in the world.

The rise of Cardiff more nearly resembles that of an American city—of Cincinnati, St. Louis, or Chicago—than that of a British. Its rapidity has probably been without parallel in the United Kingdom. In forty-five years it has increased its population twenty fold, and its wealth in a much higher ratio, and it exhibits at the present time every symptom

g a healthy and vigorous progress, which will most
 carry it forward into the ranks of the foremost cities
 realm, both for extent of trade and of population.
 Not my intention to attempt to trace the progress of the
 Cardiff, either murally or commercially; verily, is not
 recorded from day to day, and week to week, in the
 of its journals? My purpose rather is to recall my
 ions of the size and extent of the town in 1838-40,
 manners and peculiarities of the people then residing

ng back, therefore, to the period I have fixed upon as
 ent to its great awakening, Cardiff was a small country
 naller in fact than its importance as the county town
 organ warranted its being. The rapid rise of the iron
 es in the hilly districts seemed to attract the population
 om, rather than to it, and it seems quite remarkable
 ough it was then, as now, the principal outlet for the
 oducts of Merthyr, Aberdare, and Hirwain, its increase-
 low. A brief description of its boundaries at that time
 out yield much surprise to all who have only known it
 the last twenty years, which will include something
 ing to three-fourths of all its inhabitants.

are now four bridges in Cardiff, which may fairly be
 the bounds of the old town in 1838, those bridges
 anton, Custom House, North Street, and the Taff Vale
 in Crockherbtown. Within those four points stood
 the entire town. On the west side the river, after
 under a bridge which the present one has displaced,
 ruptly to the east, and flowed past the back of the
 Arms, along the route of the present Westgate Street;
 liff Arms Park being then, in fact, on the other side of
 r. At a point where the New Theatre stands, and the
 to Wood Street, the river was open to Saint Mary
 uch point being called the "Bulwarks," though, in fact,
 us no bulwark there, and the river was gradually eating
 into the street. Small vessels came up, when tides
 gh, to the bottom of Quay Street, and floods had been
 o rise into the Cardiff Arms yard, and carry away the
 and chaises out to sea. Passing over the Canton
 here was no house excepting the one attached to the
 e gate, until the Workhouse was passed; when Canton,
 straggling village of about forty houses, was reached.
 the turnpike gate was the commencement of a footpath
 direct over green fields to Llandaff; a perfect rural
 The Sophia Gardens had no existence, but "Cooper's
 now forming a park below the Castle, had sundry
 s leading across them, and the Castle grounds all
 vere open to the public daily.

On the north side there were not a dozen houses in existence between Cardiff and Whitchurch; and on the east or Roath side, no house beyond the Infirmary (now a College), excepting one called Longcross—too far out even to be suburban—until the tiny village of Roath was reached, which, perhaps, numbered twenty dwellings. On the side of the Docks the town only extended as far as the Canal Bridge at the bottom of Saint Mary Street. Over the bridge there was a kind of lawless Alsatian district, comprising, perhaps, forty exceedingly mean dwellings, into which no one who valued a good name ever penetrated. There were a few, *very* few, houses dotted here and there at long intervals by the side of the canal, ending in a group of four or five at the Sea Lock. Such, briefly, were the boundaries of Cardiff forty-five years ago.

Like all small places, Cardiff then contained within it men distinguished by personal character and idiosyncrasy; men with angles and edges unworn. Big towns have a tendency to tone down every disposition to originality and oddness. Men get into one pattern, one style of dress, and even one way of thinking and talking. Extreme gregariousness is impatient of eccentricity, and "character" finds no room for its natural expansion. The consequence is that small country towns yield even now to the novelist and the sketcher, men with better defined qualities for their artistic purposes, than do big cities.

At the period in question every resident knew, more or less intimately, every other resident, and the settlement of a new family in the place was a noticeable and interesting event to all the other families. Not that there were fewer ranks in society then than there are now. I should think that the lines drawn between classes were then even tighter, and more distinct than they are at present. I have always considered the Welsh people more given to curiosity, more eager to glean particulars concerning their neighbours, and more ready to question strangers, than the English. Certain it is that Cardiff in those days was a place abandoned to gossip, and much given to slander and scandal. People hadn't very much to do, and were never in a hurry to do it. There were no trains to remind them of the importance of time, and only two coaches a day passed through the place, on which depended mainly the connection of the natives with the outer world. There were no cabs, and no means of escaping out of the place excepting by the coaches, or the *Nautilus* and *Lady Charlotte* Bristol steamers, or by hiring certain saffron-coloured chaises from the Cardiff Arms or the Angel, retained there for the purpose.

But the beginning of a change was being felt. Cardiff was going to be something different. Saffron-coloured chaises from Newport and elsewhere brought into the town distinguished practical surveyors and engineers, with theodolites and

other strange instruments in their hands, not previously seen in Cardiff. The Taff Vale Railway to Merthyr was commenced, and the first sod of a new dock was cut. Long-limbed, powerful Yorkshire navvies lounged at times about the place, and the fame of their capacity for work, and for the consumption of beef steak and beer, created a kind of awe in the minds of the natives.

Much more than now, in a relative sense, the Castle was the pivot around which the hopes of Cardiff revolved. The kindly and far-seeing nobleman, who was then the father of the town, and whose wise prescience did so mightily help in fitting it into importance, was loved and looked up to by the townfolk to an unlimited degree. He was quite come-at-able, and would listen to the longest tale of woe with exemplary patience. His visits had become more frequent, and his stay much longer than had usually been the case, and it was broadly surmised that there were reasons highly beneficial to Cardiff which brought and retained him there. For exercise he rode out daily, chiefly on the North Road, always at a fast pace, a groom riding in advance leading his lordship's horse by a long leathern strap, on account of his deficiency of sight.

On Sunday mornings, when at the Castle, his lordship never failed to attend the service at St. John's, then the only church in the town; and Church Street, on such occasions, always contained a large gathering of curious folk brought together to greet him in passing. When the time approached all eyes eagerly watched for his advent, and a visible movement took place when he appeared—as he almost always did—with his man locked in that of one who was amongst the most notable men in the town. This gentleman was captain and adjutant of the Glamorgan Militia, and resided in a house called the Moury, exactly facing the Queen's Hotel, in Saint Mary Street. The captain's square, broad figure was on such occasions got up most elaborately in the first style of that period, and it was a style which the swells and bucks of these days, in their neat Scotch tweed suits, their tiny hats, their collars and cuffs, their faultlessly fitting French boots and gloves, may well reflect upon and contemplate with astonishment. He wore a blue cutaway coat with immense rolled collar and eight brass buttons, buff kersey waistcoat, worn very open, and white Russia duck pantaloons, a capacious beaver hat, buckskin gloves, and square-toed Wellington boots; his shirt front and broad crimped frills kept down by an enormous gold brooch, and a huge bunch of seals hung out of his fob; around his throat a black satin stock at least nine inches wide, which gave his neck a proper stiffness, and kept his head and face up to the desired elevation. As he slowly towed his lordship along Church Street, every man doffed his hat and every

woman "bobbed." Outside the church door were collected about half a dozen of semi-military looking men, who formed the staff of the militia. When the captain neared this point the staff fell into line and stood at ease, awaiting orders, which, when they came, the sound of them resounded through the neighbouring streets. "Attention! Right turn! Quick march!" and had there been ten thousand men instead of half a dozen, the orders could not have been more impressively and stentorously given; or more readily obeyed in marching to battle than these did into church. It was understood that the captain, together with the law and medical advisers and two or three aldermen, dined with his lordship on Sundays.

There was another military man in the town who well deserves a passing notice, both for personal and official reasons. He was almost, if not quite, as imposing a personage and as remarkable a figure as the captain himself. This was the superintendent of the new police then recently introduced. I know not how many inches he may have been above six feet high, but certainly a "goodish few," as they say in Somerset. He was as straight as a lamp post, and as stiff as an iron bar. I have heard it said, and believe it, that he sometimes unbent himself, but that must have been in the private society of his friends, and on rare occasions. The nearest approach to an unofficial manner and aspect I ever witnessed him in was when he tried to stand up straight in the doorway of the Police Station—now about to be demolished—and failed. He superintended five policemen (or was it seven?), and was a most strict disciplinarian. It was very extraordinary that so small a place as Cardiff should have succeeded in obtaining so distinguished a man at that time, when a great demand existed for officers of the kind. Indeed, so advantageous were such appointments considered to be, that the Editor of the *Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian* threw up his editorial pen, doffed an uniform, and became Superintendent at Greenwich; leaving that highly respectable, though somewhat slow and dull, publication to its fate. The Cardiff Superintendent was the terror of small boys, and of that section of undeveloped humanity which, when collected into elevated positions in hall or theatre, are yecept "the gods;" who, safely ensconced in their eyries, avenged themselves by calling out his Christian name when he was present at the top of their sweet voices, a name somewhat uncommon, though strictly Scriptural. After a time it was pleasant to find that Cardiff possessed a moral power that brought our rigid officer to his knees, he having succumbed to the charms of a lady of small proportions, who was said to have exercised considerable influence over him in the future as his wife. Like the militia officer, the superintendent made a splendid and most imposing figure at church.

The clergyman who was then the curate in charge at Saint John's—the Vicar being non-resident—was a gentleman deserving of some notice, were it only for his being master of an art most necessary to all the clergy; but which is attained to by but very few, either Episcopal or Dissenting. He was one of the finest readers I have ever heard, and it was a grand intellectual treat to listen to his recital of the Litany. The Communion Service from the altar steps he did not read, recite, or intone; he declaimed it, and the force of the Decalogue, as its sublime sentences flowed from his lips, and came rolling like a torrent down the church, filling every cranny of the building, was simply sublime. He held a living in the hilly part of the county, but preferring the social life of Cardiff, he accepted its curacy, and paid a substitute. The assistant curate then at Cardiff has long enjoyed the elevated position of a Bishop.

The period was politically troublesome. That which was now known as "Chartism" had taken possession of the minds of the bulk of the working classes, and the leaders were conducting them into dangerous courses, whilst the rulers of the land could discover no means of meeting the evil but by opposing force to force. There was a strong political fermentation in all the large centres of industry, which burst out into flames at Nottingham and Birmingham, and led to serious riots in a dozen large towns in the North. To such as can recall to mind vividly the political aspect then existing, the present efforts made by party leaders to rouse John Bull into political action, and the response they meet with, seem weak and colourless in the extreme; wanting wholly that fiery earnestness which then swept huge masses of the people into desperate traits. Most of the points of the Charter have since then been granted, and after all the fear of them it has been found out that their adoption has brought political peace to Great Britain, and that the monarchy is more strongly rooted.

It might have been thought that a small, remote town like Cardiff, were it but for its insignificance, would have escaped notice, and would have been left out of political account; but such was by no means the case. Amongst the iron and coal works of Glamorgan and Monmouth there was a strong feeling in favour of the Charter, and leading agitators found eager and excitable audiences. Cardiff was not far off, and within—when the docks and the Taff Vale Railway were being made—were some hundreds of navvies, physically the most powerful men in the land, but intellectually somewhat dull and dormant. If physical force was to be used in righting wrongs these were the men to work upon. I well remember to have seen that man who afterwards became so useful a member of society, Henry Vincent, addressing the navvies in their dinner hour from the top of a barrel, with his coat off and his shirt

sleeves tucked up above the elbow. The force and fire of his rhetoric were enormous, as, with his brawny arms and hands he seemed to be literally forcing his arguments by physical means into the senses of his torpid hearers. One morning soon afterwards, he was quietly picked up and dropped into Merthyr Tydfil Gaol.

I well remember the Monday morning in 1839 the news arriving in Cardiff that a great rising of colliers and miners had taken place, and had swept down upon the town of Newport then a much more important place than Cardiff. Hundreds of rumours flew about, some of them of the wildest possible—being that the rebels had been forced out of Newport, and were marching with a view to sack and burn Cardiff. A state of great terror and confusion reigned, many tradesmen kept their shops closed, and the inhabitants generally collecting in groups in the streets, discussing, with white lips, the common danger. Others, more daring, took to the Newport Road, though to anticipate their fates, and meet the danger half way. Towards the afternoon matters settled down again. The affair though very serious at first, had turned out a complete *fiasco*. A mere handful of soldiers, firing out of an inn window, had exploded the intended rebellion, and now it but remained to discover and apprehend the leaders, for whose persons large rewards were offered.

Shortly after, one of the principal leaders was discovered on board a vessel anchored in the Penarth Roads, on the information of an innkeeper at the Old Docks. By this time there had arisen a reaction and revulsion of feeling on the matter, and the informer became more unpopular than the traitor. We need no illustration required to mark the old blood relationship between the Welsh and the Irish, it is here supplied. Nine-tenths of the Welsh people, loyal as they were, would have much preferred assisting at this man's escape than have given him up to justice, or accept a reward. The cause for this feeling must be sought for in the perversity of Celtic human nature, and the remnants of clannishness which still exhibits itself occasionally in Wales, and which often compels learned counsel to use much more complete and cogent arguments before a Welsh jury than secure conviction, than would be necessary to the more easily convinced Englishman.

The Welsh pride themselves greatly on their entire loyalty to the Crown, and, indeed, there is no virtue more pertinaciously imputed to them everywhere—it being one of the safe sentiments for an orator to wield in any great native gathering, it being sure to produce rounds of applause. Yet the fact is indisputable, that the last great trial for High Treason that has been held in Britain, was that held over fourteen Welshmen, three of whom were convicted of the full offence, and had

passed upon them that terrible sentence of hanging and mangling, which has since been wiped out, and which—by imputation—made her gracious Majesty a kind of dealer and disposer of human flesh.

Shortly after the Newport Riots, Cardiff had to receive a company of the 45th Regiment, just to reassure the loyal and frighten the dissatisfied. They were billeted in the town, and gave colour and picturesqueness to the sombre streets. Never surely were soldiers more warmly entertained, and never did the Red Coat succeed in turning the heads of a greater number of the sex. Especially did they meet with a welcome from that portion of the sex whose somewhat discursive tastes are a sore trial to life at all times—the domestic servants of the town. There was one man amongst them especially, a sergeant, of fine manly presence, who was the cause of no end of distraction in the breasts of many of a higher grade. He came with a great reputation, if not for gallantry for gallant conduct, having exhibited admirable presence of mind on an extraordinary occasion, when he shot down and killed a dangerous madman—

“ And because the sex confess a charm
In the man who has slashed a head or arm,
Or has been a throat's undoing,”

—he was popular amongst both high and low.

The great feat he had performed was the shooting of that wretched impostor, John Thom, better known as Sir William Courtenay, Knight of Malta, King of Jerusalem, and other equally grand titles. This man had succeeded in getting together a considerable following of Kentish peasantry, by maintaining that he was at one and the same time Gideon, Samson, and the Saviour of mankind; and all this under the very shadow of the Mother Church of England, Canterbury Cathedral. Courtenay, in one of his mad fits, had shot at and killed a poor peasant named Mears, under the impression that he was a constable sent to arrest him. He afterwards, with his deluded followers, male and female, entered a wood at Bassenden. Two detachments of the 45th Regiment were sent out from Canterbury under the orders of a Lieutenant Bennett, accompanied by a number of magistrates, to surround the wood. The Lieutenant advanced fearlessly towards Courtenay, calling upon his wretched followers to disperse. The madman lifted a pistol, instantly fired it, and killed him on the spot. Our heroic sergeant—then a mere private—without any order, lifted his piece and shot down Courtenay. His beguiled followers, many of them being gamekeepers and poachers accustomed to the gun, believed he would come to life again, as he had prepared their minds for the catastrophe that had occurred. There was a rough and tumble combat fought with great ferocity on both sides, at the end of which it was found that the second

lieutenant had been wounded, and a constable from Faversham killed, on the side of the military; while no less than seven of the poor ignorant followers of the prophet lay dead, and nine wounded, one of them being a woman.

“With his blushing honours thick upon him,” this hero—now made a sergeant—came to Cardiff, where he received abundant adulation. The stay of the soldiers in Cardiff was not a prolonged one. They were withdrawn after a few months, and it was then found that quite a bevy of their female admirers, thinking the town would be intolerably dull without them, had withdrawn with them, amongst them being a lady of good family and of mature age.

Whilst on the subject of the susceptibilities, let me recall to my mind a ladies' school, which was one of the great glories of the town at that period. It is possible—nay, certain, that many more important matters might be dwelt upon than those I can recall, but I can only refer to such as left an impression on my then youthful mind. The school in question was quite a feature of the town, and one of its best, the ladies conducting it being splendid in deportment, and moving in the best society. Surely, never before or since were so many charming girls marshalled for daily exercise, and for Sunday Church, as that procession of “linked sweetness long drawn out” contained, and which caused a vertiginous motion in the brains of all the susceptible youths of Cardiff. The procession was guarded at each end by ladies learned and spectacled, who were very dragons of virtue and propriety; but, spite of this, it was possible sometimes to obtain stolen glances out of the ranks, such as drove to distraction the recipients thereof. Well do I remember greatly admiring the daring displayed by a young fellow (was he not a banker's clerk?), who, feigning to act under a Government Proclamation then recently issued against illegal and seditious political processions, which might lead to a breach of the peace, actually stopped the ladies' procession when it was in full march on the war path of its conquest of hearts, and protested to the leading lady against its legality, on the score of the breaches of the peace (of mind) which it daily was guilty of, and the sedition it led to in families, by depriving parents of that control which it was maintained they ought to possess over their sons' affections. The indignation displayed on the occasion by the leading lady is said to have been quite Siddonsonian in its intensity and grandeur of manner.

My first acquaintance with theatrical representations was at the Theatre Royal, Crockherbtown, Cardiff; and, though I have since seen grander and finer, I have never seen any which made a profounder impression upon me. The theatre was a very modest, not to say tiny, establishment, and was served in

summer by a company—or part of one—from Bath. Mr. James Woulds, the manager, familiarly, and almost affectionately, known to Cardiffians as “Jemmy Woulds,” was extremely popular, and was a kind-hearted and accomplished gentleman. It was then the custom to interpolate songs and dances between the pieces, and the manager’s songs, “Ah, hide your nose,”—a paraphrase on the Welsh “Ar, hyd y nos,”—and “Mith Julia, who had thumthing about her tho vevy peculia,” and its encore, “Mith Nicolath, who had thumthing about her tho vevy widiculath,” were always received with unbounded admiration, and the airs were whistled by every urchin in the place. The pieces played have vanished from human ken and knowledge, and probably no audience could now be found to sit out such as “Perouse and his Monkey,” “The Wreck Ashore,” “Poll and my Partner Joe,” and “Black-Eyed Susan.” The Bath and Bristol Theatres at that time—and later—were considered to be the best training schools for the London stage; so it was a matter of no surprise that the leading lady at Cardiff, who played indifferently both tragedy and comedy, should have been engaged by Macready for Drury Lane. The musical lady, whom I thought a divine songstress—though she sang with a somewhat wry mouth—was also engaged for London from the Cardiff stage. I was somewhat dashed a few years later, when resident in London, to find the leading lady, whom I had thought perfect in beauty and in acting, reduced at Old Drury to play the Widow Melnotte; and the singing lady settled down under “Bravo Rouse” at the Grecian, where she remained many years.

Any notice of Cardiff at that date and period would be very incomplete without reference to a brace of men who shared between them the privileges and emoluments arising from the exercise of the degenerated side of surgeondom (for were not surgeons and barbers at one period identical, widely as they have now separated). This brace of hair dressers, as Mr. Tony Weller would insist upon their being called—barber not being, as he thought, a polite term—were men of original minds and qualities, though differing and contrasting from each other quite widely. The one was solemn and methodical in manner, the other the personification of mischief and of fun. The one bore the reputation of being a mighty gastronomist, the other abandoned himself to bibulous propensities. Their respective shops were—as in all ages and climes such shops have been—the abodes and high quarters of news and of scandal—of that kind of news, and that sort of scandal, that don’t, and mustn’t, get into the public prints, and which are relished with greater gusto on that very account. The gastronomist retailed the domestic news and peccadilloes of the townfolk to his customers with the air of a man performing an unpleasant

duty, but he didn't enjoy them the less on that account. His rival revelled in the fun of it all, embellished every spicy morsel as it flowed off his tongue with endless addition and ornament; and if the story did not grow apace under his cultivation, and heighten in interest, it was not for want of effort on his part.

Few things prove the similarity in all ages of human nature more simply than the history of barbers and barbers' shops. From the days of Hermes, who shaved great Jove himself, and supplied him with Olympian gossip, he who is said to have—

“ Invented razor, wash-ball, powder,
To make his fopling godship prouder,
Shaved him in some celestial arbour,
And was the first acknowledged barber,”

—down to Tonsores, to whose memory Sextus Pompeius and Augustus Cæsar built monuments, not forgetting the whole tribe of them in the *Arabian Nights*; or he to whom, for his entertaining qualities, Archbishop Winchelsey left a thumping legacy, down to that Figaro of Seville whom Rossini's divine art has immortalised, barbers have displayed qualities in common in all ages, climes, and circumstances.

The Cardiff gastronomical barber was a Freeman of the Borough, and as such partook annually of the Freeman's dinner given by the Marquess of Bute. It was asserted that it was the only occasion on which a limit was set upon his appetite, an entire goose being placed aside specially for him, and no more. This was a wise provision, and it would have been well that some such arrangement should have been applied to his rival's propensity, to whose capacity for the absorption of liquid there was no limit at all.

The bibulous barber enjoyed a high character as a wit and humorist in the town, and, in fact, just as all witticisms up to a certain period were imputed to Joe Miller, and to a later period to Sidney Smith, so did every stray, ownerless, or discarded joke or sentiment in Cardiff be sure to get itself fathered on the barber. He it was who lathered a youthful customer, and then went to his door to whistle for the beard that had not arrived. He it was that, when a client cut him down to half his usual fee, accommodated himself to the arrangement by shaving half of his face. There was no end to the funny things imputed to him, either as author or scapegoat.

On one occasion he was summoned before his Worship the Mayor for refusing to pay a Church Rate. He pleaded that, as he never went to church, he ought to be exempt. “But you might go if you liked,” retorted his Worship, “the church door is open to you, and it is your duty to support the Church. You must pay.”

The next day the curate in charge received a long bill for

shes, pomatums, brushes and combs, and hair dressing
arges. In high dudgeon, bill in hand, he hied to the
rber's shop.

"What is the meaning of this, sir? I have never had those
ings. You have never dressed my hair."

"I know it."

"I got no washes from you."

"No, you certainly did not, but you might have had; my
op doors are open, and you might come in and buy. Indeed,
old it to be your duty to come and assist me in supporting
y wife and family."

A domestic brawl of a serious nature had occurred on the
rber's premises. So serious was it that a clergyman's lady
is induced to call and remonstrate with him about it. After
tening patiently to the lecture administered, he politely
ked to be informed when it would be over. "Have you quite
ne, ma'am? Then let me ask you this one question.
aven't you any stockings at home want mending? Good
orning, ma'am."

Farewell to him. Of him, as of Falstaff, it may be said,
at Cardiff "could have better spared a better man."

There were a few curious social anomalies in Cardiff. Thus a
llector of taxes was married to a lady of title, and a real live
ron, or one that called himself such, occupied for a time
artments at the public expense in the county gaol. This
lendid personage had just made himself known at Swansea,
ere he issued a bill offering a thousand pounds reward for
iding a lost poodle-dog; application to be made to the Baron
olasco, at Adelaide Place, in that town. A few days later he
ade an announcement that out of gratitude to Providence
r having saved his life from the wreck of the *Forfarshire*
amer he would undertake to cure the poor from all "ills
at flesh is heir to" gratuitously. To him flocked the lame
d the blind, the halt and the palsied, and he managed to
rk on the imagination of many to such an extent that they
lieved themselves cured. The poor were not, however,
stined to enjoy such benefits exclusively. Those who could,
d did pay, called on the baron, and a golden stream flowed
to his coffers. When this stream slackened, the baron,
othed in furs, and accompanied by two young Seraphinas of
ubtful aspect, in a carriage and pair, with a black footman,
ft for Neath, and from thence to Bridgend. In the latter
own his philanthropic career was temporarily and unexpectedly
it short. Amongst his numerous patients was a young woman
amed Thomas, from Cowbridge, whom he cured so effectually
at she required no more medicine, or even food. A prosaic
roner's jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter against
e baron, and he was committed to Cardiff Gaol. There he

occupied apartments in the debtors' quarter, his carriage, his Seraphinas, and his black footman being quartered at the Angel Inn, from whence his table was supplied daily with ever luxury. At the sessions he was acquitted, and left ungratefully Glamorgan for the metropolis, which promised to furnish a broader field for his abilities. There he practised upon the gullibility of the upper classes for many years, but was eventually snuffed out by revelations made concerning him in Douglas Jerrold's newspaper.

Can any fun be obtained out of Freemasonry? Is there an sense of humour to be found in that elevated and abstract body of men? Masons must have intense faith in the excellence of their brotherly system, and it must be admitted that one of the most effective of its secrets is its vitality. Were the faith of the general body of the brotherhood less real than it is, some of its members, endowed in inconvenient excess with the valuable quality of humour, might, on meeting, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, as the Roman augurs of old are said to have done. Masonry, as it is, is an unpromising subject to extract any food for mirth out of, yet I remember an incident in connection with it that furnished intense merriment for a month at least to the townfolk of Cardiff; an incident that, mayhap, some elderly brother who perhaps enjoys the privilege of writing one half the letters of the alphabet after his name to denote his services to the craft, may like to have recalled to his memory.

A most respectable middle-aged couple kept a general shop at a spot now made clear for town improvements. They were primitive in their manners, and must, I should think, have been descended in a direct line from the original settlers in Cardiff. They sold anything and everything from a baby's shoe to a flat iron; or a twopenny loaf to an umbrella. It was understood that in a worldly sense they were well to do, and that their trading was decidedly profitable. As they continued to prosper, the good wife began to imbibe ambitions, not for herself, however; but for her husband. She wished him to play a part in the affairs of the town, and with a view to that to go more into society.

The means of accomplishing this in Cardiff was primitive and simple, being merely a question as to the choice of an inn to smoke his pipe at of an evening. The husband began to qualify by using the smoke room at the Lion, and, feeling his way gradually, he ventured to invade the bar parlour at the Angel, this being quite an elevated region to which the principal tradesmen and professional men resorted. The Angel was the head-quarters of the craft, and listening on certain evenings to the mysterious rapping sounds, which on lodge night form part of the ceremonies by which the mighty secrets of the Craft

are preserved, our shopkeeper's curiosity was aroused, and a desire to join in the occult mysteries and devices of the brotherhood became intense within him, but he scarcely dared hope that a humble man like he could be admitted into the society of the somewhat tuft-hunting fraternity.

But he had, without knowing it, secured a friend at court. The landlady of the Angel liked his quiet, respectful manner, and had consequently a good word to say for him. Having ascertained his aspiration, she determined to see what could be done, and succeeded beyond her expectations. He was balloted for and accepted, and a night appointed for his initiation.

His wife was in raptures over it. "To think," as she said, that her "good man was about to associate with gentry and the principals of the town." The eventful night arrived, when, got up in his very best style, and in a high state of trepidation, after kissing his wife he departed to undergo the awfully obscure process all Masons have to pass through before admission to the privileges of the order.

He had not long departed from his shop when a gossiping neighbour dropped in for a chat with the good wife, whom she found radiant with joy.

"My husband is gone to be made a Mason."

"A what!"

"A Freemason, you know, at the Angel."

"And have you allowed it?"

"Yes, certainly. Why not? Isn't it quite an honour, and ain't half the gentry and the principal people Masons?"

"So they may be. But do you know the consequences?"

"What consequences can there be besides the subscription?"

What further passed between the two women is not recorded beyond the fact that "gridirons" and "hot pokers" were amongst the things discussed. The fears of the wife were worked upon to such a pitch that, hurrying on a bonnet, she almost flew to the Angel, and demanded an instantaneous interview with her husband.

"Quite impossible, ma'am, he is in the act of being made a Mason of."

"Stop it; stop it at once," she excitedly cried. "I must and will see him. He shan't be made a Mason of."

"But it is now too late, his initiation has commenced."

"Commenced or no I must instantly see him. Which is the way to the lodge?"

Following up her question she flew for the staircase, where she was stopped by the Outer Guard. Driven to desperation she fell back upon that tower of strength a woman always carries about with her. She sat down on the stairs and screamed with all her might, and would not leave off, or suffer herself to be appeased, until her husband was brought to her, safe and sound

to all appearance, only be-slipped and half dressed. Pounce upon him without more ado, she carried him home triumphant! After this he seems to have lost his taste for society, and care not for going into the world; but it was observed that his attendance at his chapel was most regular. The word "Mason" became a terror to him, and his heart was opened to the conviction that all was vanity, Masonry included.

The general impression at Cardiff at this day is, as I find that the Marquess of Bute in making the West Dock was supplying an immediate demand for accommodation for big ships. If my memory does not deceive me such was by no means the case. The prescience displayed by his lordship and his advice was most creditable to them: and the result of their forethought is in every way most magnificent; but the dock did not talk to any great extent when first opened. If any one supposes the ships in abundance were waiting to enter and commencing trading, they are greatly mistaken, the progress at first having been very slow. On the opening day, I remember to have heard that the entire channel and its ports had been swept, with a view to inducing a few big ships to enter, to add to the prestige of the occasion; and I know that only one old wooden ship, one tug boat, and the Bristol steamer composed the entire flotilla which did enter. The making of the dock had been no means smooth work. There had been a formidable strike amongst the navvies, to counteract which the contractor had brought over ship loads of Irish peasants direct from Ireland. I saw hundreds of them landing, looking most desolate and helpless, and as strange as though they had come from the Antipodes. Patrick, however, set to work with a will, and in a few days fingered more money than he would have done at home in a year. Shortly after, by means of Post Office orders, for which on pay day the Post Office was besieged, Biddy and the child there appeared on the scene, for your Irishman is uxorious has a warm heart and strong affections. Wherever he may find himself he yearns for his old surroundings, for his wife and his brats, and for all his relations. Unlike the big hulking navvies who brought no women-folk with them, he is a helpless creature when deprived of his domestic joys, and the society of those he loves; so he had all his "belongings" over as soon as possible. They came, poor things, wanting everything, but it was surprising how quickly they settled down, whilst the demand for cheap furniture and bedding was enormous. Difficulties with the police arose from time to time about housing their pigs without whose society they didn't at first know how to get on but everything was learned in time, and thus was founded the commencement of the Irish colony at Cardiff, that has contributed more towards its rise and progress than many would admit, and has ever since increased, multiplied and flourished.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOVES OF EDITH AND RONALD.

A BALLAD.

A lady sits in her lonely bow'r, while the perfume-laden air
Fans her soft cheek, and the sunbeams play in her wealth of
golden hair ;
Her thoughts are beyond the ocean wide, with her cavalier so
gay,
She lists for the tramp of the charger bold, her knight-errant's
gallant grey.

“ Ah ! lady, in vain you listen and wait,
The daylight is fading, the hour grows late.”

The lady walks by the castle moat with silent step and slow,
Nought is heard save the screech of the distant owl and the wait
of the waters low,
She pauses a moment, she fancies she hears his footstep, his
voice again ;
It is but an echo borne on the breeze, she waits for her lover in
vain.

“ Haste, lady, forsake the bank's glittering sheen,
The water is dreary, the night-air keen !”

The lady reclines on a silken couch within her ancestral hall,
Nursing her sorrow in dreary state, while the heavy rain-drops
fall ;
Night closes around, “ Sleep, lady, sleep ! Retire, for the hour is
late !”
She heeds not the warning, she recks not the gloom—still, still
does she listen and wait.

“ Sweet lady, you wait and you listen in vain,
Alone in the darkness no longer remain.”

The lady leans from her casement wide, she fixes her longing
eyes
Beyond the gloomy forest's bounds, where the mountains dimly
rise ;

She strains her ear for the welcome sound of human footstep
near,

“Alas! he comes not,” then she moans, nor checks the falling
tear.

“Sweet lady, thy lattice till morning’s light close
Rest safe on thy pillow and calmly repose.”

The lady paces her chamber lone, a year and a day have elapsed
Over her sad and aching heart her hands are firmly clasped;
She gazes into the silent gloom, she heeds not the midnight
hour,

What sound is that? ’Tis the hour of twelve booming loud
the castle tower.

“Go seek, lady, seek on the dread battle plain,
Thy Ronald lies there, ’mid heaps of the slain.”

The lady crouches in cloistered shade within the convent wall
Renounced are all her fair domains, her castles and her halls
Yet oh! how oft the sad recluse will think on happier days,
Of him who now for evermore has vanished from her gaze.

“Oh! list, lady, list to the convent bell,
Forget the world in thy grated cell!”

The lady is silent, she cannot forget—his image she cannot
erase,

For mem’ry will cling to his parting farewell, and cherish his
last embrace;

’Tis night—and alone in her narrow cell, with anguish she cannot
on his name,

“Oh! why didst thou leave me for dangers unknown—where
embark in a search for fame?

To the convent’s seclusion now only I cling,
My heart buried here, with life still in its spring

The lady thus plaintively murmurs her woes, when her eyes
should be closed in sleep,

While the solemn chant falls on her ear of the nuns as the
vigil keep;

Oh! not from choice is she immured in the convent’s living
death,

She quitted the world in her sad despair, to bewail with her
latest breath,

The lover of whom she no tidings can learn,
The lover who never again will return.

The lady sinks on the convent floor, o’erpow’r’d by a strange
cold fear,

The chill of the grave is round her cast—the presence of death
seems near;

Yet still on him her thoughts are fixed on whom she vainly
 calls,
 As vainly now amidst the gloom as erst in her castle halls.
 "Oh! come to me, Ronald, as here I wait,
 Be you living or dead I would know your fate."

The door slowly opens, the taper burns dim, she starts with a
 cry of dismay,
 The form of her Ronald she tremblingly views, but the form is of
 lifeless clay;
 At last then they meet-- the living and dead--the lovers so
 faithful and brave,
 The warm blood of life in the veins of the one, in the other the
 chill of the grave.
 She knows that she stands on eternity's brink,
 But from death and her Ronald she never will shrink.

"Fear nothing, my Edith," she hears him exclaim, "I come but
 to claim thee my bride,
 But first must thou pass through the gates of the tomb, first
 enter the gulf yawning wide;"
 She answers, "In girlhood I plighted my troth, I vowed to be
 thine, only thine,
 The day has arrived, let me now prove my faith--my Ronald,
 in death thou art mine."
 She strives yet once more his loved features to trace,
 Then is clasped in his arms in an icy embrace.

The morning dawns, the sun's soft beam mantles the convent
 grey,
 It shines o'er the grated and cloistered cell, where cold and stiff
 she lay,
 The beautiful Edith of former days, in the robe of her order clad,
 The veil enshrouding her lovely form, fit ending to life so sad,
 To her lover her spirit has winged its flight,
 At last re-united in death and night.

Canterbury.

ELIZA VAUGHAN.

SONNETS TO THE ARCHDRUID, MYFYR MORGANWG,*

On attaining his eighty-fourth birthday, Jan. 5th, 1884.

Yes, thou hast travelled through the golden tides,
 Of spring and summer; and hast left afar
 Behind, the rich and fair autumnal star;
 And on to winter's zone hast pressed thy strides.

*The writer called recently on the venerable Archdruid, and was told by him
 that he was then engaged upon an essay on "Solar Emanations."

The land is lone ; the deepening shadow glides,
 Along thy path ; and thickening falls the snow,
 In silvery flakes upon thy Druid brow ;
 And shortening day to lengthening night subsides.
 Though far advanced within the wintry vale,
 Thy pilgrimage is not without its glory ;
 The pilgrim's song is wafted on the gale ;
 The way is cheered by many an old-world story.
 O'er the dim wintry shades and fringes gray,
 Break the soft splendours of the closing day.

Born with the birth of Britain's golden age,
 Millennial reign of science and of song ;
 When many spirits, wise, and brave, and strong,
 In building up, most earnestly engage,
 The city of God. Reverent and sage,
 Thine ardent spirit heard prophetic calls,
 To approach the gates and pass within the walls,
 And earn by glorious work the Druid's wage.
 Thy house, amid the many mansions fair,
 Most curiously planned with cunning skill,
 Apart, as on some lone and rugged hill,
 Built slowly with a most religious care,
 Rose temple-like ; of solemn front, and calm
 Where breathes the priest his prayer, and prophet c
 his psalm.

Pontypridd.

W. PAR

WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

VIII.

BENJAMIN LORD LLANOVER.

This highly popular statesman was born on the 8th day of November, in the year 1802, and was the eldest son of Benjamin Hall, Esq., of Abercarn, Mon., and Hensol Castle, Glamorgan, by his wife, Charlotte, daughter of William Crawshay, Esq., of Cyfarthfa. On the 4th of December, 1823, Mr. Hall, jun., married Miss Augusta Waddington, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Benjamin Waddington, Esq., of Llanover, Mon. The issue of this marriage were two sons, who died in infancy, and one daughter. Mr. Hall first entered the field of public politics in the stormy times of the first Reform Bill. As a supporter of "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," he contested the Borough of Monmouth against the sitting member, the Marquess of Worcester, and was returned by a majority of nineteen. Lord Worcester, however, petitioned against the return, and a Committee of the House of Commons unseated Mr. Hall the following July, and declared his Lordship to have been duly elected in his stead. The next year the (second) Reform Bill was passed into law, a dissolution followed as of course, and in December (1832), in a constituency which had more than doubled itself, Mr. Hall again defeated the heir of the house of Somerset, in the family borough, by a majority of thirty-eight. At the next election, in 1835, there was a still closer contest. Mr. Joseph Bailey, jun., fought in the Conservative interest, and on a heavier poll was defeated by the small and tantalising majority of four:—Hall, 428; Bailey, 24. On the dissolution following the Queen's accession, in 1837, Mr. Hall was invited to contest Westminster—a constituency famous for its stubborn fights, and after a great contest was returned. He represented Westminster till his elevation to the Peerage, and during that period of twenty-two years, Sir Benjamin (for a Baronetcy was conferred on such a stalwart liberal in July, 1838) was intensely popular with the electors. He was distinguished as an early advocate for the repeal of the Corn Laws, for the abolition of the window tax, the admission

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of Dissenters to both Universities, an extensive addition to the suffrage, and was in favour of the Ballot. As an earnest and pleasant speaker he was well known in the House, and there, as elsewhere, he was much esteemed. So time went on. Lord Aberdeen, leader of the coalition between the Whigs and the Peelites, was the first to invite Sir Benjamin Hall into the band of Her Majesty's advisers. In August, 1854, he was placed as President over the newly re-organised office of H.M.'s General Board of Health (salary £2,000), and was at the same time sworn of the Privy Council. From the laborious but essential and most useful work of framing a new department, Sir Benjamin was called in August, 1855, by Lord Palmerston, to the very congenial post, to him, of First Commissioner of the Board of Works and Public Buildings (salary also £2,000 per annum). During his *régime*, which was till February, 1858, a very great improvement was effected as regards the comfort and benefit of the public in the Royal and Public Parks of the metropolis. On Lord Palmerston resuming the reins of Minister in 1859, Her Majesty was graciously pleased to confer a Peerage upon Sir Benjamin, and on the 27th of June he was created Baron of Llanover. For some years he continued to take part in the debates of the House, as an independent supporter of Lord Palmerston, and his opinions were observed to have assumed the nature of mild Whiggism. In 1867 he was overtaken by a painful illness, and after prolonged suffering he expired on the 27th of April, 1867, at his town residence, 9, Great Stanhope Street, Park Lane. His widow, who survives him, has edited the "Letters" of Mrs. Delany, of whom she is a great grand niece. Lord Llanover, it should be stated, received his education at Westminster School and at Christ Church, Oxford.

SIR EDWARD LLOYD,

Of an ancient family in North Wales, of whom mention is made in the eighth century. He was the second and youngest son of John Lloyd, Esq., of Pontriffith, Flintshire, by his wife, Rebecca, the daughter and heiress of William Owen, Esq., of Plasissa, in Merionethshire, and was born in the reign of Queen Anne. Entering the office of the Secretary at War in his youth as junior clerk, he rose in time to a senior clerkship, and finally attained the position of first clerk in the War Office. After holding this responsible post for a few years, he was selected in February, 1744, by the then Secretary at War, Sir William Yonge, to be his deputy, and this position he filled for eleven years, during such events as the rebellion in Scotland, and the war in Germany. Mr. Lloyd never enjoyed the honour of a seat in Parliament, but at the general election in April, 1754, he made an unsuccessful attempt for the representation of Liverpool,

when the numbers at the close of the poll were—John Hardman, 1,237; Thomas Salisbury, 763; Edward Lloyd, 593. Under Sir William Yonge, Henry Fox, and Lord Barrington, successive Secretaries at War, Mr. Lloyd most satisfactorily performed his duties until December of 1755, when he was called to the higher office of Secretary to the Forces in North Britain, or as it was also called, Secretary at War for Scotland (salary £1 a day and fees), in succession to Thomas Sherwin, who, curious to relate, assumed Mr. Lloyd's post, which he had also held some years before. The Secretary to the Forces was one of the few political offices which Scotland possessed; its holder did not occupy a seat in Parliament, and he was considered a permanent official, but as time went on it was found more convenient to manage the affairs of the army of the three kingdoms by means of one central office in London, and so first the War Office in Ireland was abolished, and then finally the duties of the Scotch Secretary at War were also transferred to the Secretary at War in England. It is believed that Mr. Lloyd was the last War Minister of Scotland, but the exact date of his retirement is not stated. However, it is likely to have occurred at some time previously to 1778, for it appears that on the 29th of August in that year he was created a baronet. Sir Edward was married twice; first to Anna Maria, daughter and heiress of Edward Lloyd, Esq., of Pengwern, Flintshire, and secondly, to Miss Amelia Yonge, the daughter of his chief, Sir William Yonge, Bart., of Escot, in Devonshire, but he had no issue, and dying 26th May, 1795, the baronetcy descended under the limitation of the patent to his grand nephew, Edward Pryce Lloyd, who was elevated to the peerage in September, 1831, as Baron Mostyn.

SAVAGE MOSTYN.

Admiral Mostyn was also descended from an old Flintshire family. Having entered the Royal Navy at the usual age, he rose to be post captain in 1739. In June, 1747, he was returned for Weobley (Herefordshire), the curious state of the poll being—Mansel Powell, 42; S. Mostyn, 42; Lord Percival, 22; Sir John Buckworth, 22. At the general election in April, 1754, he was re-elected without opposition. From March, 1749, to February, 1755, he held office as Comptroller of the Navy (salary £500), and he only resigned on promotion to flag rank as Rear-Admiral of the Blue. He was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral in 1757, and on the 6th of April, in the same year, was gazetted one of the Lords of the Admiralty, resigning on change of Administration in July following, and his useful life was brought to a termination in the next month. It should

have been stated that he was elected an Elder Brother of the Corporation of the Trinity House of Deptford, Stroud, in April, 1749.

JOHN ROBERTS.

This gentleman, whose parentage is not known, was born in the time of good Queen Anne. On his monument in Westminster Abbey, it is stated that he was "the very faithful Secretary of Mr. Pelham," and this affords a clue to his official career. It is probable that being a young man of good family and of independent fortune, as well as possessing the acquaintance and friendship of Mr. Pelham, that when that illustrious statesman became First Lord of the Treasury, in December, 1743, he appointed Mr. Roberts to be his Private Secretary. The position of Secretary (as he was then called) was more of a friendly and confidential nature than appertains to the numerous Private Secretaries of the present age. His emoluments were of course small, but he would possess the advantage of standing a good chance of obtaining one of those comfortable and convenient posts which a grateful Minister had frequently in his power to dispose of. Accordingly Mr. Roberts was appointed Receiver General of the Revenue of the Post Office in December, 1745, which he resigned the following September in order to obtain the now long ago remodelled post of "Principal Inspector of the Out Port Collector's Accounts of the Customs." Mr. Pelham died in March, 1754, to the great grief of the nation, but the hard working services and great business qualities of the Secretary were not lost sight of. At the general election of 1761 he was elected representative of the Borough of Harwich, a seat which he retained till his decease. In October of the same year he accepted the office of a Lord of Trade, with a salary of £1,000 a year; but this he resigned in December, 1762. On the Marquis of Rockingham becoming Prime Minister in July, 1765, he invited Mr. Roberts to resume his seat at the Board of Trade. The Duke of Grafton succeeded my Lord of Rockingham, and Lord North superseded his Grace, but the services of the ex-Secretary were too appreciated to be dispensed with, and when death overtook his active mind in July, 1772, he was still at his post. So he died as he had loved to live—in harness; and public esteem procured him a corner in the grand old Abbey.

HENRY WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

The most distinguished cavalry officer of the age. Born 17th November, 1768, and the son of John, ninth Lord Paget, and first Earl of Uxbridge, by his lady, Jane, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. Arthur Champagne, Dean of

Clonmacnorse, in Ireland. His father was created an earl in May, 1784, and consequently the subject of this notice changed his name of the Hon. Henry William Paget for the courtesy title of Lord Paget. He was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the army in 1793, as colonel of a regiment of his father's tenantry, which afterwards became the 80th Regiment of Foot. Lord Paget represented Carnarvon from 1790 to 1796, and Milbourne Port, Somersetshire, from 1796 to 1802, and again from 1806 to 13th March, 1812, when his father died and he inherited the earldom. He was made Major-General in 1802, Lieutenant-General in 1808, and full General in 1819. He commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, where he lost a leg. He was created G.C.B. January, 1815, Marquis of Anglesey 23rd June, 1815, a Knight of the Garter February, 1818, and a Privy Councillor and Master-General of the Ordnance, with a seat in the Cabinet, April, 1827. In January, 1828, he was transferred to the post of Lord-Lieutenant and Governor-General of Ireland, from which he was recalled in January, 1829; but he again held that responsible post under Lord Grey, November, 1830, to September, 1833. The salary was £20,000. His last great office was from July, 1846, to February, 1852, when he again held the post of Master-General of the Ordnance. He married first, on the 25th July, 1795, Caroline, daughter of George, Earl of Jersey, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. This marriage was dissolved by the laws of Scotland, and he afterwards married, in 1810, Charlotte, daughter of Earl Cadogan, and the divorced wife of the Hon. Henry Wellesley, by whom he had three sons and three daughters. Lord Anglesey at the time of his death, 29th April, 1854, was Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Anglesey, Constable of the Castle of Carnarvon, Captain of Snows Castle, Ranger of Snowdon Forest, Vice-Admiral of North Wales and of Carmarthenshire, Colonel of the Horse Guards (Blue); having previously held the command of the 7th Hussars, and G.C.H., K.M.T., and K.S.G.

HENRY, MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY,

Eldest son of the above, born 6th July, 1797. Was member of Parliament for Anglesey from 1820 to 1832, in December of which year he was summoned to the Upper House as Baron Paget. Married first, 5th August, 1818, Miss Eleanor Campbell, second daughter of John Campbell, Esq., of Shawfield, by whom (who died 3rd July, 1828) he had a son and two daughters. In 1833 he was again married to Miss Henrietta Pagot, the fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Pagot, G.C.B., a diplomatist of great eminence. His Lordship was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen from October, 1837, to

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May, 1839, when he was promoted to one of the highest places in the Royal Household—that of Lord Chamberlain (salary £2,000). This he resigned on the fall of Lord Melbourne's Administration in September, 1841. Lord Uxbridge, who was sworn of the Privy Council in May, 1839, succeeded his father as second Marquis and Lord-Lieutenant of Anglesey in April, 1854. He died in February, 1869, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the present Marquis of Anglesey. His Lordship was also State Steward to his father when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, from 1828 to 1829.

HON. SIR ARTHUR PAGET,

Third son of the first Earl of Uxbridge, born in 1771, and married 16th February, 1809, to the Lady Augusta Fane, second daughter of John, Earl of Westmoreland, by whom he left issue. He was elected for the county of Anglesey on a chance vacancy occurring in 1794, and this seat he retained till 1806. Entering the diplomatic service, he was sent in May, 1798, Envoy to the Elector Palatine of Saxony and Minister to the Diet of Ratisbon. In June, 1799, he was despatched as Envoy to the King of the Two Sicilies, and in August, 1801, in a similar capacity to the important position of trust at the Court of the Emperor of Austria at Vienna. In May, 1806, he returned home, only, however, to be appointed in May, 1807, to the arduous station of British Representative at Constantinople, where he remained, with the highest rank in the service—that of Ambassador—until April, 1809, when he finally retired. For his services, he was created a member of the Privy Council in January, 1804, and in the same year made a Knight of the Order of the Bath (K.B.), and when that Order was divided into three classes in 1815, Sir Arthur was appointed to the first class—G.C.B. He died in July, 1840.

HON. SIR EDWARD PAGET,

Fourth son of the first Earl of Uxbridge, and born 3rd November, 1775. He married, first, 21st May, 1804, Frances, daughter of William, Lord Bagot, by whom (who died 30th May, 1806) he had one son; secondly, in February, 1815, Lady Harriet Legge, a daughter of George, Earl of Dartmouth, by whom he had several children. He entered the army in 1792, was present at the battle of Corunna, and served as second in command for some time on the Peninsula. For his services he was created a K.B. and K.T.S. in 1812, and became full general in 1825. He was elected for Carnarvon in 1796, which borough he represented during successive Parliaments, and he sat for Milbourne Port from January, 1810, to 1820. The Prince Regent appointed Sir Edward, in 1816, one of the Grooms of

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H.R.H.'s Bedchamber (salary £500), which he did not formally resign till February, 1822, although appointed 12th September, 1820, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Ceylon. He arrived at Ceylon, and took the oaths of office on the 12th of May, the next year, and that government he retained till 1828, when he returned home. Soon after that event Sir Edward was appointed a member of the Board of General Officers, and Governor of the Royal Military College at Woolwich. He had been appointed G.C.B. and Colonel of the 28th Regiment of Foot in 1815, and in 1837 he received the veteran post of Governor of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, over which establishment he presided till his decease on the 13th of May, 1849.

HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET,

Fifth son of the first Earl of Uxbridge, and born 7th October, 1778, married in March, 1805, to Miss Elizabeth Araminta Monk, the daughter of Henry Monk, Esq., by whom he had issue. Sir Charles, who received the honour of knighthood (K.C.B.), entered the Royal Navy, and was present at the action of Camperdown. For some years, while holding the rank of captain, he commanded the Royal Yacht. In 1820 he was elected for Carnarvon, and retained his seat till 1826. He succeeded his brother Edward as a Groom-in-Waiting to the King, February, 1822. In July, 1823, he was created Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and sent on special service, and in April, 1828, he received the command of the squadron on the coast of Ireland. He again sat for Carnarvon in the Parliament of 1831, but was not returned at the general election in December, 1832. However, the following May, Sir Charles was again elected in the place of Howel Jones Ellis Nanney, Esq. (who had been himself elected in March previously). In a few years, however, Sir Charles, who resigned his place of Groom-in-Waiting on the accession of Her present Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, in June, 1837, was raised to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and appointed Commander-in-Chief on the West India Station, in which command he died on the 27th of January, 1839.

HON. BERKELEY PAGET,

Sixth son of the first Earl of Uxbridge, and born in January, 1780. He was married in November, 1804, to Miss Sophia Askill Bucknall, daughter of the Hon. William Bucknall, and granddaughter to James, second Viscount Grinston, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. Mr. Berkeley Paget succeeded his brother Arthur in the representation of Anglesey in 1807, and in June, 1810, he became a Junior Lord of the Treasury, with a salary of £1,600 a year. In 1820 he resigned his seat

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for Anglesey to his nephew, the Earl of Uxbridge, and was elected for the Borough of Milbourne Port. He was a great favourite with George IV., and it is said that the King wished to make him Receiver General of the Excise, a lucrative post, on a vacancy occurring in that office in 1821, but owing to advice, the project was ultimately abandoned. In June, 1826. Mr. Paget, however, quitted Parliament and his seat at the Board of Treasury, which he had held for the almost unprecedented, and certainly never afterwards excelled, period of sixteen years, on being appointed Commissioner of the Board of Excise (salary £1,000), and this post he enjoyed till his death in November, 1842.

SIR CHARLES RICHARD VAUGHAN.

Sir Charles Richard Vaughan, a great diplomatist, was the son of John Vaughan, Esq., M.D., of Leicester, and was educated at Rugby School, and at All Souls' College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow. He served as Secretary of Embassy at Madrid for some years, and in April, 1820, was appointed Secretary to his Majesty's Embassy to the Court of Paris—one of the most distinguished situations a young diplomatist could fill. In fact the Embassy in Paris had attained the first rank amongst its compeers, and to be attached to it was a sure signal to success in a diplomatic career. Accordingly in less than three years, on the 8th of February, 1823, Mr. Vaughan was accredited Minister Plenipotentiary to the Confederated States of the Swiss Cantons. There his conduct so recommended itself to the Government, that on the 23rd of March, 1825, he was gazetted Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America, and on the following day was added to the Privy Council. The Embassy at Washington was only established in 1795, but it speedily attained a very high position among Foreign Stations, and some of the most popular and talented of England's Envoys have resided there. In 1833 Mr. Vaughan was rewarded with the highest rank of knighthood in the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order—that of G.C.H.; and on 4th February, 1834, he was also created a Knight Bachelor. His excellency returned home. His rest from official labour was, however, brief, for in March, 1837, Lord Melbourne despatched him as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Sublime Porte, and the most responsible position of Representative of the Queen at Constantinople he filled until October, 1841, when he retired on a well earned, and the usual period, service pension. Sir Charles died about the year 1843.

SIR WILLIAM WYNNE.

This distinguished civilian was appointed Vicar-General of

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the Province of Canterbury on the promotion of Dr. Calvert, 17th October, 1778, and the following month he became King's Advocate-General in all matters ecclesiastical and maritime. He likewise succeeded Dr. Battersworth, deceased, as Chancellor of the Diocese of London, in October, 1779, but this office, as also that of Vicar-General, he resigned in August, 1788, on again succeeding Dr. Peter Calvert, deceased, as Dean of the Arches and Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. He was also knighted and sworn a Privy Councillor 15th May, 1789. Sir William was appointed a member of the Board of Trade in February, 1790. He resigned as King's Advocate, but acted as Dean of the Arches and Judge of the Prerogative Court till his death.

HENRY CLIVE,

Younger son of George Clive, Esq., Whitfield, Herefordshire, and born in 1779. Having been called to the Bar, he was elected for Hereford in 1808, and represented that city for ten years. In 1818 he was returned for Montgomery, and in April of the same year he was appointed Under Secretary of State for the Home Department. This, his only office, he resigned in January, 1822. In 1832 he lost his seat for Montgomery, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Ludlow in 1839. Mr. Clive, who was an active J.P. for Berkshire, and who was much esteemed for his many kindly qualities of heart, died in March, 1848.

SIR JOHN WILLIAMS.

Sir John was called to the Bar in 1804, and became a King's Counsel in 1827. He was Attorney-General to Queen Adelaide from November, 1830, to May, 1832, and in February, 1834, was created a Baron of the Exchequer. In April following he was knighted, and the next month became a puisne Justice of the Court of King's Bench. He married Harriet Catherine, only daughter of Davies Davenport, Esq., of Woodford, Calvelly, Cheshire, and sat upon the Bench till his death in the October of 1846.

SIR EDWARD VAUGHAN WILLIAMS,

Son of that eminent counsel, Mr. Serjeant J. Williams. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1823, and having enjoyed a lucrative practice, was raised to the Bench as a Justice of the Common Pleas in October, 1846, when he received the usual honour of knighthood. Sir Edward was added to the Privy Council on retiring from the Bench in 1865. He is known as the editor of "Saunders's Reports," and "Burn's Justice of the Peace."

SIR EDWARD W. C. R. OWEN.

Admiral Owen came of an old Montgomeryshire family.

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He was the son of Captain William Owen, R.N., and was born in the year 1761. Having adopted the profession of his father he gradually rose to the rank of captain, and as such commanded the Royal Yacht of the Prince Regent. He saw much service in the days of the great war with France, and was known as a brave and skilful seaman. For his services against Napoleon he was created a K.C.B. in January, 1815, and was promoted to Rear Admiral in 1825. Sir Edward Owen was appointed, when Commodore, to the command of H.M. squadron in the West Indies, July, 1823, was elected for Sandwich in 1826, and on 4th May, 1827, was appointed Surveyor General of the Ordnance. In March, 1828, he quitted this post to become one of the Council of the Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom, which responsible position he filled with great credit till H.R.H. resigned in August following, when the Admiralty was again put into Commission. The next year he married Miss Nay, daughter of Captain J. B. Nay, R.N. In the autumn of 1828 (retaining his seat for Sandwich till April, 1829) he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet in the East Indies, and remained on that station till the usual term (five years) expired. He was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order (G.C.H.) in 1832. On his return to England he did not again enter Parliament, but in Sir Robert Peel's first Administration from December, 1834, to April, 1835, Admiral Owen officiated as Clerk of the Ordnance. He held one of the first naval commands—that of Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, from 1841 to 1844, was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath (G.C.B.) in January, 1854, and became Vice-Admiral in 1846. Sir Edward ended his active life in October, 1849.

(Will be concluded in our next.)

LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(With Original Illustrations.)

XXVIII.

TRAMPS.

I have always had a great affection for tramps. I'll be bound you never felt the real pleasure there is from a smack of the vagabond in your blood. It is like the bead in a glass of old port. The noblemen's sons who took the road in a travelling caravan the other day know very well what I mean. There are tramps and tramps, of course. There is the pest of modern society, the professional globe-trotter, who runs round the world in six months, and twaddles more about it than you would care in twenty years to read—than you would care to read at all in fact; for, than be condemned to the task of wading through the miles of slush poured in upon him in the shape of "voyages," "rides," "tours," "holiday visits," "midsummer rambles," and so on, many a man would prefer hanging.

My ideal of a tramp is a man like George Borrow, poor Professor Palmer, Arminius Vambéry, or Sir John Mandeville, the latter perhaps the greatest of all the family. The rest are humbugs to a man—aye, and to a woman also.

Those I have named were the aristocracy of trampdom. My acquaintances were the plebs. There were noble fellows among these though, from the "yactor" at the threepenny theatre I used to stand drinks for (I say nothing of the superior person, his wife, who drank gin and played "Di Vernon" in *Rob Roy*), down to the regular out-and-outer who had received the freedom of all the roads, the towns and the gaols in the country.

Ah, you should have known *him*! He is dead now, and I am left alone without a tramp in the wide world to care for me. He got his head broken by a policeman who had no sense of humour. John Skelpington was never the same man after. Three shillings worth of beer at a sitting having failed to cure

him we felt it was a gone case. I remember his first appearance in our neighbourhood, which, he told us, he had determined to come into "respectable." He brought all his luggage with him—packages and property in plenty. A bit of mottled soap



"Three shillings worth of beer having failed to cure him, we felt it was a gone case."

in brown paper; two rusty needles in red flannel; a reel of black cotton, three horn buttons, two yards of twine wound round a cork; a clasp knife with a broken blade; the half of an old comb; an inch of tallow candle; a diary, in which, among others, was the somewhat odd entry: "Reading Ouida—rather warm," an alliterative statement of which I do not yet know the meaning; and a map of the road, with the police stations where relief tickets were given marked with a cross. On the back of this document was a carefully written key to certain numbers which appeared on the face, thus: "16, Squire Thomas; crusty curmudgeon with a dog;" "35, The Willows; Miss Jenkins, nice, religious, take tracts, good barn"; "42, Captain Morgan, beak, mind him." A most extraordinary thing about this man was he knew all the saints' days in the calendar, and would bring out pat the announcement, "To-day is Saint So-

nd-So's," or "This and That's," just as though he had supped
 f an almanack or the Book of Common Prayer over night.
 a his cups he was a troublesome, some would say an ugly,
 astomer to deal with. Nearly killed one of our men once.
 ober, he was a bit of a wag, more noisy than harmful.

"Hurry up, your worship," said he one day, suddenly popping
 s head above the dock when the bench, usually garrulous,
 as trying a case of unusual garrulity. "Can't wait here all
 ay, you know. My dinner's getting cold. Only a woman's
 uabble, sir: children, clothes' lines, bakehouses, gutter sweep-
 gs, jealousy, or some'at of the sort. I knows all the causes
 their quarrels, and would settle this here couple in half a
 inute. Bind 'em both over to keep the peace and let me go.
 ice warm keeper* on the grid a waitin me."

All this was rattled off at such a rate that the man had run
 e length of his tether before he could be stopped. A
 ndering "Hold your tongue, sir," at length silenced him,
 id the business was proceeded with.

"Can you read?" said the Magistrate to the witness then
 nder examination.

"Yes, print; or the sign on a pub.," said the prisoner *sotto*
 ce, but loud enough to be heard by the crowd at his back.

"Can you write?" pursued his worship, upon whom the remark
 as lost.

"I can make me one name wid a crass," was the reply of the
 prudent fellow in the dock, who mimicked the tone and
 anner of the Irish witness so admirably that an explosion
 issued, and the irrepressible joker had to be removed.

As I have told you he died. Although his death cannot be
 id to have eclipsed the gaiety of nations, it certainly reduced
 e harmless stock of public pleasure—as far, at least, as our
 ighbourhood was concerned.

Then there was the ballad singer. A man of grand presence,
 th a goodly expanse of waistband and vest, Quaker hat, curly
 ick hair, red neckerchief, and one eye, black as a coal and
 rcing as a gimlet. In summer he went about with a folding
 eenful of the rarest songs you ever saw. I bought the
 ole collection once. The owner was hard up; wanted four
 d twopence to set him on his legs again. I gave him the
 oney. He resumed (to borrow a term from the author of
 'Progress and Poverty") possession of his property, otherwise
 le the ballads I bought, from a binder's shop to which I had
 at them to be mounted and bound. It told upon his
 ascience though; for he kept away from our place a whole
 elvemonth afterwards. He came back, begged forgiveness
 me, and borrowed half-a-crown. We missed his cheerful howl
 m street corner and tavern tap rooms in "Brennan on the

*Kipper'd Herring.

Moor," "The Leicester Butcher," and those peculiarly pathetic ditties of which I have forgotten the names, but which I still remember by the soul-moving couplets :

"O! William, William, my heart is broke,
I found her hanging by a rope!"

And

"'Tis six pretty maids thou hast drowned 'ere,
But the seventh has drowned thee-ee."



*'Tis six pretty maids thou hast drowned 'ere,
But the seventh has drowned thee-ee."*

To hear him go through the last mentioned, filling up between verses with shovelfuls of flabby prose commentary, was enough to melt the heart of a millstone. Putting all together I don't think I had been more than five and twenty time

The good man, whose face flushed a yet deeper copper,
Was dumb for a while, but at last he said "Fie!"
The bird made a noise, just like drawing a stopper,
And, as the Priest leered at her, screamed "Lovin' Eye."

"Who was that?" asked the Priest. Said the bird "'twas the Devil!"
Then the Priest in a fright to his knees dropped and cried,
"From this house I exorcise thee, Spirit of Evil:
The Red Sea* shall compass thee e'er with its tide."

"O! Divil a taste!" was the Starlin's rejinder,
Whereat Roger's face like a scraped Murphy got,
And, thinkin' that Moll had ould Harry behind her,
His way from the cabin he made like a shot.

EPILOGUE.

His Aves and Paters e'er since by the score
He repeats, and on woman ne'er looks, nor,
A hair shirt he wears, whips his back till 'tis sore,
And swears with bell, candle, and book, sirs,
He will Moll excommunicate—oath never kept.
For he married her fairly and squarely
To a bhoy who had ne'er widout dreams of her slept,
Such a couple you'll meet wid but rarely.

s is so
ously bad
I should
have had
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ed of the
k Shep-
if I was
e for it.
of you
ave read
*Noctes
rosianæ*
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ever went
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ny fide
teen edi-



*Leaving me expense
to the bad."*

tion in this
world forbye
the Bible,
Shakspeare
and John
Bunyan." Now
here's a fact in
disproof. This
ballad went
into no less
than nineteen
editions. And
if for "beuk"
you substitute
"ballad," the
refutation of
this calumnia-
tor is complete.
For seventeen
editions I paid
myself straight
off the reel,
as my receipts
and the books
(if he kept

of old Charley Catnach, of Seven Dials, will prove.
were vended at two shillings per edition wholesale, eight
ourpence retail. My account shows profits to Baddley Bill,
in a favourite place for laying spirits in that it must by this time hold much
pirits than water.

Boatswain's Call." You may think that match box of Irish extraction; but as a fact it was made at Berlin.

My ballad singer, "discharged with a caution," got me in a corner and held me there with glittering eye, and still more glittering story, of which the upshot was a treaty which resulted in the publication the following week in the streets of our town of an "Original Ballad," written by a bran new author, and composed and sung by the celebrated "Baddley Bill,"—this being the "professional" name of my hero. Inasmuch as I am quite sure that you are fond of poetry, and that this is something the like of which you've never met with before, and may never meet with again, I shall append the effusion for you rather as the immortal "Baddely" sang it than as it was originally written:—

"MOLLY, ME DHARLIN."

PROEM.

In bonnie Kildare lived a charmin' young Maid,
And the boys called her "Molly me dharlin,"
A sweeter young Saint to the Virgin ne'er prayed,
But her Father Confessor's a Shtarlin'.

Of course she'd a Father Confess. Number Two,
Rake or hermit I can't tell indeed, sor,
Though I know that his fingers would sooner slip through
A pretty girl's curls than his beads, sor.

To him Moll her sins would recount by the score,
And receive Absolution and Blessin',
But, still, for her Starlin' she'd aye keep in store
Just a sin or two more worth confessin'.

NARRATIVE.

"Oh tell me, Acushla," quoth Moll to her Starlin',
"Think well on the question before ye reply,
"Does old Father Marlin, the bog-trottin' carlin,
"On Molly me Dharlin e'er cast luv'in' eye?"

"Lovin' eye!" wid a wink, sis the starlin', the rogue,
Like an Echo he answered her ever
In rale right down English—wid just a bit brogue,
A *faillin'* which Molly thought *clerer*.

(It may or may not be a bull that I've done,
In the lasht line of verse, number five, sors,
I beg ye'll remember, if only for fun,
That his horns kept me poem alive, sors.)

"O Jacob!" Moll wint on, "to play him a thrick,
Could you help me, you pretty ould dodger,
Your swate-mates I'll double, but pray now be quick,
Say the word, for here comes Father Roger."

Sure soon Father Roger, true son of old Mother
(Not Hubbard but) Church, peered in at the door,
Moll curtseyed and, smiled, and, her laughter to smother,
Went munching her apron and part of it tore.

"Good e'en to ye, dawther," says bould Father Roger.
"Ye honour me cabin, good Father," says she.
"Thy father, where is he?"—"You horrid old Codger,"
Says Jacob, "You know me dad's out on the sea."

The good man, whose face flushed a yet deeper copper,
 Was dumb for a while, but at last he said "Fie!"
 The bird made a noise, just like drawing a stopper,
 And, as the Priest leered at her, screamed "Lovin' Eye."
 "Who was that?" asked the Priest: Said the bird "'twas the Devil!"
 Then the Priest in a fright to his knees dropped and cried,
 "From this house I exorcise thee, Spirit of Evil;
 The Red Sea* shall compass thee e'er with its tide."
 "O! Divil a taste!" was the Starlin's rejinder,
 Whereat Roger's face like a scraped Murphy got,
 And, thinkin' that Moll had ould Harry behind her,
 His way from the cabin he made like a shot.

EPILOGUE.

His Aves and Paters e'er since by the score
 He repeats, and on woman ne'er looks, nor,
 A hair shirt he wears, whips his back till 'tis sore,
 And swears with bell, candle, and book, sirs,
 He will Moll excommunicate—oath never kept,
 For he married her fairly and squarely
 To a bhoj who had ne'er widout dreams of her slept,
 Such a couple you'll meet wid but rarely.

This is so atrociously bad that I should never have had it reprinted but for a vow I made in early youth to be avenged of the Ettrick Shepherd if I was to die for it. Those of you who have read the *Noctes Ambrosiana* may remember Jamie Hogg's sneering remark that "nae beuk ever went into a real, even-down, bonny fide thretteen ediany) of old Charley Catnach, of Seven Dials, will prove. They were vended at two shillings per edition wholesale, eight and fourpence retail. My account shows profits to Baddley Bill,



tion in this world forbye the Bible, Shakspeare and John Bunyan." Now here's a fact in disproof. This ballad went into no less than nineteen editions. And if for "beuk" you substitute "ballad," the refutation of this calumniator is complete. For seventeen editions I paid myself straight off the reel, as my receipts and the books (if he kept

Leaving me sixpence to the bad.

*Such a favourite place for laying spirits in that it must by this time hold much more spirits than water.

£5 18s. 10d. ; leaving me sixpence to the bad. Up to the ordering of the last edition things looked very healthy with me. I was, in fact, eighteenpence in pocket upon the whole transaction. Induced to pay for the next lot, I became a loser to the extent already mentioned.

Several other things I was induced to try my hand at in the same way, but never any more publishing. My business instincts were manifestly not strong enough, so I let "Baddley Bill" manage this part of the contract the best way he could. I will give you no more of my "poetry." It is before the public, of whom I know too much to believe that it will willingly let die anything that has fallen from this fine Roman hand of mine. My great song of "Smirking Smuggler Slap-dash," written expressly for, dedicated to, and sung by Signor Roriorori, is it not known in every music hall in the country, even unto this day? My rueful roundelay beginning

The washerwoman wept as upon his toe she stepped,
Tiddifollol ! Tiddifollol !

has it not secured a permanent niche in the Temple of Fame by its reproduction in the *Anthology* of Lord and Stock. My society verses, my lines in the *Oscar Wildian*, *William Gilbertian*, *Hurdy-Gurdian*, and other stanzas equally well known and equally sublime, who does not know them, and who, having once met them, but must crave for a re-introduction. I shall not attempt it. I mercifully refrain. Don't you wish every other writer of doggerel was equally considerate.

With one or two more papers I shall bring this series of "Leaves from a Criminal Note Book" to a close. I have material in plenty for an almost indefinite extension of them, and I am not sure that what has preceded has been the best selection that could have been given. However, claims of more serious literary occupation have been pressed upon me, and these I find can no longer be shelved. The reader, upon whose time I have been such a terrible trespasser, will, I am sure, be only too glad of the prospect of getting me off his or her hands thus early and easily.

MERLIN.

(To be continued.)

“HAMLET.”

ACT III.—SCENE II.

In this we have the little play within the Play, with its marvellous and all-comprehensive teachings. All is said that can be said of effective elocution. But apart from all this surface common places, was not Shakspeare in *Hamlet* giving to the world his own ideal of his own high art? Is it not from here that the thought springs that he was a great teacher—who embodied, as a poet, all the great thoughts of the ages?

Well, after all, we impatiently ask—Yes, all this is very fine, very amusing—highly instructive. This play within the Play is most ingenious, and shows extreme fertility of invention, and is full of wisdom after a fashion, and through working upon conscience perhaps pleased the Ghost, who told him to leave his mother “to those thorns that in her bosom lodge.” What of Duty? What of the chief business of life?—Hamlet knew that he was being rapidly reduced to impotence. He wanted to stand well with Horatio. This little play was an excuse for his unaccountable procrastination.

“ Give him heedful note :
For I mine eye will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.”

What an elaborate contrivance to get rid of duty! And what instruction to onlookers. The secret and the inward workings of the human mind under all its moods are startlingly revealed. All second marriages are anatomised to perfection. The keenest analysis of human conduct; and all this through Hamlet’s amiable weakness, while a stern man of action would not have given us a single line of ethical wisdom.

The question still remains—What is taught us in Scene II. as a whole? It has proved incontestably once more the guilt of the King and Queen, and Hamlet’s thoughts and proposals in the face of this new demonstration, “I’ll take the Ghost’s word for a thousand pounds. Did’st perceive?” And in the face of these accumulative proofs what do we see? Hamlet is commanded by the King; he is commanded by the Queen; he himself in a commanding position nowhere; even after “the occulted guilt had unkenelled itself.” We see that no amount of intellectual proof can form a moral will. Notice how the wild

terrific thunder of the fifth soliloquy ends in a goody-goody whisper. "'Tis now the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn," &c. He has worked himself at last, on independent grounds, to the determination to carry out the Ghost's first injunction respecting his mother!—and his words become daggers-- daggers to his mother! But to the King? Well, whiw

SCENE III.

This, though short, is pregnant with instruction. Hamlet missed a grand opportunity—excusing himself by a most refined sophistry. The extraordinary frivolity and ingenuity of his self-deception!

"Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do it : and so he goes to heaven."

He was afraid of sending his uncle's soul to heaven! What strange theology here. Hamlet throughout was but a very indifferent theologian. He knew nothing of Christianity at first hand. What a lurid light the King's soliloquy throws upon Hamlet's casuistry :

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words, without thought, never to heaven go."

The character of the wriggling, fawning, toadying old Polonius is developed more and more. We are prepared to hear of his doom without regret.

How some of the profoundest truths of religion and morality are due to guilty conscience! The theology of the murderous-villain King is right enough ; while that of Hamlet's is full of contradictions.

SCENE IV.

The central thought of Scene IV. is Hamlet's "blunted purpose." His conscience told him at once the Ghost's business. He readily acknowledged it. He had one more warning :

"Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

"His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable,"

was Hamlet's own confession. With what result we know. He had every possible evidence of his mother's guilt, and one more warning from "his father's spirit." Shakspeare presents him over and over again as the greatest of moralists, a most consummate actor ; indeed, a very prophet sent to arouse and terrify, but no power on earth or hell could make him act. He had boundless opportunities, but at each crisis his courage evaporates in ingenious excuses. He was falling step by step with his eyes open into the toils of the King. No man could outwit him, yet there was some dreadful paralysis over all his

actions. He held his father in most loving memory, yet he could not lift a finger to avenge his death!

He who sees a ghost, and holds converse with him, seems a madman to the one who neither sees nor hears, though she be one's own mother. He whose thoughts wandered through eternity, and held communion with spiritual intelligences throughout all space and time, was supposed to be beside himself by his own mother. But we are treading here on holy and forbidden ground. Can we raise the thought high enough to ask the question without irreverence—Is there any sense in which Christ was a Hamlet? He came in contact with the power of evil; with this world “out of joint.”

His commission was to suffer. Hamlet's commission was to execute vengeance. The One became the ideal sufferer of the eternal æons; the other the ideal coward, who, in spite of superlative accomplishments, ruined a kingdom through the febleness of his moral resolve. Our Lord's words, though containing the sublimest and most exhaustless wisdom, are felt, while in complete harmony, to be infinitely less than Himself. Hamlet's life and actions fall so far below his own utterances that he remains to this day almost an inexplicable phenomenon.

How was it possible that a prince so just and far-seeing, and apparently the idol of the people, should turn out a methodical, mad moralist, instead of sweeping off an incestuous usurper, and occupy the throne, which was his own, to the infinite benefit of the nation? The question arises, Whence came his difficulties? From the incredibility of the story? Why, Horatio knew it. The officers knew it. The army to a man were ready to support him. For to the army the secrets were first revealed. He could twist those courtiers round his fingers' ends. The whole nation would have hailed him as a deliverer. His father's suspicious and sudden death, and his mother's hasty marriage with her brother-in-law, had scandalised the whole kingdom. All his difficulties were of his own creating. Has Shakspeare then created an impossible character—not known to history. Not at all. Nothing is more common. He meant to depict the disastrous consequences of moral cowardice at the helm of affairs.

The fate of old Polonius, the vain and scheming eavesdropper, excites no pity. He adds another illustration that we suffer more for our faults than for our sins. But what justified Shakspeare in bringing him to such a fate? Hamlet did not wish to injure a hair of his head. “For this same lord I do repent.” He had a twofold reason; to show the busy eavesdropper's doom:

“Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune,”

and to show that you will surely do wrong if you do not do the right. He who is too weak to execute vengeance upon imperial guilt will inadvertently cause the death of the helpless and innocent. This lies at the root of much political suffering and dynastic revolutions.

ACT IV.

The key-note of this act has been struck by the last seemingly careless utterances of the Queen and Hamlet :—

Queen. "I must go to England ; you know that ?"
 "Alack,
 I had forgot ; 'tis so concluded on."

SCENE I.

We are struck with the guilty King's resourceful mind. How unerringly right are the suspicions of the guilty :—

"There's matter in these sighs," &c.

To the King and Queen Polonius *was* a good old man.

The King instantly guessed that the deed was meant for him :—

"It had been so with us, had we been there."

And so with all his care the King felt the meshes of evil deeds slowly gathering tighter :—

"O come away !
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay."

This scene is without Hamlet. There are six Hamletless scenes. They reveal unto us the secret powers underlying the phenomena of history. The whole Play is pivoted on them.

SCENE II.

How thoroughly incomprehensible Hamlet must have appeared to these tools of the King—Rosencrantz, Guildenstern. &c. Yes, "the sponges." O, how descriptive.

SCENE III.

What an opportune excuse the death of Polonius furnished. The King acknowledges Hamlet's popularity :—

"He is loved of the distracted multitude."

To this and his mother's love he owed his life.

Hamlet's jesting references here and at the grave to the endless transmutations of matter show an essentially irreverent mind, which the commanding and ruling geniuses of the world never exhibit.

How often our best laid schemes rebound upon ourselves :—

"Do it, England.

Till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin."

SCENE IV.

Fortinbras and Hamlet contrasted. A brave man's example was brought to bear upon him. Then another bitter self-recrimination, and a most desperate effort to rouse himself. He thoroughly understands himself by this time:—

“How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.

Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple,

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, ‘This thing's to do:’
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do it.”

In this seventh and last soliloquy he kept his courage up to the last.

SCENE V.

A most heart-rending scene. O, innocent, beautiful Ophelia. What a horrid world this is. Yet she only succumbs to the natural order of things—the baneful effects of love misplaced. The Witch in *Faust* says:—

“Here are trinkets—chain and gem;
Young man, you should purchase them;
Pearls with which the wealthy donor
Won vain woman to dishonour.
Poor things, poor things!—the best and kindest
Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,
And feels, and loves, and does not reason—
And they are lost, poor things! poor things!”

Goethe's *Faust* is Shakspeare's *Hamlet*. If *Hamlet* had been written in Germany, Ophelia would have been a fallen Margaret. Shakspeare sprang from British soil, where Teuton power is tempered with Celtic imagination. So Margaret could not have been represented on an English stage. Hamlet's sweetheart in the hands of Shakspeare could be no other than Ophelia. Margaret, Faust's sweetheart, must be created by a more realistic genius for a nation whose sins are not so sugared o'er as ours. Both Margaret and Ophelia are dementated before the final exit. Ophelia is a foil to make Hamlet human.

SCENE VI.

Hamlet's letter. How infinitely pregnant.

SCENE VII.

The plot thickens—confusion worse confounded. The heart sickens as the consummate villainy of the King develops itself. But how well has he measured Hamlet's cowardly procrastination, and how exquisitely he played Laertes' feelings.

We are now thoroughly confused—the future is dark. Plots and schemes of villainy; the King will stick at nothing; he hates the people, and loves popularity. That alone restrains him.

ACT V.

We see that Shakspeare's characters move on the stage—the stage of life—through an inward automatic machinery, with perfect clock-work regularity; every character playing out his own destiny—punished, rewarded, according to an inward law. There is nothing arbitrary. It is in Hamlet alone we are disappointed. His is the only signal failure.

SCENE I.

We now breathe the thoughts of the "general gender."

Why make Hamlet, the son of the murdered majesty of Denmark, and who had passed through such experience, an infidel scoffer—a cynic? Is it not a violation of human nature, or is it a psychological fact that great mental power, allied to feebleness of moral resolve, produces an irreverent tone of mind?

"Yet have I something in me dangerous."

Men of no iron will are always dangerous. From the first soliloquy we suspect he is dangerous. There is a felt latent capability of any deed, however daring; of any enterprise, however arduous. His potentiality is immeasurable, his achievements infinitesimal.

SCENE II.

This last scene springs naturally from what goes before. How tragic, how melancholy! What a bitter knowledge is knowledge too late. Hamlet is a noble character, but too weak to cope with the times. When the heart is weak, the whole body politic must suffer—the innocent with the guilty.

What a fell descent from fairest promise to melancholy failure, from that first caustic rejoinder to the Queen, "Ay, madam, it is common," to this dying wish to stand well with the world; and that Fortinbras, who would sacrifice twenty thousand souls to gain a bit of land not worth five ducats, should succeed him in the kingdom which should have been his own. His sad fate was "not to be."

"Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied."

And again:—

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?"

Absent thee from felicity a while,
To tell my story."

O how natural, how human, how sad. What a world of untold struggles and sufferings! You linger and linger with it; you are held by the spell of melancholy; you wish you could change the whole thing; but there it remains, the unalterable, for ever—the eternal too late; the saddest of all wails—TOO LATE.

Now if Shakspeare was, as we believe him to be, one of the great teachers of the world, the question arises, what is to be learnt from *Hamlet* as a play; and what from Hamlet as a person? Very different from all the other plays of Shakspeare, where they are made up of different and distinct personages; chief and sub-characters made to revolve around one another, and the interest of the whole distributed among the many; it is very different, I say, with Hamlet. Hamlet the Prince is Hamlet the Play. Hamlet himself comes in direct contact with each one of the *dramatis personæ*, and according to what they do or say in reference to him each is appreciated or condemned, loved or hated. It is acknowledged throughout Europe that *Hamlet* is the chief work of Shakspeare, and that it stands unapproached in modern literature as an exhibition of creative genius, for beauty, for completeness, for majesty. But what did he intend to teach in it? That is, if he meant to teach anything at all. Unless he sang like a bird without any conscious aim; simply because he liked it; and that all these characters and spirits which he called from the vasty deep pleased and amused him. Not so, we think. He *was* a great teacher. The highest in his line of teaching. He was not a moralist nor a preacher, nor a theologian; and yet he was something more than the three combined. The essence and excellence of each and all were in him without their professional failings. The infinite moods of the human heart throbbed in him. We are exhibited to ourselves on a world wide scale, and we stand astonished at the exhibition. The moral machinery, as it were, of empires and ages is made to revolve before our eyes; we see actions and motives and their results; crime and its punishment; virtue and its reward; everything necessitating its own consequences in and through itself. The workings of the eternal laws in the rise and fall of empires. Shakspeare is a prophet poet. His heart was as wide as humanity, and he drew his inspiration from the moral law. His laughter reverberated like Alpine thunder, and scoundrelism withered under the lightning flash of his lowering brow.

The grandest order of intellects have no time nor the faculty for introspection. They are partly conscious and partly unconscious messengers to us from a power higher than themselves. Now is there anything in Hamlet to substantiate this—that Shakspeare, through his art, intended to show, as in a mirror, the course of this world to "itself?" I think there is. The

little play within the play reveals Shakspeare's consciousness of the high aim of his art. Hamlet tells the player, "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." And again, "If his occulted guilt do not itself unkennel." And again, Hamlet, at the end of one of his self-accusing soliloquies, says—

"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King."

Now, who and what was Hamlet? Why do we love him? How is he so popular?

Irving has conceived him as a profound moralist with infinite wrongs to adjust, on the point of revenge. Salvini as a half-mad, desperate character, capable of anything. Rosse, Garrick, and Kean, and others have attempted him and have grasped a certain side of his character, and acted it well, but failed in other parts, and necessarily so; for Hamlet is complex and many-sided humanity in its bright and dark aspects; and this cannot be acted but in part on the stage.

The drama is this world as it is. Hamlet is Shakspeare himself; his ideal of his own profession; "the mirror of nature." Humanity in bewilderment, in a kind of methodical madness, having lost its rights, is Hamlet. The prophets, the bards, the moralists, helplessly bewailing cruel injustice in high places, are Hamlet. The irrepressible longing of all the world, from the ploughboy to the diademed tyrant, "*to be*" is Hamlet. The down-trodden nations of the world in every age are Hamlet. In a word, all of us at war with our circumstances, fretting under the iron will of destiny. The awful struggle of all life "*to be*" is Hamlet. Atlas under a world of wrongs is Hamlet. And all *Hamlet*-struggles necessarily end in hubbub, in confusion, in a tragic melee, where the innocent with the guilty are swept away in one melancholy catastrophe. And with the profoundest insight into the principle of the prosperity or fall of empires, Shakspeare connects all this confusion and tragical denouement with what, at first sight, seemed an amiable weakness in Hamlet's character; but for which nations pay dearer than under the sternest despotism. A weak prince, or a divided government is the curse of a nation. And more especially if that weakness be combined with great mental accomplishments. A profound philosopher, an incomparable moralist, the most perfect of orators, and at the same time Hamlet was the most irresolute of mortals. He bitterly accused himself and yet did nothing:—The effect of know-

ledge without will. The categorical imperative was upon him, and he feigned madness to avoid obedience. Things are out of joint, and the right men are not at the helm of the ship of state. Hamlet was an amiable Eli letting things take their course; though he was the only man in the kingdom to whom the Divine call came to avenge the murder of his father and to take the reigns of government in his own hand. A man with excellent intentions and with an utter want of will. And it is the *will* that makes the difference between man and man; not knowledge, not opinion, not feeling, but *will*—the power “to be.” Hamlet’s feelings were good, but his actions were for ever wrong. Men like Hamlet ruin families, and produce revolutions by their want of firmness, and then die like martyrs. A weak man with good feelings causes more misery than a determined bad man. Now see the result of all this. Because of the weakness of his character he became the murderer of Polonius and the unintentional cause of the madness and suicide of the most lovely maid in Denmark. Through him his mother was poisoned, and both he and Laertes blundered into mutual murder; and in fine, the royal race of Denmark and their civilisation passed away, and the warlike Northern Viking Fortinbras inherited their country and their crown.

Here is a lesson to statesmen and nations. High moralising and microscopic self-examination are the endeavours of irresolution to shirk off duty.

The whole incidents of the play are supposed to have taken place in about four and a half months. And during that time Hamlet is made to speak three hundred and forty-five times, and to utter seven grand soliloquies. He is spoken of twenty-six times behind his back, and not once kindly, but by Ophelia. He was the most universal genius, and the foremost orator of his time, yet he blundered from first to last. And the close parallelism between him and an eminent statesman of our day is not far to seek. Who has spoken so often and so eloquently, who has philosophised so profoundly on the affairs of nations, who has written so many learned pamphlets, accusing his own country most unsparingly, who has thrust her peccadilloes in the face of all nations as the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and who has shown so much weakness and vacillation in action as he? The greatest orator, the most accomplished scholar, and the most versatile genius of this century, and withal England reels from his timid, vacillating, and cosmopolitan policy. His want of moral firmness in the face of Continental lust for territorial aggrandisement constitutes an element of the utmost danger to our country, and makes him the veritable living Hamlet of our day.

Observatory Cottage.

JOHN JONES.

TANWEN.

AN OLD WELSH LEGEND.

1844. A. D. 1844.
LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

The Gentle and the Venous, the Fair and the Fairer.
The slender was to be tracked, sometimes slowly, but always
surely, till at length the instruments of engender were all
collected together into one tremendous wind, and complete
destruction overwhelmed him and his house. The tremendous
Joo-pant much time and many words in endeavouring to
persuade him, contrary to his own convictions, that he must
have submitted some grievous wrong of the kind of the
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consciousness of his integrity of purpose, and of the blamelessness of his life, made the calamities so much the more mysterious to Job himself.

With such an anticipation of justice in the minds of both Jew and heathen, it is not surprising that we find the lesson taught in many a national legend stamped with the mark of an earlier or later Christianity, according to the date of the popular poet, whose version may have been handed down to us. Two such legends are very interesting from their similarity of plot and their difference in detail, depending upon the date and the local habitation of each. One is a Welsh tale—"Envy Burning Itself;" the other is Alsatian, and is known to us through Schiller's ballad—"Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer," or "The Journey to the Foundry." A slight sketch will serve to recall this poem to the remembrance of most of our readers.

Fridolin is a page at the Castle of Savern, so zealous in the discharge of his duties that had he not loved to wait upon his mistress for her own sake he would have done so in obedience to the will of God. His loving service is rewarded by the lady, who treats him more as a child than as a servant, and places him above her other attendants. This rouses the envy of Robert the Huntsman, whose soul has long been the abode of malice, and other bad passions. He whispers poisonous calumnies into the ear of the Count, who rides off in a fury to the wood, where an iron foundry rages and blazes day and night. He calls two of his workmen to him and gives them the brief command to throw into the furnace the first person who comes to them and asks, "Have you fulfilled my master's orders?" Then Robert sends Fridolin to the Count, and Fridolin is told to take this message to the foundry. But before he starts he goes to the Lady of Savern to learn her pleasure. She asks him to hear a mass and say a prayer, both for herself and him. As he passes through the village the church is open, the bells are ringing, the priest is there; but it is harvest time, and no choristers appear to assist in the celebration. Fridolin thinks he is justified in delay for a religious purpose, so he arrays the priest in his vestments, prepares the holy vessels, rings the bell at the Sanctus and again at the Elevation of the Host, and, unwearied by such unusual duties, he even waits till after the parting benediction has been given. Then he arranges everything in order, and departs, saying twelve Paternosters on the way to the foundry. "Have ye performed my master's orders?" he cries to the workmen, as he sees the smoke rising out of the furnace. The men point to the flames and answer, "We have." He returns at once to the castle. His master, in astonishment, demands an account of his proceedings, and when he learned the pious cause of his delay, and that he

has not heard or seen anything of Robert (who has been sent to the foundry to make sure of the fate of Fridolin) the Count is obliged to bear public testimony to the innocence of the page, and to the justice and goodness of God.

The Welsh legend, and the translation of it, are to be found in the Iolo manuscripts, published by Messrs. Longman and Co. The orthography of the original is bad, and the grammar defective, as we have been informed by a good Welsh scholar. There is no date to the legend, but it is classed with several others, under the head of "Ancient Fables." Before these "Ancient Fables" others are prefixed, simply called "Fables." To one of these "Fables" the following foot-note is appended:—"The above fable was taken from a manuscript in the handwriting of Iolo Morganwg, who transcribed it from Owain Myvyr's *Collection of Proverbs*, which was extracted from an ancient manuscript on parchment, written about the year 1300." Probably our legend is earlier than this, as the word "ancient" is attached to it. The fact that there is no mention in it of church ceremonies would lead one to the same conclusion. In the German ballad these ceremonies are alluded to very circumstantially. We must leave it to others more learned than ourselves to decide whether this Mediæval adornment exists in the original Alsatian legend, or whether it was introduced by Schiller.

The substance of the Welsh legend is this: Talhaiarn, the bard, had a son Tanwyn, whom he sent into the world to make his own livelihood, so well prepared by his education, that at parting Talhaiarn thought no advice necessary except the three following brief counsels:—"Travel not on a new road when there is no broken bridge on the old;" "Seek not power where thou canst have love in its stead;" and "Pass not by the place where there is a wise and pious man teaching, and declaring God's Word and commandment, without stopping to listen to him." Tanwyn in the course of his travels became acquainted with a nobleman, who was so pleased with his beautiful writing and his wise words that he made him steward of his property and household. But when Tanwyn's fame for virtue and knowledge surpassed his own he became envious of him, and at length meditated his death. From this point we must quote the tale from the Iolo Manuscripts:—"He at that time had limekilns at work, and he went early one morning to the lime-burners, and said to them thus: 'There is a man,' said he, 'who is my enemy, and purposes to bring a foreign chieftain, in a hostile manner, into my dominion, and to dispossess me of my land and property, and my friends and faithful servants, and to carry away captive all of you together, with myself.' 'He is at this time on a visit to me, and if he could be put to death it would be a good thing, and a safety to us all.' Upon

which the limeburners swore they would burn him in the kiln, if they knew who he was. 'You shall know that,' said the nobleman, 'by this token: namely—the first that comes to you along the road I came from my house here, and makes you presents, that will be the person. Throw him into the kiln, and after that I will bring you more presents in my hands to reward you.' Then the nobleman went to his house and called Tanwyn, and said to him, 'I have men burning at the kiln at the head of the new road; go along that road, and pay them their hire in gold and silver, and give them over and above their demands, in liberality, according as thou art disposed, and give them ale and mead, as much as they like, and go along the new road.' Tanwyn was silent, thinking of the advice of Talhaiarn, his father, and he took in his hand gold and silver and a vessel of mead, and that to a liberal amount, according to his lord's instructions. And he went towards the limekiln, but along the old road, according to his father's instructions; and whilst on his way he heard in a house near the road a wise and pious man preaching the Word of God and His Wisdom. And Tanwyn turned in to listen to him, and remained there some time, where he heard the voice of godliness and wisdom. Meanwhile, the nobleman concluding that by that time it was not impossible but that Tanwyn must be reduced to ashes, bethought him of going to the kiln, to see and hear how it befell. At this time there were none but strange workmen placed by order of the limeburners at the kiln, who were not acquainted with the nobleman, and they having received orders and injunctions from their employers, and as the nobleman was behaving liberally to them, and had come along the new road, they, without one word from either of them, threw him into the kiln and burnt him to ashes. And in the course of a short time, behold, Tanwyn came to the kiln with his gold and silver, and vessel of mead."

In considering the legend as treated by Schiller, we may point out the different motives by which his hero, Fridolin, and our Welsh hero, Tanwyn, were actuated. Tanwyn's safety is attributed to his obedience to his father's commands, while that of Fridolin is the result of his attention to the wishes of the Lady of Savern. This introduction of the chivalrous feeling (together with the ceremonial one which has been mentioned before) helps us to a decision on the question of date as regards the two versions. The motives of the two noblemen are necessarily different. Tanwyn's master is goaded by envy, but Fridolin's lord is filled with jealousy through the poisonous words of Robert the Huntsman, himself excited by envy of the innocent page. The Savern of Schiller's ballad is Saverne or Zabern, as it is sometimes spelt in German—a town in Alsace, in a wild country on the eastern slope of the Vosges, on the post road from Strasburg to Nancy.

The limekiln of the Welsh tale is by no means so poetical as the iron furnace of the Alsatian one, but it suits the earlier date better. The iron furnaces of the olden time, even now to be seen in some out-of-the-way places—parts of Spain, for instance (whence the name of “Catalan Forge,” given to a small iron furnace)—are hardly large enough to receive the body of a man. The frequent accidents that occur to workmen engaged in feeding limekilns would readily suggest the expedient of throwing the victim into one. On the other hand, the iron furnace is appropriate to the Alsatian legend, as that district contains iron ore and wood in abundance, especially at Framont, a little to the south of Savern. The German poem ends with the destruction not of the Count, but of Robert, the envious huntsman, in strict accordance with the moral of the Welsh tale, “Envy burning itself,”—while it adds the repentance of the Count, and his confession of the innocence of Fridolin, brought to light by a visible interposition of Providence.

Clifton.

C. E. O.

In Memoriam.

DANIEL THOMAS,

COLLIERY PROPRIETOR,

BORN JANUARY 15TH, 1849; DIED JANUARY 27TH, 1884.

On the morning of Sunday, January 27th, 1884, occurred at the Naval Steam Coal Colliery, Penygraig, Glamorganshire, one of those terrible explosions of gas, by which, ever and anon, the mining districts of the county are swept as by a simoom; bringing desolation to the hearths and homes of the sons and daughters of men. In the pit at the time were eleven souls—overmen, firemen, ostlers and others—whose fearful fate, immediately it became known, excited in the intrepid fellow whose portrait we give this month a determination to attempt their rescue. He descended the pit with a number of volunteers, and notwithstanding the most frightful difficulties, succeeded in penetrating the workings to where horse and man had met a common death from scorching flame or poisonous choke-damp. In a gallant endeavour to second the efforts of a powerful youth named John Jones, bent on ascertaining the fate of his father, Daniel Thomas perished, in the prime of manhood and the flower of health, as noble a sacrifice to man's love for man as any ever recorded. For bravery displayed under almost similar circumstances, namely, in connection with the miners entombed at Tynevyld, Mr. Thomas received, April 20th, 1877, the Albert Medal of the First Class, bestowed by the Queen, who has written expressing her sorrow for his sad fate.

WELSH POETRY IN ENGLISH DRESS.

TO THE LARK.

BY DAFYDD AP GWILYM.

Translated by A. J. Johnes.

Sentinel of the dawning light!
Reveller of the Spring!
How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,
Thy boundless journeying,
Far from thy brethren of the woods alone,
A hermit chorister before God's throne!

Oh, wilt thou climb yon heavens for me,
Yon starry turret's height,
Thou interlude of melody,
'Twixt darkness and the light!
And find (heaven's blessings on thy pinions rest!),
My lady love—the moonlight of the west?

No woodland caroller art thou,
Far from the Archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain brow,
The music in the sky!
Then fearless be thy flight and strong,
Thou earthly denizen of Angel song.*

*In the original the imagery is so rich and diversified that it is almost impossible to give a close translation. The preceding must be considered, therefore, in the light of an imitation,—an expression of the leading ideas,—rather than as a complete and accurate translation.

WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.



THE OLD WELSH STOCKING KNITTER.

Old Welsh days! I never see an old-fashioned Cambrian mother, with ball of yarn by her side, plying her knitting needles and gazing with spectacled eye upon the passer by, but I am carried back to the old days when distinctive characteristics were common, and railways were not, and the voice of the Saxon was rarely heard. That aged Welshwoman! Her fingers

worked with as much rapidity and instinct as a girl's do now-days on the piano. She no more looked at her work than the skilled musician does at his keys, but would talk as volubly as if she was doing nothing. And had not she a voice? Talk of the Cardigan herring dealer or the old Welsh farmer! Her voice would ring out like a clarion over the far-away hill side for a truant Sarah Ann or Betsy Jane. Far above passing sounds would that wonderful voice be heard, and woe betided the truant if it were not attended to.

I am happy to say that some of the descendants of the old lady, whom our facile artist has placed at the head of this article, still pursue the knitting customs, but more stockings are bought from shops than used to be, and lagging fingers oftener spend John's earnings in that way, or in buying from wandering stocking vendors, than in knitting stockings themselves. Wherever the assimilation of English and Welsh becomes marked, as in the large towns of Wales, the knitting habits lessen, and you must go into the agricultural districts, where the population is sparse, to see anything like the old stocking industry. Take Cardiganshire for example. In one of the Cardigan parishes—and the one I refer to in particular is that of Caron, not far from Ystrad Meurig—one might have seen fifty years ago and less (possibly still may see) the old stocking knitting habits of the Welshwomen. It was a primitive parish. The crops were rye, barley, and oats. One rarely saw any wheat. For apparel the inhabitants not only made their own, being very adept in carding, spinning and manufacturing, but sent large quantities to market. It was the boast of the ablest knitters that they could knit a stocking large enough for a man while a goose was roasting, or a pot boiling for a good hot supper. One of the customs of the parish was to hold what they called a Gwrid. A number of girls would assemble after supper at each other's house in turn, and knit for the love and honour of the thing. The yarn would be let loose of equal length, and the first who would knit up to the knot was regarded as conqueror.

I daresay many of the Cardigan women, wrinkled and ragged, one meets with journeying to market or at work in the field labouring, in as primitive a way as in the time of Boaz, could tell pleasant tales of the Gwrid and the old friends who met to contest the palm, the silence not unfrequently broken by tales of Canwyllau Cyrph, or other mysterious visitations, and at such times, when some thrilling incident or other would be related, how the fingers galloped in pulsation with the heart, and at the catastrophe not unfrequently every eye would be turned on the listener, and the fingers be most unusually at rest.

Here is a Gwrid tale once often told.

The stables and coach-house of Hafod were haunted. I heard my grandfather tell the tale often and often. As soon as John would put up the harness or bridle, down it came again. Brushes flew about the place right and left. It was quite dangerous to be there. One night the stables were burnt down, and then the squire thought he had got rid of the tormentor. But no, as they built up the place it was pulled down again. So he sent for an Oxford gentleman who happened to be visiting at the vicarage and there was a grand performance. He made first a circle on the ground, and had a table placed within it, and on the table a Bible. Then he read a bit out of an old book, first ordering everyone to keep within the circle and not to move, no matter what came. As he read, a wasp came viciously towards them, as if to sting them, but they never moved. Then a bull dog leaped out at them with open jaws, still they kept quite still, and after gnashing its teeth at the very edge of the circle it disappeared. Next came a bull foaming towards them, and it was hard work they had to remain, but they did, and then the Oxford man conquered. The tormentor was at his mercy, and was condemned to banishment under the sea until he had cut off a fathom of rock with a small hammer and a tin tack. Out at sea on still nights you can hear him at work. It's truth I am telling. Ië yn wir? Chcrus of the assembled: "There now;" Dyna ychwi.

AP ADDA.

A S T O R M - W A I F :
OR, TWO ST. DAVID'S DAYS.

BY HOWELL DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "STOLEN FROM THE SEA,"
"THE HUNTSMAN'S LEAP," "OUR PROMPTER'S DAUGHTER," &C.,
&C.

PART I.

A wild, blustering night on the western coast; a night of rain and sleet and bitter, biting wind; a night on which many a gallant ship went down within hail of this rugged island-home of ours! It was the night of the 29th February, and that made it all the more memorable, for even to this day people who dwelt along that coast speak of it as the stormy Leap-year. All through the chill, dark January days harsh tempests had raged with an almost unbroken fury, and had carried their fierce battle on into the middle of February. Then there came a lull, and it seemed as though the genial spring-time meant to offer some early amends for the desolating winter months. But, alas! for human speculation, the quiet, balmy freshness which promised so much, proved nothing but a brief holiday, in which the storm-fiend gathered together his spent forces for a tremendous final effort. And so it happened that that 29th of February became engraven on the memory of more than one stricken heart whose beloved had gone down at sea.

The coast-guardsmen had left his snug home in Boshoston village early in the evening, and had been out for long hours on the dreadful cliffs, whose sheer heights presented an iron front to the fierce Atlantic waves. In the momentary pauses of the storm, when the driving sleet lifted for an instant, he had watched with an anxious gaze the lights of vessels scudding past in the darkness, far out at sea.

"God help 'em if they fail to hold their own out there to-night," he muttered to himself, as he bent his burly form to face the wind. "It makes a fellow shudder to think of what would happen to 'em if they drove in here! Heaven send I mayn't see anything o' that sort to-night!"

He stopped suddenly, before he had well finished his gloomy thought, and listened intently. A landsman in that tempest would have detected no sound beyond the howling wind and hissing sleet, and the awful thunder of the breakers for miles along that shoreless coast. But the keen ear of the trained preventive-officer caught another sound of awful import—the

monotonous boom of a signal-gun, that pitiful, pleading voice of a ship in distress! Who that has once heard it can ever forget it?

Again it trembled forth, distinct and terrible, amidst the shrieking voices of the tempest.

"Ah! it's coming nearer," cried the lonely watcher hoarsely, as he raised his telescope and peered seaward. For a moment or two he could make out nothing in that seething mass of waves, running mountains high, and then breaking with a roar of fury against the impregnable cliffs. But as he gazed a vivid flash of lightning lit up the terrific scene, and revealed a sight that blanched the cheek of that strong man and paralysed all his powers, so that the glass dropped from his hands unheeded, and a bitter cry rose from his lips, "God in Heaven, help them! they are doomed—lost, every one of 'em!"

In that instantaneous flash he had seen a large steamer, her decks crowded with passengers, borne like a feather along the crests of those dreadful waves to a certain and hopeless destruction. Nearer and nearer she drifted, louder and quicker came the booming sounds of her guns as rocket after rocket shot up into the black and pitiless sky. At last a huge billow seized her, as a giant would lift a straw, and dashed her with terrific force high against the jagged face of the cliff, where she seemed to cling for a moment like a thing of life, and then, parting asunder from stem to stern, she sank for ever into the black and boiling waters at the base of the cliff.

An agonising simultaneous cry from five hundred throats—a maddening, fearful cry that rent the heavens with its anguish—and all was over! The fierce tempest howled past, the leaping, hurrying surges tore on, and that cargo of living, beating human hearts went down to their dreamless rest!

Towards the chill hours of daybreak the tempest died away as though satiated with its gorge upon life and treasure. All along the surface of the waters, as far as the eye could reach, was strewn wreckage of every description; mute, pathetic evidence of lips for ever silent, hearts that should throb no more.

John Price, the coast-guardsman, accompanied by a dozen sturdy men from the village, was moving slowly and cautiously along the cliffs' edge, peering into every hole and cranny in a hopeless search for some tell-tale remnant of the large steamer whose destruction he had witnessed some hours before.

"Ah, Master John, there beant much chance of our finding anything belonging to them poor things!" said one of the searchers.

"No, no," answered another, "these 'ere sou'-westers mostly makes a clean job of it, when tha taakes it up as tha did last night."

"You are talking a bit too fast, my lads," quoth the officer. "Unless my eyes are much worse than they were yesterday, I can see something down there, very much like a youngster. And a *living* one too, by all the powers!" he shouted in sudden excitement, pointing, as he spoke, to a fissure in the rocks beneath him. His companions were incredulous for a moment.

"See! it's moving now," he exclaimed, "Quick with the ropes, boys! Now, steady! Don't get flustered or you'll jerk me against the cliff and knock the wind out of me before I get down."

Carefully and steadily they lowered the plucky, cool-headed fellow, until he was able to swing himself in and draw forth from its strange place of refuge the little one whom Providence had so miraculously preserved. Steadily and carefully his companions drew him up again, with his novel treasure-trove wrapped close in his stroug, brave arms. The men gathered round him and looked with open-mouthed wonder and awe at the little life so marvellously snatched from the very grasp of death. They could only conjecture that, as the steamer broke up, an incoming wave had washed the little child into its wonderful hiding-place, and had left it there. One of its delicate, blue-veined shoulders was bruised, but beyond that it appeared to be none the worse for its perilous adventures. Some careful, tender hands had wrapped it in a little eider-down quilt, hurriedly snatched from its cradle, and had secured it with a sailor's oil-skin jacket carefully buttoned around it.

Honest John Price dropped a hot tear upon the tiny baby-face as he tenderly bore it home to his cosy cottage and gave it into his wife's arms, remarking in a suspiciously husky voice,

"Here, missis! I have brought ye a youngster at last. It'll require a goodish bit of looking after, just now, I can tell ye." And then, in his own terse sailor fashion, he imparted to the wife of his bosom the singular story of its discovery and rescue.

Now, although Mrs. Price had no children of her own living, she had laid three curly heads to rest in Boshoston churchyard, and so she, being a true woman, indulged in a "good cry" over the helpless, nameless infant whom an inscrutable Providence had given to her care, and then and there took the little one into that softest and sweetest of all human shelters, that safest of havens, a loving woman's heart. Both she and her good man being simple, emotional, superstitious children of the Cymri, took it as a favourable omen that this baby-girl had been given to their care upon St. David's Day; more especially as by a romantic coincidence the eider-down quilt in which it was enfolded bore the letters "S. D.," the very initials of the saint himself.

PART II.

Colonel Danvers and his wife had spent the winter at Tenby, having been recommended by the latter's physician to do so for more than one reason, but chiefly because Mrs. Danvers suffered from a nervous disorder of long standing, which necessitated quiet, combined with cheerful surroundings. As the physician sagaciously remarked, "There are few places where those excellent remedies are to be found in better proportions than in the Queen of Welsh Watering-places."

So it came about that these good folk—whom some hidden sorrow had aged before their time—settled down to the dreamy, out-of-the-world existence of a Tenby winter. There were times when the melancholy tones of the sobbing sea awoke a strange unrest in their hearts, and laid bare the gaping wound of an old grief. It was evident to the few acquaintances whom they admitted to an intimacy that there was a sealed page in the past history of this worthy couple of a peculiarly painful nature. And, of course, Tenby society made all sorts of frantic efforts to get at the record, and, failing that, made up, with an ingenuity common to such gossiping localities, a story of its own, which didn't bear the faintest resemblance to the facts, but was sufficiently sensational to be appreciated.

St. David's Day broke warm and bright upon the lovely bay, till it seemed like the commencement of an early summer, with its soft winds creeping up from the west. Out of doors one would never have imagined that it was the dawning of a month given over to blustering storms and nipping nor'easters. The chance visitors in the pretty little town, looking its best and brightest to-day, are all out and about early, determined to make the most of the genial spring sunshine and the sweet spring flowers.

Colonel and Mrs. Danvers, who purpose leaving Tenby in another week, have seized this favourable opportunity for a long drive, and after an early breakfast start for their first and last visit to the grand coast in the neighbourhood of Stackpole, where may be witnessed some of the most impressive and beautiful effects of the strife that is being perpetually waged between sea and land, rock and tempest.

After a brisk, pleasant drive, they arrive at the quiet little village of Bosheston, and passing through it make their way to St. Govan's Chapel. As they turn out of the sleepy little settlement, they overtake the coastguardsman, who is leisurely strolling along, pipe in mouth, and telescope under arm, in the direction of the cliffs.

Fifteen years have passed lightly over the head of bluff John Price, whose habits of life are wont to run in a very straight and easy groove. There are just a few more grey hairs in his head and beard than there were when we saw him last, and the

crows-feet near his honest blue eyes have deepened and hardened with the fleeting years.

As the carriage containing Colonel Danvers and his wife approaches, he draws on one side and touches his hat with respectful dignity. The carriage draws up, and its occupants enter at once into an animated conversation with the garrulous old sailor, whose familiarity with every square inch of the locality, and the stories and legends with which it teems, renders him a more than usually interesting companion and guide to the strangers. They are charmed with his wild traditions, which he honestly desires them to take as he has taken them, *cum grano salis*, and with his roughly poetical descriptions of the scenery of this weird spot under all its varied aspects of season and weather; its tender spring hues and delicate shadows; its summer glory of golden sea and rich green turf; the deep, misty beauty of its autumn afternoons; the awful grandeur, the indescribable splendour of its winter storms, when the fierce spirits of wreck and disaster are abroad upon the waters.

"Ah," said the Colonel, "those sleeping waves must be very terrible when they are lashed into fury, and there's precious little mercy in that long line of iron cliffs."

"You're right, sir!" responded Price. "The poor creature that looks for shelter on this 'ere coast in a westerly gale don't know much about it."

"How very dreadful!" sighed gentle-hearted Mrs. Danvers, as the memory of an old grief brought the tears to her eyes.

"I suppose," continued the Colonel, musingly, "that no one ever escapes to tell the story of a wreck on these wild, sheer headlands?"

"Well, you see, sir, the good Lord *do* work a miracle now and again even in these times, when it pleases Him," quoth the sailor, with a solemn shake of his head. "Leastways He did in one case as come under my notice on this very spot, a'most. Do you see that nasty bit o' cliff just yonder, ma'am? Well, I found a little one safe in a cleft o' that very rock, early in the morning after the worst storm that ever I see in all my time, ashore or afloat."

"What did you say you found, my good man?" Mrs. Danvers questioned. "A little one? Not a child, surely?"

"Yes, ma'am, a child sure enough, and a sweet little angel she's proved to me and my old missis, ever since that morning when the Lord sent her to us, all unbeknown, as you might say, ma'am."

And then John Price told the story of the rescue, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye, for it lay very near the core of his true, strong heart, and he never tired of telling it, or omitted the smallest detail in its narration. He had repeated

it many scores of times since its occurrence, to visitors and tourists of every description, from the inquisitive to the sympathetic; but never yet had any listeners paid such rapt attention to its recital as those two to whom he spoke to-day. Mrs. Danvers became greatly agitated as the narrative proceeded, and at its close she turned to her husband with a dumb, beseeching look. Her face was white and drawn, her bosom heaved with intense emotion, her lips moved, but uttered no sound. The fond husband understood the thought that was agitating her, and turning to the coast-guardsman asked, in a hoarse whisper,

“And this child, where is she now? Does she still live?”

“Bless your heart, sir! live? Why, o’ course she do! With me and my-old missis, in our snug little cabin, back there in the village; and a better lass, nor a sweeter, never cheered the hearts o’ two old folks.”

The Colonel’s lips trembled as he put the next query, and his heart almost stood still in the brief moment during which he and the delicate woman at his side waited for the answer.

“Were there any marks on the little one’s clothing that gave any clue to *her* identity, or that of the vessel from which she was rescued?”

“Nothing, sir, except the letters ‘S. D.’ on the coverlet in which she was wrapped up.”

“And when did this all happen! What date did you say?”

“Fifteen years ago, *this very day*,” answered the preventive man, puzzled at the emotion of his hearers.

Colonel Danvers turned to his wife, but she had fainted.

“Take us to your house at once, my good man,” he cried.

By the time the carriage had arrived there, Mrs. Danvers had recovered sufficiently to be led into the cottage. In the little parlour stood a tall, lithe girl of some seventeen or eighteen summers, and of an exquisite beauty of face and figure. Dressed plainly, almost to Quaker severity, there was yet an air of refinement in every look and movement which must have struck the most casual observer.

At sight of her Mrs. Danvers burst into a passion of weeping, and crying out, “My child! My darling child!” folded her in her arms and held her close to her throbbing heart.

But little remains to be told. Fifteen years before, Colonel Danvers’ nurse and child, in the care of a brother officer and his wife, had left Jamaica for England in the steamship *Storm King*, and had never been heard of since. The heart-broken parents had returned home to the old country, little thinking that after the lapse of fifteen weary, sorrowful years they should find their child again.

MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

Mr. James Payne's *Thicker than Water* is in several respects a very well-constructed story, but in none, perhaps, more so than in that light breezy style of which the author is so accomplished a master. In love with the heroine, Mary Marvon, about whose birth there is a well kept up mystery, is one Edgar Dornay, an æsthete and a considerable deal of a prig; in love with whom, again, is a widow, Lady Beckett, fair yet, though a leetle—just a leetle—fat, and quite forty, and a millionaire, who actually proposes to him, and is on the point of being accepted, when Dornay thinks better of it, and throws her over. He had, however, allowed matters to go too far with Mary Marvon, who, directly she found out what she conceived to be the true state of the case, threw *him* over, and at the same time left the roof of Lady Beckett, whose companion she had been, never more to return. From this point on the story lags very considerably. We are introduced to a cranky old Cræsus of the name of Beryl Peyton, who plays the part of private keeper to a sort of harmless Bedlam, at which and in boredom the narrative tarries a good deal longer than we care for. Peyton turns out to be Mary's grandfather, the father of her father, whom he believed to have brought disgrace upon the family name by an amour with a country girl, of which the issue was Mary. This little affair having been cleared up, and Mary's legitimacy established beyond the shadow of a dispute, old Peyton dies—not by any means in the odour of sanctity, for he has committed the worse than sin, the folly of bequeathing the bulk of his property to Dornay. Fortunately for Mary Marvon and her cousin husband, Charley—a brick of a fellow, who had stuck to her through thick and thin—the will is set aside, and they get the property, children, and life-long happiness thereafter.

All in a Garden Fair, one of Mr. Walter Besant's latest, is another story which we can heartily recommend for perusal. Its literary hero, the *salon* where he spends his time and at which he meets with the Isabel who makes him happy, are admirably described, and so is the half French girl Claire to whom he had paid his early vows, and who, like the sensible thing she was, gave him up, and took to herself another, who made her as good a husband as she did him a wife.

The *Belinda* of Miss Rhoda Broughton is remarkable for its brilliant dialogue as much as for anything. The cutting cynicism of some of Miss Broughton's women is something to wonder at if not to admire. The scene, laid partly in Germany and partly in England, is filled with living figures of the kind

the authoress loves to paint, some disagreeable, some selfish, and a great many holes. The story is for all that a good one, and what is better, a clever.

Ione Stewart, from the pen of Mrs. Eliza Lynn Lynton, is a powerful performance; in parts almost too powerful for any but a case-hardened novel reader. The violent heroine who murders her husbands, and her actions, are depicted on a canvas remarkable above all other things for lurid lights and abysmal shadows. Mrs. Lynn Lynton stands in the front rank of the profession as a painter of the night side of nature, and her latest production shows no falling off in her peculiar powers.

Mr. Bret Hart's *In the Carquinez Woods* is one of those books which would have delighted the heart of Dr. Johnson. You can take it in your hand and carry it to the fire. What is more, if you are tolerably industrious, you can read it right through from cover to cover in a single sitting. It has the old touches of the author about it in plenty—the scent of the hay being strong at the footlights. We find the same wicked heroine and the same *denouement* as in the story which made the author famous, “The Luck of Roaring Camp.” Of course, the names of the *dramatis personæ* are varied, and so are the incidents somewhat. But there can be no mistaking the identity in either case. The sinful creature whose life closes amidst one of the abandoned miner communities of the West is the Teresa of “The Carquinez Woods”—ex-circus rider, handsome and passionate as a chained tigress, but in whose lawless life for all that a solitary spark of virtue has been mercifully preserved. Escaping from the Sheriff and a posse this wretched creature has an asylum found her in the Carquinez Woods, by a young half-breed, L'eau Dormant (“Sleeping Water”) or, as he is called by the English-speaking inhabitants of the adjoining settlement, Low Dorman, an enthusiastic naturalist with whom, as was almost inevitable, she falls violently in love. The feeling is not reciprocated, and for good and sufficient cause. In the settlement just referred to lives a Baptist or some other minister—a most consummate humbug and hypocrite—whose prim and pretty daughter seems to have a tinge of the same failings in grain. This girl was, or believed herself to be, desperately stricken with our young hero of romance, and while the fit was on there was, of course, not the slightest hope for Teresa. Ultimately, however, the preacher's daughter shows herself in her true colours, and L'eau Dormant, when all too late, finds out her perfidy. Finds out also the great and abiding affection Teresa has conceived for him; which is about all we can say of the story, for at this juncture the author sets the Carquinez Woods on fire, and instantly lovers and timber are in one rude burial blent.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

The award of the adjudicators on the essays sent in at the National Eisteddfod of Wales, held last August at Cardiff, for the best History of Welsh Literature, from A.D. 1300 to A.D. 1650, has been made public. The best of seven compositions received was that of "Llewellyn Vychan" (Gweirydd Ap Rhys), to whom seventy of the hundred pounds' prize have been given, the balance to follow after he has amended his work in the half a dozen directions, more or less, in which it was deficient.

The Rev. D. Silvan Evans, rector of Llanwrin, Machynlleth, in a letter to a recent number of the *Academy*, delivers a telling blow against the belief still shared in by not a few Welsh scholars that the Iolo MSS. were in great part the forgeries of the old Glamorganshire bard and antiquary himself. The writer's remarks are worth quoting *in extenso*, because of the emphatic evidence they supply of the untruth of assertions founded upon either ignorance or malice, or perhaps both. He says:—Mr. Skene, in his introduction to the "Four Ancient Books of Wales," broadly hints that the Mabinogi of Taliesin, printed in the first volume of the "Myvyrian Archaiology," and in an extended form by Lady Charlotte Guest in the third volume of the "Mabinogion," is the forgery of Iolo Morganwg, and that it is nowhere to be found except in his handwriting. I am in a position to state that such is not the case. In the collection of Welsh MSS. at Llanover, near Abergavenny, is a MS. volume belonging to the latter part of the sixteenth or early part of the seventeenth century, containing this very tale. It agrees, with some verbal differences, with the copy in the "Myvyrian Archaiology;" but the variants prove that the printed copy could not be taken from that MS. By comparing this MS., of which the Mabinogi forms but a small portion, with another in the same collection, which is stated to be in the handwriting of Llywelyn Sion, the Glamorgan poet, one can hardly help concluding that both proceeded from the same pen. Llywelyn Sion died in 1616, and this MS. cannot be materially later than that date. To those conversant with the Welsh language internal evidence alone is quite sufficient to prove that this Mabinogi cannot be the production of a person who died in the third decade of the nineteenth century.

Our contributor "Merlin" writes: Perhaps you would like to put on record the following emphatic endorsement of my views on the oath question by an eminent legal authority. From a paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 22nd, headed "Sir John Mellor on Oaths," I find it stated that "A little pamphlet entitled 'Suggestions as to Oaths: Is the Oath of Allegiance a profane Oath?' has just been issued by 'J. M.' (who is understood to be Sir John Mellor, late judge of the Queen's Bench Division). The writer expresses his belief that 'the existing want of reverence and awe rightfully attaching to the name of God is mainly due to the frequent and profane use of oaths,' and 'being profoundly convinced by a long judicial experience of the general worthlessness of oaths,' he advocates their abolition as a test of truth, but would retain the punishment for false declarations wherever the law prescribes a penalty for a false oath. 'An honest man's testimony,' he says, 'will not be made more true under the sanction of an oath, and a dishonest man will only be affected by the dread of temporal punishment.' The Oath of Allegiance he holds to be 'an unnecessary, vain, and therefore profane oath.' It does not extend or make stronger the duty of allegiance which is a fundamental principle of the Constitution; and as it does not and cannot do this, Sir John holds that 'it must of necessity require the taking of the name of God in vain.' He proposes as a substitute the signature of a declaration by every member of Parliament on taking his seat that he professes 'true allegiance to the Queen, her heirs, and successors according to law.'" Kindly allow me to add that these words appeared weeks after the "copy" for my last instalments of "Leaves" had been sent in to your office at Cardiff.

The Welsh baritone, Mr. James Sauvage, is winning very favourable opinions for his performances on the English lyric stage. The *Saturday Review*, speaking of his appearance at Covent Garden, in Mr. Julian Edwards's *Victorian*, the most recent addition to English opera, says that "he fully sustained the impression he made in *The Piper of Hamelin*." In the scene between Bartolomé and Preciosa, in the second act, the passionate supplication of the former "was rendered with great feeling and expression by Mr. Sauvage, and received the only encore of the evening." The *Athenæum* declares Mr. Sauvage, in this performance, "strengthened the impression he previously made." According to the *Academy* "Mr. J. Sauvage as the Gipsy Bartolomé well earned the liberal applause bestowed upon him; he has a voice well trained and of pleasing quality, and his utterance is clear and distinct."

A negro sculptress, Miss Edmonia Lewis, is executing a statue in marble of the Virgin Mary for the Marquess of Bute. She has just finished a large *bas relief* for a Coloured Church

in Baltimore representing the Adoration of the Magi, in which she is said to have made the representatives of Africa much more conspicuous than any of the other figures.

"I can confirm," writes Mr. G. M. Morris, Sarne Park, Llandyssul, "what is stated of Mr. C. S. Parnell having Welsh blood in his veins. I have the honour of being acquainted with Mrs. Delia Parnell, and she told me that her grandfather was Welsh—a Mr. Frederick Tudor, a merchant of Boston, U.S.,—and that he was the first shipper of ice to the East Indies—I think to Bombay. She further informed me that there was a tradition in the family that they were of Hispano Jewish descent. I think also she claimed descent from the tribe of Judah, the Royal tribe, but of this am not quite sure, as I made no note of it at the time. At all events, she stated that there was a belief that all the reigning houses throughout the world were of the tribe of Judah. She is now somewhat advanced in years, but is of great intelligence, and shows traces of former beauty. She was then (1878) living on the Delaware River with her son John, a peach planter, and seemed very proud of her distinguished son, Charles Stewart; but I soon found she was bitterly hostile to the British Government, and seemed confident Ireland would gain her independence in time."

According to an English newspaper "*Llanfairpwllgwyngyll-ger-trobwllgerchwynrbyllgogerbwllzanttysiliogogoch*," a word, we are informed, of seventy-two letters and twenty-two syllables, the name of a village in Wales, constituted the subject of a lecture lately given by the Rev. J. King, M.A., at the Museum, Berwick, in which he gave an explanation as follows:—*Llan* means saint or church; *fair*, Mary; *pwll*, pool, *gwyn*, white; *gyll*, hazel—(St. Mary's white hazel pool); *ger*, near; *trobwll*, turning pool; *ger*, near; *tro*, turning or turn; *bwll*, pool; *gerchwynrbyll*, near the whirlpool; *goger*, very near; &c. In fact, the word simply means: St. Mary's white hazel pool, near the turning-pool, near the whirlpool, very near the pool by *Llantsilio*, fronting the red rocky islet of *Gogo*. The place has the reputation, not only of bearing the longest name in her Majesty's dominions, but enjoys the unique position of having the longest name in the world. Welsh readers know very well no such word exists. Mr. Askew Roberts in a previous number of this magazine made a good hit at the credulity of English people on the subject.

On Saturday, January 26th, Mr. George T. Clark, F.S.A., unveiled, at the meeting room of the Merthyr Board of Guardians, a splendid portrait bust of the present chairman, Mr. R. H. Rhys, from the studio of Mr. Brock.

Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., has chosen *Gwilym Hiraethog's* poem, "*Y Gôf*," as the subject of a scena which he has recently composed for male voices.

The *Christian World* states that the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, of Buckley, whom readers of the *Red Dragon* may remember as the contributor of some very charming verses to that magazine, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Fish Street Congregational Church, Hull, in succession to the Rev. H. T. Robjohns, B.A. Mr. Lewis, though a young man, has been well-known for some time throughout North Wales and border counties as a preacher and poet of no mean order. In October last he took part in the devotional meeting of the Congregational Union at Sheffield, and it was remarked at the time that he was one of whom men would hear again. The prophecy has been soon fulfilled. His removal will be a felt loss to North Wales; it cannot but be a gain to Hull.

Mr. Edward Laws, of Tenby, is engaged upon a new History of Pembrokeshire, embracing much that has no place in Fenton's painstaking compilation. Mr. Laws was mainly instrumental in forming the Tenby local Museum, and was associated with the late Prof. Rolleston in examining the cave-dwellings and other vestiges of prehistoric man in South Wales.

An exhibition was opened at Cardiff by the Mayor, on Thursday, February 14th, in aid of the funds of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art. The director is our old contributor, Mr. T. H. Thomas, under whose management the exhibition is likely to prove a great success.

DRACONIGENÆ.

A Briton Ferry correspondent writes to ask whether any of the readers of the *Red Dragon* can tell him the derivation and meaning of "Llanllowell," a parish in Monmouthshire, about two miles from Usk; and what is the legend of "The Three Salmons," the sign of the principal hotel in Usk?

* *

Leland, in his *Itinerary*, has a curious punning note, as follows:—Betwixt the two Cleddaus (Pembrokeshire) is a little ryveret caullid in Walsch Kyllell, in English Knife. One being requirid wher he lay at night answerid, "that he lay, having a sword on eche syde of him, and a knife at his hart, alluding to the three ryvers in the middle of whom he lay all night." The explanation of the pun to English readers is, that Cleddau is derived from *cledd* or *cleddyf* (sword). The pun, though a Welsh word, is of rare occurrence in Welsh literature or conversation.

* *

A valued contributor writes as follows:—What wonderful discoveries concerning Welshmen Englishmen do make! "Thomas Oliver the cobbler," mentioned by the scribe you quote from *Notes and Queries*, was pretty well known, one would think, from his connection with Whitfield and Wesley—the latter of whom employed him as his editor. He wrote much (as may be seen in Williams's *Eminent Welshmen*), and was a famous disputant, as may be gathered from Sidney's *Life of Sir Richard Hill*. The best literary production of his survivors is the beautiful hymn commencing, "The God of Abraham praise;" the tune of which (generally known as "Leoni") he adapted from an old Jewish air.

* *

At a meeting of the friends of the Welsh Dispensary in London, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, May 20, 1820, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn in the chair, it was stated that during the previous twelve months medical relief had been administered to five hundred and sixty patients, natives of Wales. The subscriptions of the year amounted to one hundred and nineteen pounds.

It was stated in some of the English newspapers of October, 1797, that an iron water wheel, fifty feet in diameter, and said to be the largest that ever was in motion, was erected at Mr. Crawshay's Ironworks at Cyfarthva, Merthir-Tidvil.

* *

Farmers are proverbially grumblers, but they seem to have had something to 'grumble about in 1816. County meetings were everywhere held to "take into consideration the depressed state of agriculture." At one called by the High Sheriff of Cardiganshire on March 17th, at Aberayron, "it was considered that public credit had been shaken by the immense reduction of the paper issues of the Bank of England, which had affected all the currency and local issues of the kingdom, and nearly rendered it impossible to make heavy payments; that the taxes were levied by distresses; that unless the agriculturist was relieved the lands would become untenanted,—then there would be scarcity, insubordination, hostility to law," and the rest of it. This "depression," one is led to believe, must have affected the spirits of the South Walians, for we are told in August, 1816, that the principal theatres of the country "failed this season to give employment for Bath actors;" the one at Swansea was "not opened for want of a tenant, and the recent new Tenby theatre is let as a Dissenting place of worship."

* *

The mention of theatres suggests a record we have met with of the death, in 1808, at Carmarthen, of Mrs. Giles, "upwards of thirty-five years attached to the different theatrical companies in the Principality." Has more than her name survived?

* *

"By the substitution of the letter 'o' for 'a' (writes the correspondent whose note we inserted last month) you have made me say that Sir John Wynn, the last of the Gwydir baronets, did *not* come into possession of Watstay (which he re-named 'Wynnstay') by marriage. The fact is that he did do so, and so was the first of the Wynn family who acquired the estate. It is said that Sir John made more than one will, but the final one being in favour of his distant cousin, Mr. Watkin Williams, that gentleman became first the 'Hon'd. Watkin Williams Wynn,' and on the death of his father, Sir William Williams, 'Sir Watkin of Wynnstay.'"

* *

The foundation-stone of the Town Hall of Neath, Glamorgan, was laid on the 31st of May, 1820, by the brethren of the Indefatigable and Beaufort Lodge of Freemasons.

In the issue of the National Magazine for the month of which the first day is that dedicated to the patron saint of Wales the following "bijou" biography of the great man, quoted from one of the Messrs. Cassell's publications, will be read with interest:—

David, it is said, was the offspring of an amour between Sandda, a prince of Cardigan, and a maiden named Non. Several prodigies heralded his birth. A great doctor, named Gildas, preaching at Caermorfa, a town then standing on Whitesand Bay, became dumb in the presence of the unborn babe. A neighbouring chieftain, who attempted to slay the mother, was defeated by a thunder-storm. The child was born on the sea coast, where a chapel dedicated to St. Non yet stands, and baptised in a neighbouring spring of water, which by a miracle broke from the ground. He received his education at Caermorfa, and after his ordination studied at Whitland, in Caermarthen-shire. Then David returned to Pembrokeshire and founded a monastery at a place called Hodnant, whither disciples soon flocked, and where miracles were not uncommon. At last he was to be made a bishop, and, to secure receiving consecration from the purest sources, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he abode some time. On his return, the Synod of Llandewi-Brefi, against the errors of Pelagius, was held, at which David was present, and his coming was attended by many prodigies. At this synod, the aged Dubricius, Archbishop of Caerleon, resigned his office, to which David was elected by general acclamation. What truth these legends may conceal it is hard to say; but that there was an eminent ecclesiastic who died at a very advanced age about the beginning of the seventh century, and was probably the means of moving the archiepiscopal see to this remote corner of Pembrokeshire, is pretty certain.



WILLIAM CRAWSHAY.
1798-1870.

NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

WILLIAM CRAWSHAY,

"THE IRON KING."

The portrait before you, reader, is one worthy of a long and patient study, for it is that of a king amongst men. A man who stood head and shoulders above his fellows, and whose rule over many thousands in the long course of thirty years was as unfaltering as an iron irrepressible will could have made it. Strong of frame, keen of intellect, sole master, with no confidant or adviser other than his own vigorous understanding, William Crawshay was of the mould and magnitude of the men who govern. In an earlier century he would have been the Norman conqueror; later one of the nobles who made kings and history. Coming into active life, as he did, at the dawn of the iron age, he took the lead in that industry, and became its king. You people of the seaports, whom sudden prosperity has lifted up to heaven, smile, perhaps, that we dwellers of the mountains claim to have had a king. But the smile may be recalled. When Cardiff was a shipping village, with a creek that wakened into life only when the weekly Bristol boat came in, Cyfarthfa and Dowlais Works were becoming famous. The first prosperous day Cardiff ever had was when Bacon sent cannon away for the American War of Independence. Its second burst of prosperity began with the first load of four feet coal transmitted by Mrs. Lucy Thomas, of Merthyr. Since then, by the influences and agencies of the iron and coal streams, Cardiff has towered high above the level of the district which had its king. So may it tower! I envy not, begrudge not; only claim that some consideration should be given to the unquestioned source of all its greatness--the everlasting hills.

The dawn of the iron age was like that of all great epochs, faint, almost imperceptible. I am not going to tell the story here, though worth telling, of Dud Dudley, or of the Sussex adventurers; the feeble beginning, as far as Wales was concerned, at Caerphilly, Hirwaun, and in the Merthyr Valley; how the ironstone, carried from its bed by the flood in the Taff river, was picked up by the first discoverer, and then melted in primitive clayey furnace by bellows or water power; I shall simply touch on the career of the Crawshays. Let me for the time make Wm. Crawshay a Xenophon, who tells his own tale. He shall be our historian. It is October, 1847. There is a

great gathering in the long room of the Bush Hotel, Merthyr. It is filled with all the leading tradesmen of the place. Cast your eyes down the chairs, the grandfathers are there of the men of to-day. What a gathering we have, mentally, of shadowland. There is the father of Lord Justice James, of Christopher James, of Swansea, of Mr. C. H. James, M.P.; "The Doctor" is there, Doctor Thomas of the Court, without whom no meeting would be perfect; Samuel Thomas, afterwards of Ysguborwen, is there, and so is Meyrick, most successful of lawyers, and Jones the draper, and Davies the postmaster, and Morgan the druggist, and Evans the gas manager, and David Evans the banker, and Thomas, Abbot, Winstone, Williams the mill manager, and Sims, and Bryant, and Shepherd. And nearly all are gone!

Listen! William Crawshay is on his feet, and the Doctor ceases to joke, and Meyrick to argue. Crawshay's health has been drunk; he responds, and tells the story of his career.

"I ask not," he says, "for public life. I never did; my whole object being to enjoy the esteem of those I see before me, and of the men whom I employ; to know that I enjoy their goodwill is my greatest satisfaction. God grant that my sons, at sixty years of age, may receive the same compliment from your successors. My connection with the place is so well understood, that little remains for me to tell you; but if I do describe to you the first part of my grandfather's life, I trust you will receive it in the way in which I intended. I mean that it should be heard not by setting suns, but by rising suns. And think not, gentlemen, that I am proud of making a boast of my origin. Although I tell these things, and am in a way proud of them, I do not boast of them. My grandfather was the son of a respectable farmer at Normanton, in the county of York. At the age of sixteen father and son differed. My grandfather could not agree with his father—the reasons are unknown to me—and my grandfather, an enterprising boy, left Normanton for London, and rode his own pony up. When he got to London, which in those days was an arduous task of sixteen or twenty days' travelling, he found himself as destitute of friends as he possibly could be. He sold his pony for £15, and, during the time that the proceeds of the pony kept him, he found employment at an iron warehouse, kept by Mr. Bicklewith; he hired himself for three years for the price of his pony. His occupation was to clean the counting-house, to put the desks in order for masters and clerks, and to do anything else that he was told to do. By industry, integrity and perseverance, he gained his master's favour, and, in the course of a few months, he was considered decidedly better than the boy who had been there before him. He was termed the Yorkshire Boy; and the Yorkshire Boy, gentlemen, progressed in his master's favour by

his activity, integrity and perseverance. He had a very amiable and good master, and at the end of a very short period, before he had been two years in his place, he stood high in his master's confidence. The trade in which he was engaged was only a cast-iron warehouse, and his master assigned to him, the Yorkshire Boy, the privilege of selling flat-irons, the things with which our shirts are flattened. The washerwomen of London were sharp folks, and when they bought one flat iron they stole two. Mr. Bicklewith thought the best person to cope with them would be a person working for his own interests, and a Yorkshireman at the same time. My grandfather sold these articles, and that was the first matter of trading that ever he embarked in in his life. By honesty and perseverance he continued to advance in his master's favour, who, being an indolent man, in a few years retired, and left my grandfather in possession of the cast-iron business in London. That business was carried on on the very site where I now spend my days, in York Yard, London. In the course of time my grandfather left his business there, and came down here; and my father, who carried it on, supplied him with money almost as fast as he spent it here, but not quite so fast; and it is there I spend the produce of this county. And you know to what an extent the iron produce of this country has grown up. My grandfather established the iron-works at Merthyr and Cyfarthfa; he was only left three-eighths of it, but by purchase he obtained the whole of it, and by his benevolence I have succeeded to it. During my time the concern has not diminished, and I hope the rising generation will see that, by industry, integrity and perseverance, wealth and rank in life are attainable by everybody who started in humbler prospects than my grandfather. No man in this room is so poor that he cannot command £15. I have told you this before, and I am proud of it. Depend on it, any young man who is industrious, honest and persevering, will be respected in any class of life he may move in; and do you think, gentlemen, that there is a man in England prouder than I am at this moment? What is all the world to me unless they know me? And you would not be here to-night unless you thought me worthy of your good will."

We seem to hear the strong, earnest voice telling the simple story of small beginnings and wonderful greatness, and then it ends, and the shadows disappear! What finer tale have we in our records of industrial life? The grandfather a poor boy, his grandson the friend and adviser of the Rothschilds; practically interested in the great financial movements of the world, and at his death bequeathing eight millions sterling to his descendants.

The progress of Cyfarthfa was a marvellous one. In 1819 the furnaces numbered six, and in that year produced eleven

thousand tons of pig iron, and twelve thousand tons of bar. In 1821 the works turned out more pig and bar than had been produced in the whole kingdom between 1740 and 1750. From 1819 to 1857 they doubled the yield of their furnaces, and when the railway era set thoroughly in, were among the foremost in the great task of railing, and thus civilising, the world. Vast lengths of American rails are of Cyfarthfa make, so too of Russian. The Turk and the Austrian have been customers; the Greek and the Italian. Many a rail and bar fashioned within the influence of a heat sufficient to dry up one's soul; in a glare which outshone that depicted by the imagination of Dante, have gone forth from the humble valley to play a part, both in war and commerce. From the pin to the sword, from the plough to the pen, what has not the old Welsh ironstone accomplished!

William Crawshay had two mottoes; honesty and perseverance. These indicate his character better, perhaps, than pages of eulogy. His word was never broken, his course never swerved. Few could be more emphatic. He and his grandfather, Richard Crawshay, were of the same type. Richard was visited once by Nelson. Taking the hero out to the crowd, the ironmaster said, "Here's Nelson! shout, you beggars!" William would have done the same. He was hearty, adjectivally brusque, with a Briton's hatred of oppression, whether shown by one small boy to a smaller, or by a tyrant to his people. He gave five hundred pounds to preserve the freedom of Hungary in the same prompt way as he would have given a hit straight from the shoulder to the man whom he found oppressing his fellow. Weakness moved his sympathy, poverty his pity, justness his regard. He had his failings, no doubt; as who has not had in his time? But he had his virtues, and they overtopped his weakness. As the granite forms the base of later rocks, so has the stern grit of such men as he given this country of ours its pre-eminence. The heroes of land and sea, the patient and persevering students of science, the bold in exploration, in adventure, and enterprise and achievement, all are of the same kin as was our Iron King, and sorry the day, for us, when in a nation's eyes rugged honesty and unflinching perseverance are regarded as only needed by the wearers of fustian. It is well for the mountain land that the race who made bar iron, when bar iron only was needed, and turned out rails by the thousand when the world demanded rails, should still survive to take a prominent part in the age of steel. The resuscitation of Cyfarthfa as a great steel-making centre is one of the most hopeful features of our day, and this brief notice of the first William may be accepted as fittingly accompanying such an event.

THE EDITOR.

WHAT CANNOT LOVE DO ?

OR,

A TALE OF TWO FRIENDS.

BY

JOHN SAUNDERS,

*Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Hirell," "Israel Mort, Overman ;
or, the Story of the Mine," "The Sherlocks," "A Noble Wife,"
"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," &c., &c.*

CHAPTER X.

LARRY O'NEILL'S MISSION (*Continued*).

On entering the room where Mrs. Baxendale lay, reclining in very much the same posture as when Larry saw her in the wild Irish glen, Mrs. Moran said simply,

"Mr. O'Neill;" and took her seat beyond the head of the couch, where she was in partial shade.

As soon as the recumbent lady saw Larry standing respectfully at some distance, his face full of sorrow at her condition, and—as she may have fancied—full also of remorse for his own share of the calamity, she smiled faintly, and held out her hand.

Larry advanced, took and kissed the trembling fingers, and said as she withdrew them—

"Before I speak of the business that has brought me here again so unexpectedly, will you permit me to say that my one hope and aim, if God will only permit me so great a privilege, so inestimable a comfort, is to be instrumental in your regaining all that you have lost through my fault or misfortune."

"You are very good," was the only, but sufficient comment made by the listener, in accents that not even her self-control could keep free from the suggestion of physical pain.

"You already know that Mr. Baxendale and I were great friends on his Irish tour."

"Yes. Is it not wonderful? I cannot get it out of my mind."

"It is, then, as his friend, and yours, if you will permit me to call you so, or even by a still dearer, but clearer appellation—that of a brother, whose devotion to you shall be single-minded and single-hearted, I offer you my humble but best help; feeling the while I stand here before you, I also stand in the presence of God; and now call upon him so to deal with me as keep I this pledge to you."

For a few seconds Mrs. Baxendale seemed to be silently weighing his words; but suddenly she burst out into a passion of tears and hysteric cries, made worse by the attempt to control them.

Larry beckoned to Mrs. Moran, who hurriedly came forward, wringing her hands in distress, and evidently not knowing how to act.

"Shall I go outside for a while?" asked Larry, anxiously.

"Perhaps that will be best," Mrs. Moran replied.

He had just reached the threshold when the aunt's voice called to him—

"Mr. O'Neill! She is recovering, and has made signs for you to stay."

So Larry slowly advanced towards the couch, noticing as he did so that the face pale before was now like the whitest marble; a semblance of lovely statuary such as at once recurred to him in connection with the cold, but surpassing beauty of the recumbent mediæval statue of Queen Eleanor in Westminster Abbey.

When the youthful invalid could speak again, after a long pause, both the listeners could not but notice that the voice was stronger, and that the tone and words betokened some beneficial change.

"You must forgive me, Mr. O'Neill, for so badly receiving your offer of brotherly friendship, which I gratefully accept. But I was overpowered for the moment by the contrast between such unexpected kindness and nobility of feeling, and my helpless position here. Then, too, I am yet little more than a child, with no past experiences of more than a child's sorrow. But I am better, and will try to be worthy of your friendship and brotherly feeling." There was the slightest possible emphasis on the word "brotherly," which did not escape Larry's quick, sensitive ear.

Whether it sprang from the fair speaker's lips as a possible monition, or only from a nice sense of what was due to her own self-respect, while accepting aid from such a quarter, the effect on Larry was ~~the same~~—increase of the reverence he felt for her.

"Give Mr. O'Neill a chair, auntie, near me; and come you, too. This is a time to want to see, and to value one's friends face to face."

And only when she could, from her recumbent position, by making a slight turn, see them both before her, did she again speak.

"If you are to be my loyal servant in all good and seemly things you must be prepared for obedience, should that be necessary. Are you so prepared?"

The manner in which this was said was apparently girlish and playful. But Larry saw through the manner—an eager, anxious inquisitiveness that warned him of something important to come.

Responding to both peculiarities of her manner, Larry contented himself with the simple words "Try me."

"I will," she responded almost abruptly. "But please, let me ask—has my husband up to the moment of your leaving him to come here shown no sign whatever implying suspicion or approach to suspicion, that you are the man he saw with me?"

"I can answer with absolute confidence. He has not the remotest idea of such a possibility."

"I am, indeed, thankful for that!" And she looked meaningly towards Mrs. Morgan, who came to her, and kissed her as if she quite understood the meaning of the look.

Closing her eyes, as if to think over once more before committing herself what she had resolved to say, she summoned Larry to draw his chair closer to her by a slight gesture of her hand.

Then, taking his hand in her's, she said in tones feeble at first, but strengthening strangely as she went on,

"Promise me, dear friend and brother, that he shall not under any circumstances learn from you, directly or indirectly, that you were that man."

Watching, as she had intentionally made the opportunity to do, the expression of his face, she saw there the hesitation, doubt, and difficulty he felt, and which were deepened by his silence. Hurriedly she strove to reassure him:—

"My aunt here knows all. My father, when he arrives, shall know all; and they will be the guardians of my assailed honour, while preserving the secret of your connection with so sad an event till I shall reveal it."

Greatly troubled at her request, for he felt his own honour deeply compromised by a silence and a secrecy to which the most desperate and the most odious motives might be ascribed, Larry bent his head a little to escape the searching eyes fixed upon his countenance, and still did not answer.

"Is then my first request—which if refused will certainly be my last—so hard?"

"It is hard," said Larry, again encountering her gaze: "harder than you can understand or I attempt to explain."

"It is so, indeed? Then I must go farther. I must speak of one whom for many reasons should not be spoken of to you. But I will try to be just, and not overstep by a hair's breadth the necessities of the case.

"My husband has occasionally exhibited tendencies to violence before this, though in words only to me. It is a dreadful misfortune; for apart from this, he is a man whom any woman might love, and a wife must love—at least after full knowledge—did this danger not exist.

"Were his violence now to fall on you, so innocent of any intentional wrong-doing, the one remaining link between him and me—the possible desire of both for peace and better understanding in the future, would be snapped at once, never to be re-united.

"Of that be assured. And now how do you answer me?" She still held his hand, and there was something in the pressure he felt that told him of the indomitable soul shrined in the fair and fragile form he looked on.

"I promise," said Larry, firmly, after just such a pause as gave new weight and significance to the pledge—

"You are witness, auntie."

"I am," said Mrs. Moran, "and I believe he is the man to keep his promise."

"I am sure of it," added Mrs. Baxendale; and once more she leaned back, with closed eyes, and hands crossed on her breast, as if for repose, after the severe strain to which she had subjected herself.

Mrs. Moran saw the necessity for a diversion. So she began to hustle about in order to set before Larry wine and biscuits, on a little movable table used by her niece for her medicine.

And although Harry had not the remotest inclination to eat or drink, and rather felt as if he might choke if he tried, he, too, aided Mrs. Moran to pass over the next four or five minutes without awkwardness, by doing his best to satisfy her, when she said—

"Come, Mr. O'Neill, a glass of wine will do us both good."

When Mrs. Baxendale did recover herself sufficiently to venture on renewed speech, it was painfully obvious to the others that the deep interest she had previously exhibited, and which had lured her on beyond her power to bear without injury, became altogether changed in character.

It was now anxiety rather than interest, doubt at each step, in place of the previous certainty as to her own wish and purpose, that accompanied her remarks.

"And now, Mr. O'Neill," she said, with an attempt to smile, that died out instantly, "I suppose you will be thinking it is time to fulfil the mission with which I understand my husband has entrusted you."

"Hardly a mission, for he has neither defined its object, nor the means of its fulfilment. But I shall not err, I think, in saying he is very anxious about you, and had some indefinable idea in his mind that my visit might tend to good."

"Then he has sent no message to me," said Mrs. Baxendale. And Larry felt it was dreadful to have to reply by a simple—

"No."

"And he invited no message *from* me?"

"His whole manner implied, I think, that a message from you would be gratefully received."

"Of what nature?"

"Of that I am unable to speak," said Larry, with deep sorrow at his own utter helplessness with regard to what was becoming, he feared, to both husband and wife a critical and dangerous point.

"I think I can tell you. If I am wrong I shall welcome your proof. He wants the fullest possible explanations from me, having refused at the moment my passionate pleadings to let me explain."

"Did he do that?" asked Larry quickly.

"He did. My every appeal was for the opportunity to explain everything, and only that. His answer you see—I lie here."

"He concealed that," said Larry; but a moment after he added, "No, I recall the word. I firmly believe he was in such confusion of mind at the dreadful moment that he heard, but did not understand."

"Ah, indeed; I cannot say. It might be so. And had his treatment of me been equally equivocal, things might have differently affected me. But this couch, Mr. O'Neill, is a fact not to be easily forgotten." She paused a moment in forgetfulness, but presently asked, "Where was I?"

"Pray pardon my interruption," said Larry. "You were observing he wanted the fullest possible explanation from you."

"Yes," she continued, "including the name of his supposed enemy; and these are to be given in an attitude of humiliation, as if my guilt or innocence had yet to be determined; while he all the while avoids committing himself to any course that might prevent his taking the vengeance he so obviously threatened when he left me."

Larry, while shocked to see how every minute the character

of the events deepened, and how little hope there was of his visit being attended with any satisfactory result, was struck with surprise and admiration at her keen insight into her husband's state of mind, and which appeared to him in the main only too true.

"Review these things, Mr. O'Neill, calmly. And then try to place yourself in my position, or say in the position of a wife of your own—of such a wife as I pray to God fervently you may one day find; who, if worthy of you, will be a jewel indeed—a pearl of great price."

"I am doing so," said Larry, unable to conceal the emotion excited by her words.

"Then tell me what message I could send under present circumstances that should not degrade me, and even tend to suggest guilt."

"My mission, dear Mrs. Baxendale, is ended," said Larry rising. "I cannot answer you."

"But do not misjudge me. And that you may not, listen to a few last words. If he will make me anything like a manly and sincere apology that may afford hope for the future; if he will receive my father's and my aunt's assurances that they know the man and all the circumstances attending the visit made to me, without any previous knowledge or expectation on my part;—and that they guarantee my entire innocence of anything but an act of indiscretion to which I was prompted by my concern for another's suffering; if he will be satisfied with this, and pledge himself never again to wound me by any recurrence to the subject, I am then ready to receive and welcome him—to forget and forgive all that has passed.

"This gives me renewed hope," said Larry, cheerfully.

"And it will do the same for me, if my forebodings are not realised by your discovering that he will still cling to the idea that the name of my visitor shall be disclosed—whatever else he may promise."

"Surely, then, you would tell him?"

"On no earthly consideration will I do anything of the kind *now!* What I might do in the future would depend on the future he made for me.

"I may be unjust to my husband in my fears of consequences; God knows I am not consciously so. I should hate myself if I were. But I know my husband, and I must act in the light of my knowledge."

"I am still hopeful," exclaimed Larry, "I thought I also knew him. And if you have partially shaken my belief, I have much still to rest on, I have seen in our Irish days together so much that was good, so much that was pleasant, so much, in fine, that made me greatly value the friendship he offered, that I cannot but now feel a growing confidence he will accept the

olive branch you have so considerately held out; and that I shall presently be able to bring him once more to your feet, and to own with all a friend's feeling, and all a friend's true remorse for unintentional wrong, that I am glad to see him there."

The unaffected earnestness with which the last few words were pronounced put the seal to the faith in him that had been growing in the hearts of both Mrs. Baxendale and her aunt.

"So be it, then," said the former, with a smile that looked so like one of hope, Larry was greatly cheered.

A prolonged grasp of hands was the only manifestation given way to; they exchanged a "good-bye," and separated, just in time to prevent Larry from discovering that she fell into a fainting fit only a minute or two after, from the terrible excitement she had passed through while in such a feeble state.

Happily it was not for long. She regained consciousness, and then began the business of reviewing all that had passed, in order to judge her own behaviour in so critical an interview.

Satisfied at last, she sank to sleep somewhat comforted—possibly hopeful—certainly wishful that Larry's sanguine expectations would be realised.

CHAPTER XI.

HORACE BAXENDALE.

In that emigration of "loyal" English gentlemen which became so fashionable in certain parts of the seventeenth century, there was among the first colonists of Virginia a man who bore the above name. He had been little known previously, but soon made his mark, and became distinguished for the vigorous ability of his character, alike in private and public matters, at a time and under circumstances when that quality was necessarily appreciated before all others.

His descendants became, like most of the descendants of all the other colonists in the South, slave-owners; partaking alike of the virtues and vices inevitable to such a community; who, while dreaming of the "divine origin" and eternal destiny of the institution, took particular care to fortify themselves by their education, military training, political influence, and summary methods of dealing with "traitors in the camp," for any possible attacks from without.

Lincoln's election to the Presidency put a stern check to the

dream, but only gave increased intensity to the Southern determination to retain and extend the system at all hazards.

War broke out, and passed through various phases, of a kind to arrest and occupy the thoughts and affect the interests of nearly the whole world.

But the end came at last when General Grant and his superb lieutenant, Sheridan, brought the Southern army under Lee to bay; and left the latter no alternative but the wholesale slaughter of his men, or their wholesale surrender.

Among the troops who consequently then laid down their arms was another Horace Baxendale, the father of our heroine's husband. He had been foremost in the fray during these last terrible days of the contest; had been many times wounded, but he still managed to appear as usual on parade, bound on his horse, pale and shrouded like a ghost with his many bandages, the very sight of him electrifying the men who followed his lead.

But with the stimulus to such heroic effort died the power. He lay ill for many weeks, which were filled with melancholy reflection.

But he had certain duties still to perform. He had to decide where he would place his son, named after him, a boy ten years of age.

The father saw now for the first time how unfortunate had been the training of the boy; prepared for a state of society that was scattered to the winds, and therefore fitted for no other.

Pondering over this difficult and anxious problem in relation to his only child, and the heir to such wealth as the abolition of slavery had left him, he finally determined to take the boy to England, and to the care of a cousin with whom friendly relations had long existed.

Going thither at an age when the lad would remain highly susceptible to new influences; passing through a new course of education—first with a private tutor, who should be specially instructed; and then at the university, the father thought the influences under which the boy had grown might gradually die of inanition; or at least become so modified as to present no obstacles to his subsequent career.

Still the prospect was alarming. The boy had already learned to play the despot to admiration; and though naturally loving and kind-hearted, was capable, if seriously offended, of something very like cruelty. For any one among his associates, when at play, to wound his self-love was an act that could only be compared in its consequences to the effect on a young and sportive panther of its having suddenly a poniard thrust into its side by the hand it was licking.

Having, as he hoped, gained strength from the voyage, and

being set free by the Northern clemency, Mr. Baxendale arranged for the management of his landed property—collected all his personal property, and set sail for England; to the boy's great delight, who thought simply of the novelty, and of all the wondrous things he had heard or read about the old home of his ancestors.

So far all looked well. But the father was not permitted to watch the progress or fate of the experiment. He died when only a day's voyage distant from the white cliffs he so vainly yearned to see.

"My boy," he said in his dying moments, to the anguished and bitterly weeping youth, "I want to say something to you that may benefit your whole life. Do you feel you can and will do what I am about to ask?"

"Oh, yes, father. I will, I will indeed!"

"Subdue, then, every temptation to violence. Bear and forbear. You will soon find how great will be your reward. You are going among people very different in many respects from those you have been used to. But you will be liked, loved, and respected. I am sure of that—if you guard yourself in the one direction whence danger may come."

"Yes, father, I see, I understand. I have often had to be sorry afterwards. But I will fight to the last with that enemy, just as you fought the Northerners."

And under that gleam of hope and happiness the father died.

The boy was kindly received, made friends everywhere, earned distinction at each step of his educational career, travelled, met and made a fast friendship with Larry O'Neill, met and eventually married Norah Blake.

And then, for the first time, Horace Baxendale passed under a new influence—one never dreamed of by his father—jealousy. From that moment his many admirable qualities passed under a cloud. He ceased to be his own master—while the instinctive desire for dominance over others, and for the gratification of the passion of the moment, came back to him as from his youth, and from the days when he was the "Young Master" among the slaves of the plantation, but with all the strength of manhood super-added.

Such was the man—the husband—to whom Larry O'Neill was now returning, full of hope.

His steps were slow, but his thoughts moved quickly, for he wanted to realise beforehand the policy he should adopt.

The one question that might have greatly perplexed him at such a time, his own unfortunate share in the sad business, she had settled for him by leaving him no choice. He must invite, therefore, no remark that might lead to a renewal of Baxendale's demand for the name of the man he had seen with his

wife. And if he saw any tendencies by Baxendale in that direction, he must at any cost make some effectual diversion to quite another theme.

But what if his wife's misgivings should prove true after all, and he remain through every phase of the coming talk and discussion—secretly bent with unchanging purpose on bringing that topic uppermost?

Larry suddenly stopped, and stood quite still for a few seconds, appalled by a new sense of this danger, one that he had been practically ceasing to fear.

For Mrs. Baxendale's view of her husband's general state of mind and feeling in sending to her, had been so wonderfully near the truth of Larry's own view that it suggested inevitably to him that she might prove signally right now, and so all be thrown back into chaos, and endless trouble.

What should he do?

He felt half inclined to go back to Mrs. Baxendale, and make a fresh appeal to her to arm him with authority to divulge his own identity with the man her husband sought, if he should see reasonable ground for hope that the acknowledgment would be received after due explanations in an amicable spirit. But he had only to recollect the tone of her voice, and the firm, almost stern, expression of her features, when she told him that under no earthly consideration would she consent to anything of the kind, to be convinced his appeal would be met with prompt refusal.

Recalled to himself, and his involuntary pause in the middle of the pavement, by the advancing shadow of a man, and then by its sudden stoppage, as if the owner of the shadow was wondering what he (Larry) was about, he moved forward trying vainly to continue where he had left off the construction of a policy to guide him through the impending interview; which he now believed would be of a very serious character, and lead to important results one way or the other.

But he was spared the effort. Tired with his ceaseless paces to and fro along the banks of the river, here so majestic and beautiful, but for which he had neither eye nor heart in his great trouble, Baxendale advanced so far in the hope of meeting Larry, and of thus shortening the horrible suspense he endured, that when they did meet, so many people were moving near, he could only take Larry's arm and turn back, as he said—

“We must go again, whence I have just come.”

And till they found themselves alone on their way to the Dee, not a word was spoken by either.

And then it was only for Baxendale to say,

“I am dreadfully tired. I suppose emotion can act on the

physical frame, even when a man like myself is concerned, who has hitherto hardly known what fatigue meant?"

"No doubt of that," responded Larry.

"Shall we wait, then, till we can lie down on the river banks, and so recruit in the one direction before we may have to impose a harder tax on the other?" he said to Larry; who was hardly able to guess from these words in what spirit the discussion was likely to proceed, but was rather fearing they sounded ominously of settled resolutions, that could by no possibility be brought into harmony with those determined on by his wife.

It was a relief to both when they reached a grassy slope, and laid themselves down, at first nearly face to face.

But Larry, from some motive hardly clear to himself, turned a little away; and was then at once astonished and nettled at seeing Baxendale make a corresponding change, so that once more they faced each other.

But before he could make any comment—unless his fixed, frank, courageous look of inquiry in Baxendale's face may be called one—he heard just two words issue from his friend's lips in deep concentration of tone—

"Now, then;" and felt that if he were ever capable of making a good fight it must be now.

(To be continued).

ORIGINAL POETRY.

“THE WELSH HARPER'S LAMENT”

FOR THE DEAD IN BATTLE.

From - Verses from the Crimea.

The old harper sat in the Cyru's lone hall,
And the songs of his country he fain would recall;
But the heart of the old man was far, far away,
Where the brave sons of Cymru were fighting that day.

And tho' 'twas the old tunes to play he essayed—
Yet the song and the measure would change as he played.
He thought of the absent—the loved—and the brave—
And the joyous note changed to the solemn and grave.

And the gaze of the harper would wander on high,
Where the sunset was tinging the far western sky—
When the last gleam of sunshine was faded and gone,
Then the old hall re-echoed the words of his song.

LAMENT.

“Oh! red as the tint of that fast fading sky
Is the blood on the field where our brave heroes lie,
They have fought as they ever fought, nobly and well,
And before their true courage the despot's ranks fell.
But many a brave form which once gladden'd the sight
Has been mangled and torn in the fierce deadly fight,
And voices which pleased by their sweet kindly tone
Are silent in death—or but heard in a moan!
Those tall manly forms in the grave are laid low,
And their winding-sheet there was the white drifted snow—
No 'bier'—no 'Chief-mourner'—was needed for them,
For a nation has mourned for those brave stalwart men.
They have fought for the injured, the spoiled, the oppressed,
And have given their life's blood to aid the distressed.
The son of the Cymry—the despot's poor slave—
Have mingled his blood in the rank gory grave!”

Alas! that one tyrant should cause so much woe,
 Such tears to be shed—and such life blood to flow!
 Oh! the voice of our brother's blood cries from the ground.
 And Cambria has wept at that heart-breaking sound,
 The wail for her heroes is heard on her shore,
 And the voice of her wild harp can rouse them no more!"

Tenby.

F. P. G.

HOW THE MILLER LOST HIS PIG.

On village side there stands a mill,
 The miller was by nature free,
 He honest was, and worked with will,
 A kinder man there could not be.

One night some gypsies, passing by,
 Sought shelter from the wind and rain,
 They begged in some old shed to lie,
 Nor was the miller asked in vain.

"You have my leave, but do no harm,
 Your bed shall be dry straw and hay,
 And you may sleep in my old barn,
 But you must leave at break of day."

They thanked the miller o'er and o'er,
 With blessings he was amply fed,
 The miller bade them close the door;
 He hurried home and went to bed.

An awful noise broke his repose,
 From the barn came crying chatter;
 He jumped from bed, put on his clothes,
 To ascertain what was the matter.

"What's all this row about?" he said,
 "What's in that box you've on the floor?"
 They sobbed and cried "Our granny's dead,
 Again we'll never see her more."

"Where is the dame?" the miller cried!
 "In that box we have laid her snug,
 The very moment that she died,
 And wrapped her in a woollen rug."

The miller thought it very queer
 So soon to put her out of sight;
 He told them so, in language clear,
 That they had done what was not right.

“ We made great haste to stay delay,
 She near our tents must buried be,
 And our abode is miles away,
 At break of day leave here must we.”

Twelve miles away, in woody glade,
 The gypsies tented free as air,
 They asked the miller for his aid,
 To take the body to them there.

The miller's anger knew no bounds,
 His pent-up rage he could not hide,
 Determined he to rid the hounds,
 He answered them, and thus replied :

“ Get ready, scoundrels, to depart,
 You vilest scum of human race,
 I'll gladly get my horse and cart
 And drive you rascals from my place.”

At home again, quite safe and sound,
 He hoped to find all things were right ;
 But to his grief, alas ! he found
 A pig was gone the over night.

His best fat pig he could not find,
 Sweat wets his brow and damps his wig,
 Clearly he saw it in his mind,
 Those dusky knaves did steal his pig.

Those lying rascals did he hive
 From purest kindness of his heart ;
 But no “ old woman ” did he drive,
 'Twas his fat pig was in the cart.

MORAL.

Never lodge gypsies for the night ;
 If you are weak, and let them come,
 And you are robbed, 'twill serve you right
 If two pigs go instead of one.

Cefn.

T. J. P..

THE WOLF'S STORY.

From the Hungarian of Petöfi.

“ What ! dost thou gorge, comrade, with bloody tooth,
 While we are racked by famine's pains, forsooth ?

- “The winter’s bitter, and no soul draws nigh,
The storm-king’s steeds roar madly as they fly.
- “There’s ne’er a trace of flesh, nor human blood—
Say, let us know, from whence has come thy food !”
- So spake the wolves to wolf returning home,
And sniffed his jaws, beflecked with gory foam.
- “In yon lone hut a shepherd and his wife
By heather circled lead their married life.
- “Behind the house the sheep are in their stall,
Whose tender bleatings quite inviting call.
- “To that abode, when all at midnight slept,
A spruce young chap, and I, in silence crept.
- “He thought the willing beauty’s arms to feel,
I hoped on good fat sheep to make my meal.
- “Soft through the kitchen slunk he o’er the stones,
But I—I got no sheep—I crunched his bones !”

Philadelphia.

HENRY PHILLIPS, JUN., M.A.

“THE TURN OF THE TIDE.”

*A superstition prevails in Wales, especially on the coast,
that a dying person must wait for the “Turn of the Tide.”*

Leaning o’er a humble pallet,
Clasping close the icy hand ;
Quivering in love’s deepest anguish,
Does the fisher husband stand,
Gazing with a hopeless longing
Into dear eyes waxing dim,
That with earnest, wistful glances,
Turn their waning light on him.

In the cradle blooms the fair bud,
But the flower fades away ;
Creeping through the little casement
Gleams the dawning of the day,
Tinging with its rosy radiance,
Yellow sand and purple moor,
Flushing up the snowy roses
Clustering round the cottage door

At his post that weary watcher
Hears afar the tossing pride
Of the ever restless ocean—
Waits the ebbing of its tide ;
Knows the burden of its message,
Culled from legends of the past,
Like the far receding waters
That loved life was fleeting fast.

A faint sigh, all else is over,
Love's sweet dream hath vanished all,
Soft caresses, joyous meetings,
Fairest scenes beyond recall.
One hath passed the golden gateway,
As the silvery sobbing wave
Kissed the pretty whitened pebbles
That will lie upon her grave.

One hath glided, as the billows
Parted from the barren strand,
Into arms of angel rowers,
For the shadowy spirit land.

London.

KISMET.

THE CAVES AND CASTLES OF GOWER.

To few inhabitants of the populous commercial town of Swansea does the word Gower, pleasing and euphonious in itself, convey other feelings than those of happiness and pleasure, for it is the name of a district they may not inappropriately regard as their playground and place of recreation. Once across the London and North-Western Railway, which, from the Mumbles Road Station to the Morlais Valley, below Penclawdd, very nearly marks the boundary of the coal basin, and we seem to emerge from the works of man, and the cares and anxieties of life, and to enter the haunts of pleasure and the fresh pure loveliness of nature, where, save the welcome sight of rural pursuits, we see little to remind us of the busy town, with its large and toiling population, except the smoke of Landore, to the view of which distance has lent its proverbial enchantment, and converted a dark and sombre cloud into the appearance merely of a summer haze floating along the eastern horizon.

Few are the manufacturing towns that are afforded so ready an access to so rare a combination of the beauties of sea, hills, and woodlands as the land of Gower affords, and to it do the people of Swansea instinctively turn when they have in contemplation the simple pedestrian excursion, or drive, or the more elaborate preparation that a full-blown picnic entails. But it is not the pleasure-seeker only that here finds his greatest attraction, his happy hunting ground, for rich is the field also afforded to the antiquary and the naturalist, and to him who, in the caves and dark recesses of the land, searches out the remains of bygone ages, and produces the silent evidences of periods, and of climatic and geographical changes, into even the fringe of which no historical records can penetrate.

The peninsula of Gower, starting from a straight line drawn from Swansea to Loughor, projects for a distance of about eighteen miles into the Bristol Channel, and terminates at the Worm's Head. Its southern shores are washed by the waters of the Bristol Channel, and its northern by those of the Burry estuary. From the Mumbles to the Worm's Head the line of

coast is composed of bold, lofty rocks, excepting within small indentations, such as Langland Bay and the larger ones of Oxwich and Port Eynon. At the Worm's Head we reach the southern point of Rhossilly Bay, the shore line of which, to its northern extremity, at the Burry Holms, does not present the same rugged features, but under Llanmadock Hill, in Broughton Bay, the rock again appears, though only to a limited extent, as from thence, past Llanrhidian and Penclawdd to Loughor, the shore is composed of sand-mud and marsh.

The backbone of Gower consists of old red sandstone, or rather of what is termed an old red sandstone conglomerate, visible in the hills of Cefn Bryn and Llanmadock, and elsewhere, but covered along both the southern and northern coasts by the mountain, or carboniferous limestone, and it is of this the rocky border described is composed, the strata most prolific in caves, caverns, and indentations, and numerous truly they are in the district we have now before us. So numerous that we must chiefly confine our observations to those presenting especial points of interest. Leaving, therefore, the caverns of the Mumbles Head, along the coast to Langland, and within Caswell Bay, to individual recollections of past explorations, or to be an incentive for future excursions, we arrive at Bacon Hole. This cavern, situated on the coast about seven miles from Swansea, has been carefully explored by the late Colonel Wood, and others, and we have the advantage of the recorded results of their researches. To reach it you descend by a steep and somewhat difficult path, requiring well planted footsteps and a little knowledge of cliff and mountain work. The mouth of the cave is wide and open, and the light freely admitted; the extreme height of the interior is about twenty feet. Bacon Hole is one of the ossiferous or bone caves of Gower, to several of which we shall briefly refer. It contained the bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, the hyæna, wolf, bear, ox and stag, and horns of red-deer and roebuck. The elephant bones were those of the *Elephas Antiquus*, the tusk measuring five feet and a half in length, with a girth of twenty-four inches. These remains were found in various beds or deposits commencing with alluvial earth containing recent shells, such as are now found on the neighbouring beach, and also bones of the ox, red-deer, roebuck, and fox; the lower deposits consisted chiefly of stalagmite, and it was there that the relics of the more ancient animals were discovered, but no signs of man or his works. In the upper deposits, however, were pieces of ancient British pottery. A few hundred yards west of Bacon Hole we come to the Minchin Hole cavern, which is of great size and height. Here also were found similar remains to those already described, and amongst them two skulls of the rhinoceros in a

very perfect state, and bearing no marks of having been dragged in by any animal, or to have fallen from the roof, as they would in either case have probably shown some signs of rough usage, and as no animal like the rhinoceros or elephant would be likely to enter a cavern so difficult of access, we are led to the conclusion that many of these remains must, from time to time, have drifted in with the waves. About mid-way between Bacon and Minchin Holes a small opening was discovered in the cliff some seventy feet from its base. This, Colonel Wood, to whom we are so much indebted as regards the Gower cave explorations, reached by ladders, and widening the entrance was enabled to enter a large cavern and discover many objects of great interest.

This cavern was christened by the late Dr. Hugh Falconer "Bosco's Den." It opens on the sea towards the south-east, and extends into the rock some twenty-five yards, reaching a width of sixteen feet, with a height of fourteen or fifteen feet. At one point there is a kind of pit or shaft, communicating at one time, doubtless, with the surface, as under it was found an accumulated heap of peat, combined with decayed bits of stick and vegetable matter. In this were found bones of the ox, wolf, and deer, the latter belonging to a species of reindeer; below the peat were beds of stalagmite and other deposits, all containing bones to a greater or lesser extent. No remains of the elephant or rhinoceros were found in "Bosco's Den," but an enormous number of the horns of deer, over one thousand distinct antlers being discovered; these were mainly of small size, and chiefly shed horns; there were also bones of the bear and fox in addition to the others named.

Two other caverns, called respectively "Bowen's Parlour" or "Devil's Hole," and "Crow Hole" cavern, were also discovered between Bacon and Minchin Holes, but these were not found to contain many organic remains. "Bowen's Parlour" being accessible to the action of the waves would account for their absence, so far as it is concerned. To the west of Minchin Hole Colonel Wood made considerable excavations in a cave he called "Raven's Cliff," and discovered very similar remains to those before named.

We must now pass over a considerable distance, and speak of the Paviland Cave, situated about a mile to the west of Port Eynon. This cavern is remarkable as being, with one exception, the only one in Gower that has produced any human remains, though, as already stated, some relics of man's works were found at Bacon Hole. At Paviland, however, was discovered a female skeleton, not absolutely perfect, but sufficiently so for the purpose of identification. It was lying extended, as for burial, and with it fragments of ivory rods and rings; the skeleton had become stained with red oxide of iron,

and it was known in Gower by the name of the Red Lady of Paviland. Close to the "Red Lady" there lay two teeth of the mammoth, and also the skull of an elephant, but though it has been sought to prove that the rings and rods were made from the antediluvian tusks belonging to these animals, and consequently that the "Red Lady" and the mammoth were contemporaneous, there is no reliable evidence as to this, as the ancient Britons imported such articles from France, and it was very usual to deposit ornaments of this nature with the body at the time of burial.

In the autumn of 1861 Colonel Wood discovered another bone cave called "Long Hole," about a mile west of Port Eynon. It is visible from the sea, but has only a small opening, though widening as you advance into the interior. The usual remains were discovered, and in addition flint implements, no doubt of human manufacture, and arrow heads.

On the west side of Gower, facing Carmarthen Bay, and in the projecting point forming the northern boundary of Broughton Bay, there is a double-mouthed cavern called "Spritsail Tor," the opening into which, differing from the caves on the south coast, is near the summit of the cliff. This was so covered with sand blown from the Whitford Burrows that the cavern was only discovered by accident. Colonel Wood had it thoroughly investigated in 1849, and a large accumulation of bones was found, including those of the *Elephas Antiquus*, and the mammoth, the rhinoceros, ox, stag, wolf, bear, fox, hyæna, reindeer, together with some remains of a woman, and the lower jaw of a child, probably about seven years old.

The foregoing are the whole, or, at any rate, by far the most important ossiferous or bone caves of the peninsula. In regard to natural beauty probably Minchin Hole carries off the palm, but apart from the attraction thus afforded these bone caves furnish very weighty considerations. The presence of the bones of animals known as antediluvian is in itself remarkable, but they become still more so as indicating the wonderful change that must have taken place in the physical formation of the country. The Gower of our day possesses no rivers of any magnitude. The brooks of Parkmill and Black Pill will hardly contain a full-sized trout, much less a hippopotamus, and we are led to the conclusion that what is now the Bristol Channel once formed the river abode of these creatures, and that the elephant of that period, and other animals, were enabled to roam at will on dry land, where now the "silver streak" separates our island from the European continent. But in addition to these geographical changes, equally remarkable must have been those of climate to account for the presence of the mammalia of the tropics; but this is not all, for similarly abundant are the relics of the reindeer of the north, and thus

it would appear that while at one period the heat and luxuriance of perpetual summer must have prevailed, at another this was exchanged for the cold and sterility of the Arctic regions. There are, moreover, other evidences in Gower of the glacial period which at one time undoubtedly prevailed. The mind is lost in the contemplation of these vast changes, and of the immense lapse of time they betoken.

Allusion has been made to the comparatively slender traces of man that these caves afford. Such as there were occupied the upper deposits of the caverns, and afford no proof of his contemporaneous existence with the larger and older animals, but to the contrary. Many of these caverns have been discovered by mere accident, and thus, in all probability, the resources of Gower in this respect are by no means exhausted, and we are consequently afforded the incentive for further explorations, and should we not be rewarded by the discovery of additional caves, there is an ample field of interest in the rich harvest of shells which strew the shores of the Bays of Langland, Oxwich, and Rhossilly, from the tiny phasianella and pretty cowrie to that large flat shell, the *Lutraria*, and the common whelk.

Besides the bone caves of Gower, there are numerous others of more or less interest. "Bob's Cave" on the Lighthouse Island, those of Caswell Bay, and in the Bishopston Valley, one or more of which are, however, said to be artificial and opened for the production of lead ore, of which it is understood large quantities were here once raised. Within the grounds of Stouthall there is one of the largest caves in the kingdom, capable, it is said, of containing two thousand people, and about a mile from Port Eynon, that known as Culver's Hole. This is partly artificial, the front being protected by heavy masonry work facing the sea to a very considerable height. There is some doubt and mystery as to the exact purposes for which this cavern was prepared. The name Culver is from the Anglo-Saxon word *Culvre*, a dove, and the place presents many signs of having been used as a pigeon-house, but when or by whom history does not say. It is, however, evident from the large dove-cots connected with Oystermouth and Penrice Castles, that the rearing of pigeons was much pursued in Gower. Culver's Hole was also formerly used, it is said, by the people of the locality for smuggling purposes, a pursuit at one time carried on in Gower to a great extent. Mr. Cliffe, in his interesting book on South Wales, mentions that in 1802, in "Brandy Cove" alone, no less than eighteen hundred tubs of nine gallons each of that spirit were landed in the short space of nine days. During the high duty levied on salt, much of this necessary article was also introduced on the free trade principle into Gower. At Port Eynon there is an old ruin

THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF TOWER.

stone is the Salt House, having large vaults suitable for its purpose, and on the north side of the peninsula, between Llanrhidian and Penmaenul, there is a place called Salt House Point, possibly from the same cause.

And now, turning to the second part of our subject, that of the castles of tower, we leave the works of nature, and enter upon those of man, and from mere conjecture and consideration of the vestiges of prehistoric times, we are enabled to study the abundant evidences, documentary and otherwise, that are available of its presence and operations in this interesting district. In many points, however, we shall still find ample room for controversy, and much diversity of opinion, from which even the very name of tower is by no means free, but into its derivation it is unnecessary now to enter, as it suffices to know that the district has borne that appellation from a very remote period, and that it was bestowed upon it by its early Welsh, or we may say British, inhabitants, for that it was so peopled before the advent of Roman, Danish, Norman, or Flemish invaders there is no room to doubt. There are many remains of the Celtic language in the domestic vocabulary of the English part of the peninsula, but most prominently is this found in the names of places: Penmaen, Pennari, Penrice, Llanmaelock, Llanrhidian, and, indeed, with few exceptions, such as Cheriton, Bishopston, Reynoldston, all the names are British. At Penciwit the Welsh element prevails in its entirety, the boundary dividing off this little England beyond Wales being a small brook that enters the sea between that place and Llanrhidian, which, while still forming a line of demarcation, was formerly one of a most marked description, the nationality of the inhabitants on each side being rigidly maintained to its very borders.

In what promises to be a most exhaustive and admirable history of West Gower when completed, by Mr. Davies, of Llanmaelock, allusion is made to the inroads into this district of the Irish, and the fierce contests that consequently ensued, to the reign of King Arthur in A.D. 542, and to the period of comparative peace and quietude that ensued up to the invasion of the Danes in 826, or thereabouts. He speaks of a sanguinary engagement between them and the Welsh King of Ceredigion at Loughor in 871, and of a battle at Boring-holmi, no doubt the Barry Holmes of the present day, where there are a deep trench and other signs of the warfare of the period. The names of several places in the neighbourhood, such as Oxwich, Helwich, Worm's Head, from the Norse word "orme," a serpent, Whitford, &c., &c., betray their Danish origin. On the top of Llanmaelock Hill there is a circular camp, attributed by the late Mr. Mathew Moggridge to the Danes. There is thus ample evidence of their presence, and that presently, here as in

England, they gradually amalgamated with the people, and helped to form the mixed race of which so much of its population is composed.

The advent of the Normans appears to have occurred early in the twelfth century, the immediate cause being the aid given by the men of Gower to their neighbours, the inhabitants of Brecon, who had risen against the encroachments of the Norman robbers of their country, chief amongst whom was Bernard Newmarch and Roger de Newbury. The term neighbours applies because Gower was not then confined to its present limited dimensions, but extended up the Swansea Valley. The rising alluded to, like all the vain attempts of the time to repel the advance of the Norman conquest, was speedily quelled and the land of Gower subjugated.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to record even the heads of the various charters that followed, showing how the Norman Kings, acting on the lines of William's famous conquest, regarded the land as their legitimate spoil, and parcelled it out amongst their greedy followers and adherents. The effects are visible to this day in the feudal rights still enjoyed by the Duke of Beaufort and others through the grants and charters of days long past. To maintain the powers thus conferred do we owe the picturesque ruins which pervade the land, and nowhere more abundantly than in the fair country of Gower.

But before alluding to these in detail, a word must be said upon the Flemish controversy, for controversy it is, but with evidence that tends to show decidedly that these people, to a greater or less degree, have been associated with the population of the peninsula. Large bodies of the inhabitants of Flanders had migrated into Britain in consequence of the floods which devastated their own land, and it seems to be unquestioned that Henry I., in 1106, transported them into a certain district in Pembrokeshire, from whence their onward move into Gower would be easy. Mr. Davies gives a list of fourteen names of families in Gower that are unquestionably Flemish—Kyft, Voyle, Ace, Sambrook, and others; and he records numerous other proofs of their residence in the peninsula. This also coincides with the traditions of the inhabitants, and accounts for the distinct separation of the races to which we have already alluded, for the Flemings were generally hated and regarded as unwelcome intruders, and no marriages or intercourse existed between them and the Welsh.

Thus we have here the following successive varieties of inhabitants:—

- 1st. The British or Welsh.
- 2nd. The Danes and Norsemen, presently intermingling with the original inhabitants.

3rd. The Normans.

4th. The Flemings.

Here, as elsewhere, the Norman nobles signalised their presence by the erection of castles for residential and defensive purposes, and the subjection of the conquered population.

We have not alluded to the presence of the Romans in Gower, because, though it is probable they may have occasionally penetrated into it, there are no signs of any permanent settlement having been made by them in the peninsula. The Roman road from Gloucester (Glevum) to Carmarthen (Mairidunum) passed through Neath (Nidum) and Loughor (Leucarum), and in making the North Dock in Swansea some remains were found of a Roman ford across the river near the old pottery. We can further trace them at Oystermouth, for a tessellated pavement was discovered in the church-yard there in the course of some excavations; much of this was lost by the workmen, but the late Mr. George Grant Francis, hearing of the circumstance, succeeded in saving a portion, which is now preserved in a tablet, and fixed against the west wall in the nave of the Mumbles Church. Roman coins have been found in the neighbourhood of Port Eynon, and at Lethred, and there is a tradition of a party of Roman soldiers who had penetrated into Gower trying to cross the Burry Estuary at Whitford, but failed, and being equally unsuccessful at Penclawdd, passed up to Loughor.

Now with respect to the Gower castles, it must be remembered that we are dealing with an isolated district, forming no thoroughfare from one part of the kingdom to another, or a line of defence against turbulent neighbours, as on the borders of Scotland or Wales; consequently we shall not expect to find the massive ruins and remains of great strongholds that appear in other parts of the kingdom. These remarks do not, however, apply to Swansea, the castle of which has formed a position of much strength and importance. Its original founder is said to have been Henry Beaumont de Newburgh in Normandy, and Earl of Warwick in England, and it was probably built in the time of William Rufus. Through circumstances which need not be detailed here, the castle came into the possession of that great townsman of Swansea, the celebrated Henry de Gower, Bishop of St. David's, and it is to him it owes the remarkable architectural features it presents. Anyone walking up the Strand, and observing the main tower of the building, will note the beautiful line of small arches that are still in existence, a distinctive feature which no one visiting St. David's Cathedral, and particularly the ruins of the adjacent palace, and also those of Lamphey Palace, would fail to remark. These several structures all owe their erection, or at any rate extension, to Henry de Gower, whose works are thus plainly

manifested even after a lapse of five hundred years. During the reign of Edward II. incidents occurred of much interest in connection with Swansea Castle, as the King sought refuge here when pursued by his enemies, headed by his Queen, Isabella of France. His intention was to proceed to Lundy Island, but the winds being unfavourable he was unable to set sail, and consequently retraced his steps, passing through Neath Abbey on his way to Ledbury. He had brought with him the great Seal of England, documents, plate, and other articles of much value. Many of these were lost, but some were recovered, and amongst them, in a very singular way, after the lapse of centuries, the original contract of marriage between him and Isabella, which is now in the Museum at Swansea. In the reign of Edward IV. the Castle was in the possession of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, through whose heiress, who married Sir Charles Somerset, it became vested in the Beaufort family, to whom it still belongs. In 1646 it was ordered that "Swansea Castle be disgarrisoned and the works slighted," but Major-General Laugharne, a Royalist, instead of obeying the command, added to its strength. He was, however, defeated at St. Fagan's by Cromwell, who presently marched to Swansea, and the castle as a stronghold ceased to exist. In later years parts of it have been used as a Town Hall, a barrack when soldiers were quartered at Swansea, a debtor's jail, and Roman Catholic Chapel. It is but a small portion of the original structure that we now see; part of it was destroyed near the postern in 1774, to make room for the old market. The castle ditch has been traced through Worcester Place up to the site of the North Gate, standing at the entrance from High Street into Castle Bailey Street, and a further portion was found on digging the foundations for the Wesleyan Chapel in College Street. A little to the west of this we come to Waterloo Street, but formerly called "White Walls," and we are led to conclude that this thoroughfare formed the line of the castle wall on that, the west side. This probably encircled the church, leaving that space formerly called the "World's End" (and perhaps for that very reason) out in the cold. Within this enclosure the narrow streets were huddled, and our ancestors have thus left a reminiscence of bygone days, for which the inhabitants of Swansea do not now feel particularly grateful.

Leaving Swansea and visiting the castles of Gower in the natural order of sequence, we presently arrive at the Mumbles and Oystermouth, and few must there be who have visited the locality and not admired the majestic Norman fortress, which forms one of the chief attractions of that neighbourhood. This castle, similarly to that of Swansea, is said to have been founded by Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, but here, as in so

many historical matters, some controversy has arisen, for its origin is also ascribed to Richard de Granville, the founder of the Castle and Abbey of Neath. But, however this may be, it will at once be recognised that the site is well chosen as a position of much strength *before* the invention of artillery, but if exposed to a modern battery of Armstrongs, planted on one or more of the surrounding eminences, it would soon crumble away. Oystermouth Castle was not, however, designed as a mere fortress, but as the palace or habitation of one of the great Norman nobles. We have little difficulty in tracing the banquetting and state-rooms, and other chambers, but that forming the chapel is probably the most remarkable. It is in an upper storey of the square keep, at the north-east end, and is said to be of later date than any of the other parts; it still retains five large decorated windows. We find also what was once a stately hall, and also that while spiritual wants were attended to by the provision of the chapel, the inner man was by no means neglected, for the presence of an immense kitchen is very apparent. Over the entrance is a chamber in which the portcullis was worked, containing a fire-place, either for the use of the guard or for boiling oil and water to be poured down as a pleasing salutation for unwelcome visitors. There is also the guard-room, with its roof supported by a single pillar, which has been styled the whipping post.

Of the later history of this grand building we have few authentic records. Like the other castles of Gower, its position kept it out of the track of great national events, and probably it has sunk into ruin simply through the transition from a feudal state of society to that appertaining to the more peaceable condition of modern times.

Leaving Oystermouth and pursuing our westward march through Newton and Merton, we presently arrive at Bishopston, where, though we are not arrested by any frowning fortress, converted by the hand of time into a picturesque ruin, often made additionally attractive by the ever-green ivy, which so rejoices in the vestiges of the past, there are yet some buildings which deserve a passing glance—they form part of a farm-yard, a few steps to the north of the hotel. We have no knowledge of what they are the relics, but possibly Bishopston might at one time have been the seat of an abbey or ecclesiastical building associated with the name. In that case the old walls alluded to might have formed a portion thereof.

We have now the stout hill of Kittle to ascend, then a pleasant walk by Pennard church, followed by a few steps over the sandbanks and we suddenly arrive at Pennard Castle, as suddenly indeed as the castle itself is said to have done, for tradition tells us that while one night the rock on which it is built presented its usual tenantless appearance, in the morning

it was surmounted by the stately building of which the present decayed ruin is but the mere shell and debris. The history of Pennard Castle is, however, a blank ; it presents the appearance of a rude British structure added to, or altered to some extent by the Normans. Its purpose as defending the eastern extremity of Oxwich Bay, and the creek formed by the Parkmill brook, is obvious, and it would have formed a noble stronghold for the hardy Norsemen, the sea robbers of the period, whose fleets might find shelter under the shadow of its walls. This is all conjecture, and equally vague is the tradition that the neighbourhood was at one time overwhelmed by great drifts of sand, though this finds some confirmation in the disinterred remains of an old church to be seen on the sand hills on the western side of the brook and facing the castle. Here some excavations have been made, disclosing a solid stone altar, and above a single light window, and on the north wall of the chancel, near the east end, a similar one. On the floor lay a curious thurible of bronze of the twelfth or thirteenth century. Near the altar were four graves, three containing single skeletons and the fourth the remains of six persons. Not far from the church is an earth work of the class usually called Danish. We pass this church on our route to Penrice, or Pen Rhys, as it was originally spelt, a castle presenting very different features to those of Pennard, for instead of the almost Egyptian sterility with which it is surrounded, we find Penrice shrouded in ivy and amidst trees and luxuriant vegetation ; but like Pennard, its origin is involved in obscurity. It is considered to have been first established by the Britons as a post of strength on the shores of Oxwich Bay, and subsequently, on the advent of the Normans, to have been taken and fortified by them, probably, says one authority, by the great Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, whose daughter, Ann, married Richard III. The property passed into the hands of the Mansels, in the reign of Henry V., and in 1750 to the second son of Mary, youngest daughter of Lord Mansel, who had married John Ivery Talbot, Esq., of Lacock Abbey, Wiltshire, and it is still in the possession of the Talbot family. The most interesting portions are the dove cot, the great gateway with its defence, and the strong towers lying to the south.

Certainly, like the monks of old, the famous Barons of the period fully appreciated the pleasant spots of the earth, for within a mile of Penrice we find the ruins of Oxwich Castle. This structure was built by Sir Rice Mansel, who was Sheriff of Glamorganshire in 1541. He had purchased Margam Abbey when that and similar establishments were suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII., and probably erected Oxwich Castle as a marine abode, rather than as a fortress. Freeman speaks of it as a connecting link between the domestic residences of

more modern times and those which were primarily fortresses, and secondary only residential. Its chief characteristic is the tower, no less than six storeys high, and perforated with numerous windows. In an architectural point of view the attempt made at this period to reconcile domestic comfort and convenience with strength is not considered satisfactory; but none the less is Oxwich Castle an object of much interest, and well worthy of a summer excursion. Much of it is now utilised as a farm house, and for farm buildings, which, while little in consonance with the original intentions of the builders, yet do not materially detract from its appearance and interest.

And now let us raise the voice of warning in case any of our readers may be deluded into a belief that there exists in Gower the Castle of Scurlage, as marked on the maps. Doubtless there *was* once a family of that name, and they, like other families, had a house, which having strong walls, parapets, and a ditch, acquired the name and reputation of a castle, but walls, parapet and ditch have all disappeared. Still, if any one is bent on antiquarian research he may, with the exercise of some amount of faith, discover the remains, on the road from Swansea to Rhossilly, about two miles from Port Eynon, and near where the road forks, one branch going on to Rhossilly and the other to Port Eynon. The same remarks, to a great extent, apply to Llandymor Castle, near Cheriton. Its remains are, however, more defined, and indicate a position at one time of considerable strength and importance. We find from evidence in Swansea Church that this castle belonged to the Duke of Norfolk, who conveyed it to Sir Hugh Johnys in the early part of the fifteenth century. On his death it again passed into the possession of the Norfolk family, thence to the Earl of Pembroke, by whom it was transferred to one of the Mansels, an ancestor of Mr. Talbot, who is now its owner.

But now, before proceeding further on our supposed excursion round the castles of Gower, let us step aside for a moment, both out of our imaginary route and the immediate subject of this paper, and say a word respecting Gower's great Cromlech, "Arthur's Stone." But it must be a word only, for by no stretch of the imagination can we in any way associate it with either caves or castles; still it is a relic of the past, and of an unusually interesting character, partly from the mystery that surrounds it. Its name implies some connection with the great King Arthur, but such a supposition at once plunges us into the fabulous accounts and legends with which that renowned personage is surrounded. One writer, Mr. Kemfe, says, alluding to the well of water under the stone, "as we know that the Druids consecrated groves, rocks, caves, lakes and fountains to their superstitions, there is little doubt but Arthur's Stone was erected over one of their sacred springs; it

afterwards became a place of adoration and prayer, and as the adoration of the Virgin began in the darker ages to vie with, if not altogether to eclipse, that of the Saviour of mankind, the fountain obtained the name (in Welsh) of Our Lady's Well."

Another and more recent writer says that, like the cromlechs of Brittany, it is the memorial of the burial place of the great and venerated, and only forms part of a far mightier work, of which it was the central point, and he alludes to a carn and tumuli that surround it as proofs of his assertion. It is not within our province here to enter into any controversy of this kind, but we venture to think that the last contention is correct, and that Arthur's Stone is the remaining portion of a rude structure commemorative of the dead which lay interred around it, and that standing there in its solitary magnificence upon the heights of Cefn Bryn, after the sunshine and the storms and rains of centuries, it commemorates the ashes of a race of men that trod the fair lands of Gower long before Romans or Danes or Flemings penetrated into this remote corner of that barbarous island known only to the ancients through the tin mines of Cornwall, and by the wild fierceness of its inhabitants. We should add that previous to the legend conferring upon this cromlech the name of Arthur's Stone, it was known as Maen Ketti, the Stone of Ketti, who is understood to have been a saint, and from whom the name of several places is derived; amongst them Sketty and Cil-getti in Pembrokeshire, meaning the church of Ketti.

And now continuing our route up the northern side of Gower within a short distance of Llandymor, we reach the castle of Webley, which Mr. Freeman considers as the most interesting structure in Gower, and certainly, viewed from the marsh below, it presents a very imposing appearance. It is a Norman erection, and was probably built to protect the peninsula along the road leading through it on the north side, as Oystermouth was erected with a similar purpose on the south. It has claimed little attention from historians, and must be regarded simply as an interesting relic of the past, the imagination being allowed to trace out its history and the events of which it may probably have been the theatre. Like Oxwich, it is now used as a farm house, and it is curious to see how the old is made to harmonise with the new, and the modern requirements of the day, and pleasant to observe the strongholds of war and rapine converted into the peaceful pursuits of life, due care being taken to preserve them as mementoes of by-gone times, and of a state of society so utterly different to our own. From Webley we may readily observe the signs of modern industry in the smoke of Llanelly and Pembrey, and passing up the coast we are soon amidst the collieries and works of Penclawdd, the clang of hammers, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive.

But there are the remains of one more stronghold, that of Loughor, the Leucarum of the Romans, and interesting as having been a station on the great Roman road, the Viâ Julia, leading from Gloucester to Carmarthen. The name Llwchwr is Celtic, and Leucarum is the same Romanised. Being a position of importance, whatever erection the Romans might have placed there was doubtless maintained by the inhabitants after their departure, and when seized by the Normans they would naturally still hold and strengthen it. Little, however, of the work remains, simply the shell of a small keep crowning the mound overlooking the town and the river.

But we stand here on historic ground, on the path of the trained legions of Rome as they passed and repassed on their warlike but still civilising progress. Fifteen hundred years have rolled away, and the paved causeway of the ancients has given place to roads smoothed by the genius of McAdam, and to the iron trackway of Brunel, but long may it be ere we cease to reverence and protect the vestiges of the past, for in them do we see how, step by step, physically, intellectually, and morally, have our nation and the world advanced, and though the ultimate destination is hidden from mortal ken, yet we may rest assured that all is under the government of laws which, each year as it is added to the records of the past, all the increased knowledge we possess, and every discovery that is made, but additionally prove are formed to ensure the progressive advancement of the Creation, and the ultimate happiness and prosperity of man.

Swansea.

C. H. PERKINS.

WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

JOHN NICHOLL,

Born in August, 1797. Son of Sir John Nicholl, Dean of the Arches. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a first class in classics. Mr. Nicholl was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1824, and two years later became D.C.L., and soon LL.D., and was elected a Fellow of the College of Laws. On the 14th December, 1821, Mr. Nicholl married Miss Jane Harriet Mansel, the second daughter of Thomas Rice Mansel Talbot, Esq., of Margam and Penrice Castle, Glamorganshire. He contested Cardiff in 1832, against the former member, Lord Patrick James Stuart, when the poll was declared, Nicholl, 324; Stuart, 191. In March, 1835, he succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Junior Lord of the Treasury, but resigned with his colleagues in the next month. Dr. Nicholl was appointed Master of the Faculties and Vicar General of Canterbury in August, 1838, a sign that the Liberals were not unheeding of his merits; but these two offices he resigned on the return to power of the Conservatives in September, 1841, when Sir Robert Peel appointed him Judge Advocate General, and he was sworn a Privy Councillor. In January, 1846, on retiring from office he was made a member of the Board of Trade, and an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for England. In 1852 he was defeated at Cardiff by Mr. Walter Coffin by a majority of 26 votes, and from that date he retired into private life. He was a J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant for Glamorgan, and most active in his magisterial duties. For many years he served as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for that county, but resigned that honourable position in February, 1851, in consequence of his inability to devote that amount of time and attention which he considered that important post required. He died at his seat, Merthyr-mawr, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, in the year 1853.

WILLIAM LORD KENSINGTON.

William Edwardes, son of Francis Edwardes, Esq., M.P. for Haverfordwest, married Elizabeth, the youngest daughter and

co-heiress of William Warren, Esq., of Longridge, Pembrokeshire, by whom he had an only son, William, the subject of this memoir. He inherited in 1721 the estates of the Rich family on the death of his first cousin, Edward Henry, seventh Earl of Warwick, without issue (for his mother was Elizabeth, daughter to Robert (Rich), fifth Earl of Warwick and Nolland, and Baron Kensington). This Barony of Kensington expired in 1759, but in July, 1776, Mr. Edwardes was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, under the revived title of Lord Kensington. The Hon. William Edwardes was born 24th April, 1777, and succeeded his father in the title in December, 1801. At the general election of 1802 his Lordship (for an Irish Peerage which confers no seat in the House of Lords is no disqualification to a seat in the Lower House) was returned for the Borough of Haverfordwest. He appears to have deserted the Tory principles of his ancestors for Whiggism, and in February, 1806, Lord Grenville appointed him a (junior civil) Lord Commissioner for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom, and of the seas and admiralties thereof (salary, £1,000 per annum). Vacating his seat on accepting office, he was immediately re-elected, as also at the general election in the autumn of the same year. In April, 1807, the "All the Talents" Ministry fell, and with them Lord Kensington retired, and at the general election ensuing he was one of the few members of the Grenville Administration who retained their seats. His Lordship had no other opportunity of serving his country in the stony field of politics, for his party were still in the cold shades of Opposition when he retired from the representation of Haverfordwest, and also at the same time from Parliamentary life at the election of 1818. On the 2nd of December, 180—, he espoused Dorothy, the daughter of John Thomas, Esq., by whom he had six sons and three daughters. He died in 1852, and was succeeded in the title by his eldest surviving son, William, who became third Lord Kensington, and was the father of the present Peer.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Sir James Robert George Graham, Bart., was the son of Sir James Graham, of Netherby, who was created a Baronet in December, 1782. Born on the 1st June, 1792, Mr. Graham married 8th July, 1819, Miss Fanny Callander Campbell, the youngest daughter of Sir James Campbell, of Ardinglass, by whom he had two sons. He entered Parliament for Hull at the general election of 1818, and sat till the dissolution in 1820, when he lost his seat. He remained out of Parliament for six years, but in 1826 was returned for Carlisle. This seat he resigned in January, 1829,

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in order to stand for the County of Cumberland, for which a vacancy had been caused by the death of Mr. John Christian Curwen, and he was returned without opposition. He had succeeded his father in the Baronetcy 13th April, 1824, and having established a reputation in the House, Lord Grey gave him a seat in the Reform Cabinet, and he took office as First Lord of the Admiralty in November, 1830, when he was added to the Privy Council. He did not attract much attention during his first term of office; his talents were rather solid and steady-going than brilliant. However, in June, 1834, his opinions began to undergo a change, and he quitted office with Lord Grey; and soon afterwards he cast in his lot with Sir Robert Peel. He had been returned for Cumberland at the elections of 1830 and 1831 as a Reformer, and in December, 1832, on the division of the county, he was elected for East Cumberland, for which he was again returned in 1835, but in 1837 his change of sides lost him his seat. A seat, however, was found for him at Pembroke in 1838, as the sitting member, Mr. Owen, resigned in his favour. In 1835 he had been created an honorary LL.D. of his University, and in 1840 he was chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University. Sir James was returned for Dorchester at the general election in 1841, and on Sir Robert Peel returning to office in September following, the North Country Baronet was made Secretary of State for the Home Department (salary, £5,000). As Home Secretary he will be best remembered for his conduct in the Mazzini case, where, in pursuance of his duty, he ordered suspected letters to be opened by the Post Office authorities. Sir James was now one of the leading supporters of Sir Robert Peel, and he voted, in 1846, for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Consequently, upon this, he was driven from office, with his chief, in July, 1846. In September following he became an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for England, and in 1847 was appointed a member of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster, and he was present at the death of Sir Robert Peel, 2nd July, 1850. From 1847 to 1852 he sat for Ripon, and from that year till his decease he represented Carlisle again. Lord Derby's short-lived Administration resigned in December, 1852, on the defeat upon Mr. Disraeli's Budget, and Lord Aberdeen and the Peelites joined in a Coalition Ministry with Lord John Russell and the Whig Reformers. Sir James Graham now became, for the second time, First Lord of the Admiralty (salary, £4,500). The Crimean War breaking out in 1854 revealed the fearful inaccuracies in our war transport service, which the cobwebs of neglect in inactivity had covered over. Mr. Roebuck came forward with his celebrated motion of inquiry, and Lord Aberdeen resigned. Lord Palmerston took his place 16th February, 1855, and the different members of the Coalition

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retained their posts, but Mr. Roebuck persisted in his purpose, and Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham retired from office 21st February succeeding. The opinions of Sir James were understood at this time to be inclining more than ever to the Liberalism of his younger days, but, unlike Mr. Gladstone and Lord John, he did not again hold office under Lord Palmerston in 1859. He was created G.C.B. in 1854, and died in October, 1861. "He showed administrative ability of the highest order," says Greville; "his chief failing was timidity." As a careful man of business, and as a painstaking and diligent statesman, Sir James will be favourably remembered. Though neither a Pulteney, a Chatham, a Burke, or a Canning, he will take rank with that class of earnest politicians which includes Lord Rockingham, Lord Shelburne, Lord Sidmouth, and Lord Liverpool.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE LAND QUESTION.

It is not proposed, within the limits of this small paper, to enter into a historical account of the land question, but only, more particularly, to lay before your readers a short and succinct statement of the position assumed, and the objects sought to be gained by the present land reformers. A new prophet has arisen, and his name is Henry George, and for this once we are indebted to the West, and not to the East. Your readers are probably familiar with the new departure as laid down by this gentleman, who appears to have been availed of to serve the purposes of the Land Reform Union. It is significant that the old adage has again proved true, that a prophet is not honoured in his own country, for Mr. George's propaganda has been very coldly received in America, whereas in this country he has been received by a large section of the population with acclamation; and his views have already obtained wide publicity, and to some extent an influence significant if not abiding. The slumber of ages in this old, silent land of Wales is at last rudely disturbed, and we are invited by this transatlantic prophet to reverse the practices of our forefathers; practices and customs which we had fondly thought had the sanction not only of the accumulated wisdom of past ages, but of a law hitherto thought to be the natural law of civil society, and therefore Divine in its origin. It becomes, therefore, of importance to all who have their own and their country's welfare at heart to examine thoughtfully the teaching of a man whom nothing will content but the remoulding and the recasting of the social body, and who boldly dares to curb the inequalities of nature, to stay the hand of the unseen powers, and thereby to assume the functions of a god. The task is not a small one, and the method proposed, although different in form, is not altogether new, for we have had communists, socialists, and saviours of society at almost all periods in the world's history; men who dream of impossible utopias, in forgetfulness of the lessons of the past and the clear voice of nature. Yet, notwithstanding, we have always had the poor with us, and seem destined to continue so, and man has always had to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, and he seems destined to do so in the future.

No one will be surprised, who has read Mr. George's earlier publication, *Progress and Poverty*, as well as his more recent work upon *Social Problems*, that he has obtained a numerous if not a select following; for it is generally conceded that his style is most vigorous, lucid, and fervid; that his social sympathies are vivid and intense. But while we gladly recognise the fulness of his emotional qualities, we are reluctantly obliged to deny him possession of any practical ones. Miss Helen Taylor, of the London School Board, who brings upon the subject the shadow of a great name, and a number of gentlemen holding representative positions in the Principality, have considered the time ripe for the diffusion of Mr. George's ideas in Wales, and have succeeded, if we can trust the accuracy of the vernacular press, in the formation of what is intended to be the nucleus of a Land League for Wales.

It would serve no purpose to follow Mr. George's views and theories in detail. Many of them, such as "that wages are drawn from the produce of labour and not from capital," are entirely at variance with the conclusions of standard economists, and scarcely deserve serious attention. The gist of his plan or statement is as follows:—He finds, after a wide and discursive review of the history of all civilised society at all times and in all ages, that the pressure of poverty is felt keener and keener as society advances in culture, wealth, and civilisation, that while the rich get richer the poor get poorer, and although the production of wealth increases by leaps and bounds, its distribution continues unequal. This unequal distribution has a tendency to a minimum, until it reaches a point where the toiler becomes the slave of the landowner, and is allowed only sufficient sustenance from the produce of his labour to sustain life. This is the festering sore of the body politic, which, like an invidious cancer, eats into and saps the foundations of empires, states, and nations, is what destroyed past civilisations, and will make all civilisation in the future impossible. A doleful picture truly. He then goes on to state the remedy which is his antidote to the poison. Civil society, to save itself, must re-enter into the possession of the soil, abolish private property in land, and confiscate the interests of the present owners, who are to disappear without compensation. The State is then to put up the land for hire to the highest bidder, the rent received is to go in liquidation of national obligations, to discharge the functions of government, and to give pensions of one hundred pounds a year to widows. Mr. George has omitted to throw in feather beds to make them comfortable; had he done so he would have realised the definition of a judge at a recent trial of "comfortable circumstances," one hundred pounds a year and feather beds. But we will hope, in the

interests of the widows, his system is not of cast iron, and is capable of expansion. This, we presume, is the Antæus that Mr. George has called from the earth.

Without at all wishing to detract from Mr. George any credit due to the fertility of his genius, for he has gleaned far afield for his materials, yet it is clear that withal he is but a mere tyro in physics, for he has altogether left God and nature out of his plan. Mr. George is a Californian; indeed he is more, he is an American, for the days are not long passed when Californians claimed the dissolution of distance from their brethren of the east, as they termed the Americans of the Eastern States. Like most Americans his mind is mechanical, and his plan may be called a mechanism of humanity, a sort of Frankenstein. It is true he does not expunge God and nature from the universe—far from it—he frequently invokes both, but he is the interpreter between them and humanity. To sum up his message in a few words, what he says to us is this, I mean in substance:—"Men and women of the human race, I find you are sent into the world unequal. Some of you have great bodily powers, some magnificent and commanding intellects, while some of you are endowed with patience, foresight, prudence, and cunning, as well as other qualities equally valuable to enable you to maintain the struggle for existence, to renew and pass on your race to subdue and replenish the earth. Others of you are started in the struggle for life with deterrent qualities, which not only debar you from holding your own, but actually force you to destruction. Your frames are weak and puny, your intellects are impure and stunted, you at once consume what you produce, have no desire to provide for the morrow; you have not even the cunning of animals, and you are being continually dragged down by sensual and unruly appetites and desires." Now to the former section of humanity Mr. George says:—"You, by your endowment with the necessary qualities, have by force and fraud taken to yourself all the good things of this world, more particularly the soil of the country. This enables you to make your less endowed brethren of the human race your slaves, for to whom belongs the soil of a country belongs the white parasol and the elephant, according to the eastern sage. Now I ask you to divest yourselves of your most precious belongings, and share with your less fortunate brethren the accumulations and possessions of your order, and in future to do your share of the work of the world in addition to the deficiency in working power of your less endowed brother. Both classes will then start fair, and will have an equal chance in the battle of life." This, in substance, divested of the trappings of word painting, is the prophet's message to the human race. Mr. George concludes in almost the exact terms of the romance writers, "and they were happy for ever afterwards."

Here we come now to the real question at issue, and it is astonishing that Mr. George had not sufficient acumen to see that were the possessors of wealth to comply with his desire, he would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. We have no guarantee that the drones would do more in the hive, but we are absolutely certain that the working bee would do much less, or perhaps would do no work at all upon the terms proposed—a sort of voluntary suicide. The result would be the resolution of society back into its original elements, where not only the land, but everything else would of necessity be owned in common, a state of things pleasant for the drones for a time. Mr. George would, of course, say for all time. Ay, there's the rub. We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that his masterly eloquence, with the assistance of the commanding influence wielded say by Mr. Labouchere, Dr. Pankhurst and Miss Taylor, and people of that class, has at last induced the long-suffering British taxpayer to take a bound into the past, and to start just one step in advance of his Scythian ancestor of the Asiatic plains, the only difference apparently would be that one would have a government to distribute the common produce, whereas the other would help himself at the first tent he came to, *if he found anything there*. Now we can clearly see in case of the Briton what would happen. So long as the accumulated wealth of past ages lasted, all would be very well off indeed. But in the case of food this would last but a short time. All other articles of value would be speedily exchanged with neighbouring nations for food, and then would come the real test of Mr. George's plan. Wealth has speedily taken to itself wings, and it must be produced anew. But who is to do it? Certainly not the emancipated pauper classes, for the habits of hard-work are not acquired in a day or generation. But the real workers would not do it, and why? Because they would not enjoy the fruit of their own labour. This is an indubitable law of nature. Then chaos would come again. In twenty-four hours the Frenchman or the German would be on our shores with his legions, and the first farce would be ended by our becoming tributaries to him; aristocrat and democrat, the man with something and the man with nothing, all would have to start in life anew, and they might just as well have never left the plains of Scythia. If Mr. George has any doubt about my homely illustration, let him go among those peoples who adopt communistic principles as to land. It is perhaps not fair to cite in support of this plea the Indians of his own country, yet it is strange that the Negro, who has very pronounced ideas upon *personal* and real property, holds his own fairly well, while the Indian vanishes like a dream at the first real pressure. The Maori is as brave as the bravest, but his communal habits put no pressure upon him compelling growth, and he falls

a prey to the first comer. Even the semi-communistic societies, so well described by Nordhoff, do not make headway against competition, but simply seem enabled to attain to a sort of happy stationary existence without progress. All races that have made any approximation towards Mr. George's plan fall an easy prey to the first comer. Lotos eating and taking it easy is pleasant for a time, but nature punishes with certain and sure destruction all those who do not obey her behests. Why the very parasites of the animal world show this. To take only one illustration, the hermit crab. He shirks and neglects his duty, adopts loose and lazy habits, is at last driven to inhabit the cast-off shells of other crabs, and finally falls an easy prey to the first enemy who attacks him, because his natural armour has become thin and pregnable through disuse and his doubtful method of housing himself and getting his living. It is the same all through nature. The instant an organic being ceases to procure his own sustenance, a functional decay sets in, slow, but terribly sure; until at last the law of sterility relieves outraged nature. It is the omission to recognise this well ascertained law of nature that has led Mr. George into the quagmire. He asks the working bee to sustain the drone, forgetting that were it possible to obtain sufficient cohesion to attempt such a plan, nature would visit them both with inevitable annihilation. He will now see that his real conflict is not with the propertied classes, but with nature herself. Allowing that it is quite within the bounds of probability that he and others like him may succeed in overturning society as at present constituted, he is still no nearer the hoped-for goal. The real conflict only now commences when outraged nature is faced in deadly combat by human decrees. Imagination fails us completely here, and we can conceive nothing like it except the pessimist theories of Schopenhauer, where humanity, having at last attained full consciousness, has no further desire to live, and lays low its life in utter weariness, and we have the picture of the last man, presumably a prototype of Mr. Henry George.

The castle after all is only a *Castle in Spain*, and the house is a house of cards. However ingenious the plan, and I grant it seems plausible, for mark how beautifully the scale is poised: The land hired to the *highest bidder*, the produce rent in payment of taxes. However hard the toiler strives, he must still be the *highest bidder*, and all in the state share in the result of his toil, in reduced taxes. The strong supporting the weak, the dream of the socialist, most beautiful in conception, but impossible of realisation. How long will land be rented on such terms? The man of muscle will soon see that he does not enjoy the fruits of his labour, and for him England can become a wilderness.

It would serve no purpose to multiply illustrations, for the case against Mr. George is clear. Until he succeeds in changing the nature of man, and in replacing his fear of want and desire to provide for offspring and old age by some qualities not yet recognised as inherent in human nature, we see no prospect of his plan being even attempted. As man is now constituted, far from saving civilisation, it would inevitably destroy it.

I have carefully abstained from advocating the claims to consideration of that much abused class, the landowners. Yet it seems to me that the men who have made fruitful the forests of the western continent, and have brought under the dominion of man the waste places of the earth, have some right to the fruits of their labour. The services rendered for the estates of this country were just as real at that time ; but that was long ago, and a king arose who knew not Joseph. That a reform of the land laws of this country is urgently needed is recognised by all, and if Mr. George's wild scheme will hasten that much needed reform, we will after all have much to thank him for.

Sarve Park, Llandoverly.

G. M. MORRIS.

CARLYLE'S HOLIDAYS IN WALES, (WITH LETTERS.)

I.

The history of the world is the history of its greatest men. "The homes and haunts," therefore, of the great and good in all ages—the makers of history—cannot fail to have a perennial interest in them to the whole human race. There is not, in fact, a purer form of homage paid to intellect than that which attracts pilgrims from remote distances to visit the birth-places, the homes, and the scenes that are identified with the memories of distinguished literary men. It is to the infinite credit of that new English nation across the Atlantic, so strong and intelligent in its comparative youth, that from it comes an increasing annual stream of men and women (who, for a time, have set aside their passion for heaping up dollars), bent upon paying homage to intellect, and who deem a trip to Europe entirely incomplete and unsatisfying without they have visited the little Warwickshire town in which Shakespeare was born. "I should be ashamed to return to the States if I had not come here," said a far-wester man to the writer at an inn at Stratford; a man whose rugged aspect and manner forbade any thought of his having weak susceptibilities or over-refined sentiments, adding: "The house Shakespeare was born in, and the church he was buried in, will be amongst the best remembered things I have seen in my travels. The first question my boys will ask on my return will be, 'Did you go to Stratford-on-Avon?'"

The Italians have a very beautiful and cosmopolitan method of testifying their regard for intellect. In their cities may be seen marble tablets, placed by the municipalities on the outer walls of houses that had been occupied, even temporarily, by men and women of genius, without regard to their nationality, recording the fact in that "soft bastard Latin," so pleasant to the eye and musical to the ear.

There are two houses in the plain of Glamorgan which the writer never passes by without his thoughts reverting to the memory of a great man but recently removed from this life—one who was the true Diogenes of English literature, and who

more modern times and those which were primarily fortresses, and secondary only residential. Its chief characteristic is the tower, no less than six storeys high, and perforated with numerous windows. In an architectural point of view the attempt made at this period to reconcile domestic comfort and convenience with strength is not considered satisfactory; but none the less is Oxwich Castle an object of much interest, and well worthy of a summer excursion. Much of it is now utilised as a farm house, and for farm buildings, which, while little in consonance with the original intentions of the builders, yet do not materially detract from its appearance and interest.

And now let us raise the voice of warning in case any of our readers may be deluded into a belief that there exists in Gower the Castle of Scurlage, as marked on the maps. Doubtless there *was* once a family of that name, and they, like other families, had a house, which having strong walls, parapets, and a ditch, acquired the name and reputation of a castle, but walls, parapet and ditch have all disappeared. Still, if any one is bent on antiquarian research he may, with the exercise of some amount of faith, discover the remains, on the road from Swansea to Rhossilly, about two miles from Port Eynon, and near where the road forks, one branch going on to Rhossilly and the other to Port Eynon. The same remarks, to a great extent, apply to Llandymor Castle, near Cheriton. Its remains are, however, more defined, and indicate a position at one time of considerable strength and importance. We find from evidence in Swansea Church that this castle belonged to the Duke of Norfolk, who conveyed it to Sir Hugh Jobnys in the early part of the fifteenth century. On his death it again passed into the possession of the Norfolk family, thence to the Earl of Pembroke, by whom it was transferred to one of the Mansels, an ancestor of Mr. Talbot, who is now its owner.

But now, before proceeding further on our supposed excursion round the castles of Gower, let us step aside for a moment, both out of our imaginary route and the immediate subject of this paper, and say a word respecting Gower's great Cromlech, "Arthur's Stone." But it must be a word only, for by no stretch of the imagination can we in any way associate it with either caves or castles; still it is a relic of the past, and of an unusually interesting character, partly from the mystery that surrounds it. Its name implies some connection with the great King Arthur, but such a supposition at once plunges us into the fabulous accounts and legends with which that renowned personage is surrounded. One writer, Mr. Kemfe, says, alluding to the well of water under the stone, "as we know that the Druids consecrated groves, rocks, caves, lakes and fountains to their superstitions, there is little doubt but Arthur's Stone was erected over one of their sacred springs; it

afterwards became a place of adoration and prayer, and as the adoration of the Virgin began in the darker ages to vie with, if not altogether to eclipse, that of the Saviour of mankind, the fountain obtained the name (in Welsh) of Our Lady's Well."

Another and more recent writer says that, like the cromlechs of Brittany, it is the memorial of the burial place of the great and venerated, and only forms part of a far mightier work, of which it was the central point, and he alludes to a carn and tumuli that surround it as proofs of his assertion. It is not within our province here to enter into any controversy of this kind, but we venture to think that the last contention is correct, and that Arthur's Stone is the remaining portion of a rude structure commemorative of the dead which lay interred around it, and that standing there in its solitary magnificence upon the heights of Cefn Bryn, after the sunshine and the storms and rains of centuries, it commemorates the ashes of a race of men that trod the fair lands of Gower long before Romans or Danes or Flemings penetrated into this remote corner of that barbarous island known only to the ancients through the tin mines of Cornwall, and by the wild fierceness of its inhabitants. We should add that previous to the legend conferring upon this cromlech the name of Arthur's Stone, it was known as Maen Ketti, the Stone of Ketti, who is understood to have been a saint, and from whom the name of several places is derived; amongst them Sketty and Cil-getti in Pembrokeshire, meaning the church of Ketti.

And now continuing our route up the northern side of Gower within a short distance of Llandymor, we reach the castle of Webley, which Mr. Freeman considers as the most interesting structure in Gower, and certainly, viewed from the marsh below, it presents a very imposing appearance. It is a Norman erection, and was probably built to protect the peninsula along the road leading through it on the north side, as Oystermouth was erected with a similar purpose on the south. It has claimed little attention from historians, and must be regarded simply as an interesting relic of the past, the imagination being allowed to trace out its history and the events of which it may probably have been the theatre. Like Oxwich, it is now used as a farm house, and it is curious to see how the old is made to harmonise with the new, and the modern requirements of the day, and pleasant to observe the strongholds of war and rapine converted into the peaceful pursuits of life, due care being taken to preserve them as mementoes of by-gone times, and of a state of society so utterly different to our own. From Webley we may readily observe the signs of modern industry in the smoke of Llanelly and Pembrey, and passing up the coast we are soon amidst the collieries and works of Penclawdd, the clang of hammers, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive.

But there are the remains of one more stronghold, that of Loughor, the Leucarum of the Romans, and interesting as having been a station on the great Roman road, the Viâ Julia, leading from Gloucester to Carmarthen. The name Llwchwr is Celtic, and Leucarum is the same Romanised. Being a position of importance, whatever erection the Romans might have placed there was doubtless maintained by the inhabitants after their departure, and when seized by the Normans they would naturally still hold and strengthen it. Little, however, of the work remains, simply the shell of a small keep crowning the mound overlooking the town and the river.

But we stand here on historic ground, on the path of the trained legions of Rome as they passed and repassed on their warlike but still civilising progress. Fifteen hundred years have rolled away, and the paved causeway of the ancients has given place to roads smoothed by the genius of McAdam, and to the iron trackway of Brunel, but long may it be ere we cease to reverence and protect the vestiges of the past, for in them do we see how, step by step, physically, intellectually, and morally, have our nation and the world advanced, and though the ultimate destination is hidden from mortal ken, yet we may rest assured that all is under the government of laws which, each year as it is added to the records of the past, all the increased knowledge we possess, and every discovery that is made, but additionally prove are formed to ensure the progressive advancement of the Creation, and the ultimate happiness and prosperity of man.

Swansea.

C. H. PERKINS.

WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

JOHN NICHOLL,

Born in August, 1797. Son of Sir John Nicholl, Dean of the Arches. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a first class in classics. Mr. Nicholl was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1824, and two years later became D.C.L., and soon LL.D., and was elected a Fellow of the College of Laws. On the 14th December, 1821, Mr. Nicholl married Miss Jane Harriet Mansel, the second daughter of Thomas Rice Mansel Talbot, Esq., of Margam and Penrice Castle, Glamorganshire. He contested Cardiff in 1832, against the former member, Lord Patrick James Stuart, when the poll was declared, Nicholl, 324; Stuart, 191. In March, 1835, he succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Junior Lord of the Treasury, but resigned with his colleagues in the next month. Dr. Nicholl was appointed Master of the Faculties and Vicar General of Canterbury in August, 1838, a sign that the Liberals were not unheedful of his merits; but these two offices he resigned on the return to power of the Conservatives in September, 1841, when Sir Robert Peel appointed him Judge Advocate General, and he was sworn a Privy Councillor. In January, 1846, on retiring from office he was made a member of the Board of Trade, and an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for England. In 1852 he was defeated at Cardiff by Mr. Walter Coffin by a majority of 26 votes, and from that date he retired into private life. He was a J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant for Glamorgan, and most active in his magisterial duties. For many years he served as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for that county, but resigned that honourable position in February, 1851, in consequence of his inability to devote that amount of time and attention which he considered that important post required. He died at his seat, Merthyr-mawr, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, in the year 1853.

WILLIAM LORD KENSINGTON.

William Edwardes, son of Francis Edwardes, Esq., M.P. for Haverfordwest, married Elizabeth, the youngest daughter and

co-heiress of William Warren, Esq., of Longridge, Pembroke-shire, by whom he had an only son, William, the subject of this memoir. He inherited in 1721 the estates of the Rich family on the death of his first cousin, Edward Henry, seventh Earl of Warwick, without issue (for his mother was Elizabeth, daughter to Robert (Rich), fifth Earl of Warwick and Nolland, and Baron Kensington). This Barony of Kensington expired in 1759, but in July, 1776, Mr. Edwardes was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, under the revived title of Lord Kensington. The Hon. William Edwardes was born 24th April, 1777, and succeeded his father in the title in December, 1801. At the general election of 1802 his Lordship (for an Irish Peerage which confers no seat in the House of Lords is no disqualification to a seat in the Lower House) was returned for the Borough of Haverfordwest. He appears to have deserted the Tory principles of his ancestors for Whiggism, and in February, 1806, Lord Grenville appointed him a (junior civil) Lord Commissioner for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom, and of the seas and admiralties thereof (salary, £1,000 per annum). Vacating his seat on accepting office, he was immediately re-elected, as also at the general election in the autumn of the same year. In April, 1807, the "All the Talents" Ministry fell, and with them Lord Kensington retired, and at the general election ensuing he was one of the few members of the Grenville Administration who retained their seats. His Lordship had no other opportunity of serving his country in the stony field of politics, for his party were still in the cold shades of Opposition when he retired from the representation of Haverfordwest, and also at the same time from Parliamentary life at the election of 1818. On the 2nd of December, 180—, he espoused Dorothy, the daughter of John Thomas, Esq., by whom he had six sons and three daughters. He died in 1852, and was succeeded in the title by his eldest surviving son, William, who became third Lord Kensington, and was the father of the present Peer.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Sir James Robert George Graham, Bart., was the son of Sir James Graham, of Netherby, who was created a Baronet in December, 1782. Born on the 1st June, 1792, Mr. Graham married 8th July, 1819, Miss Fanny Callander Campbell, the youngest daughter of Sir James Campbell, of Ardinglass, by whom he had two sons. He entered Parliament for Hull at the general election of 1818, and sat till the dissolution in 1820, when he lost his seat. He remained out of Parliament for six years, but in 1826 was returned for Carlisle. This seat he resigned in January, 1829,

in order to stand for the County of Cumberland, for which a vacancy had been caused by the death of Mr. John Christian Curwen, and he was returned without opposition. He had succeeded his father in the Baronetcy 13th April, 1824, and having established a reputation in the House, Lord Grey gave him a seat in the Reform Cabinet, and he took office as First Lord of the Admiralty in November, 1830, when he was added to the Privy Council. He did not attract much attention during his first term of office; his talents were rather solid and steady-going than brilliant. However, in June, 1834, his opinions began to undergo a change, and he quitted office with Lord Grey; and soon afterwards he cast in his lot with Sir Robert Peel. He had been returned for Cumberland at the elections of 1830 and 1831 as a Reformer, and in December, 1832, on the division of the county, he was elected for East Cumberland, for which he was again returned in 1835, but in 1837 his change of sides lost him his seat. A seat, however, was found for him at Pembroke in 1838, as the sitting member, Mr. Owen, resigned in his favour. In 1835 he had been created an honorary LL.D. of his University, and in 1840 he was chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University. Sir James was returned for Dorchester at the general election in 1841, and on Sir Robert Peel returning to office in September following, the North Country Baronet was made Secretary of State for the Home Department (salary, £5,000). As Home Secretary he will be best remembered for his conduct in the Mazzini case, where, in pursuance of his duty, he ordered suspected letters to be opened by the Post Office authorities. Sir James was now one of the leading supporters of Sir Robert Peel, and he voted, in 1846, for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Consequently, upon this, he was driven from office, with his chief, in July, 1846. In September following he became an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for England, and in 1847 was appointed a member of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster, and he was present at the death of Sir Robert Peel, 2nd July, 1850. From 1847 to 1852 he sat for Ripon, and from that year till his decease he represented Carlisle again. Lord Derby's short-lived Administration resigned in December, 1852, on the defeat upon Mr. Disraeli's Budget, and Lord Aberdeen and the Peelites joined in a Coalition Ministry with Lord John Russell and the Whig Reformers. Sir James Graham now became, for the second time, First Lord of the Admiralty (salary, £4,500). The Crimean War breaking out in 1854 revealed the fearful inaccuracies in our war transport service, which the cobwebs of neglect in inactivity had covered over. Mr. Roebuck came forward with his celebrated motion of inquiry, and Lord Aberdeen resigned. Lord Palmerston took his place 16th February, 1855, and the different members of the Coalition

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retained their posts, but Mr. Roebuck persisted in his purpose, and Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham retired from office 21st February succeeding. The opinions of Sir James were understood at this time to be inclining more than ever to the Liberalism of his younger days, but, unlike Mr. Gladstone and Lord John, he did not again hold office under Lord Palmerston in 1859. He was created G.C.B. in 1854, and died in October, 1861. "He showed administrative ability of the highest order," says Greville; "his chief failing was timidity." As a careful man of business, and as a painstaking and diligent statesman, Sir James will be favourably remembered. Though neither a Pulteney, a Chatham, a Burke, or a Canning, he will take rank with that class of earnest politicians which includes Lord Rockingham, Lord Shelburne, Lord Sidmouth, and Lord Liverpool.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE LAND QUESTION.

It is not proposed, within the limits of this small paper, to enter into a historical account of the land question, but only, more particularly, to lay before your readers a short and succinct statement of the position assumed, and the objects sought to be gained by the present land reformers. A new prophet has arisen, and his name is Henry George, and for this once we are indebted to the West, and not to the East. Your readers are probably familiar with the new departure as laid down by this gentleman, who appears to have been availed of to serve the purposes of the Land Reform Union. It is significant that the old adage has again proved true, that a prophet is not honoured in his own country, for Mr. George's propaganda has been very coldly received in America, whereas in this country he has been received by a large section of the population with acclamation; and his views have already obtained wide publicity, and to some extent an influence significant if not abiding. The slumber of ages in this old, silent land of Wales is at last rudely disturbed, and we are invited by this transatlantic prophet to reverse the practices of our forefathers; practices and customs which we had fondly thought had the sanction not only of the accumulated wisdom of past ages, but of a law hitherto thought to be the natural law of civil society, and therefore Divine in its origin. It becomes, therefore, of importance to all who have their own and their country's welfare at heart to examine thoughtfully the teaching of a man whom nothing will content but the remoulding and the recasting of the social body, and who boldly dares to curb the inequalities of nature, to stay the hand of the unseen powers, and thereby to assume the functions of a god. The task is not a small one, and the method proposed, although different in form, is not altogether new, for we have had communists, socialists, and saviours of society at almost all periods in the world's history; men who dream of impossible utopias, in forgetfulness of the lessons of the past and the clear voice of nature. Yet, notwithstanding, we have always had the poor with us, and seem destined to continue so, and man has always had to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, and he seems destined to do so in the future.

No one will be surprised, who has read Mr. George's earlier publication, *Progress and Poverty*, as well as his more recent work upon *Social Problems*, that he has obtained a numerous if not a select following; for it is generally conceded that his style is most vigorous, lucid, and fervid; that his social sympathies are vivid and intense. But while we gladly recognise the fulness of his emotional qualities, we are reluctantly obliged to deny him possession of any practical ones. Miss Helen Taylor, of the London School Board, who brings upon the subject the shadow of a great name, and a number of gentlemen holding representative positions in the Principality, have considered the time ripe for the diffusion of Mr. George's ideas in Wales, and have succeeded, if we can trust the accuracy of the vernacular press, in the formation of what is intended to be the nucleus of a Land League for Wales.

It would serve no purpose to follow Mr. George's views and theories in detail. Many of them, such as "that wages are drawn from the produce of labour and not from capital," are entirely at variance with the conclusions of standard economists, and scarcely deserve serious attention. The gist of his plan or statement is as follows:—He finds, after a wide and discursive review of the history of all civilised society at all times and in all ages, that the pressure of poverty is felt keener and keener as society advances in culture, wealth, and civilisation, that while the rich get richer the poor get poorer, and although the production of wealth increases by leaps and bounds, its distribution continues unequal. This unequal distribution has a tendency to a minimum, until it reaches a point where the toiler becomes the slave of the landowner, and is allowed only sufficient sustenance from the produce of his labour to sustain life. This is the festering sore of the body politic, which, like an invidious cancer, eats into and saps the foundations of empires, states, and nations, is what destroyed past civilisations, and will make all civilisation in the future impossible. A doleful picture truly. He then goes on to state the remedy which is his antidote to the poison. Civil society, to save itself, must re-enter into the possession of the soil, abolish private property in land, and confiscate the interests of the present owners, who are to disappear without compensation. The State is then to put up the land for hire to the highest bidder, the rent received is to go in liquidation of national obligations, to discharge the functions of government, and to give pensions of one hundred pounds a year to widows. Mr. George has omitted to throw in feather beds to make them comfortable; had he done so he would have realised the definition of a judge at a recent trial of "comfortable circumstances," one hundred pounds a year and feather beds. But we will hope, in the

interests of the widows, his system is not of cast iron, and is capable of expansion. This, we presume, is the Antæus that Mr. George has called from the earth.

Without at all wishing to detract from Mr. George any credit due to the fertility of his genius, for he has gleaned far afield for his materials, yet it is clear that withal he is but a mere tyro in physics, for he has altogether left God and nature out of his plan. Mr. George is a Californian; indeed he is more, he is an American, for the days are not long passed when Californians claimed the dissolution of distance from their brethren of the east, as they termed the Americans of the Eastern States. Like most Americans his mind is mechanical, and his plan may be called a mechanism of humanity, a sort of Frankenstein. It is true he does not expunge God and nature from the universe—far from it—he frequently invokes both, but he is the interpreter between them and humanity. To sum up his message in a few words, what he says to us is this, I mean in substance:—"Men and women of the human race, I find you are sent into the world unequal. Some of you have great bodily powers, some magnificent and commanding intellects, while some of you are endowed with patience, foresight, prudence, and cunning, as well as other qualities equally valuable to enable you to maintain the struggle for existence, to renew and pass on your race to subdue and replenish the earth. Others of you are started in the struggle for life with deterrent qualities, which not only debar you from holding your own, but actually force you to destruction. Your frames are weak and puny, your intellects are impure and stunted, you at once consume what you produce, have no desire to provide for the morrow; you have not even the cunning of animals, and you are being continually dragged down by sensual and unruly appetites and desires." Now to the former section of humanity Mr. George says:—"You, by your endowment with the necessary qualities, have by force and fraud taken to yourself all the good things of this world, more particularly the soil of the country. This enables you to make your less endowed brethren of the human race your slaves, for to whom belongs the soil of a country belongs the white parasol and the elephant, according to the eastern sage. Now I ask you to divest yourselves of your most precious belongings, and share with your less fortunate brethren the accumulations and possessions of your order, and in future to do your share of the work of the world in addition to the deficiency in working power of your less endowed brother. Both classes will then start fair, and will have an equal chance in the battle of life." This, in substance, divested of the trappings of word painting, is the prophet's message to the human race. Mr. George concludes in almost the exact terms of the romance writers, "and they were happy for ever afterwards."

Here we come now to the real question at issue, and it is astonishing that Mr. George had not sufficient acumen to see that were the possessors of wealth to comply with his desire, he would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. We have no guarantee that the drones would do more in the hive, but we are absolutely certain that the working bee would do much less, or perhaps would do no work at all upon the terms proposed—a sort of voluntary suicide. The result would be the resolution of society back into its original elements, where not only the land, but everything else would of necessity be owned in common, a state of things pleasant for the drones for a time. Mr. George would, of course, say for all time. Ay, there's the rub. We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that his masterly eloquence, with the assistance of the commanding influence wielded say by Mr. Labouchere, Dr. Pankhurst and Miss Taylor, and people of that class, has at last induced the long-suffering British taxpayer to take a bound into the past, and to start just one step in advance of his Scythian ancestor of the Asiatic plains, the only difference apparently would be that one would have a government to distribute the common produce, whereas the other would help himself at the first tent he came to, *if he found anything there*. Now we can clearly see in case of the Briton what would happen. So long as the accumulated wealth of past ages lasted, all would be very well off indeed. But in the case of food this would last but a short time. All other articles of value would be speedily exchanged with neighbouring nations for food, and then would come the real test of Mr. George's plan. Wealth has speedily taken to itself wings, and it must be produced anew. But who is to do it? Certainly not the emancipated pauper classes, for the habits of hard-work are not acquired in a day or generation. But the real workers would not do it, and why? Because they would not enjoy the fruit of their own labour. This is an indubitable law of nature. Then chaos would come again. In twenty-four hours the Frenchman or the German would be on our shores with his legions, and the first farce would be ended by our becoming tributaries to him; aristocrat and democrat, the man with something and the man with nothing, all would have to start in life anew, and they might just as well have never left the plains of Scythia. If Mr. George has any doubt about my homely illustration, let him go among those peoples who adopt communistic principles as to land. It is perhaps not fair to cite in support of this plea the Indians of his own country, yet it is strange that the Negro, who has very pronounced ideas upon *personal* and real property, holds his own fairly well, while the Indian vanishes like a dream at the first real pressure. The Maori is as brave as the bravest, but his communal habits put no pressure upon him compelling growth, and he falls

a prey to the first comer. Even the semi-communistic societies, so well described by Nordhoff, do not make headway against competition, but simply seem enabled to attain to a sort of happy stationary existence without progress. All races that have made any approximation towards Mr. George's plan fall an easy prey to the first comer. Lotos eating and taking it easy is pleasant for a time, but nature punishes with certain and sure destruction all those who do not obey her behests. Why the very parasites of the animal world show this. To take only one illustration, the hermit crab. He shirks and neglects his duty, adopts loose and lazy habits, is at last driven to inhabit the cast-off shells of other crabs, and finally falls an easy prey to the first enemy who attacks him, because his natural armour has become thin and pregnable through disuse and his doubtful method of housing himself and getting his living. It is the same all through nature. The instant an organic being ceases to procure his own sustenance, a functional decay sets in, slow, but terribly sure; until at last the law of sterility relieves outraged nature. It is the omission to recognise this well ascertained law of nature that has led Mr. George into the quagmire. He asks the working bee to sustain the drone, forgetting that were it possible to obtain sufficient cohesion to attempt such a plan, nature would visit them both with inevitable annihilation. He will now see that his real conflict is not with the propertied classes, but with nature herself. Allowing that it is quite within the bounds of probability that he and others like him may succeed in overturning society as at present constituted, he is still no nearer the hoped-for goal. The real conflict only now commences when outraged nature is faced in deadly combat by human decrees. Imagination fails us completely here, and we can conceive nothing like it except the pessimist theories of Schopenhauer, where humanity, having at last attained full consciousness, has no further desire to live, and lays low its life in utter weariness, and we have the picture of the last man, presumably a prototype of Mr. Henry George.

The castle after all is only a *Castle in Spain*, and the house is a house of cards. However ingenious the plan, and I grant it seems plausible, for mark how beautifully the scale is poised: The land hired to the *highest bidder*, the produce rent in payment of taxes. However hard the toiler strives, he must still be the *highest bidder*, and all in the state share in the result of his toil, in reduced taxes. The strong supporting the weak, the dream of the socialist, most beautiful in conception, but impossible of realisation. How long will land be rented on such terms? The man of muscle will soon see that he does not enjoy the fruits of his labour, and for him England can become a wilderness.

It would serve no purpose to multiply illustrations, for the case against Mr. George is clear. Until he succeeds in changing the nature of man, and in replacing his fear of want and desire to provide for offspring and old age by some qualities not yet recognised as inherent in human nature, we see no prospect of his plan being even attempted. As man is now constituted, far from saving civilisation, it would inevitably destroy it.

I have carefully abstained from advocating the claims to consideration of that much abused class, the landowners. Yet it seems to me that the men who have made fruitful the forests of the western continent, and have brought under the dominion of man the waste places of the earth, have some right to the fruits of their labour. The services rendered for the estates of this country were just as real at that time ; but that was long ago, and a king arose who knew not Joseph. That a reform of the land laws of this country is urgently needed is recognised by all, and if Mr. George's wild scheme will hasten that much needed reform, we will after all have much to thank him for.

Sarne Park, Llandoverry.

G. M. MORRIS.

CARLYLE'S HOLIDAYS IN WALES,
(WITH LETTERS.)

I.

The history of the world is the history of its greatest men. "The homes and haunts," therefore, of the great and good in all ages—the makers of history—cannot fail to have a perennial interest in them to the whole human race. There is not, in fact, a purer form of homage paid to intellect than that which attracts pilgrims from remote distances to visit the birth-places, the homes, and the scenes that are identified with the memories of distinguished literary men. It is to the infinite credit of that new English nation across the Atlantic, so strong and intelligent in its comparative youth, that from it comes an increasing annual stream of men and women (who, for a time, have set aside their passion for heaping up dollars), bent upon paying homage to intellect, and who deem a trip to Europe entirely incomplete and unsatisfying without they have visited the little Warwickshire town in which Shakespeare was born. "I should be ashamed to return to the States if I had not come here," said a far-wester man to the writer at an inn at Stratford; a man whose rugged aspect and manner forbade any thought of his having weak susceptibilities or over-refined sentiments, adding: "The house Shakespeare was born in, and the church he was buried in, will be amongst the best remembered things I have seen in my travels. The first question my boys will ask on my return will be, 'Did you go to Stratford-on-Avon?'"

The Italians have a very beautiful and cosmopolitan method of testifying their regard for intellect. In their cities may be seen marble tablets, placed by the municipalities on the outer walls of houses that had been occupied, even temporarily, by men and women of genius, without regard to their nationality, recording the fact in that "soft bastard Latin," so pleasant to the eye and musical to the ear.

There are two houses in the plain of Glamorgan which the writer never passes by without his thoughts reverting to the memory of a great man but recently removed from this life—one who was the true Diogenes of English literature, and who

worthily filled the first place in that republic. While he lived there was no one who claimed equality with him, or envied his high position of recognised chief in the domain of letters. He was not a gracious sovereign. He ruled with an iron rod, with an impatience of ordinary shortcomings, and with a considerable scorn of human weakness. He was by turns cynical, misanthropical, and pessimistic; always original, forcible, and hearty in praise or in blame. With a style all his own, he was rugged, pungent, powerful; a master of word painting, of condensed description, of incisive and most penetrating humour. He formed no school or party, has left no imitators, yet it may be most truthfully said of him, that no writer in this century has coloured the whole course of literary thought to anything approaching the same degree that he has. That man was Thomas Carlyle, who paid two holiday visits to Wales, and was sheltered in the houses referred to for a few days or weeks. They have, on that account, a claim on the affectionate regard of all who admire his works, or have been influenced by his teaching.

The family that Carlyle visited in Glamorgan is one that has special claims for gratitude from all Welshmen for their kindness in a previous generation to old Iolo Morganwg. They were then a Quaker family, and had been friends in the best sense to the old man: for to them was due the fact of his last days being made smooth for him by a small annuity which they administered; and to which, without much doubt, they were chief contributors.

The chief of this family at the time of Carlyle's visits was Mr. Charles Redwood, a most highly respected attorney-at-law, practising at Cowbridge; his private residence being Llandough Cottage, a long mile outside that town. This Cottage, singularly enough, has other claims to attention from its having been in the last century the residence of the Rev. John Walters, rector of the united parishes of Llandough and St. Marychurch, canon of Llandaff, and author of a Welsh and English dictionary, which was published at Cowbridge. He was, besides, a man of considerable ability and taste as a poet and writer, and had a singularly gifted and precocious family. The little village of Llandough, looked at from the south, is very pretty and picturesque. The Cottage stands low down a steep hill, having a meadow in front of it, bounded by a small brawling brook, that hastens along to join the Dawen at a brief distance in the coombe. Higher up the ascent, at the back of the Cottage, stands the little church and churchyard, while the top of the hill is crowned by a stately mansion, built on the site of an ancient castle.

Admiration for literary men seems to have been hereditary in the Redwood family, and Mr. Charles Redwood him-

self dabbled in literature, having anonymously published, with a purposely misleading preface to it, a volume now become scarce, entitled *The Vale of Glamorgan; Scenes and Tales among the Welsh*; Saunders and Otley, 1839; containing a good deal of very interesting "Folk Lore," and descriptions of old customs and beliefs then rapidly dying out in the Glamorgan dales. He was a man who enjoyed and deserved the highest respect from his neighbours; lived unostentatiously with his aged mother at Llandough Cottage, and was at all times ready and willing, by professional advice or otherwise, to assist in extricating out of their difficulties the poor and unfortunate. It is a curious concurrence of circumstances that this gentleman, leading a retired life in a remote corner of the kingdom, should, in his person and associations, link together, in a manner, the old bard and antiquarian "Iolo," John Walters, and Thomas Carlyle. "Iolo," whose remarkable career grows in interest as time recedes from it; John Walters, the incidents of whose priestly, pastoral, and literary life might, in the hands of an Oliver Goldsmith, have been woven into a story as beautiful and absorbing as that of the Vicar of Wakefield, with the advantage of being true withal; he having possessed virtues positively resembling in kind those imputed to the worthy Dr. Primrose; and had been beset by difficulties and troubles which vied in intensity with those detailed in Goldsmith's immortal idyl; Thomas Carlyle, the acknowledged Autocrat of English literature in the Victorian era. Other names of local celebrities might be added as links in this chain of associations without incongruity.

Mr. Redwood and Carlyle seem to have become acquainted through their having taken the same subject in hand for study about the same period. That subject was "Chartism," then a burning one, very troublesome to the Government of the day; the agitation in favour of the six points into which it was divided having grown into vast and even dangerous limits. Carlyle, in 1839, published his "Essay on Chartism," with the old proverb, "It never smokes but there is fire," as its motto. Mr. Redwood having written on the same subject, had despatched his paper to the editor of the *Examiner* newspaper, then a very intellectual and influential journal. The editor does not seem to have responded readily to Mr. Redwood's desire for publication, but retained the MS.; meanwhile Mr. Redwood obtained Carlyle's consent to peruse and judge of its merits.

Mr. Redwood's present representatives have, in the most liberal spirit, permitted a few of the letters written by Carlyle to his friend at Llandough, and extracts from others, to be published. The letters are highly characteristic of the man, and they tell the tale of his first visit to Wales of themselves, without any required explanation or garnish.

The following is an extract from a letter dated 9th January, 1840, from Carlyle :—

I am sorry that I cannot throw any light whatever on your paper about Chartism. It never was sent hither, nor any notice of it: neither, I think, judging from the common practice in such cases, is there much likelihood that it will be sent. Perhaps they still mean to print it. My acquaintance with the editor of the *Examiner* is very slight; I have not chanced to meet him above once in many months of late years. You may rely on it, if the paper do come into my hands, I will transmit it to you straightway.

Though the paper had not reached Carlyle on the 9th of January, it seems to have done so before the 15th of July following, when he writes thus :—

Your paper seems to me of a genuine spirit, and to have in it a right insight into the heart of the matter. I agree altogether with what you say, and should with pleasure see it printed and circulated; the more widely the better. It seems to me at bottom a thing which must some day or other be circulated,—that thing, or some other thing, and innumerable other things like it. Yet I question whether newspaper editors will not find it too far ahead. They are judges of that. You must try, and prosper if you can, and change your shape, and try and shift, till you do prosper, for the spirit of the thing is true! Perhaps the *Spectator* would be your best London vehicle? The editor is understood to be a rational, candid, and decisive man. But, after all, I see it will do you no ill should all editors once more refuse. An idea in a man, like fire in certain circumstances, is not to be trampled out by refusals. You will have observed, too, that the longer a bit of ore has been kept in the smelt furnace, the better metal does it make. Do not regret if they refuse you,—perhaps rejoice rather.

Friendship and friendliness seem to have grown apace. Anticipating Christmas by a few weeks, a present seems to have been dispatched from Llandough to Chelsea, accompanied apparently by an invitation to pay a visit to the Cottage :—

Chelsea, December 8th, 1840.

My Dear Sir,—This morning, by the postman, there was a letter from you left here, and about an hour afterwards, another functionary, mounted on wheels, made his appearance with the box which your letter had predicted, all safe and in perfect order; a right kind message, delicately sent, for which, and for the feelings it proceeded from, take many thankful acknowledgments. I judge from the style of your appearance here that I ought to reckon you among my possessions in this world. Cornelia had no precious stones, but she said, pointing to certain living souls, "These are my jewels."

I have sought out Llandough on the map, know how to distinguish it from Llandow, not far off, and shall understand that there also is a good household belonging to me.

What you say of being an attorney brings a laugh into my face. Destiny seems to take a kind of satirical pleasure in practically quizzing me for what I have heedlessly written under that rubric,—really little or nothing more than a convenient piece of nomenclature for me. You are not the first estimable and honest man, who, with a sardonic triumph, has announced himself to me as an attorney; nay, it so happens that precisely all the attorneys I know are of that category. "They have but one fault, but that one is a thumper!" Well, I must bear your triumph and destiny's.

What you say of your venerable Quaker mother, of your quiet village household in the hollow of the Welsh mountains, near by the shore of the many sounding, everlasting sea, is full of beauty to me. My own daily prayer is that my lot, too, might be cast in such a locality. It is not impossible but you may see me some time or other at Cowbridge, were I not the worst of travellers, I should say it was not unlikely.

As to your questions, I answer, of Goethe's marriage, yes, he was married, though some have told me it was a kind of afterthought—a little while later

than one could have wished, and his wife not altogether the pattern of women. They had a son, who proved a drunkard and sensualist, as I have heard, and died at Rome, sent thither to be out of the way, about a year before his father.

With regard to lecturing, I can only answer, not except on compulsion—and this year, I trust in heaven, not. The whole element of lecturing is foreign to me, a detestable mixture of “prophecy and play acting,” in which I have never yet found any right bottom; and would not, unless compelled to it, seek further for one.

If you come again to this Babylon, and have an hour to spare, pray seek me out. With thanks and good wishes.

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE

The writer well remembers seeing in passing, the “venerable Quaker mother,” seated in the porch of Llandough Cottage, looking like “personified peace and purity.” She was a native of Llantwit Major, descended from a primitive Flemish stock, her maiden name having been “Holland;” a family which has left many traces of itself on stone and tablet in that neighbourhood. The reference to lecturing arose from Carlyle having recently concluded his famous lectures on “Hero Worship,” delivered before the choicest of audiences in the Lecture Room of a Literary Institution, in Edward Street, Portman Square; now Lower Seymour Street. The invitation to visit the sage in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, seems to have been accepted, and many evenings were enjoyably spent by the two friends together. It is evident from that which follows, that Carlyle was being pressed to visit Llandough, and the Glamorgan coast. It may be inferred that a question had arisen between the friends as to the purity of the sea water in the Bristol Channel as compared with that of the Solway Firth, near to Carlyle’s old home, and that Mr. Redwood sought to solve the dispute by the most practicable method, that of supplying a sample from Saint Donat’s:—

Chelsea, 5th June, 1841.

My Dear Sir,—Your unexceptionable bottle of sea water, and your very kind letter, arrived here close on the back of one another—the day before yesterday. No sea water need, for practical purposes, be clearer, no letter more hospitable or friendly. Whatever becomes of our project I can keep it always in memory as a thing pleasant to think of in this generally not too hospitable world of ours.

The choosing of summer quarters, which is for most persons a pleasant enough business, is for me on this occasion an altogether painful and embarrassing one. Few persons can more dislike indetermination than I, and yet to determine is at present in the highest degree difficult. Not summer quarters alone, but probably a permanent change in residence, and way of life; all this hangs on the balance. I have discovered, after very sore experimenting, that I cannot live all the year round in London. That if I decide on continuing here, where many otherwise unknown advantages attend continuing, I must decide also on having some country place of refuge, whither, when the first fret of this place is like to kill me, I can run and hide me and refit. Two houses! and hitherto it has been the keenest of problems to keep one tight overhead. Besides, my cat-like horror of new places, which is always extreme. Probably the place I go to for this season may be my place for many seasons to come. Hence this weighing and counterweighing, this higgling and cheapening with destiny—who has her price—altogether fixed price—for everything, if one could but discover that.

We have the offer of a house (unfurnished) in Dumfriesshire, among my kindred,

by the shore of the Solway—not so clear a sea as yours, but my native one; unfortunately this house is three hundred and odd miles off, and is the house of a Lord Queensbury, very slightly known to me, who will not have any “rent” for it, so a somewhat questionable offer. Then we have Tynemouth (Northumberland) in view, which also is within reach of my native district, and a pleasant shore with deep blue sea, and our friend Miss Martineau now living there; then too the coast of Sussex offers temptations, and lastly, what perhaps is reasonablest of all, one might get a country cottage in the close neighbourhood of London, in Herts, in Essex, Kent, or Surrey; fly out thither straightway, and make that, without sea water, without word, waste, or commotion, receive one for all the year. Every one of these arrangements, the Llandough one added to the list, has its promises, its menaces; they are all hanging on the steelyards together, you may fancy what a weighing we have! Hitherto I have decided nothing, except that within the next ten days I must and will decide. For I can heartily begin no work till I get all that, one way or the other, put to sleep. You see, therefore, how it stands; how I can for the present send you no answer, that I do not at least answer in the negative. No, it seems by no means impossible that I by myself, or perhaps the whole of us (for our whole household is but two and a maid-servant) may come running over to Cardiff and the solitudes of Wales, which are at least solitary, cheap, and the dwelling-place of one friend; then to take from you cheerfully whatsoever help it is prudent between honest-hearted men to render or to receive. You need not write again till you hear. Within some ten days, as I said. I wish you could bottle up your wanton horse and send him hither.

Yours, with many friendly thanks,

T. CARLYLE.

The bottle of sea water, and the advantages of the use of a “wanton horse,” which had evidently been promised, did not weigh heavily enough against Dumfriesshire, the Solway shore, and “auld lang syne.” By the 21st of the month, Scotland had been decided upon, but Glamorgan attractions still remained in the mind, as the following extract proves:—

As to your Valley of Glamorgan, I will by no means renounce the hope of seeing it with my eyes one day; and already on the very map it has a beauty for us beyond hills and rivers—this chiefest beauty and essence of all attraction, that there is a kind heart there, sometimes thinking of us there, making the dead waste earth into a home and garden for us there! Think not that our kind invitation, though unaccepted, came in vain; not so, by no means so. When you come to London again seek us out, and stay longer with us.

The friendship continued and became closer and closer—became, in short, strong, confirmed, and continuous. Carlyle was not a patient or contented man, as is abundantly evident in his letters, and he carried about with him, wherever he went, his uneasy, somewhat irascible temper, and hopeless views of life. That he was gratified to quite an unusual degree by the visit which he eventually did pay to the peaceful glades of Llandough is quite evident, as is shown by the contents of the next letter, his satisfaction with it strongly contrasting with his account of his visit to Bishop Thirlwall, at Abergwili, and with his tour in North Wales.

About Midsummer, 1843, Carlyle arrived at Cowbridge alone, and received a warm and hospitable welcome at Llandough Cottage. Mr. Redwood owned a famous trotting mare and an old fashioned car, well remembered by many even at this day, in which he and his friend rode about the country,

especially to and fro to Saint Donat's, where he had a bachelor residence for sea bathing. Carlyle, right off, named the mare after Scott's mad character in the *Heart of Midlothian*, "Madge Wildfire," and for three weeks enjoyed himself, probably, as fully and completely as his nature was capable of. The letter that follows is of high interest, were it but for the glimpse it yields of the manner of life of another highly distinguished man, one who was more scholarly than Carlyle, if less original; more sympathetic and tolerant in his views, if less forcible; one who, though not a Welshman, Wales has good cause to be proud of, the learned and wise Bishop Thirlwall:—

20, Maryland Street, Liverpool,
21th July, 1843.

My Dear Sir,—As, most likely, your hospitable imagination has sometimes followed me northward on my progress from your quiet, kindly regions, it seems proper I should send you an authentic specification from this resting-place I have now got to.

The outer seat at Bridgend, that morning, turned out to have been bespoken by another, a fellow sufferer in the interior, who accordingly took possession of it there, I remaining in confinement as far as Neath. There, however, there was deliverance into the sunshine, into the smoke of Morriston and Swansea; into all the *et ceteras*, none of them very disagreeable; none of them indeed other than interesting, of a ride to Carmarthen, thro' Rebecca gates, over steep eminences, thro' a country pleasant, though ill-cultivated, thro' a population cheerful and innocent of aspect, tho' somewhat out at elbows here and there. At Aber-gwili the Bishop in his wide secluded mansion sat waiting for me; all friendly, all quiet, and green; nevertheless, as you predicted, I have to record that the last I have yet seen of rest was at Llandough; blessings on its green trees and solitary knolls, it is the last I am yet likely to see of that invaluable quality for some time! The Bishop led me incessantly about in search of the picturesque, on high trotting horses in all weathers, sometimes twenty miles off on one ride, conversation, wise, but not restful, going on all day, and prayers in Laud's Chapel, and other solemnities in other places, going on from seven in the morning till midnight. We had the Judge one evening and a shipful of noisy barristers. On Friday morning I was not unwilling to embark into the green world again on the mail coach towards Monmouth, towards Gloucester, towards Worcester, and Liverpool, where I now heard that my brother had arrived and was waiting for me. On Saturday evening I at length reached this house, for welcome pause of a day or two. On the morrow morning we set off, if the weather will hold up, for a few weeks' walking in North Wales. I go to it as to a duty, with little hope of anything but toil from it; with almost a kind of wish that the clouds would become electric again, and honourably deliver me from it. But failing this, we shall have to go to the Isle of Man, which will be equally bad. The wicked, it is certain, have no rest. In a week, however, I shall be ready here again for the first steamer into Annandale; and then in my mother's house I will lie down and sleep again whatever befall!

This, in hurried style (for I am in dreadful hurry), is my travels, history, and prophecy. I add to it a cordial remembrance to your good, kind, quiet mother, whom I shall long remember, and many grateful thanks to you and to "Madge Wildfire," and the St. Donat's Sea, which made my stay in your domain so useful and pleasant to me. Right hearty thanks and blessings to all.

Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The above is a highly characteristic letter, containing, as it does, touches of Carlyle's mannerisms, of his misanthropy, and of his discontent with things in general, and his own surroundings especially; with just the reservations as to his friend's

kindness, which he could not well, and perhaps did not desire to forego expressing himself about. The next letter, and the last having reference to his first visit, describes briefly his tour in North Wales, and our northern compatriots are not to be congratulated on the opinions he formed of them, and of their country; though even they escape well from his dyspeptical humour as compared with the *vermin* tourists, to which body he and his brother did not of course belong:—

Chelsea, 27th September, 1843.

My Dear Sir,—Your kind letter found me still in Scotland. It is not yet much more than a fortnight since I returned by aid of a Dundee steamer, thoroughly sick of travelling, and more entirely wearied in body and mind than I ever felt in my life before.

The Bishop's Palace did not hold me long, I went away glad to have seen it and its owner, yet saying to myself, "Here is not my rest!" A long day's driving brought me round to Gloucester; a night horrible in an inn full of lawyers (for I had fallen into the wake of assizes), and then another busy day procured me a glimpse of Worcester battlefield, as well as the localities of Gloucester siege; and without any new attempt to sleep, I was in Liverpool, ready to take North Wales, on that the accessible side of it. North Wales on any side did not please me greatly; a country of mist, barrenness, and rain; of scraggy, bare, bleak moors, crumbling cottages, unhappy looking people; to which the few slate chasms with their torrents, infested all of them by the vermin of the picturesque, were but a poor effort. I was on Snowdon top, but unhappily might as well have lain in my bed under nightmare, the mist had swallowed all things; hardly even would a cigar take fire in the bitter tempestuous damp. One came down to the grave of Gelert with wearied bones and a sense that Snowdon was a failure. Horrible Welsh wettings also were provided as on other occasions; wettings equivalent to steepings in the ocean; some beautiful things, Menai Bridges, queer old cities, precipices and cathedrals do rest in my memory, struggling as yet to evolve themselves out of the clouds and discomforts, but on the whole I was glad enough to quit Wales and the trade of picturesque tourist both together; and, in a very silent mood, get across the Solway, and take shelter beside my mother. Three weeks there, passed as far as possible in silence, were, except the other similar three weeks at Llandough, by far the best I had in my travels. I declined Cumberland; declined several things. "A sense of duty," a really painful sense at least took me round by Dunbar battle ground, and therefrom by Edinburgh, Fife, and old friends in that region of the world; among whom also I had to live as one half alive, denizen, not of earth, but of Hades and Chaos; making naturally the greatest haste to get away. It was a real relief to one to sit down with a cigar on the deck of the steamer, and say to myself, "Now by the eternal Powers I will at least speak no more for some time." A horrible brute of a horse, higher than "Madge Wild-fire," and too unlike her in all respects, fell plump down with me on plain road, while I was in Fife, a feat I cannot yet forget; the fruits of it in those hours were a real addition of annoyance to me. After unheard of meditations, I did get home to Chelsea at last, found my good wife well, and all bright as a new guinea here; continual lying on sofas, and the most absolute do-nothingism, such has been my employment ever since. On a larger scale than ever heretofore I have convinced myself that I cannot travel. To judge by actual sensation of the moment, I do not seem to have gained in health, but to have lost; nevertheless there is a kind of deeper intimation in me that some slight improvement does lie ready for developing itself; that had those tumultuous mud billows once subsided, some increase of fertility and solidity will be apparent. London is at present the quietest of all places for me; all men gone out of it, or nearly all whom I have the slightest knowledge of. As health clears up, conscience too will arouse herself with cockatriceting. I shall have to do one of two things, get to work or grow mad! May the gods turn it to good.

Llandough I cannot forget while I live; but it seems to me at this moment impossible that I should ever visit it again. God be with you all there, ye true

ones! Your good, quiet mother, dear and venerable to me, the simple, faithful Jones and James; the daisy rake, the beehive, porch seat, hill, trees, and meadow; all that, and the friendly owner of all that, remain for ever a possession to me.

On the whole you must bid me prosper in my work, for that is the one salvation or alleviation possible to me. You must remember me with tolerance; you must come and see us when you get to London, and so *vale meo manor*.

T. CARLYLE.

Contrary to prognostication he did see Llandough once more, though he did not stay in that village, but at another residence a few miles nearer the coast, to which Mr. Redwood had removed in the interval. It will be observed that Carlyle collected during this visit, or in passing, at Gloucester, Worcester, and elsewhere, ocular experience of the localities of sieges and battles; afterwards described in the pages of his great work, *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*. On his second visit he collected particulars, and traced the localities connected with the early life of his friend John Sterling, whose biography he wrote; who had as a boy dwelt at Llanblethian, and attended school at Cowbridge. In this work he has drawn word pictures of villages and Glamorgan scenery most exact and truthful, but the details of that visit must be subjects for another paper.

Saint Athan.

JOHN HOWELLS.

(*To be continued.*)

LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(With Original Illustrations.)

XXIX.

APOTHEGMATIC.

I throw together at random a few Notes affecting men and things, jotted down as the subjects presented themselves to observation at the police court.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

A constable, notorious for lame cases, coming up with a noisy fellow in a crowd, who had escaped conviction last time, deliberately took his coat off, fought the obstreperous one, beat him in five rounds, ran him in, and gave evidence against him for drunkenness and rioting, the rioting being the fight with the police constable, although the latter would not admit as much. Defendant, who maintained that the encounter was forced on him, behaved so badly in the dock (which was very foolish of him) that the magistrates sentenced him to a month's hard labour without the option of a fine ; and serve him right. Of the practice of

STRAINING THE LAW,

and of the danger, to speak nothing of the injustice attendant thereon, innumerable instances could be given. I confine myself to the common form of giving points in favour of the well-to-do by granting summonses for offences over which the court has no cognisance, just to "bring to" the parties proceeded against. If these latter do not agree with their enemy before the day of hearing, the usual thing is for the bench to adjourn the case, with an intimation that if they do this, that, or the other thing between then and such a day no fine will be imposed. "If you conform to the law in a week nothing more will be said about it," was the standing formula at our place. Defendant, thinking he had offended, caved in ; the other party being thus enabled to use the criminal law as a screw. The unfairness of such a procedure is evident. The dodge used to be a favourite one with gaffers. I remember a coal-owning magistrate, who had a dispute with his men, sending his manager to apply for a

summons one day, to be made returnable the next. The clerk, knowing well the Act of Parliament had said a certain number of days (I think three clear) must be allowed to elapse before such a summons could be made returnable, declined to issue the process for the day named, and so convinced was the manager of the legality of the course that he consented to appear on a later day. His master, incensed, "blew up" the clerk afterwards, and refused to pay him his fees. I have known the tables turned. A lawyer who is "up to snuff" has more than once succeeded in getting such a summons dismissed, and making the plaintiff pay costs into the bargain.

TALKING SHOP.

We had a lot of "queer fish" living about us, who, brought up for drunkenness, or any other cause (drunkenness mostly), always described themselves as being "in the book trade." The oddest of his class was a flattish-nosed individual in spectacles, who had the most wonderful memory for title pages of any man I ever met. He surrendered one day to his bail in answer to a charge of drunkenness and rioting. He had been indulging somewhat freely that morning; and was more than usually clamorous to be allowed to make an explanation. In the course of this he made a digression for no other purpose apparently than that of initiating the court into the mysteries of book-buying. I took him down verbatim, and the following are the essentials of his interesting address. "Toy or Bowdlerised editions," he remarked, sententiously, "are my special abhorrence. Emasculate a book, and there goes its virility slap—common sense will tell you that. Thus it is that so many of our old authors have fallen into disrepute: all that is really worth reading in them has been taken away. A 'toy' book is of less use than a toy cannon. You seek a 'Chatterton,' for instance, to read up *Rowley*, and you buy instead a thin volume, stuffed with acrostics and sonnets to the green girl acquaintances of a green youth, composed in greenest of rhyme, the very thing you were in search of being entirely left out. You ask for Shakspeare and you get Bowdler, one of the most asinine of sacrilegious dunces. You look for Burns and you get 'Beauties' of him or 'Select Extracts' from him, either of which is a confounded nuisance. A good dictionary, not a trade article, giving author, book, and best edition would be a desideratum."

"Queer opinions for a man who deals so largely in literary rubbish as yourself," remarked the magistrate, with a touch of quiet humour in his manner.

"Literary rubbish!" replied defendant, becoming indignantly virtuous. "I dabble in it till I'm sick, sir. Let's take a few heads? Nine-tenths of the biographies now in the market are trash, sir. Half the men and women they commemorate never

lived a life that was worth the writing, and their histories are the merest rot. Then you have an army of pretended geniuses. 'Poems' by this, that, and the other bore; miles of print and cart loads of paper not worth the having. Then to cap all comes a very superfoetation of boredom: a fellow with a 'Literary Life' of one of these nuisances; one whom, in the flesh, the world honoured not, and whom, dead, it wishes buried ten thousand miles deeper than Jehoshaphat. If I wasn't in the trade myself, sir, I'd shut up every author of a book of this sort



Indignantly virtuous.

in a lunatic asylum, and make it felony to disgust the world by the sale of his work. Now, you're a lawyer, sir, and perhaps may tell me: but couldn't we get an Act of Parliament to compel the return of books like these to the paper mill to be made into pulp, or to the common hangman to be publicly burnt?"

Highly edifying and dreadfully episodal all this. "*In vino veritas*," was the comment of a lawyer of the old-fashioned type who sat by and heard the lecture right through. "The demand for such stuff comes from the spread of education. I always said it would end in no good. You can't, in these days, leave a book or letter about but your servant must get hold of it, and, by heavens! sir, they read it too. How different now from the time when I was young, and when none but the well-to-do, and not many of these either, knew a B from a bull's foot." The lawyer, an Oxford man, had recognised in the bibliopole an old college chum. He paid the fine for him; and thereby hangs a tale.

PARENTS IN LAW

I have observed to be prolific sources of quarrel. If their newly-wedded children live anywhere near the parental roof, and do not happen to be old enough to know better, you may count upon that neighbourhood's being a particularly lively one. One side thinks John not good enough for Mary, while the other thinks Mary not good enough for John. Mary herself thinks John too fond of seeking advice from his mother, and John thinks Mary's father too fond of sticking his nose into *his* business, and so it goes on, an endless round of battledore and shuttlecock, until the parties betake themselves to some spot far removed from parental influence, or there is a regular "burst up," sometimes resulting in separation and unhappiness for life. There are exceptions. A case we were often troubled with was that of D., a gentleman by birth, position, and breeding, whose soft-headed daughter threw herself away upon a handsome scamp of low manners, and lower family. Seeing the uselessness of attempting to cancel the irrevocable, D. helped the pair into a good business, and was just beginning to think they were well placed in life, when the daughter—I'll spare you the details; it was the old story. Speedy ruin; husband and wife going headlong down the course together. More than once were helping hands stretched out for their rescue, but it was all useless. On ruin bent, to ruin went the miserable pair. A more painful story I never listened to; and I shall never forget the recital. The very simplicity of the circumstances moved some of our women listeners to tears, and for several moments the pressure of emotional excitement in the court was the highest ever known. The gulping of apples brought every other kind of business at one point to a dead stop.

CASUALS.

Before the adoption by the poor law authorities of our town of the system of relief ticket distribution by the police the place used to swarm nightly with tramps and vagabonds of all sorts, sizes, and sexes. Since then the rigidly-enforced rule has been to deny a lodging ticket to every single applicant who may be able-bodied, with, as a natural result, the decimation of the old swarm. Satisfactory as this system may be to the ratepayers, it not infrequently works great individual hardship. A tramp calling at the station is asked his name, age, occupation, birthplace, sleeping place of the previous night, distance travelled that day, destination, how long out of work, why, and a number of other particulars, all of which are entered in a book. Ten to one but after he has satisfactorily stood this inquisition he is coolly told he cannot get a ticket, ordered to walk out, and advised, it may be, to pass on to the next town where tickets are granted.

Exasperated by this treatment it was no uncommon occurrence to find such men resorting to violence for the purpose of obtaining, at the county expense, the lodging which the police had denied them at that of the union. Putting a stone through the lamp-glass over the station doorway, or smashing a tradesman's window, was the favourite method. I remember a dangerous customer deliberately kicking in the large "plate front" of a confectioner, and helping himself to a score or so



Helping himself.

of pastry pieces, while the emissaries of the owner were in search of the police. Brought before the bench he exhibited the utmost nonchalance.

"Are you not ashamed of what you have done?" asked his worship.

"Can't say that I am," he returned coolly. "They wouldn't let me have a ticket at the station. I had no money to pay for a night's lodging. I had walked five-and-thirty miles without bit or drop. I was dead tired and famishing, and the police here refused me a bed, which would only have

cost the town threepence. *Now* one of your tradesmen has been put to an expense of ten pounds, and the county will be obliged to keep me a couple of months (I suppose) at an expense of ten pounds more. You're a saving lot in this part of the world, that's very certain."

"But we are not obliged to relieve every able-bodied vagabond who chooses to come here before he is sent for," remarked his worship indignantly. "You were able to work——"

"Couldn't get any," was the instant rejoinder.

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Do you know of a job? I can turn my hand to almost anything?"

To say that his worship was nonplussed would be hardly fair. He was a man of resource, and so he asked:

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"Couldn't help it. Contractor went to smash. No more work for any of us?"

"Well, the law says you mustn't go about breaking people's windows, and eating their confectionery in this way."

"Necessity knows *no* law, sir," was the firmly expressed comment.

I am afraid that tramp got the best of the argument; but he was committed for six weeks notwithstanding.

So very harshly does this rule of non-relief work that I have known kind-hearted policemen—and there are many such, reader—tip the tramp a copper, to whom, "in the execution of their duty," they had refused a ticket. Others I have known tell a poor devil point blank to go about and beg the "price of a bed," adding significantly that "no one on *that* beat would interfere with him."

THE BEAK AS LECTURER.

I have often asked myself the question whether it is any part of a magistrate's judicial business to lecture an offender whom he is about to punish in another way. In neither the common nor the statute law, as these are known to me, is there any provision made for the sermonising before sentence which some magistrates deem it a solemn duty to indulge in. Does his official position entitle a justice of the peace to scold? I fancy not. When the law provides a specific penalty is he justified in adding thereto by the infliction of a homily? "Abuse not him whom thou art resolved to chastise," said Don Quixote on one memorable occasion to Sancho Panza, and I think this is perfectly sound law. Cervantes is quite as good a judge as Coke; perhaps better. There are occasions in plenty when a few grave, kindly words of advice or warning may be beneficially bestowed, but

heaven save us from an unmitigated, downright scolding. What is done cannot be undone, and to blackguard a prisoner for actions liable to fine or imprisonment is, to my mind, the worst of all possible courses. Some men won't stand it either. I remember more than one occasion on which the bench were irreverently told to "Dry up." And honestly I think the rebuke, rough as it was, was deserved.

"It took you a long time to say what the fine was," sarcastically remarked the defendant in a case of common assault, and the words caused the effect of his worship's homily to collapse like a pricked bubble.

One of the worst cases I ever knew was that of a dark-haired, black-eyed, high-spirited, handsome girl, summoned for simple trespass, a mere walk of a dozen yards or so over some local



*"She was talked at, talked to, talked of
no though she had murdered her mother."*

lordling's grass patch. She was kept before a crowded court a full quarter of an hour, and that notwithstanding a full admission of the offence and a hearty expression of regret therefor. She was talked at, talked to, talked of just as though she had murdered her mother. She winced and writhed under the torture, and at last fairly cried out with the pain, as the merciless lash of the whip probed her great, proud spirit to the quick.

"I could have kicked the fellow," said Captain Blank to a friend, to whom he afterwards related the circumstance.

"And I," added his friend, who happened to have heard the case right through; "could have wrung the wretch's neck for him."

One divisional justice whom I knew was a great admirer of Malthus and his peculiar doctrines, which he omitted no opportunity of expounding after a rather marked fashion.

"Why do you want assistance from the parish?" said he one day to a woman to whom the relieving officer had refused admission into the workhouse.

"My husband has been laid up five years, sir. I've kept him and the family up to now, but I broke my arm a month ago, and cannot do so any longer. We've spent every halfpenny, and pawned every stick we had belonging to us to keep the house in food and firing."

"How many children have you?"

"Eleven living. I am the mother of eighteen."

"Good gracious! how came you to have so many?"

"God's will, sir," answered the woman, simply.

"Tut! nonsense!" was the impatient exclamation. "That's all very fine. Don't talk in that manner to *me*."

I do not know whether the poor creature took in all, or even half, his worship's meaning, but she hung her head, and remarked, with a blush: "It *was* very unlucky, sir, no doubt."

"So I should think, indeed. How old is your youngest child?"

"Two years, sir."

"This is perfectly shameful, really. I cannot assist you. Try your luck again with the relieving officer"—and the applicant had to leave the court empty-handed as she came.

I could tell you stories by the score of the idiosyncrasies of the same gentleman, if there were not quite so many prudish people about. In dealing, as I have been, with the actualities, it is a work of the utmost difficulty if you wish to remain faithful to the truth to avoid all appearance of coarseness; let your desire be never so strong to the contrary. We no longer tolerate in our literature any of those broad touches, whether of humour or of pathos, by which our grandfathers used to be moved to laughter or to tears. Even Thackeray is too coarse for the present day. Prose of the school of Messrs. Howells and James have repeatedly told us so in print. These gentlemen, I should tell you, are not the London haberdashers of the name, but members of a Boston or some other Yankee Mutual Admiration Society, and the founders of a new cult, which would have us believe that the best story is no story at all, and that the dullest writing makes the liveliest reading. If their namesakes in the haberdashery line were to make a bet that they sell every day over the counter stuff which will last quite as long as any yet produced by these so-called novelists, I should be inclined to lay odds against the worthy couple from over the herring-pond who think their chronicles of small beer a very world of perfection. Let me give you my candid opinion: although

the form of the old literature was coarse its substance was not ; and although the form of the new literature is pure its substance is rotten ; gangrened to the very heart. And I will tell you this much further : it is my firm belief that what our grandfathers put into their literature they took out of their lives, whereas what we take out of our literature we put into our lives, where it rankles and festers, a pestilent sore. *They* were honest enough to say twice what they meant ; *we* mean twice what we say, and, moreover, take care (if, indeed, we can help ourselves) to show that we mean it. If the older society, as represented by the older literature, was coarse, so, I tell you, is the newer society represented by the newer literature also—coarse and hypocritical—infamously hypocritical—into the bargain.

MERLIN.

(*To be continued.*)

E T H E L.

I.

“Well, old fellow! and so we part company for a time—you are such a reserved sort of chap, that I don’t now know where your people live, or any more about you, than that you have been the plague of my life ever since you joined us, an unfledged sub, a year ago, and I undertook the task of training your young ideas in all duties, regimental and other. I beg your pardon, Hastings,” added the speaker hurriedly, as he saw a flush come over his companion’s face, “I did not mean to question you.”

“After all your kindness, Major, it would be ungrateful, indeed, of me to mind anything you said, and as to questioning, although I am sure you meant nothing of the sort, still I should like to tell you all there is to know. It isn’t much. I am only a poor beggar with little brains and no money. I know the fellows here think me queer and unsociable, but what can I do? I cannot add to my father’s troubles by spending what I have not got, as I should do if I entered into their fun, and he has had trouble enough in that way already. My eldest brother—you did not know I had one, did you?—has pretty well ruined us all, and since my mother’s death, three years ago, my sister Ethel and myself have lived at the old home with my father, with just one or two of the servants, who preferred remaining with us in our poverty to going into new service. In spite of all we are a very contented trio. A little shooting and fishing go a great way with me, although we cannot afford to preserve now, and I think the poachers and I share the game pretty equally between us. My father, luckily for himself, has always been more or less of a scribbler, and most of his time is spent in the library, either translating some German essay to which he has taken a fancy, or reading some book with an untranslatable name, the very sight of which makes me shiver. I would ask you to come and spend a week with us, but you would find it so insufferably dull that I should not like to victimise you to such an extent.”

“If you really mean it, and if I were sure that your people would not find me in the way, there is nothing I should like

better than a quiet week in the country. But your sister — what would she say to an unexpected visitor? I could not think of going down without giving them some notice. Look here, suppose you stop in town with me for a week, and go to this dance at the Silburtons, eh, Master Jack? I think I know one person, at least, who will thank me for taking you there. Desirée Broughton would give the last string of pearls her father gave her to meet some one I know again, and I really think I shall claim them as a tribute to my good deeds. Now do stay and enjoy yourself, and meanwhile you can write and ask whether your father has made any plans with which my visit would interfere."

"Very well, I am sure I shall be very glad," said young Hastings, to whom his Major's invitation was an unexpected pleasure. Who cannot look back and remember when he, too, would count that man his dearest and best friend who procured him the longed for meeting with the beloved one? So at any rate thought Jack of his friend, Major Leicester, as he hurried along to post his letter home, telling Ethel of the intending visitor, and giving so many directions for his friend's comfort and convenience as to drive poor old Janet, Ethel's maid, housekeeper, and general factotum, nearly distracted with fear of the stranger's wants, and rage at Master Jack's (as she still called him) want of thought in bringing such a fastidious, or, as Janet called it, "fashy" gentleman down to the Grange.

It was ten o'clock, a most unfashionably early hour, when our two friends found themselves on the staircase of the Silburtons' house. In vain had Major Leicester laughingly protested against being dragged out so soon after dinner.

"Give me half an hour to answer these letters. They really are pressing. I assure you, my dear Jack, that old Broughton will never turn up before eleven, and of course his daughter will have to wait for him. He has grown so mighty particular lately, takes Mademoiselle Desirée everywhere himself, as if he thought the first man she met would hire a postchaise and carry her off to Gretna Green in the fine old-fashioned way our ancestors did these things."

"Horrid old bore," muttered Jack, "I wish to goodness he would keep away. A fellow cannot say a word to Miss Broughton without feeling his green-grey eyes upon him, whatever corner of the room he may be in."

"O, ho! then perhaps *you* are the individual on whose account he is so attentive to his daughter just at present."

"I am sure I don't know. I do know this, that she is the most charming girl in London, and I," groaned poor love-lorn Jack, "am about as likely a fellow for her to care for as — as a crossing-sweeper!"

"Oh, come now, never despair, 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady.' She told me you danced better than any partner she had had this season; *that* is a great step in your favour. When you are as old as I am, your nerves will have grown a good deal tougher in the service of the little god Cupid. Nothing like practice in these things. I have been desperately in love three times in my life. The first attack came on at school. I was then twelve years old, and adored my school-mistress's sister, who taught all the odd things it was not worth anyone else's while to teach. But she broke my heart, and cast away my affections, by boxing me on the ears one day when I was busily occupied in taking a sketch of her profile to wear next my heart, but which, from my grievous lack of perspective, she thought was meant as a caricature of her fine Roman features."

"You began early," laughed Jack, tickled, in spite of his attack of blues, by the Major's story. "And pray who was the next object of your affection?"

"She was a laughing-eyed, fair-haired, baby-faced thing, the very reverse in every way of my first love. I met her at a *table d'hôte* in a small town in the south of France. We sat opposite each other for a day or two, and then by mutual consent our places arranged themselves side by side. At the end of a fortnight we found that so many tastes in common could never have been given two people unless it was meant also that they should have opportunities of enjoying them. So with this laudable object we walked, rowed, and drove together, spending our evenings at the piano—she was really a splendid pianiste!—with much edification and enjoyment. The old grey-haired gentleman, my fair friend's sole companion, seemed an inoffensive old man, who asked nothing better than to be allowed to doze away his evenings while we were waking the echoes of the night with music's sweet strains. The weeks flew by, and I thought myself desperately in love, and determined to learn my fate without further delay—

"'We have known each other a long time,' I remarked one morning, by way of paving the way to an explanation.

"'Do you think so!' said the baby-faced one. 'It is only six weeks since we first met.'

"'But then how much may happen in that time. For me, my whole life is centered in this blissful period, which has given me a vision of perfect happiness, of which you, darling, are the cause!'

"'Sir, Mr. Leicester! I do not understand, how dare you speak to me in this way?'

"'Ah, I know that you are too young almost to understand me. I should have spoken to your father, and with his permission, dearest, I would teach you to love me.'

“‘My father! Sir, you insult me, the gentleman of whom you speak is my husband.’

“I turned one look on the perfidious one and fled. To think that I! who, I flattered myself, was a man of the world, should have been fooled by this little country bred creature, that she should have made me her amusement to while away the monotony of a dull sojourn in a duller town! From that moment I vowed to adjure the sex; the name of love was abhorrent to me! my wounded pride was a much more present pain than my scouted love.”

“But how did you not find out sooner that she was a married woman?” asked Jack, as they wended their way to the Silbertons. For his impatience had at last prevailed over his friend’s *nonchalance*.

“The reason was this: I only dined at the hotel, and had my quarters at a house a mile out of the town, so that I was not thrown in the way of the other visitors at the hotel, and my innamorata no doubt allowed the first mistake I made in her name to remain uncorrected for her own amusement.”

“And the third attack?—I suppose some time must have passed before you allowed yourself to again look at one of the fair sex?”

“Ah, my boy, the third attack, as you call it, was of a very different character—there, we will not talk of it. If I ever knew the degree of misery which makes men blow their brains out, I learnt it then, but it is over, thank God. No more sentiment for old Tom Leicester! I don’t suppose I have as much heart as a sparrow left to beat at sight of any fair one.”

“Now, Major, why do you call yourself old? There is not much more than ten years between us.”

“Wait until you are thirty-five, and then see if you don’t feel old enough to have done with all love follies;” rather bitterly replied the Major. The conversation dropped, and another minute’s walking brought them to the house.

“Good evening, Miss Broughton, I have brought a friend whom you did not expect to see, I think.”

“Who is it?” said a fresh girlish voice, as a pretty brunette turned on the staircase, where she was waiting for her turn in the crush to shake hands with her hostess, to ask the question.

“Jack Hastings; here he is to speak for himself—”

But a smile and bow were all that Jack could manage; for in the crowd in which they were standing, movement was impossible. By-and-bye, however, in the ball-room the fates were more propitious, and before long Jack was thoroughly enjoying himself in spite of the black looks which he was well aware were being cast on him by old Caleb Broughton, who had not the faintest intention of allowing his only child and heiress to throw herself away on a beggar like him. Two days

later came a letter from old Mr. Hastings, warmly seconding Jack's invitation to his friend, and saying that they would be expected at the Grange on the Saturday following.

II.

A long rambling overgrown looking place was Jack Hastings' home. It looked as if it had slipped back a century behind its neighbours. Two long wings which ran out from the main building were, on account of the present impoverished state of the family, shut up, thus reducing the house to a third of its habitable size. The ivy had worked its own sweet will over windows and doorways, covering with a tender grace the traces of decay which would otherwise have been only too apparent; monthly roses shed their fragrance here in wild profusion, disputing the ground bravely with the too exuberant ivy, their pale pink blossoms showing as high as the bedroom windows. Truly, to lovers of the picturesque, any attempt at restoration would have been a thousand pities. Two tree-arched avenues approached the house, known respectively as the upper and lower drives. The former descended with a rather steep incline to the village and station, while the other led right-away into the heart of the country amid the most lovely and romantic scenery it is possible to conceive. The house stands on a slight elevation, which on the north side slopes away to a river, whose way winds round nearly three parts of the grounds, necessitating many a rustic bridge and footway to enable passengers to cross in safety to the other side. One of these bridges leads to the garden, which was then of a size more proportionate to the past condition of the family than to its real wants.

Running lightly over the bridge with her hands laden with flowers, fruit, and vegetables, came Ethel Hastings, her head full of plans for the expected visitor. Strangers were a rare occurrence at the Grange. The neighbouring families had gradually dropped even the annual calls which for some time they had made after ruin, caused by the wild and extravagant life of the eldest son, Ronald, had bowed the head, and prematurely aged the grey-haired man, who was of too reserved and proud a disposition to let his sorrows be made a subject of gossip to others. No one knew where the scapegrace who had wrought all this trouble had gone. It was even darkly hinted that worse than mere extravagance was the cause of his utter disappearance; anyhow, it was now some years since all this had happened, and the gentle hand of time had shown itself in the calm which from the master of the house down had covered

the shock and bitterness of the first surprise. All that was positively known was that, for Ronald's sake, the old estate had been mortgaged to its utmost value, and what was a pittance compared to their income was all that was left for the Hastings' to live on. The trial of their altered circumstances had proved too heavy for Ethel's mother, and three years ago her tired heart gave up the struggle of life, and Ethel was left alone to be the comfort of her father, and the devoted slave and admirer of her brother Jack, who, to do him justice, had amply repaid her with a love that is seldom met with between brother and sister.

"Get down, Pincher, you are too bad, you stupid dog! Don't you see my hands are full, and I really am too busy to play?"

But Pincher, a fox terrier, who was Ethel's chief companion, saw no reason why the expected visitors should interfere with his amusement, so he continued to indulge in short barks and sudden springs at the things his mistress was carrying until they reached the front door.

"There, Janet, I have brought all we wanted; lettuces, radishes, carrots, and oh! the gooseberries did take me such an age to pick! However, here they are; had you not better make the tart at once?"

"Bless your heart, Miss Ethel! make a tart at ten o'clock in the morning for dinner at seven!"

"Then let me make a salad dressing. I do that much better than you—now confess it—and that will keep."

"Well, I don't deny that you understand Master Jack's new whimses better than an old body like myself. A good cream dressing always pleased the master, with just a little flavouring in it, and not too much of that either. But now, what with a taste of this, and a taste of that, Master Jack fairly flusters me when he comes in with his orders for the salad."

"I must drive the old pony to the station this evening to meet them, for Pierce says the mare must go in the cart for the luggage. I wonder what Jack's grand friend will think of me as a coachman?"

"Surely, Miss Ethel, if the gentleman doesn't know a lady when he sees one, he'll not make a welcome visitor here," returned old Janet in a caustic way; for Janet was a much more jealous guardian of the family dignity than any of the present representatives of it were.

Ethel broke into a ringing laugh. "You dear old silly thing, I said I wondered how he would like me as a coachman. Failing a better, I really think he might do worse."

And Miss Ethel slyly hoped that if Major Leicester were inclined to give himself airs, he might be suitably brought to a proper level on finding the homely conveyance—more nearly

approaching to a shay on four wheels, than probably he had ever driven in before—which was to bring him from the station.

The soft summer breeze was blowing gently through the open windows of the drawing-room as Ethel, seated at the old piano, succeeded in bringing some sweet sounds, like remnants of departed glory, out of its worn-out keys. The waltz she was playing, "Dream Faces," had a sweet air peculiarly suited to the place and scene, although, happily for Ethel, it brought no sad memories of by-gone days to her. No; life lay all before her, with its joys and sorrows, for her, as for all, to be met as may best suit the individual disposition which receives them. Eighteen years to us who look back seems but a short time to have lived, and, indeed, Ethel, with the exception of her home responsibilities, knew no more of life than a child of twelve. With no companions but Janet and her father, and no one to open her eyes to the world outside her home, the days presented an almost perpetual monotony of existence, which to one who loved her surroundings less would have been unspeakably wearisome.

It certainly was a lovely day, bright sunshine lighting up all the dark corners, and making the cool, low-ceilinged drawing-room look most inviting. The dark venetian blinds lowered afforded a delightful shade from the glare outside, and roses of every shade and colour, in large bowls, whose value to a china fancier would be inestimable, scented the room until the whole atmosphere was laden with their odour. The rickety furniture and faded chintz covers were lost sight of in the beauty with which nature had clothed the scene. The door opened, and a tall thin man, with bent shoulders and a half-abstracted air, entered the room. In an instant Ethel was off her chair.

"Dear father, do you want anything?"

"Ethel, my dear, was it not to-day that Jack intended bringing his friend here? I hope you have made arrangements to receive him. I had really forgotten until just now that they were expected. Where do you intend putting this Major Leicester?"

"In the red room—Janet has got it ready, and it really looks quite nice," added Ethel, as she saw a look of anxiety cross her father's face.

"Well, my dear, I must leave it to you. But things are not what they were, and I much fear that Major Leicester, who, from what I have heard of him, must be a wealthy man, will miss many things that he has been accustomed to look upon as necessaries."

"Nay, father, he would not be such a friend of Jack's if he were not a very nice man, I am sure, and so he will not mind

our quiet, homely ways for a short time." With a relieved look, as if he had done his duty in having so far roused himself from his dreams as to enquire into Ethel's arrangements, Mr. Hastings turned and slowly left the room, his mind already engrossed with a German idiom, whose translation he had grudgingly left to look after Ethel's housekeeping plans.

"Here we are, and there is Ethel waiting for us on the platform. Dear old woman, how are you? You look flourishing. Here is Major Leicester come to see if he can endure a week away from all he cares for or takes an interest in."

"Now, Jack, speak for yourself. I know you have some cause to regret your absence from Town, but for me, I can assure you, Miss Hastings, that I look forward to my visit at the Grange with the greatest pleasure. The change from the hot streets to this lovely road would amply repay my journey down, to say nothing of the pleasure of making yours and your father's acquaintance."

"By the way, how is the dear old dad?" asked Jack. "Is he still translating his beloved German essays? I wish he would choose something a little more lively as an occupation."

"He works just as ever at them," said Ethel. "But to-day he actually left his writing to come and ask me when you were expected. He fears," she added, turning to Major Leicester with an almost childish simplicity, "that you will miss a great many things to which you have been accustomed, in our homely arrangements."

"Oh, not at all," stammered he, much taken aback at such an outspoken expression of their domestic difficulties. "Pray make no stranger of me."

"That we are unfortunately quite unable to do," she laughed, "as our establishment is so small that it necessitates any guests becoming part of the family at once. Old Janet and a girl comprise our staff of servants indoor, and Pierce is our gardener, groom, and a little of everything else out of doors."

"I hope you slept well," said Mr. Hastings the next morning as they were seated at breakfast, discussing their plans for the day.

"Very well, thank you, but I had a most curious sensation in my dreams, of hearing footsteps outside the window. It sounded as if someone was walking round the house. Of course it must have been fancy, for, when I roused myself to listen, the sound ceased."

"Then I am afraid your night was not a very restful one. The sound you heard was probably a bough of a tree tapping against the wall of the house. We are so overgrown here, the side your bedroom looks out upon is quite overshadowed by a large horse-chestnut, which ought to come down, only it is really of such an unusual size that I have spared it."

"No doubt it was something of that sort," replied Major Leicester, who, to his intense astonishment, had surprised such a look of dismay and fear on Miss Hastings' face as to convince him that the sounds of last night had not existed in his imagination only, nor were they to be so innocently explained away as Mr. Hastings seemed to think. What possible share could Jack's sister have in this nocturnal disturbance? "Well," he thought, "it is only one more experience of women; they are all alike, as deceitful as they can be. However, it is no business of mine, but I don't like to think of that nice girl being mixed up in anything underhand. I wonder if she is in any difficulty out of which I could help her. Evidently her father and Jack know nothing of it."

Leaving the subject for future consideration, Major Leicester applied himself to assuaging the pangs of hunger, which, as he had been up for some hours, now made themselves rather keenly felt.

"We will shoot near home to-day," said Jack, "and Ethel, if you are a good girl, you may bring us some lunch to the big plantation about one o'clock. Now don't forget all about it, and leave two fellow creatures to starve, as you did last year."

"You will never forget that unpleasant occurrence! It is too bad of you, Jack. You know it was a mistake; quite as much your fault as mine, for you never told me where to meet you. But I will not fail you to-day. Pierce can come with me to carry the baskets."

"How far off is the plantation?"

"About two miles," replied Ethel.

"Is it not a long walk for you, Miss Hastings? you will think us very troublesome."

"Oh, no! I enjoy a walk, and when I have given my father his luncheon my business indoors is ended. But please say two instead of one o'clock."

"Very well, that is settled," said Jack, as they rose from the breakfast table.

Time slipped away, and after that first night no footsteps aroused the sleepers at the Grange, and when Jack's friend looked at Ethel's truthful face, and listened to her rippling laugh, as she replied to some of Jack's sallies, he wondered whether that terrified look had been the result of his disturbed imagination. Truly she made a lovely picture, standing there in the sunlight playing with the aggressive "Pincher," that faithful companion who expected constant attention from her loving hands. Scarcely up to Jack's shoulder, but of such perfect proportions that she looked more than her real height, every movement added fresh grace to her beauty. Brown hair, on which the sun lit rays of burnished gold, such as no cunning

dye that was ever invented could reproduce; grey eyes that seemed in spite of themselves to reflect every thought and feeling which stirred the girlish heart within; an ivory skin, which would have been too pale, were it not for the delicate flush which was perpetually coming and going on the oval cheek, for Ethel's feelings were easily stirred.

Life at the Grange was an altogether new experience to Major Leicester. The days as they passed were just a reproduction of one another, and yet the change from his usual mode of life was so complete, that for a time he thoroughly enjoyed it. No doubt it would become wearisome, but just now a strange attraction was winding itself round the seared heart, an attraction which wrapped all there in its sweet inclusiveness, making Jack, Mr. Hastings, the Grange, even old Janet appear surrounded with a charm, which, nice as they were, was undoubtedly scarcely caused by their natural gifts.

The first week had come and gone, a month even had flown, and yet as it became imperative for him to leave, the more difficult was it to tear himself away. Yes, it had actually come to this; all first impressions caused by that look on Ethel's face at breakfast, on the morning after his arrival, were swept away in the great tide of love which filled his heart to overflowing. Would she ever love him with a tithe of the almost worship which he longed for courage to offer her? How could a world-worn man of nearly double her age hope to cull the sweet flower, which had grown in this quiet spot away from every one, in innocence and purity, unsullied by the knowledge even of places and scenes which to him but presented themselves as the "way of the world." He had been no worse than other men; indeed, until now, he had rather looked upon himself as being capable of filling the place of Mentor to the young fellows of his regiment. But love is a wonderful searcher of the heart; it brings us much nearer to that fairy gift which helps us "to see ourselves as others see us;" hence the hesitation which until now had not been a part of his character; but as he lay down that night he determined not to let another day pass without learning his fate.

Eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and still the agitation of his many reflections would not let him sleep. Hark, what is that! "Footsteps again, by Jove! but in the house this time. I wonder what can be the matter?" To jump out of bed and open the door was the work of an instant; as he did so, a figure hurriedly brushed past.

"Great heavens, Ethel! Where can she be going? I know she would do no wrong, but to have her hat on at this hour of the night! It is awfully mysterious," he murmured.

Hastily putting on his clothes he followed in the direction *in which she had disappeared*. Not liking to show himself,

and yet fearing to leave her alone on this midnight excursion, he waited for a second or two, and then followed her through the drawing-room out at one of the low windows which he found ajar. Suddenly from the shadow of the trees beyond the figure of a man approached, and with him Ethel in deep conversation. No word was audible from where they stood, but he appeared to be insisting on something from which she was vainly endeavouring to dissuade him.

Who could it be? Who could have a right to talk thus familiarly with her? Who but someone who had already won her heart? A cold shudder of despair and misery possessed him, as, with a troubled mind, he turned away and cautiously re-entered the house.

"She has no need of my help," he muttered bitterly; "but who can the fellow be? Some one her father disapproves of perhaps. At any rate my hopes are at an end. Oh, Ethel! Ethel! who would have dreamt of you descending to such underhand ways, such a lowering of your maidenly pride. No, I cannot believe it; I would rather disbelieve my own eyes than think she can do any wrong."

Shortly after, soft steps passed and all was again still. The next morning he was not surprised to learn from Janet that Miss Ethel had a bad headache and would not be down to breakfast.

"What can be the matter," wondered Jack, "I never knew her so indisposed before. Will you mind being left to your own resources for an hour or two, Major? I have letters to write."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, I will go and take a stroll," and donning his hat, the Major set forth to ruminate on his experience of the night before.

Should he tell Jack? Was it not his duty? The girl might be beguiled by some wretch who would find it an easy task to impose on her innocence. Crossing a bridge which led to the garden, he plunged into the wood on the other side, walked on miserable and dejected, heedless of the lovely ferns and moss which carpeted the ground beneath his feet. Suddenly, at the foot of a large beech tree, he came upon the object of his meditation, whom he had thought to be not yet out of her room; she did not see him, she was, indeed, incapable of seeing any one, for with her face buried in her hands, she was sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Miss Hastings! Ethel! you are in trouble, can I help you? For God's sake do not cry so." For after the first start at hearing his voice, Ethel had broken down more uncontrollably than ever."

"It is nothing. I have a headache. I am tired. Please go away."

Finding these reasons did not satisfy him, she rose and attempted to look as though her eyes were not swollen out of her head with crying.

"Of course," he said coldly, "I have no wish to interfere with you, but I see that you are in distress, and I know that your visitor of last night has something to do with it."

"Major Leicester! do you mean to say that you have been base enough to pry into what is no concern of yours, how dare you, how—"

"I dared because I love you. Oh, Ethel, do not turn away, listen, I beseech you. I do not want to ask for your love; I know it is already given; but it is my excuse for what must otherwise—"

But Ethel was too terrified at her secret being discovered, and at all the consequences that might ensue were Major Leicester to mention the subject to her father or Jack, to listen to any excuses. She was angry and mortified to think that her proceedings of the previous night, which certainly were liable to misconstruction, had been witnessed by her brother's friend, and yet both her pride and prudence combined to keep her silent as to the stranger's identity. Finding that he could not persuade her to listen to him, he drew himself up and said—

"As you naturally perhaps do not care to trust a stranger, I shall put the matter into your father's hands. It cannot be right under any circumstances that you should repeat the excursion that you made last night."

Terrified at these words, Ethel trembled to the point of falling, and clasping her hands, said, "I implore you by your past kindness to Jack, not to mention what you saw last night to any one. You do not know what the consequence would be. It is too dreadful to think of," she added piteously.

There was no mistaking the fear in her eyes, but Major Leicester, putting it down to a cause very different from the true one, felt his cup of misery was filled.

"I shall respect your wishes," he said; "but I cannot stay any longer here. I should be showing your father's hospitality a poor return in allowing this unhappy business to go on without acquainting him with it. I will wish you good-bye, Miss Hastings, I shall just catch the mid-day train to town," and with these words he left her.

III.

"Ethel, Ethel, where are you?" shouted Jack, having found that his sister was not in her bedroom. "Here has Leicester taken himself off to town in such frantic haste that he would

not even wait to say good-bye to you. I think the man has gone mad! Hallo! what's the matter?" as Ethel's woe-begone face came into view.

"Jack, will you promise to keep secret what I am going to tell you—I am in such trouble."

"Out with it then. I think the world must be turning upside down, for I haven't met two such faces as yours and Leicester's for many a long day."

Ethel thereupon gave a full account of her elder brother's re-appearance, and also of the fear she entertained that he was leading a life of dreadful dissipation.

"Whew," whistled Jack, "why on earth didn't it tell me before, instead of worrying its pretty little head about the matter? But seriously it is a bad business, and I don't quite know what to do, for the governor, although he takes things pretty easily as a rule, is determined to adhere to his first sentence on Ronald. He told me so again only last week. I wish Leicester had not gone off in such a confounded hurry, he would have helped us so much with his clear-headed way of looking at things. But you have not answered my question, why did you not tell me of this when Ronald first came back?"

"You were away, and then I was half afraid you would be angry with him. He is so changed, so frightfully altered in every way, so rough and rude, and sometimes not quite sober."

"So you have been letting yourself be bullied," cried Jack, indignantly, "to shield a drunken scamp, who is coward enough to worry and torment a helpless woman!"

"But, Jack, the worst of it is that Major Leicester saw me go out to meet him last night, and he thinks (hesitatingly) that I, that he, that it was someone else."

"What," said Jack with unpleasant out-spokenness. "He thought it was a moonlight meeting with your true love, did he?" and, tickled with the idea, Jack forgot all his present perplexity, and rolled on the grass in paroxysms of laughter.

"But," said he, having recovered sufficiently to speak, "what business had Leicester to speak to you on such a subject? Pretty cool of him, I must say, unless it was the green-eyed monster; eh, Miss Ethel, blows the wind in that quarter?" But before his words were finished Ethel had fled to hide her blushes and recover her spirits under old Janet's wing.

Jack had rejoined his regiment for some days, and the Grange returned to its accustomed quiet. Stillness reigned supreme. A tumult filled its mistress's heart, and usurped her thoughts, to Janet's discomfiture, for she had hoped that now their guests had departed, Miss Ethel would resume those little discussions on household matters which had formed the staple of their conversation before the advent of Master Jack and his friend. But no; that had come into Ethel's life which for

good or ill must ever remain, or leave its traces there, reigning paramount over other and perhaps older interests, nay, for a time, even blotting them out in its victorious progress through the heart that love may be lord of all.

Poor Ethel! she was fain to confess that she would have given much had Major Leicester not seen her on that unfortunate night, or that, having seen, he had trusted her more. And yet in recalling their last conversation, she reflected that the sudden passion with which she had spoken must naturally have deepened the impression he had received, and he was gone now, believing this dreadful thing of her. Probably they would not meet again! And Ethel bowed her head on her hands and wept with tears of wounded pride and love.

Jack, before leaving, had had an interview with the miserable Ronald, and obtained his promise not to come near the Grange during his absence, conditionally that Jack, on his part, would endeavour to procure from his father the means of enabling Ronald to emigrate. This would be a work of time, and, meanwhile, Jack was at his wits' end to know where to turn for money to assist his brother's immediate necessities. A hundred and one schemes presented themselves to his fertile brain, only to be rejected as unsuitable or impossible. He would ask Leicester; he would advise him; and with this determination he sought out his friend.

"I want to consult you, Major. We are in a terrible fix at home, and you know Ethel and I have to manage things as best we can for ourselves. The governor is too much engrossed in his writings to be bothered, and, indeed, in this case we could not very well mention the subject to him, so I am come to ask your advice."

At Ethel's name Major Leicester had winced, and now in a rather constrained tone he said—

"Is your sister aware that you intended consulting me?"

"No," replied Jack, airily, "but it is of no consequence, because she always approves of all I do."

"But in this instance, perhaps," persisted the Major, still sore with his disappointment and wounded feelings.

"Oh, it is all right," said Jack, who being naturally quick at conclusions, began to see which way the land lay. He resolved, therefore, to let his friend know the real facts of the case.

"You remember my telling you before you came to the Grange of the poverty to which my father had been reduced by the extravagance and wildness of my eldest brother? Well, he has turned up again, and has been worrying Ethel's existence out with demands for money. She, poor girl, did not like to tell me, because it seems that, not content with all the trouble he has caused us, he has taken to drinking, and she, in her compassion

for him, was afraid that if we met I should be tempted to give him what really he deserves, a good thrashing. However, he wore out even her patience at last, and she came to me the morning you left so hurriedly, you know," said Jack, with a sharp glance at his companion's face. A flush had been gradually spreading over the gallant Major's countenance, and as Jack finished, he started up from his chair, and grasping Jack's hand with a grip which the latter afterwards declared caused him untold agonies, he exclaimed,

"I have behaved in the most scoundrelly way to Miss Hastings. We must go down at once that I may apologise. No wonder she was angry! Come along, my dear fellow, we shall be just in time to catch the mail!"

"But I say, Major, I don't understand. What have you got to do with it?"

"Oh, never mind, come along, and I'll explain in the train. Confound it, man, make haste, can't you, instead of standing staring there as if you thought I was mad."

"Not far off it," muttered impudent Jack to himself; but aloud, "I am very sorry, but it is impossible. I have a particular engagement this afternoon. In fact, if you want to know, I am going to badger old Broughton's consent out of him, as Desirée thinks he will give way to our obstinacy, if to no other reason."

"Oh, I am very sorry, very glad I mean. I beg your pardon, Jack; but really I have behaved abominably to your sister, and I must at least ask her to forgive my cursed impudence. I told her that I saw her meet that fellow, and I let her see that I believed him to be some one—in fact, her lover."

"Is that all?" said Jack, coolly, "I'll tell her you are very sorry when I next write to her, that will make it all right."

"My dear fellow, you don't understand! it is of the utmost importance that I should put myself right at once. But there, I'll not detain you," he added hurriedly, "I'm off."

"That must be what they call love," soliloquised Jack. "Desirée and I are much more sensible," and he took his departure to amuse Desirée with an account of the severity with which Major Leicester was suffering from his love attack.

A few hours later a ring at the front door brought Janet out arrayed in spotless cap and apron.

"Anyone at home?" enquired Major Leicester, as though the family comprised at least a dozen members.

"Master is in the library, sir, but Miss Ethel is out in the woods."

"I will not disturb Mr. Hastings. Which direction did Miss Ethel take?"

"She went over the garden bridge," replied Janet, "I hope nothing is wrong with Master Jack, sir? begging your pardon for asking questions."

"Oh, nothing. I left him quite well this morning. I came to see Miss Hastings on business."

"Yes, sir," replied Janet, demurely, "I think you will find her in the wood."

"Can you ever forgive me?" said a voice at her elbow, as she sat going over in her mind the last conversation they had held under that same beech tree three weeks ago, "you are all the world to me, and it made me wild to think that your love should be given to a man who could ask you to meet him in such a manner. Oh, Ethel, I was mad to think you capable of such conduct. I implore you to forgive me!"

Still no sound, only a pout on the pretty lips, as though her heart was not dancing for very gladness at the sound of his voice! Oh! woman, woman! why will you choose the tortuous lane instead of the broad highway? Is it that gentle flowerets of tender words and loving glances may spring more profusely round your footsteps? Afraid that her wounded pride would never forgive his unfortunate mistake, he half turned away.

"I have nothing to forgive," she murmured, "and I was so rude and cross to you."

"Ethel darling! then you do love me, tell me only that!"

But no answer came—nevertheless, Major Leicester was well content as the gold brown head nestled with sweet trustfulness on his shoulder.

Aberystwith.

WELSHWOMAN.

WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.



THE BLACKSMITH.

(*Y Gŏf.*)

There is little or no poetry about our blacksmith. He has "large and sinewy hands," like those of his illustrious representative on the other side of the Atlantic, the one whom Longfellow has immortalised, and baritones sing about. As a

rule our smith is a practical, hard-working man, thirsty at times—consider the heat and dust of his life—and though he may go chapelward or churchward, I have never known him much addicted to Sunday Schools, or to be affected with softened memories concerning “her mother’s voice.”

“No poetry about a smith or smithy!” exclaim some of my lady readers; “how absurd! Is there any picture more beautiful than that of the smithy in the village lane, seen in the softened haze of summer time, the faint blue smoke quietly stealing from the chimney of the thatched cottage; as one hears the measured beat and sees the ‘sparks fly out at the open door.’”

Yes, as a picture, and with associations of the poet, it is poetical, but so, at a distance, is that other thatched cottage, with woodbine and roses creeping to the roof, and its pretty garden, and—its fever pond near, and its noisome ditch in the rear, without one solitary provision for health. “Those are the places,” said a medical friend of mine, pointing to a number of cosy thatched cottages on the hill-side, “pictures everyone of them to look at, where we always get fever of one sort or another.”

But if the smith has no poetry in his nature he has the halo of antiquity about his calling. What about Tubal Cain, our first ironmaster? For the smith was the progenitor of the ironmaster, and the history of the iron trade dates from his smithy. Confining my description to Wales, the smith has a great antiquity. In the early days of our history he was regarded as one of the thirty-five servants of the Royal Court (*vide* Hywel Dda’s laws.) The first rank was composed of twenty-four members, and the second of eleven. Our smith formed one of the eleven. One of his duties was to provide the chief of the household with four new horse shoes every year, with the required nails to put them on; and in making necessary articles for the court, from the spear head to the woodman’s axe, he was kept tolerably well employed. His position in the dining-hall was at the end of the bench but before the priest, showing that the Welsh of early days had more of the practical than the devotional in their composition, and that they esteemed him more who could make a spear than the other who could say a Pater.

The saddest thing that ever befel our smith was in the neighbourhood of Builth. Tradition says that the fugitive Prince Llewelyn, last of his race, sought refuge in a smithy, and that the smith changed his horse’s shoes, putting them on backwards. This would have deceived the enemy and enabled the Prince to escape pursuit. But, alas! for the good fame of the craft. Our blacksmith told the enemy what he had done, and thus betrayed Llewelyn. The race have, however, lived this story down, and meet with him where you will, your smith *is as bluff* and hearty as our excellent artist has pictured him.

Iron is a good tonic and strengthener of the system, and I have thought that the sparks flying around, and enveloping him until he breathes iron, give, morally as well as physically, a tone to the system.

I have seen him a combination of smith and wheelwright in many out of the world spots of Wales. In archæological excursions, on carriage days, in the wilds of Cardigan, Carmarthen, and Pembrokeshire, he was met with perched by the corner of a rugged road, just where a carriage spring was likely to break, or a nut or a bolt to give way, and his skill in repairing damages always won our praise. One near Lampeter, if I recollect aright, flourished under an old umbrageous tree, and called forth from one of the members the following fearful parody:—

Under a spreading old beech tree
The village wheelwright stands.

And judging from the numbers of barrows, gigs, carts, and the like around him in all conditions, with plenty of work upon his hands.

A rare place for gossip is the smithy in autumnal or wintry nights. True to his practical nature, our smith makes the gossip, no matter whether village tailor or shoemaker, to work the bellows for him, and the din of hammer on anvil links the conversation, which is always breezy or bellowsy, or savours of the hard ring of iron, and has none of that minor key music about it which is so trying to the singer of Longfellow's blacksmith to produce. I am afraid the race is getting more horny-handed since its isolation from other professions and callings. I remember some of the men composing it practising as blood-letters, when phlebotomy was a belief. I have known them learned in "yarbs;" have known them experienced dentists, and I have heard of some who were gifted with rare skill in extracting needles from fingers; now it is the smithy, and "nothing more."

You may meet with him in all lands. Every nation has its smith, and in the ages that have flown since Tubal toiled, many a descendant of the race has gone forth from the shadow of the smithy and become linked with all professions and pursuits, shining in art and commerce, adding lustre to British fame on land and sea, and figuring with dignity in England's councils. Then in literature, how conspicuous! Thanks to Smith—one of the ablest statesmen we have—literature has literally run with the rail, and who does not remember Horace Smith, or who will ever forget that Oliver whose ancestor worked in a gold smithy? Better than gold, more priceless far than jewels, are his *Deserted Village* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Read his epitaph in Westminster Abbey by Dr. Johnson, and it will haunt you with its music.

AP ADDA.

SCENE FROM A WELSHMAN'S LIFE IN PONDOLAND.

“I say, old fellow, are you going back into Pondoland to-day? If so, I will go too, and take my horses, if you will put me up at your shanty for a day or two. I've just brought a troop of nags from Pietermaritzburg, and it is making a deal with the Kaffirs in your outlandish country that I am after. But, faith! they'll have to give me three head of cattle for every mother's son of the crocks! P. O'D. is not the boy to risk his money and safety without recompense.”

So spoke my quondam friend O'Donnell, a true type of the speculative Irishman, as I was standing at the door of a store in Natal, close to the border of Pondoland.

“Yes, I am going to start in about an hour's time,” I answered, “but I tell you beforehand that everything is done in the rough-and-ready style in Pondoland. I can give you a shakedown with some blankets on the floor of my hut, and as for your food, you will have to ring the changes between boiled chicken for breakfast and chicken boiled for dinner. But you will soon tumble to that kind of fare, I expect. The sauce of a keen appetite makes even a good old Kaffir cock palatable. Come and have a tot, and after I have done a little business in the matter of hides with B. we will saddle up.”

It was a beautiful afternoon as we forded, on horseback, the deep, and rather rapid, Untumvuna River, which separates Natal from Pondoland. Above us the transparent blue sky, without a cloud; before us an apparently boundless extent of green country, stretches of level sward interspersed here and there with picturesque groups of Kaffir huts, sprinkled over the landscape like so many bee-hives. These Kaffir kraals are, as a rule, situated close to a kloof, or valley, which, in its wild beauty, has often brought to my mind many a “cwm” in the “hen wlad fy nhadau.”

We did not talk much, but settled ourselves in our saddles to get over the twenty-five miles which separated us from my store, and the silence was only broken by O'Donnell's Hottentot servant, who was driving the troop of horses in front of us,

uttering every now and then a shrill cry, more like a monkey than a man, to urge on some straggler. Thus we covered mile after mile.

We were coming round a bend in the track when O'Donnell suddenly pulled up, and silently pointed to an object about a hundred and fifty yards distant, which I at once saw was a "paaw," or bustard, one of the most valued species of winged game in the country, but at the same time a most wary customer to approach.

"Just hold my horse for me a moment, and, by jabers, I'll have a shot at the baste," whispers O'Donnell.

"I'll bet you two to one you don't fire him with 'your revolver," was my answer, as I took his rein.

Cautiously he creeps under cover of some boulders till he judges himself near enough to fire at (as he thought) the still unconscious bustard. But simultaneously with the appearance of O'Donnell's head above the rocks, the paaw spread his wide wings, and left my friend only the consolation of firing after him. The "How about the two to one?" from me, as he came to take his horse, did not improve the Hibernian temper, but a hearty pull at the whisky flask soon brought a smile over his face, and ended the affair satisfactorily.

In the meantime the Hottentot, with the troop of horses, had got considerably ahead, and we accordingly pushed on to overtake him. Every now and then, as we galloped along, a flock of parrots would spring up from some mealie garden, and almost deafen us by their shrill cries; or, as we passed a kloof, we would catch a glimpse of some monkeys as they jumped with a crash from bush to bush at our approach. At last a turn of the track brought us within sight of Umpees (my store). In another five minutes we were galloping up, amidst a chorus of yelping and barking from about twenty curs of all kinds. I always kept a lot of dogs as night guards, and many a good service has been done me by my faithful "Andas."

Injati ("The Buffalo"), my trusty head nigger, instantly appeared on the scene, from one of the small huts which stood in place of a kitchen, and took the horses. And now I must introduce my readers to my home in the wilds of Pondoland.

Five huts, some round, some oval, stand in a circle, with the kraal or cattle enclosure opposite the largest, or store hut. These are made of pliable twigs, intertwined and bound at different points with strips of raw hide. Perpendicular poles, driven into the ground, support the roof, which is also made of twigs, and is thatched with dry grass. The whole is plastered inside and out with a thick coating of "malongue" and mud. Holes cut in the walls serve as windows, and a movable shield of wickerwork rests against the low opening called door.

The appliances and general comfort of my hut being but

scanty, I could see that O'Donnell, although he said nothing, was not a little taken aback; but a change came over him when I suggested dinner.

"Injati, amba bular enkuko," I shouted to my nigger, a fine, tall fellow, as black as the ace of spades, and dressed in nature's garb. This was an order to kill a fowl (one of the many feeding about the place), and had the immediate effect of calling into action a crowd of boys and hangers-on from the neighbouring kraals, who are always to be found loafing about a white man's store.

Armed with short sticks, or anything else that came handy, they began chasing an unfortunate rooster. A sudden howl proclaimed that one of the dogs has been the recipient of a blow from a stick intended for the fowl, but now a scramble shows that some one has made a good shot, and the possession of the head is struggled for. It is the perquisite of whoever knocks the fowl over. The fortunate owner consigns it to the nearest fire, but hardly in, it is dragged out and eaten half raw with much gusto.

It is getting on towards night. I send for my cattle, and O'Donnell for his troop of horses, and after seeing them safely lodged in the kraal, we turn into our fowl, which, though as tough as shoe leather, and boiled without vegetables, soon disappears. We wash it down with a pannikinful of coffee, of doubtful taste and of decidedly muddy nature, but nevertheless we feel we have dined sumptuously, and settle down to our pipes, the never failing source of comfort to the sojourner in the wilds. Hardly had we lit up when loud cries of "Baiet, Baiet," from natives outside the hut, assail our ears, and I am afraid almost bring an oath to my lips. For I know full well what it means; the advent of a Pondo Chief—the greatest bore and beggar under the sun—Lungsick—the young chief of the Magullans.

"Now then, O'Donnell, hide the sugar quickly," I had hardly time to say to my companion, when Lungsick appeared in the doorway, a tall, strongly built young Kaffir, with a huge "sjambok" of hippopotamus hide hanging from his wrist.

He comes in, rifle in hand, with a good deal of swagger, and "Morlo, Ensenguize," is his salutation to me, which means, "How do you do, Turkey Buzzard?"

Every white man is given a name by the natives soon after he comes to their country, and "Ensenguize" fell to my lot.

His name, "Lungsick," was given by his father, Madigazele, because he was born the year that the lung sickness (which proved such a curse to the country) appeared amongst his herds of cattle.

He was accompanied by his brother, Umfunda, and several of his people, all armed, but as it is not an unusual thing for natives to carry their weapons at night, I gave it no heed,

particularly as I knew the Magullans had quarrelled with their neighbours, the Majalis.

"Ensenguize, niga mina jarm, umlungo enkulo uena" ("Turkey Buzzard, give me jam, you are a great white man") whined Master Lungsick.

I looked at O'Donnell.

"Wasn't I right about the begging."

I happened to have some jam, and accordingly gave the pot to Lungsick, who was just dipping his finger into it, when the report of a rifle and the ping of a bullet as it crashed through the mud walls of my hut, close to his head, made him drop the pot like a hot potato; and snatching up his rifle, he made a bolt for the door, followed by all his people.

Then began a regular fusillade.

The Majalis, as it afterward turned out, had been dogging Lungsick and his men at a distance, and when they saw him go to my hut, had taken the opportunity of firing at the spot where they thought he would mostly likely be stationed inside, perfectly regardless of the white man and his feelings. This, however, is quite in accordance with Kaffir views.

My friend O'Donnell, being somewhat of a nervous character, did not like the look of things, and it was quite laughable to see him dodging the bullets behind mealie sacks and piles of blankets. What I feared was the loss of my cattle, as the Majali tribe had taken shelter behind my cattle kraal and the Maqullans behind my store hut, directly opposite it; everything in the enclosure, therefore, being exposed to a cross fire. My fears were justified. One of my cows got grazed by a bullet, and, rushing madly at the fence, forced an opening and dashed away in the darkness with the rest of the herd at her heels.

Things now began to look rather blue for me, but luckily, just then, a "Keshlar," or fighting man, was shot down close to my hut, and the whole tribe to whom he belonged turned tail. This is very often the case in small tribal fights; the death of one man being generally sufficient to quell their warlike ardour. A short time after midnight all was still again, and I threw myself on my blanket to get a little sleep. At the first streak of dawn I was up. There was my cattle kraal, but of cattle not a trace. I could discern O'Donnell's horses grazing quietly in a kloof at a short distance.

Saddling up one of my horses (which I always kept in an old hut at night for cases of emergency), and equipped with revolver and field glasses, I started off to hunt for my cattle. I had ridden about a mile, examining every ridge and kloof, when I luckily espied a string of cattle being driven along a neighbouring ridge, parallel with me, and was able to make out, by means of my glass, a peculiarly spotted cow, which I knew at once to be mine. So setting spurs to my sturdy pony I was soon up with them, and found the whole of my herd.

Several Kaffirs were driving them, and to my enquiries as to what they were doing with my cattle, as they, the Kaffirs, were not at war with the white men, they answered in an insolent manner. However, I had lived too long amidst Kaffirs to be much put out by their threats, and as I could not enforce my claims single-handed I rode on to the Majali "Impi," or army to which they belonged, and which was stationed on a neighbouring hill watching the movements of their enemies, the Maquillans, and occasionally exchanging shots.

I luckily found Macuto, the chief—rather a decent character as native chiefs go. On hearing what I wanted he ordered his people to give up my cattle, saying, at the same time, "Well, you see, Ensenguize, what I have done for you, and you must make me a present of one rug and three blankets." This I was only too glad to promise, as my cattle were worth at least a hundred and fifty pounds.

So thanking him I soon got round the herd and started off home with them. I had hardly gone half a mile when two Kaffirs, in war paint and armed to the teeth, galloped up, placed themselves in front of my cattle, and began turning them back. I asked them what they meant, as their chief had returned my cattle. "That does not matter," they said, "we are going to have them at any rate," and began brandishing their assegais. Putting my hand inside my coat, I drew out my revolver and asked if they did not feel inclined now to alter their determination of taking the cattle. I luckily knew that the Pondo Kaffir has a wholesome fear of a revolver, as he cannot understand the repeating movement.

This changed their tone as if by magic, and they drew back, saying, "Well, Ensenguize, you are a proper white man, and we hope you will make us a present of some salt when we next come to your store."

On I went with my beasts, but had hardly gone a hundred yards when a couple of bullets whistled over my head. The Kaffirs thought I should bolt and leave the cattle, but they reckoned without their host. I had had too many Kaffir bullets sent after me to feel at all nervous. They saw it was no go, and I landed my cattle at home in due time. On nearing my store, I saw O'Donnell coming out with a face a yard long, wanting to know what had become of me.

"Well, old fellow," said I, "what have you got for breakfast?"

"Holy Mother of Moses," he began, "it is not much about breakfast that I am thinking. But with all due regard for your kindness, if I once get out of this country safe again, it is not even the shadow of me you will be seeing on the boundary of Pondoland!"

MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

If authors were only to take a little time ; if they were only to go off in a body on a long vacation regularly once a twelve-month, there would be some chance of a poor reviewer's catching some of them up. As it is, they go on writing books much faster than the critic can notice them. To read them would be quite out of the question, even supposing it to be necessary to read the books one sits down to review. We frankly confess, however, that, old-fashioned as the notion is, *we* believe in reading, and in conscientiously reading, whatever we set about to criticise. But see the inconvenience it brings. Before we have finished one work the author hurls upon us another. We make a hard struggle to get through both, when down comes a third. In despair *then* we make a dash for the inkstand, and pen our notice, come weal, come woe ; only to find, perhaps, we have reviewed the wrong book first. This very thing has just happened to us. We have had a couple of "Ouida's" works lying by us for some time waiting their turn to be "knifed." When their turn came we took up both, intending to make short work of them. Last month we gave *Wanda* all the space at our disposal. This month we determined to make a raid upon *In Maremma*, and turned up the title page to discover that this is the older book by, oh ! we don't know how many months. If it is the older it is the abler, too. It is more equally written ; power is more evenly distributed, and the general interest better sustained. In some parts the details border upon the morbid, but looked at as a whole it is an excellent piece of art-work. Maria Penitente, the Musconcella, Musa, Velia, as she is variously called, the daughter of a terrible brigand, Saturnino Mastarna, dwelling up "in the mountain labyrinths, above the stormy Fiora-water," on the Rocca del Julia, after the death of her mother, and the capture of her father by the soldiery, falls into the hands of an old Savoyenne, Joconda Romanelli, living in the Maremma, who, dying, throws her, while she is yet a mere girl, once more upon the wide, hard world. Musa makes her home in an old Etruscan tomb she has discovered far away in the midst of the moorlands, and thither takes the body of Joconda, which she has dug up from its "consecrated" resting-place. In this place she lives an

extraordinary life, a handsome innocent, half goddess, half savage, who acts and argues (when she argues at all, which is but seldom) almost entirely from instinct. Her home and her happiness are invaded on a dozen distinct occasions, more or less, by man. Twice by her father, to whom she remained to the last unknown; once by Maurice Sanctis, an artist on tour; once by a Sicilian mariner, Daniello Villamagna, and once by Count Luitbrand d'Este, falsely accused of the murder of his mistress, the young wife of an old dignitary of Mantua, and imprisoned therefor with Saturnino Mastarna in a lonely fortress amidst the Italian seas. With Mastarna, too, he escapes. The former is speedily retaken, but d'Este lives on, protected by Musa, in her sepulchral home, until the hue and cry for him are dispelled by a pardon obtained through the exertions of Sanctis, who succeeds in proving the murder to have been the work of the jealous husband. D'Este, once free, rushes off to the liberty he has always pined for, forgetful of the lovely creature and the child he leaves behind him in the marshes of the Maremma. Filled with a fierce desire for vengeance Saturnino, a second time escaped, follows him to his Roman palace, where, but for the intervention of the Musconcella, he would have assassinated him. The girl now learning the true state of her whilom lover's feeling towards her makes her way home, and, half mad with pain and despair, throws herself upon her dagger, and so dies. Just before writing this book the authoress had been botanising and naturalising a little, and the result is a considerable disfigurement of the English text by marks of outlandish Latinity. When we hear of "the *boss butor* calling to his mate," we feel inclined to an irreverent wink. When the *biodo* of the text is *explained* in a footnote to mean the *scirpus paludosus*, both (we believe) meaning bulrush, the wink gives place to a, well, not grin, but smile, and this again to a down-right laugh when we are gravely informed that the grey-lag goose is "the *anser cineræus* which migrates here in winter; not, of course, the *chens hyper-boreus*." Of course not; we knew it from the first, as also that the writer of these words was "Ouida" and not a contributor to *Punch*. These pedantic monstrosities, but for the latent fun they contain, would be intolerable.

Annan Water, of which the author is Mr. Robert Buchanan, is a poor story on the whole. There is a baldness about both diction and plot which is most disappointing when we remember what really good things the author has from time to time turned out. Marjorie Annan, the heroine, the illegitimate daughter of a Miss Hetherington of Hetherington Castle, in Scotland, left by her mother in her babyhood at the door of the minister of Annan church, is by that worthy man adopted

and reared up to young womanhood, only then to contract a marriage with a scamp of a French teacher, Léon Caussidière, who was attached to her school at Dumfries. They ran away together to Paris, where M. Léon managed to live at his ease by drawing upon Miss Hetherington, whose secret—of which he came into possession by a very ordinary piece of sharp practice—gives him the necessary hold upon her. In the gay city he mixes with actresses, Communards, and similar cattle, and finally turns out his wife in favour of a certain Séraphine, who is quite as heartless and unscrupulous as himself. Ultimately the ill-used Marjorie finds refuge and her mother and an old lover, Johnnie Sutherland, at the English mission in Paris, whence she is conveyed home to Castle Hetherington. Caussidière, escaped from the Commune which had sentenced him to death as a traitor, and finding the new wife a useless encumbrance, makes his way back again to Scotland, but there he is speedily settled by Sutherland, and he eventually perishes miserably at an out of the way inn, literally frightened to death by his own imagination, unless indeed the face which he had seen was that of a real messenger of the Commune sent after him to execute a decree of death. Marjorie and Sutherland, now become a famous painter, are married, and in their children and the castle find sufficient reward for all their early troubles and trials. The story, both in conception and execution, reminds us of the good old things which used to delight the hearts of our grandmothers—the streaky-bacon kind of article, part religion and part wickedness, without enough of the one to satisfy a Calvinist, nor of the other to satisfy the realist, nor of both to satisfy the artist or other man or woman possessed of a fairly vigorous head and heart.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

Writing us from Abermarlais, Llangadock, R.S.O., February 28th, 1884, Mrs. Emily Florence Thursby Pelham (*née* Foley) says:—I should be very much obliged if you would find space in your next monthly issue of the *Red Dragon* to correct two or three trifling errors in the ably-written memoir of my great-grand-uncle, Sir Thomas Foley, whose family I now represent, viz:—First, The original portrait of Sir Thomas Foley, by Beechy, is here, in my own possession; that belonging to Mr. Vernon, of Hanbury, is a copy taken from it. Second: Most of the rare engravings of the “Battle of the Nile,” “Siege of Copenhagen,” &c., are also here. Third: The dining-room fronts eastward, not westward. Fourth: Admiral Foley bought Abermarlais in 1803, not in 1795.

The winner of the prize “Tale from the Opera,” in the Supplement to *Pitman’s Musical Monthly* for February, is our contributor, Miss Eliza Vaughan, Canterbury.

We have been asked by “Merlin,” the writer of “Leaves from a Criminal Note Book,” to state that he is not the “Merlin” who competed for the Literature Prize of the National Eisteddfod held last year at Cardiff.

With reference to the parody upon the well-known Welsh song, “Ar Hyd y Nôs,” stated by Mr. John Howells last month in his “Reminiscences of Cardiff” to have been sung at the old Cardiff theatre, the following extract from Trevelyan’s “Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay” will be read with interest:—“In 1813, while waiting in a Cambridge coffee-room for a postchaise, which was to take him to his (Macaulay’s) school, he picked up a country newspaper, containing two such specimens of provincial poetical talent as in those days might be read in the corner of any weekly journal. One piece was headed ‘Reflections of an Exile,’ while the other was a trumpery parody on the Welsh Ballad, ‘Ar Hyd y Nôs,’ referring to some local anecdote of an ostler whose nose had been bitten off by a filly.”

A circular has been issued inviting contributions towards the erection of a new window in Rhydycroesau Church, Denbighshire, in memory of the late Canon Robert Williams, author of the “History of Aberconwy,” “Lives of Eminent Welshmen,” &c.

Mr. Williams was for forty years rector of that parish, so the memorial will be appropriate. Attached to the circular are the names of three gentlemen connected with the Cambrian Archaeological Society, viz., Rev. D. Silvan Evans, B.D., Llanwrin, Machynlleth; Rev. Canon D. R. Thomas, F.S.A., Meifod, Welshpool, and Mr. Askew Roberts, Croeswylan, Oswestry. The late Canon Williams was, we believe, a member of the society from its commencement, and was to the last one of the editorial committee. So we doubt not that there will be a hearty response from some of the older members of that institution.

The Marquess of Bute has expressed his willingness to offer a prize of one hundred pounds with the view of securing a Welsh translation of one of the great Greek tragedies, probably either the "Alcestis" of Euripides, or the "Antigone" of Sophocles. The translation is to be such as can be adapted for musical purposes. The generous offer of the marquess was communicated to the National Eisteddfod Association by Mr. Lewis Morris, and most gratefully received. The result will be announced when the arrangements are completed. It has been said that this will form an entirely new feature in Welsh literature, but a correspondent points out that this is incorrect, for "in the Traethodydd of 1866, there appeared a masterly translation of the Antigone of Sophocles, with introduction and notes from the pen of the Rev. Owen Jones, B.A., of Liverpool." The commercial travellers of North and South Wales are offering a prize of £20 at the Eisteddfod for the best English essay on "The influence of the genius of the late Richard Roberts, of Manchester (the Welsh engineer), upon the manufactures of Great Britain."

The Welsh weekly newspaper, *Y Llan*, issued in the Church interest, has removed its publishing offices from Wrexham to Merthyr Tydfil, where it is now being brought out in a somewhat improved form by the Messrs. Farrant and Frost, who are also the publishers of the Welsh Church monthly, *Llusern y Llan*.

The fourth volume of the Chevalier Lloyd's "History of Powys Fadog" will be ready in a few days.

In Mr. Thomas North, F.S.A., who died suddenly on Ash Wednesday, at Llanfairfechan, North Wales, *Notes and Queries* has lost an old and valued contributor. He had made a special study of campanology and was well known as the author of the *Chronicle of St. Martin's Church*, Leicester, of which town he was formerly a resident.

The History of the Literature of Wales from the period selected by Mr. Thomas Stephens to the margin of the times of Goronwy Owen will shortly be published by the Messrs. Daniel Owen and Co., Cardiff, for the Editor of the *Red Dragon*, whose

prospectus appears in another part of this month's magazine. Several influential noblemen and gentlemen have already entered their names as subscribers to the work.

Lord Tennyson has written the following letter in answer to a request for his autograph from the secretary of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, to be sold at the forthcoming bazaar in aid of the hospital fund:—Sir,—I send you a stanza from a poem of mine—written half a century ago—as you say you wish for a verse of mine.

“Not he that breaks the dams, but he,
That thro' the channels of the State
Convoys the people's wish, is great,
His name is pure, his fame is free.”

TENNYSON.

In a notice of Miss Charlotte Burne's *Shropshire Folk Lore*, the *Saturday Review* of March 8th remarks that “the fairies in Wales have this trace of the Stone Age about them, that they vanish at the touch of iron, as we read in Professor Rhys's Welsh fairy tales in *Cymmrodorion*.” Is this a mistake for *Y Cymmrodor*?

DANIEL THOMAS.

D reading no risk, that hero nobly brave,
A skin no richer guerdon than to save
N ot his *own* life, but that of *others*, went
I nto the jaws of death, on this intent,
E ven as he had faced them once before,
L oving his *men*, than that grand life, the more.

T rue Welshman ! on thy native country's scroll
H istic be thy deed inscribed ! The roll
O f heroes whom old Cambria owns shows thee
M idst all the noblest in the list to be,
A s seeking life to *save*, not *take*—thy name
S hines forth far higher than with warlike fame.

Tenby.

REV. S. C. CHURCH.

DRACONIGENÆ.

This is the sort of letter one likes now and again to receive:—

226, East 21st Street, New York,
January 28th, 1884.

To the Editor of the Red Dragon.

Sir,—Some little time ago I received a copy of the *Red Dragon*, and it has resulted in my receiving and parting with eight complete sets to friends in New York. In fact I have made it a point to send to Messrs. Owen to send me a set from commencement to date each month. The *Dragon* is a welcome guest in New York, and in my opinion a credit to Wales. In fact, I am sure that Wales never has, or will in the future have, a magazine to surpass the *Dragon*. It is a good and excellent magazine, and the fact of its being in the English language will enable the children of Welshmen in America, and everywhere, to read and learn something about the homes of their parents. The biographies alone are worth the price of the magazine. Wales should be thankful to Messrs. Owen and Co. and the editor for giving them such an excellent, valuable, readable and interesting magazine as the *Red Dragon*. I will do my utmost to push its circulation. A friend of mine, who is one of the wealthiest Welshmen that New York has, and to whom I recently sent a set of the *Red Dragon*, says that what little he has seen of the magazine seems to be good, but the trouble is that his wife and daughters are so wrapt up in it that he cannot get hold of it to read. Another friend of mine, who also has another set of the *Dragon*, had his mother paying him a visit. She was shown a number of the *Dragon*, immediately on opening which she saw the picture of Daniel Rowlands, Llangeitho. She kissed the picture, time after time, and nothing must do but she must have the portrait. The only regret about the *Dragon* is that it is so cheap (6d.) I presume you had to reduce the price to follow in the wake of the English magazines. If so, it is too bad, because I am sure you could hold your own by keeping it at the old price.

I have been thinking that a page or two devoted now and again to the "Welsh of New York" might be interesting to the Cymry of England and Wales. The Welsh in New York are somebodies. We have our Welsh churches, benevolent and benefit societies, choral unions, annual eisteddfodau, and the annual St. David's Day dinner; saying nothing of the tea parties, pic-nics, concerts, lectures, &c. We have a few of our countrymen in the Senate, and various State assemblies. The *New York Times* (the "Thunderer" of America) is owned and edited by a Cymro, George Jones. The pastor of "President Arthur's" church, another Cymro, is the Rev. D. Parker Morgan. He will be the conductor of our eisteddfod, which occurs on "Washington's Birthday," February 22. And what is to the point, he will be the right man in the right place. On that day Henry Ward Beecher, who is to be one of our presidents, will no doubt give out to the world that he traces his greatness to the fact that his great grandmother was a Welshwoman, of the name of Ann Roberts. We hold our eisteddfod on Washington's birthday because it is a good day for such a purpose. We cannot well claim Washington for a Welshman. We are satisfied that his wife, Martha, was of Welsh descent.

We expect a grand success with our "eisteddfod." I hope so, because our expenses will be about £300. I have given myself the task to sell one hundred tickets to people that would not go to "steddfod" were it not I sold them tickets. That's the way to success. Sell outside the Welsh. They are sure to

go, ticket or no ticket. After the eisteddfod, St. David's dinner, annual meetings of three benefit societies, we wind up with a tea party—that's the programme for the next two months.

"The Manhattan Choral Union," composed of seventy members, the majority of whom are Welsh, now in its third season, had its first concert of the season on the 16th inst., Chickering Hall being filled. The selections sung were by Brinley Richards, Handel, J. W. P. Price, and others, the conductor being Professor J. H. Parson Price, with Mrs. Price as accompanist.

The concert was a decided success and gave entire satisfaction to its patrons. I think I have said enough at present. Wishing you every success, and if I can be in any way of use towards furthering the interests of the *Red Dragon*, I will be glad to give you assistance.

Yours very truly,
HENRY BLACKWELL.

We shall always be glad to hear from Mr. Blackwell, the Welsh of New York and other States, and transatlantic friends and subscribers in general, the latter, we are happy to say, a large and constantly increasing number.

* *

"Wales is the land of great thoughts, daring deeds, and soft, enchanting music," remarks Mr. Kynnersley Lewis in a letter written us recently from Aberystwith; "the land of poetry and divination. The ancient bards, with their inspirations and prophecies, were as essential to its victories as the bow of the warrior, the prowess of its princes, and the light of day or the darkness of night. Thoughts worthy a Milton or a Shakspeare slumber through the ages in its untranslated lore. Mystic utterances of Oriental brilliance have died away in the wreck of its Druidic past. But its language lives. The babe mutters it, and the scholar gives emotion to his eloquence by its intuitive force. Its mountains still commune with the heavens in the whispers that appeal to the soul rather than to the intellect, and its valleys are garlanded with flowers that, modestly retiring from the hubbub and tumult of life, speak comfort to the pensive and the sad. It demands more light, knowledge and power; and, reflecting on its past, seeks to make its present worthy its traditions!"

* *

Doctor Thomas, of Merthyr, used to tell the following anecdote, illustrative of the times when the dislike to Englishmen was strong, and frequently expressed. One of the Tyntes of Cefn Mably, coming to a ford at Radyr, on horseback, met a labourer and asked him, in English, if he could safely cross. The man replied sullenly, "Yes you can, if you like." "No, but is it safe to do so," said Tynte. "Cross you," was the muttered reply. Tynte looking hard at the man then said in his best Welsh, "But what is your opinion as to one's safety?" "O, good Lord!" bellowed the Welshman with amazing energy. "Don't think of it on your life. I thought you were one of the Saxon devils."

❧

“The beautiful lines of Dafydd ap Gwilym in the *March Dragon*,” writes a correspondent, “are ringing in my ears. Who could have imagined that five hundred years ago such fine thoughts found utterance.” Exactly, good friend; it sets one a thinking on what the sage of Chelsea would call the eternal continuity of nature. One of my choristers in the present spring is a blackbird, pouring out its soul every morning. The blackbird also was a great favourite with Dafydd ap Gwilym, and five hundred years ago it flourished even as now.

Endless the ring of harmony,
Deathless all thoughts sublime.

* * *

AN EPIGRAM.

Beneath the wide extended skies
How many things we view,
That strike our unexpected eyes
With mode entirely new.
For new I deem what days of yore
Ey'd in its outline faint,
But things we never knew before,
Or only thought could paint.
Ye gods! whilst thus my thoughts pursue
New fancies without end,
When shall I see that wonder new,
An old and faithful friend?

Translated from the Italian of BOCCACCIO, by Dr. John Rhys, author of a WELSH GRAMMAR in the sixteenth century.

* * *

A stray donkey was some time since found dead on the land of a North Wales farmer, who immediately wrote to acquaint the local burial board with the sorrowful event, praying that the usual arrangements might be made for an early interment. The clerk of the board replied, thanking him for the information, and assuring him that the board felt no wish to deprive him of the honour of burying the deceased, or of employing his own minister to officiate. To this the farmer wrote a final apology, saying he had simply acted upon the general impression that it was always the duty, and indeed the custom, of the nearest relatives to bury their dead.

* * *

“Seven years ago,” says a newspaper of July, 1835, “there was but one public-house in Dowlais, now there are one hundred and ten. In Merthyr, which is in the same parish as Dowlais, at the same period there were forty-six retailers of beer, there are now four hundred.”

In the same year, 1835, there was no butcher's shop in Cow-bridge, Carmarthen, or Haverfordwest.

* *

There was a jolly and vigorous beggar in Carmarthen Gaol in 1821. His name was James Davies, his age seventy-six, and his crime "getting into debt!" He had been an incarcerated insolvent debtor for four years, but must have been a veritable Mark Tapley, for he "undertook to run four hundred and twenty yards during the time another insolvent debtor could eat two half-penny muffins!" The sun shone bright, and the walls of the debtors' yard were dazzling, and the old man, more than once, stumbled up against them; but so exciting did the affair become, that even the muffin consumer forgot to take his bites, and the runner won! The *Carmarthen Journal* says that "considerable bets were pending on the match."

* *

Joachim Miller contributes to an American paper the following charming little poem, so thoroughly according with the genius of a religion which glorifies, not worldly success and honour, but failure, and sorrow, and martyrdom, and death:—

"FOR THOSE WHO FAIL."

"All honour to him who shall win the prize,"
 The world has cried for a thousand years,
 But to him who tries, and who fails, and dies,
 I give great honour, and glory, and tears.
 Give glory, and honour, and pitiful tears,
 To all who fail in their deeds sublime,
 Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
 They were born with time in advance of time.
 Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
 But greater many, and many a time,
 Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
 And lets God finish the thought sublime.
 And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
 And good is the man who refrains from wine;
 But the man who fails, and yet still fights on,
 Lo! he his the twin-brother of mine.





PARCH.W.REES.D.D.

NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

GWILYM HIRAETHOG.

"Howl, fir trees, for the cedars have fallen."—*Zechariah*.

The birthplace of a man of genius becomes in time a place of pilgrimage, though it may be only a shepherd's tent, a labourer's cot, or an old-fashioned farm house, far away among the mountains, with rafters japanned with peat smoke, low doorway, small windows, and a thatch made of fern or rushes. Providence seems to have a marked preference for out of the way places for the genesis and outcome of men and women ordained to make their mark on the world, and it reserves, on each side of the dusty high road of worldly conventionalism, a wide margin of untrodden virgin soil for conducting its own unique operations, so that a mechanical world may be forced to admit the marvellous difference between its "thoughts" and "ways" and those of men even when the latter are the product of the most fertilising surroundings.

The subject of our biographical sketch was born on the 8th of November, 1802, in a secluded farm house called Chwilbrenisaf, situated at the foot of Hiraethog mountain, in the parish of Llansanan, in the county of Denbigh. This was the ancestral home of the family. On the side of his mother, whose maiden name was Lloyd, he was descended (if that mattered) from Hédd Molwynog, one of the heads of the fifteen Royal tribes of North Wales, some of whom, according to the family traditions, were in the habit of adopting very high handed, rough and ready measures for vindicating their own rights, and summarily punishing any persons presumptuous enough to commit encroachments. This Hiraethog mountain is of considerable extent, but not very high, and somewhat dark and dreary looking, a great part of it being covered with heath, while other parts are boggy. There are three lakes on it, from one of which, called Aled, flows the river of that name, to join the Elwy, their confluents emptying themselves into the sea at Foryd, near Rhyl. This river runs through the village of Llansanan, situated half-way between Denbigh and Llanrwst, and consisting of the parish church, two public-houses, two or three shops, and a few cottages.

But although the district is not agriculturally valuable, it has a right to consider itself, in a modest way, entitled to the ambitious designation of classic ground. Here flourished, from 1520 to 1550, Gruffydd Hiraethog, who was a pupil of Tudur Aled, and who himself instructed the poets William Lleyn, Simwnt Vychan, William Cynwal, and Sion Tudur, in the difficult rules of Welsh prosody. His teacher, Tudur Aled, lived at Garth Geri, in the parish of Llansanan. He was a black, or Dominican monk, and was one of the followers of Syr Rhys ap Thomas, to whom he was much attached, and in praise of whose achievements he wrote several poems. He was a nephew and pupil of Davydd ab Edmund, and flourished from 1480 to 1520. But a greater and far more useful man than any of these lived one time at Cae-du, and within a few minutes' walk of Hiraethog's birthplace. This was Gwilym Salesbury, the first translator of the New Testament into Welsh. It is said that, to avoid detection and persecution in the conduct of this glorious task, the execution of which filled the Popish priests with fear and deadly hatred, a secret chamber was built for him behind the massive chimney stack of the kitchen, where he could safely prepare the light which was to banish the "darkness that covered the land," and the "gross darkness" that covered "the people." It is likely enough that a knowledge of the literary antecedents of this mountainous district may have had a stimulating influence over such a mind as that of the subject of this narrative.

William Rees was the third son of David and Gwen Rees: the eldest being Henry, well-known in after years as a distinguished Calvinistic Methodist minister, and, in his latter days, the acknowledged king of that influential body of Welsh Christians. Eighty years ago the neighbourhood of Llansanan must have been very primitive, the people unsophisticated, and their habits simple and natural. But the monotony, which moderns would be disposed to associate with the every day life of so secluded a nook, was relieved by the sayings and doings of a number of original characters who never dreamt of asking leave of a tyrannical public *how* to grow and develop themselves. They grew, like the trees of the neighbourhood, without model or standard, and consequently presented a charming variety which modern educational institutions threaten to destroy, and destroy it they most assuredly *will* unless the professors find in the students an individuality so sturdy and assertive as to resent the impertinence of being expected to appear in any other shell-envelope than one of their own secretion. Uniformity, except as an attribute of good bread, pure air, pure water, common sense, good temper, sweet breath, and morals, is an insufferable nuisance, as well as a violation of a law of nature found in constant operation.

If we may judge from the fine frames of Henry and William Rees, the valley of Aled and the sidelands of Hiraethog must have been eminently healthy. The man-building qualities of the farinaceous diet of the people required no better advertisement. The scheme of education for farmers' sons at the time of William's birth embraced only the three R's. More was deemed superfluous except for those who intended to enter the learned professions. Then, as is still too much the case, the primary object of education was to enable young men to improve their worldly circumstances, and not to enhance their personal value. Cobbett has said that no man is to be pronounced ignorant if he knows his own business. The education required of farmers' sons consisted in knowing how to plough a hedge, raise a mound, hold the plough well enough to make a straight, even furrow, mow hay, reap corn, make ricks and mows and thatch them. Of these various forms of farm labour William Rees had acquired a perfect knowledge, as well as of the wise ways necessary to rear sheep, with which Hiraethog mountain was speckled in summer, and from the summit of which, on a clear day, might be seen the towering heads of the mountains of Carnarvonshire. The view must have often stirred within him, while yet a beardless youth, emotions which only a man *born*, and not *made*, a poet could have felt and enjoyed.

Of Robert Davies (of Nantglyn), his bardic teacher, who was a fellow parishioner, living at Gilfachlwyd, he gives the following account:—"R. ab Dafydd possessed a valuable collection of Welsh books, poetical and antiquarian, and was well versed in the grammar of his native tongue, and the rules of poetical composition. I repaired to him as often as I could for the purpose of reading his books, and receiving his instructions. He wished to *make* * a poet of me, but he found considerable difficulty in disciplining me to the small extent of inspiring me with any inclination towards the art of poetry, and harder work still to teach me to detect the faults of song-composition, for I continued long 'as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.' R. Davies was a severely strict teacher, and there was neither mercy nor forgiveness to be expected if I committed any errors, in either grammar or harmony, and many times did he rate me bitterly and bitingly on account of them. I used to be terrified at the prospect of showing him any of my compositions; but my gradual improvement afforded him great satisfaction, and I thoroughly believe that the success of my first competitive effort at Brecon afforded him quite as much gratification, as my teacher, as it did to myself as his pupil."

Rees was married when young, took a cottage in the village of Llansanan, worked on his father's farm, did, now and again,

* *He* could have *made* him a poet only in the sense of teaching him the mechanism of versification.

odd jobs, such as breast ploughing and reclamation and fencing of the sloughs of Hiraethog mountain, and thus by the labour of his hands provided for his own wants and those of the few then dependent upon him. But this labourer's life did not, as we have just seen, extinguish his love of poetry, or discourage his intercourse with the *Awen*. His parents were religious people who feared God and eschewed evil. His eldest brother Henry, already mentioned, had become a member of the religious community to which his parents belonged, and had commenced preaching before William had made a public profession of religion. His brother gave so early a promise of the eminence which he subsequently attained that the neighbours, knowing William was naturally equally gifted, used to hint to him that he also might become a preacher. The intimation was far from being disagreeable to him at times, but he had in a great measure dismissed the thing from his mind even before his marriage. After that event it was entirely abandoned.

Some little time afterwards the Independents formed a church at Llansanan, consisting of a few people of fair intelligence and sterling moral worth, and he resolved to throw in his lot among them. The minister was Ishmael Jones—a man “of marked individuality,” and whose genius Hiraethog admired to his dying day. He was a most original character. William Rees had not been long a member of this small village church before its members urged him to exercise those gifts as a preacher which they knew were “in him.” After considerable hesitation he yielded to their solicitations, and at once gave ample proof of the wisdom and safety of the request they had made. At one bound he became popular, and his services were eagerly sought by all the surrounding churches and duly appreciated. His information, owing to want of early advantages, must have been very scanty, for, with the exception of Robert Davies's books, the only works accessible to him were the Bible, Charles of Bala's *Scriptural Dictionary*, Simon Lloyd's *Chronology of the Bible*, Roberts's *Geography*, and a *View of the Earth and the Heavens*. He had then read the Bible all through three times; and this accounts for his perfect knowledge of the Scriptures, and the unexampled appropriateness of his quotations from them, and his exquisite skill in dovetailing them with his own spoken or written words. If he had had access at this time to works on history or astronomy, he would have absolutely revelled in them, for they would have fed his poetical imagination with the very “savoury meat it loved.” He had made himself known as a poet before he had made a profession of religion, for in 1826, when he was twenty-four years old, he was awarded at the Royal Eisteddfod, held at Brecon, the prize for the best *Cywydd* on “The Battle of Trafalgar and the Death

of Nelson." He was represented on the occasion by no less distinguished a man than Dr. William Owen Pughe, the well known lexicographer, who, struck with his ability, afforded him afterwards considerable literary aid. This composition was "the beginning of his strength" as a poet. In 1828 he won at the Royal Eisteddfod at Denbigh the second prize for a *Cywydd* on "Boadicea's Conflict with the Romans." From this date to 1832 his time was divided between manual labour and brain work for the pulpit.

It was during the period of his lay preaching that he attended one of the annual association meetings of the Anglesea Independents, held that year at Llanerchymedd. This was probably his first visit to the island. Two days are generally devoted to these meetings. At the close of the first day the minister of the place announces publicly the names of the hosts who have offered hospitality to the preachers present, lay and ordained, as well as the names of their respective guests. The list was exhausted. William Rees, who was dressed in homespun, and had the appearance of a plain countryman, was taken for a deacon or *blaenor*. Williams of Wern overheard someone asking, "Who is going to entertain the one-eyed *blaenor*?" "Ah," he said, with his characteristic kindness, "you take care of the one-eyed *blaenor*, for he will be heard of when I shall be in my grave and forgotten." Mr. Williams felt hurt at this unfeeling, coarse reference (probably unintentional) to a bodily defect, especially in a man for whom he had already a strong liking as possessing potentially the rare stuff out of which all great preachers must be made, and his prophetic eye foresaw the distinction which he would speedily attain. Rees, through an attack of smallpox when he was three years old, had lost—to use his own expression—"the candle" of his right eye; but to compensate for the loss a double wick was inserted in the left, which so concentrated its light as to make it, when he was roused by the passion of the moment, almost unbearably bright and piercing.

In 1832 he received an invitation to undertake the pastorate of an Independent Church at Mostyn, a colliery village in Flintshire, with a promised salary of seven shillings a week! He had then a wife and four children. Ye numerous, and let us hopefully add "noble" army of present candidates for the Christian ministry, Conformist and Nonconformist, what think you of the prospect before our hero? *Seven* shillings a week to feed six stomachs, clothe six backs, shoe twelve feet, pay rent and taxes, and do a number of smaller things of which the list is too well known to those good housewives—God bless them and multiply them—who *do* make ninepence out of every threepenny bit! Does the outlook frighten you? Then you are no descendants of the Apostles whose State pay consisted of "bonds

and imprisonment," or of old Shadrach of Aberystwith, who, when labouring to establish the first Congregational Church in that town, when it was "the day of small things" with it, dined scores of times—he and a godly female servant—on a pennyworth of treacle and a half-pennyworth of oatmeal! It must, however, be borne in mind that they and He who "had nowhere to lay His head" were great friends, and that all burdens laid on the back of willinghood lose more than half their weight. The history of the self-denying life of Wales's grand benefactors has not been written yet, and multitudes of those who now thrive and flourish on produce growing on what was absolute barrenness when they undertook to do pioneering and subsequent work, ought to respect their glorious memory. This will be a very easy way of saying grace after meat.

In 1837 Hiraethog removed from Mostyn to Denbigh, in fulfilment, as it would *seem*, and as some would be inclined to believe, of a "prophecy spoken" to him by the late Rev. Michael Roberts, a Calvinistic Methodist minister of rare genius and extraordinary pulpit power. He was for some years disabled from preaching by some brain disorder which the common people called madness, but which was much more likely to be excess of inspiration. It was during this period of cerebral irritation that, meeting Rees one day, he addressed him in the following commanding, infallible style: "William Rees, thou art to go from Mostyn to Denbigh to take the oversight of the Congregational Church in that town. Mind what I, the Archangel Michael, say to thee," and then he vanished out of sight. Rees had no more idea of going to Denbigh at that time than he had of migrating to the moon; and he treated the message as the outcome of a disordered brain until he received an invitation to settle there. It is understood that Hiraethog has left in MSS. his recollections of this remarkable man, and that had he lived a little longer he would have published them. In 1843 he accepted an invitation to succeed Mr. Williams of Wern, at the Tabernacle, Great Cross Hall Street, Liverpool, where he laboured for ten years, when he became pastor of Salem, Brownlow Hill, in the same town. It was during his ministry at this place that the present handsome chapel in Grove Street was built. In 1874, after labouring for thirty-one years in Liverpool, he retired from the ministry, and removed to Chester, whence, as evangelist, he went forth to all parts of the Principality in answer to the multitudinous applications for his invaluable services.

He died at Chester on the 8th of November, 1883, of congestion of the brain, surviving by a couple of hours his eighty-first year, and then under safe convoy passing over into that grand world where "a thousand years are as one day." He was buried in Smithdown Road Cemetery, Liverpool, on Tuesday,

the 13th of November, 1883, when a vast concourse of people were present, all "sorrowing because they should see his face no more."

Such is a summarised account of a long, laborious, and useful, but uneventful life. And now we must enumerate what struck us as the more prominent features of his mind and character. He was possessed of an iron will and great power of working. Being asked on one occasion the original cause of a singular habit of body, which subjected his constitution to a tremendous strain for upwards of fifty years, he replied, "that in his opinion it had been caused by the exchange of a day labourer's life for that of a student's sedentary indoor one," for, he added, with marked emphasis, "when I threw aside the spade, shovel, flail, and pickaxe, I entered into a covenant with my right hand, tongue, and what brain I had, that I would find bread for my wife and family." And did he find bread for them? Aye, "enough and to spare." How at Mostyn on seven shillings a week? There are no copies extant of the secret correspondence he kept up with Him who filled the widow's cruse of oil, and fed the prophet by the ministration of ravens, or the mystery could easily be explained. The reader will feel satisfied when he is assured that he and his family wanted for nothing, and that they kept up a respectable appearance.

Let the following account, given by himself, of the history of the efforts he made to establish the newspaper press, in the address which he would have delivered before the Cymmrodorion in London last November, when they met to present their medal to him, if he had not been invited to become one of an infinitely finer company, suffice as an example of his tremendous power of work. "At the commencement of the present century the Welsh books then published were mostly translated from the English. This, to a great extent, gave an alien form to our literature, and the Welsh mind was in danger of losing its original bent. When I became old enough to consider the position, I determined to be a thorough Welsh *littérateur*, or none at all. I felt deeply the disadvantage that, as a nation, we had no Welsh newspaper. Two or three attempts had been made to establish a fortnightly paper, but they all failed for want of encouragement. After my removal to Liverpool, in 1843, in conjunction with my friend, Mr. John Jones, of Castle Street, it was arranged that we should make another attempt. Mr. Jones was to bear the expense of printing and publishing, and to look after the home news, the markets, the correspondence, and announcements, while I was to undertake the editorship, the leading articles, foreign news, and Parliamentary reports, *without pay*, but only paper and ink wherewith to write. On the 24th of August, 1843, the first number

of the *Amserau* was issued. The circulation, notwithstanding all efforts to give it publicity, was only four hundred. It was published every fortnight. After six months trial Mr. Jones, finding he was losing money on each issue, and that the subscribers did not increase very rapidly, wished to throw up the venture. I entreated him to continue the paper a short time longer, saying that I had something in view that might bring success. Very soon after the "Old Farmer's Letters" appeared. These contained paragraphs on the manners and customs of the country, the events of the day, Parliamentary movements, &c., written in colloquial Welsh. The bait took, and subscribers increased by the score each week. At that time there broke out the Hungarian rebellion against the tyranny of Austria. Welsh feeling was intensely in favour of Hungary, and the *Amserau* in its leading articles defended the Hungarian cause most warmly. After their failure many of the Hungarian patriots, including Kossuth, sought refuge in this country. These refugees appointed a deputation to present their thanks, on behalf of themselves and their country, to Mr. Judge Johnes, one of their warmest supporters. Mr. Johnes met the deputation (among whom, I believe, was General Klapka) at Ceryg-y-Druiddion, and in his reply to them said that they were indebted for all the interest taken by him, and by the Welsh people generally, in the Hungarian cause, to the *Amserau* articles. The account of the deputation was afterwards repeated in my hearing by Mr. Judge Johnes, while staying at Llanover, Monmouthshire. The day following the deputation meeting, Kossuth's private secretary and another gentleman called at the office of the *Amserau* to thank personally both editor and publisher for the service rendered to their cause.

His principal works comprise:—In Prose: "Memoirs of Williams of Wern," an essay on "Natural and Revealed Religion," "Uncle Robert's Cabin," "The Old Tailor," "The Revolutions of 1848," "Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews," "A Scriptural Catechism," and an "Historical Drama," founded on incidents connected with the expulsion of the two thousand from the Established Church of England. In Poetry: "Recollections of Youth," "The Tower of David," a metrical version of the Psalms, "Kohemoth;" a volume of sermons, "The Offering of Praise," a collection of hymns, and "Emanuel," an epic poem. In addition to this he was a liberal and a more or less constant contributor of articles for the *Traethodydd* and other periodicals, and to several newspapers.

Merely to copy the foregoing works would be no small drudgery, to say nothing of manufacturing them out of one's own genius. Who, but he, could work under the circumstances

detailed in the following account of his experience during sickness:—"My four score years were ended on the 8th of last November (1882). My eightieth year proved to me dark, black, and stormy. On the 27th of July I buried my dear daughter, Mary, after a long and painful illness. Four months later my eldest daughter followed her to the same grave in Smithdown Lane Cemetery, Liverpool, where the mortal remains of their dear mother had rested for eight years. The two staves of my old age dropped speedily out of my hands, on which I had hoped to hobble to the grave before them. But after all, I must admit that I have more cause to be thankful than to complain and mourn, for they neither of them ever caused me shame or heart-ache during their life until the sorrow and trouble which their death brought with it."

In general society Dr. Rees was hardly what would be called a brilliant talker; but when he did speak, it was always to the point, and with a singularly happy knack of capping the climax by an anecdote as pertinent to the occasion as if actually *pro re nata*. He took great delight of late in repeating the following story, of which we gladly make a present to the Psychical Society, in their anxious search for well authenticated supernatural facts. Doubtless many of our readers are already familiar with it; but there are others to whom it may be new. As far as possible, we give it in the Doctor's own words, leaving it to wiser heads than ours to determine whether it was a mere remarkable coincidence, or something much more seriously significant:—

On Christmas Eve, 1880, Hiraethog retired early to bed, fondly anticipating a night of pleasant, refreshing rest. He had been dozing for perhaps an hour, when Professor Griffith, of Barnet, rushed into the room, bidding him forthwith to compose a legitimate *englyn*. He naturally asked what it was to be about; and received for answer, "I care not in the least on what subject, but it must be completed at once." After puzzling his brains for some minutes, he said it was utterly impossible to do anything of the kind without more time to think over it. Thereupon he awoke, not at all pleased at having been so unceremoniously disturbed. Next came half an hour's tossing and grumbling between the sheets, and he again fell asleep. But alas! He was to have no peace, for again his persecutor broke in upon him, imperiously repeating the request, or rather demand. Under this second infliction he lost all patience, and impetuously declared that he neither could nor would make any such attempt at that hour of the night, to please anybody. He once more awoke, not in the best of temper, and once more fell asleep, when for the third time the professor walked up to his pillow, angrily claiming the *englyn* as a matter of right. Hoping to get rid of his

tormentor, he now set to work in earnest, but found, much to his annoyance, that no effort could carry him beyond two lines, rhyming with "Bismarck," and full of sound, but utterly devoid of intelligible meaning. Unfortunately neither son, nor daughter, nor the present narrator can recall the exact words, but they fully justified their author's description of them as pure nonsense. At last it was broad daylight, and he went down stairs to breakfast. Seeing how feverish and wearied he looked, one of his family remarked that she feared he was not in his usual health that morning; whereupon, to prevent needless apprehension, he recounted all the particulars of his three-fold dream, and the mental irritation to which they had given rise. Just at that moment the postman's knock was heard at the door, when the following communication was received:—

The mth. power, in four dimensions, of all the best wishes it is possible to condense on the back of a post card.

Barnet, December 4th, 1880.

H. G.

There was a sudden sharp exclamation—"Here he is again! Why won't the creature leave me alone? Am I never to have any more peace? What can he mean by this nonsense about 'mth. power, and four dimensions?' Where is the Daniel to interpret it? Bah! He deserves to have his ears well boxed!"

This burst of feigned indignation notwithstanding, he soon smoothed down his bristles, as he felt sure that, however mysterious or nonsensical, the card was meant in kindness, and should be received as such. Accordingly, he withdrew abruptly to his study, muttering to himself, "If he must have an *englyn*, an *englyn* he shall have at once." In a few minutes the beautiful lines underneath were posted, certainly not soon to be forgotten by him to whom they were addressed:—

O'r obry, ac o'r wybren,
O'r lledred, ac o'r hydred hên—
Etto'n uwch, o'r nef uwchaf—o bob pwynt,
O bob parth dymunaf
Bob bendith fel haelwlith haf
Ar y gwr a fawr garaf!

G. H—TH—G.

Hiraethog owed his many-sidedness to the inherent qualities of his brain. There is a striking and instructive analogy between soil and brain. The soil of Mesopotamia, composed of the sediment deposited by two rivers, being one of Nature's own prepared seed beds, formed pure food for plants, into which they had only to strike root, and without the trouble of mastication they commenced at once the process of assimilation. Hiraethog's brain was a bit of Mesopotamian soil. He was minus culture, but superior to most persons plus culture, for anything and everything could grow in his fertile brain. He was only in a measured degree indebted to books. A hint to him was more than a volume to many another man, and of one glimpse he could make a revelation. During the

earlier years of his ministry he had much and intimate converse with "Williams of Wern," whom to know was to love, and whom to hear talk on almost any subject was to be taught to think, and to occupy the most advantageous stand-points for looking at things. The men very soon felt drawn towards each other, and in the end their mutual admiration very nearly touched the verge of idolatry. Hiraethog was hungry and receptive; Williams rich and communicative. The latter had an unlimited number of seed-thoughts, and the former a prepared soil on which they might be sown in sure and certain expectation that they would speedily bring forth fruit. Williams's genius commanded Hiraethog's loyal homage, while his sweet temper and generous disposition won the poet's big loving heart. He found that heart's proudest wish gratified to the full one day when Williams put to him this question—"Rees, do you think it possible that any two men have ever loved one another as you and I have done?"

We can quite understand, from our knowledge of Hiraethog's passionate nature, how tremendously emphatic must have been his "No." He possibly found it convenient to forget the story of David and Jonathan. We may judge of the estimate which he formed of this loveliest and most gifted of Welshmen by perusing the elegy he composed to him, the finest by far in the Welsh language, and perhaps in any other language, which is no wonder, for it was the genesis of the undying memories of the heart. After the death of Williams, Hiraethog must have lived to a great extent on his own resources, for among all Nonconformists there was no one worthy of comparison with Williams. The loss of his first teacher was not made up until Professor Griffith became his fellow citizen in Liverpool by undertaking the pastorate of Newington Church, and afterwards being chosen Dean of the Faculty of Arts in Queen's College. The professor is well known among those who know anything as a hard and enthusiastic student of science. In the speech which Hiraethog delivered last August at Llandrindod, on the occasion of presenting the professor with an illuminated address, and an album containing photographs of his quondam pupils, there occurs the following passage showing the nature of the relationship between them during their simultaneous residence in Liverpool:—"Last, and not least, my own dear self feels as deeply interested in the proceedings of this day as any of them [the former students] can be, though I never had the privilege of being a student under Professor Griffith at Brecon College, or any other professor, before or after his time there, nor indeed at any other college. But I had nevertheless the privilege of being for years under his tuition as a private student during his abode in Liverpool as the minister of Newington Chapel. Our intimacy was close and unbroken. I have never been in his

company without being benefited thereby. He would startle and awaken my sluggish mind by a hint, a question, or a suggestion, and put it in a new train of thinking; and though he could never have entertained the slightest hope of being able to make either a scholar or a philosopher, mathematician or geologist, of his dull pupil, he still bore patiently with him. Many of the suggestions received from him I afterwards elaborated into lengthy sermons. The day he left Liverpool for Bowdon was to me a very gloomy day; in him I then lost my dearest, best, and most valued friend and counsellor—a loss which for a long time I much deplored.”

And the professor was no less startled at the undreamt of uses to which some of the materials were applied, so that it became necessary before handing him any additional stuff, to make sure it contained no properties which, after passing through his crucible, might be brought forth in the form of explosives, blowing up into fragments both pupil and teacher.

We have said that he was a many-sided man: this his writings in prose and verse, with his spoken words, abundantly prove. Give him a Scripture narrative to expound, and see what a *tableau vivant* he would make of the characters mentioned. To a common-place prosaic man the story would seem nothing but a number of bones, dry, dissevered, and scattered. See how, at his bidding, bone comes to bone, how every bone makes haste to get inserted in its proper socket, how the elastic bands bind all the joints, how a network of nerves covers the now complete skeleton, and how, after furnishing it with all the life tackle, it is covered with a delicate skin, so that he makes the listener almost believe he will succeed in breathing into its nostrils the breath of life. Imaginary, but perfectly natural, dialogues were put into the mouths of ancient men and women, and not unfrequently in the homely style of Denbighshire peasants, and so deftly inserted was this piece of Welsh cloth in an eastern garment that the anachronism was overlooked, no room being left for anything but admiration of the preacher's cleverness. Only a man of Burns's genius could have taught practical lessons by means of verses on a mouse, and especially on a still more unpopular member of the Zoological family; and who but Hiraethog could have composed such verses as he has done to his *legs* without exposure to ridicule, and the charge of degrading the Muse? But as love has power enough to transmute the commonest drudgery into poetry, so could his genius throw an air of heroism around the gallant deeds of men and women in the obscure paths of life, and as nature can convert common earth into lilies and roses, so could he clothe common people, and the common events of their humble life, with moral beauty. He had an exquisitely rich humour, always, according to Carlyle, an accompaniment

of genius, and a strong, ever present sense of the comic. His power of sarcasm was formidable, and when condensed in an *englyn* it was capable of branding indelibly any member of the family of pachydermata.

We shall not attempt to describe him as either preacher or lecturer, for even if we felt ourselves equal to the task, its proper execution would require all the space that has hitherto been given to the longest article in this magazine. Suffice it to say that he was original in both capacities. He was not eloquent in the ordinary acceptation of that epithet; he was not a rhetorician, but he was pre-eminently a teacher, and had a manner consummately dramatic. Every important statement was emphasised by a Jupiter nod of his grand head, and in every disposal of his index finger there was significant meaning. His utterance was slow and measured, and he required considerable time to get up steam; the language was pure classical Welsh, and pleaded into finished sentences, while every attitude and intonation of voice were perfectly natural, and so strictly appropriate to the occasion as to prove helpful to the elucidation of the subject in hand. Some part of almost every discourse was pictorial. He could reason clearly, consecutively, and conclusively, provided always, as legal documents have it, his siren-queen, Imagination, was strictly forbidden to take any part in the exercise, otherwise there is no knowing whither she would have carried him; such trifling obstructions as hedges, ditches, high walls, and railways being cleared as by the wind, and the probability being that she would set him on the dizzy height of the empyrean. He was not content with sketching the outline of a picture with a few master strokes, like Williams of Wern, but he must prepare an elaborate background for it, and bestow great pains on its accessories. Between these pictorial representations, or at times as a premonitory sign that they were coming, he would fling out some startling thought, or emit a sudden flash of light, revealing just for a second unsuspected heights and depths concealed by the darkness enshrouding the life of man. Speaking of the limited imperfect knowledge of the most cultured men, he said that "a grain of mustard seed afforded burying ground enough for all the philosophies that have ever prevailed in the world." When speaking of God's interposition in human affairs, he compared it to an express train which compels all ordinary trains to shunt out of the way to avoid a collision. Playfully he styled the Andes and the Himalayas the aristocrats of creation. A long string of similar sayings might be picked out of his numerous writings, and supplemented by the reports of his public utterances.

His numerous gifts enabled him to do many and different things, and all superlatively well. So bent was he on perfection

in all he did that he would actually thank an inferior for pointing out in his manuscript any mistake which he might have unwittingly committed during the heat of composition. He would have preferred being kicked into perfection to being flattered into content with any inaccuracy or even mediocrity. He was born to be a king of men, and he neglected nothing to secure the loyalty of his subjects. From his countrymen he received his fill of praise and admiration, which once, and only once, assumed a substantial form, when he was presented with a testimonial of seven hundred pounds, which ought and *might* have been seven thousand pounds, and even that sum would have been only a very moderate acknowledgment of the eminent and manifold service he did to his country. *King* of all Welshmen he unquestionably was, and he would have been the peer of many distinguished Englishmen if he had only enjoyed their superior educational advantages. His bodily presence was impressive. Even Mr. Gladstone, who had seen some of the grandest men of this century, declared the same thing in the following reply to a note received from Mr. Osborne Morgan announcing his death:—

10, Downing Street, Whitehall, November 14.

My Dear Osborne Morgan,—I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Rees years ago, and I was greatly struck with his venerable appearance and manner, and with the way in which these seemed to indicate the character which lay beneath them. His death must entail a deep sense of loss in the body to which he belonged, but it will be accompanied with a grateful sense of his services, and all the solid consolations which a life deservedly spent never fails to leave behind it.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

The Right Hon. G. O. Morgan.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

There was authority in his look, voice, and walk, for he trod the ground with the emphasis of one having a 'right to be on this earth, and having solid work to do on it. It was for others, not for him, to creep or crawl apologetically as conscious intruders on sufferance. "He served his generation, according to the will of God, before he fell on sleep," which he sorely needed after so long a day of continuously hard work. Had he served himself and family he might have realised a handsome fortune as tragedian or comedian, for potentially he had in him all the elements necessary for eminence as either the one or the other, or as both. He was a great Man-Child, simple and unsuspecting, because his own heart was free from guile, and to the last playful as a kitten. Once roused from reverie—his natural mental condition—he was the most genial and entertaining of companions, having seemingly an exhaustless store of anecdotes, which, appropriate to the subject of conversation, he could relate with inimitable effect.

He was possessed of all the higher elements of a gentleman: A chivalrous love of truth, an almost reckless readiness to uplift all that was unjustly downtrodden, a high sense of honour, and

profound self-respect. As he was very sensitive himself, he was careful not to wound the susceptibilities of others. The result of what he was in himself, and the service he did in every way possible (for him) to his country, by pen and tongue, was a reputation which any man might be pardoned for coveting. It was not a hot-house plant, requiring artificial heat for its growth, and careful protection from every unfriendly wind, but the hardy production of solid, honest service. Dodges and underground schemes for the attainment of a "good name" he held in unspeakable scorn and contempt. Exposed, chilly, and untoward were the outward circumstances which secured him his hold over his countrymen.

It is pleasant to see an old man of eighty sitting at eventide in summer, under the shadow of a fine, many-branched, leafy sycamore tree which he planted in his teens, with the fitful breeze dallying with his silvery locks; but more pleasant was it to look at Hiraethog sitting securely and serenely under the shade of his own reputation, the beginning of which dated from the early period when he tended his father's flock on Hiraethog mountain. He was a man of a clean heart, clean lips, clean pen, pure life, and with an unchangeable preference for the simple, inexpensive habits, as regards food, drink and raiment, of the unsophisticated mountaineers among whom he was reared. We must confess to a measure of satisfaction in having had an opportunity of throwing a few pebbles over Hiraethog's cairn, to help in preserving his sacred remains from hungry dogs and unscrupulous birds of prey. When shall we see his like again? Never!

There remains to be appended to this imperfect sketch of one of the grandest of the sons of the mountain the following reminiscence by a very discriminating admirer, the Rev. W. Emlyn Jones, of Morryston, a special favourite of Hiraethog, who has by request forwarded for insertion in this article the following touching account of his last appearance at Llandrindod, which he had been in the habit of visiting for some years during the season, and where his arrival was immediately announced at all the houses where visitors did sojourn, very soon after which might be seen gathered around him, as the Titanic central figure, all the choice spirits then at the Wells, like a flock of sheep about an eastern shepherd, impatient to be led into "green pastures, beside the still waters." It was a sight which, once seen, could never be forgotten, and "the memory of it is sweet and mournful to the soul" of every one who composed that privileged group.

"For many summers past," writes the Rev. W. E. Jones, "I had the unmixed pleasure of meeting the venerable doctor by arrangement at Llandrindod, and of spending three weeks or a month in his company. These, to me, are weeks and months

to be remembered, and to be thankful for. It was a privilege and an honour to be a companion to such a man. His wide knowledge, his descriptive power, his burning sarcasm, his amusing anecdotes, his unassuming manner, and, above all, his devout spirit, made his company the most agreeable and instructive. Occasionally he would indulge in a little playfulness, which invariably, on my part, ended in a convulsion. About four years ago we had arranged to meet at Llandrindod on a certain date in July, but owing to unavoidable circumstances I was two days late arriving. When the train stopped he was on the look-out for me. No sooner did I alight than I saw his long arm outstretched over two or three shoulders towards me. With what a stranger might describe as a savage look he grasped my coat-collar, and in an instant my constitution was in motion—a motion which forcibly reminded me of what I had occasionally, and for certain reasons, experienced in my younger days. The shaking was accompanied by a stern voice addressing me—‘I take you in charge for breach of contract.’ With that the fierce official look vanished, and a smile of affection which could be no longer restrained danced on his patriarchal countenance. By this time my coat-collar had been exchanged for my right hand, which he shook with such warmth that I felt as if my heart also was being shaken.

“Last April, when gradually recovering from his long and painful illness, as well as from the shock occasioned by the death of two of his beloved daughters (*‘Dwy ffon fy hynaint,’* he described them), I received from him a most affectionate and characteristic letter, in which he looked forward to our meeting once more at Llandrindod. After alluding to the intended testimonial to his bosom friend, Professor Griffith, and to the promise of another esteemed friend, the Rev. Ogmores Davies, to be present on the occasion of its presentation at Llandrindod, he went on to say: ‘Pwnc arall—beth am Landrindod tua dechreu Awst? A gâf fi obeithio eich gweled chwi a Mrs. Jones yno? Ni byddai Llandrindod yn Llandrindod i mi heboch. Ow! mor chwith fydd i mi fod heb fy anwyl Anne yno, fel yma gartref. Ni bu fy anwyl Mary erioed gyda mi yno, ac felly ni bydd ei habsenoldeb hi yno yr un peth ag absenoldeb y llall Fy nghofion caredicaf at Mrs. Jones a chwithau, a da chwi, cofiwch Landrindod. Yr eiddoch hyd oni chyfarfyddwn yno, gobeithio, a hyd byth, pa un bynag a gawn gyfarfod yno neu beidio. W. REES.’

“I eagerly looked forward to this meeting, as somehow or other I could not help thinking that probably it would be our last. His age, the tone of his letter, the heavy afflictions with which he had been visited, the intense physical pain he, for months, had suffered, and possibly my own state of mind,

consequent on continued ill-health, induced me to take rather a gloomy view of the future. At last August arrived, and I found myself, together with other friends, once more in the dear old doctor's company. I say *his* company for the reason that he was the sun around whom we, the minor lights, revolved. Intellectually he was still a giant. His memory appeared to be as retentive as ever. His spirit had lost nothing of its youth. But physically he was feebler. On one or two occasions he reluctantly admitted as much. He could not, as usual, accompany us, except very rarely, on our accustomed walks, and when he did, he felt it tired him very much.

“ After having enjoyed three happy weeks together, one afternoon, when strolling over the common, I suggested to my friend, Mr. Ogmores Davies, that as the good old doctor and Professor Griffith intended leaving the following day, we should ask a few friends to meet that evening at Park House to bid them ‘good-bye,’ as it was quite possible, if not probable, that we should never so meet again. Mr. Davies fell in with the suggestion and said, ‘Let us go about it at once.’ We did go about it, and among those whom we found only too glad to join us were Dr. Evans, New College; Revs. Penry, Aberystwith; Jansen Davies, Cleckheaton; Thomas, London; Davies, Burnley, and Messrs. E. Thomas, Maendy Hall, and D. Davies, Liverpool. At the appointed hour we met and voted Professor Griffith to the chair. In his opening address the chairman said he did not exactly know what the object of the meeting was—he knew he was expected to say something, and he would say it at once and have done with it. But to have done with it was not so easy a matter, even for *him*. It was evident that the little he knew of the object of the meeting had touched a tender chord in his heart. And yet, at one time, I thought he would have done with it in spite of himself. When reminded so forcibly of the fact that he was no longer a young man, and when alluding to the grand career of his dear old friend Hiraethog, who now was in his eightieth year, the moistened eye, the tremulous lips and voice acted the part of storm warnings; but he somehow managed to quell the disturbance, and to proceed until he had done with an excellent and characteristic address. Before resuming his seat he requested the conveners to state the object of the meeting. This was done, and it was to the following effect:—That we had met (1) to make known to Dr. Rees and Professor Griffith the great pleasure we had experienced in having had, once more, the privilege of their company at Llandrindod. (2) To wish them a safe journey home, and the enjoyment of renewed health and strength. (3) To express our hope that God in His kind providence would give us and them the opportunity of meeting again. Short speeches were delivered by all the gentlemen present; but they were not set speeches. Had they been so

the object of the meeting would have been defeated. Each spoke as it was given to him at the time. And it was given to them to say some things which I would gladly reproduce if I could, but I cannot. At last the chairman called on Dr. Rees to address us. I imagine I see his tall, well-proportioned figure at this moment standing before us. Oh! that eye of his! And oh! that *other* eye! There was more *life* in that *dead* eye (if I may so describe it) than there is in many a pair of living eyes that I have seen. His finger, his eye, his peculiar nod, his every movement spoke, and we could not but feel that we were listening to one of the greatest men that Wales ever produced. After a short, pathetic address, delivered with more difficulty than was apparent at the time, but of which he afterwards spoke, he bent his knee before God in prayer. It was evident he was not a stranger or an intruder in the precincts of the Mercy Seat. The reverent familiarity with which he addressed his Heavenly Father proved that he held frequent communion with Him.

“This was his last public utterance in my hearing. I had arranged to meet him in London in November, and to attend the annual meeting of the Cymmrodorion, by whom he was to be formally presented with a medal, but on the morning I left home I read the sad intelligence of his death. To continue my journey under such circumstances was burdensome, but to stand at the desk and preach in London Wall on the following Sunday morning, to a congregation who expected to see and hear the venerable Hiraethog, was too much for me. I took for my text, ‘To be present (at home) with the Lord,’ and did the best I could under the circumstances, but it was a *poor* best—indeed, I could not preach. On the following Thursday evening my friend Mr. Thomas, the Borough, and I felt as if under sacred obligation to attend the meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society. The proceedings to us were cold and formal. Kind words were spoken of the good old doctor, but he himself was not there; not there to speak; not there to receive the medal. No, he had just been summoned to receive a *crown*—‘a crown of glory which fadeth not away.’ Of him it can be said in the words of his own elegy on the death of his brother, the Rev. Henry Rees:—

‘The angel took a feather from his side,
Dipp’d in ambrosial nectar from on high,
And with it touch’d his lips; thereon he smil’d;
And such a smile it was, so heavenly sweet,
As seldom seen on mortal lips before;
And from that smile, the angel kissed away
The ransomed soul, and set it as a gem
Upon his breast, and fled away to heaven.’”

And now let us take sorrowful leave of the “Grand Old Man” in the optative couplet of Lord Tennyson:—

“Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still.”

HIRAETHUS AR OL HIRAETHOG.

WHAT CANNOT LOVE DO ?

OR,

A TALE OF TWO FRIENDS.

BY

JOHN SAUNDERS,

*Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Hirell," "Israel Mort, Overman ;
or, the Story of the Mine," "The Sherlocks," "A Noble Wife,"
"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," &c., &c.*

CHAPTER XII.

LARRY'S REPORT.

"You have seen my wife?"

"Yes, in the presence of Mrs. Moran."

"And you found her——?"

"Lying nearly at full length on a couch, from which she never once moved during my visit—except in slightly turning round to speak to me."

"And you fear that indicates——?"

"That she was unable."

"Larry, I know I must at times seem to you destitute not only of the love a wife so favoured by nature in her person, mind, and manner should naturally call forth, but destitute also of the commonest instincts of humanity, through the restraints I have to impose on myself on even speaking of her. Believe me, it is not so! God knows it is not. Whatever she suffers I am constantly picturing to myself, to add to the tortures I already endure! Oh, Larry, my friend, even you cannot imagine with what rapture I should fly to her, acknowledge how cruelly I had wronged her, and how I would devote my whole future life to guard her and myself from any recurrence of such a state as the present one, if only she would give me the chance!"

"Be comforted, then. That is what she does give you."

"Speak. Tell me, if possible, her every word, so that I may be sure I can refer to these admissions."

"I am not sure that I can give you with such absolute verbal accuracy the whole of what she said in these few but important sentences with which our conference ended."

"But you are sure of the general correctness?"

"Undoubtedly, and you will yourself find I think, in verbal substance, to perfectly satisfy you."

"Speak, I am anxious."

"Tell him," she began, "that if he will make me such a manly and sincere apology as will affirm his naive promise of a better understanding for the future, if he will receive my unmitigated assurance that she already knows every particular connected with this unfortunate event, and that my father will also know all the moment he arrives; and that then both will guarantee from their own knowledge that I am innocent of anything beyond an act of indiscretion into which I was betrayed by the desire to moderate the suffering of another, whose coming was utterly unexpected; if he will do this, and judge himself solemnly never again to wound me by any recurrence to the subject, then she promised, he will be indeed welcome, and all shall be forgiven and forgotten."

"I fear," uttered Larry after a moment's pause, "I have missed the exact order of her sentences, but I have given you the very essence of all that she wished me to convey to you."

"You are sure of that?" asked Baxendale, with a countenance growing more and more disturbed.

"I am sure."

"Then does it not occur to you, while I have been waiting, hoping, languishing each minute of your verbal progress, for some evidence, some proof of such wholesome power, that it may instantly sweep out of my soul the damned spot that lies there, rankling and festering; that what you really bring from my wife is a well concocted series of propositions for me to accept; and which, if accepted, at once reverses the entire position, leaving me the one guilty and offending party, my wife the suffering and clement angel?"

"Baxendale, as your friend, I may say you are neither just to her, or to me."

"How is that?" Baxendale demanded fiercely, and rising to his feet as he spoke; in which act he was followed by Larry.

"That your unconscious hands have inflicted on her injuries of mind and body that no woman with a spark of self-respect could receive and tamely submit to, is a fact that does not admit of a moment's questioning. That is her position. That is not so with you, and the provocation you received."

"Why not?" demanded Baxendale.

"Because the character of that provocation is precisely the thing that is in doubt. Why you yourself have doubts both ways—now of her innocence, now of her guilt—or why did you send me on such a mission to try to clear them up?"

Baxendale felt the force of this argument, and was silent, staring gloomily on the ground.

"But," continued Larry, "you do not fairly deal with your own doubts as to your wife's purity in rejecting such weighty evidence as I proffered you on her behalf—the assurances of her father and her aunt, speaking both from full knowledge of all the circumstances that have so affected you, that she is absolutely innocent."

"Her father and her aunt, you say, know all the circumstances: meaning, I presume, they know all that she tells them."

"I really mean nothing of the kind! I said speaking from their own knowledge, independently of her."

"Then, after all, what should be the difficulty of taking me into the charmed circle, where such fullness of knowledge exists?"

It was a painful discovery that Larry now had to make of the mysterious depths and shocking inconsistencies of human nature, when subjected to peculiar temptations, without the moral strength either to conquer them, or entirely to succumb.

He had known his friend as an honourable, frank, straightforward man. He believed he still deserved that character—so long as the Evil Tempter, Jealousy, was not whispering with ceaseless iteration into his soul every kind of suggestion that could sting and madden, every subtle artifice that might circumvent or reduce to nothingness those who were joined with the false one in the business of deception. But now?

With a bitter consciousness that all was over—that whether or no Baxendale might move before it was too late, and of his own free will into better, more hopeful paths, he saw now it was certain that he could not *be moved* by any force or influence Larry could bring to bear, or see any possible prospect of being elsewhere obtained.

It was, therefore, with an air of extreme dejection, that he did not care to conceal, he answered Baxendale's last insidious question, plainly foreseeing the while to what it would lead.

"The difficulty I apprehend is this. She offered at the right, the critical moment, an open door into her own loving heart for you to see all that was within; a charmed circle where you alone could enter, and find all you sought to know. Not one thing, I firmly believe, would have been kept back."

"Not even the man's name?"

"Not even that. But you rejected with scorn and violence the very revelations you now so persistently ask, when they cannot be granted."

"Why not?"

"Because she absolutely refuses to give them."

"Again I ask, why?"

"She fears a renewal of violence."

"To her, or to him?"

Larry could stand this no longer. But he took his friend by the hand; it thus happened that he felt how feverishly hot it was. The slight incident probably prevented him from saying the stern and severe words that were hovering on his lips, and so prevented him from speaking at all in prolongation of a scene that had come to the very point of danger Larry was determined to guard against, for the sake of the woman he held so sacredly dear.

"Baxendale, here we part. I have done my best for you and for her, I have miserably failed. That is enough."

Brought back to himself by this, Baxendale became so full of compunction and expression of regret and fervent entreaties that Larry would listen for yet a moment or two longer, that O'Neill reluctantly consented.

They began to walk towards the town, and had not got many paces before Baxendale said with great earnestness—

"For your sake, Larry, I *will* try to send her back through you such a message as may, if she is sincerely desirous of a full reconciliation, enable you to put the seal to your own good work."

"Say for her sake, not mine."

"Very well, for her's. Say then—'I will fulfil every one of the conditions she has laid down if she will only grant me one right in return; or, if she pleases so to esteem it, one favour, in proof that she can do it in the simple faith and fearlessness of her innocence.'"

Seeing that Larry was listening once more, hopefully he added—

"If she does that I will receive that one concession as the close of this sad broil, and will take no further steps whatever. On that she may rely."

"And your one demand is?"

"The name of the man."

"Which she has distinctly refused."

"You did not say so."

"Then I do now."

"It is an offer I will never repeat if rejected. A refusal must bring to life once more the pernicious doubts I am striving to dispel. If she is acting in truth and honesty, what

possible excuse can there be for the rejection of what—as I have guarded it—ought to be esteemed a peace offering!”

Larry felt there was something in the proposal thus put; although he could feel no confidence in her being equally disposed so to consider it.

So after a short and anxious pause for both the men, he said,

“If you like I will go back to her with this proposal, which on consideration I am inclined to think reasonable.”

“Thanks! Heartfelt thanks for that one word of comfort. Oh! Larry, if these evil clouds do but blow over, and I and my wife are finally and happily again in accord, shall we not both, old fellow, make so much of you, that you will find it difficult to get away from the fireside of my fine old place when once you get there!

“Hasten, then. I will not go back a third time to the river. I am tired of looking on the inscrutable aspect of its waters, always troubled as with some secret emotion, the nature of which it is not given to us to find out. I will wait as near as I can approach towards you, without having to encounter faces which I imagine are all speculating about me.”

CHAPTER XIII.

LARRY'S SECOND MISSION TO MRS. BAXENDALE.

Larry did hasten, and was glad to find himself once more alone with his thoughts, which were inexpressibly sad. Friendship now seemed to be fleeing from his grasp, just as love had done before; and together leaving the world and life to him henceforward doubly blank.

He had done his best in absolute fidelity.

He was still prepared to do the same in again advising her to accept the offer without regard to the personal risk he knew well he should have to run if she accepted it.

He did not for a moment doubt his friend's honour in all he had said. What he did doubt was whether honour or anything in this world would be sufficient bridle for a man so obviously consumed with jealousy—and subject to all the disturbances of the mental, moral, and spiritual equilibrium that are so common among those who fall under its sway.

His thoughts reverting to the visit that had been so suddenly but so warmly spoken of, he was obliged to acknowledge to himself he was not in the least inclined to be the recipient of the genial and doubtless genuine hospitality that had been offered.

He was, in fact, rapidly coming to the conclusion that he had no longer any right or desire to stay here; and, therefore, the more summary he made his departure the better.

If she, unhappily for herself, should really want such help as he could give and had so strongly offered her, the case would be different.

And then he saw opening a vista of danger that did alarm him for his own safety. Could he remain near her, she separated from her husband, and not be liable to be moved beyond all power of self control by the increased and ever increasing love, he could not then but feel, when fed by such influences as her forlorn condition, would be only too fruitful in creating?

In this state of mind he reached her door for the third time that day, and knocked.

It was opened by Mrs. Moran, who kept her servant out of the way, so that she might herself receive him; and receive the good news that she had assiduously told Norah such a messenger would certainly bring.

"Is it well?" she whispered.

"I hope so," replied Larry. "But we shall see."

She led the way to the invalid's room, and there Larry found her in the same position as before, looking, he thought, nervous and excited.

"You have come back," she said, in tremulous accents.

"Yes, and with some hope. But that now rests with you."

"With me," she exclaimed, in surprise, raising herself hastily on the pillows.

"Yes, I think so. What he says is this. He accepts your conditions, and will bind himself to their loyal fulfilment, if you will grant him the one single thing he demands, that you in the simple faith and fearlessness of your innocence can give, in proof you have nothing to fear from its being so given.

"And if given—and I pray you here to listen to him, and to me, in asking your assent, he says, and I cannot but believe, says sincerely, he will pledge himself to consider the whole sad broil at an end, and to take no further steps of any kind in connection with it."

"Ah, Mr. O'Neill, my heart forebodes the nature of your demand; and if it rightly forebodes it, will be for me a new misfortune should I be obliged to refuse."

"I see," responded Larry, "you *do* anticipate me, but I also see you are not weighing the very important words that so seriously modify your former fears."

"But he does ask the name of the man?" said Mrs. Baxendale.

"Yes, and that man, standing here before you, implores you

to make it known ; and trust to his honour and fidelity to his pledge for the consequences. I have no fear of them."

"Dear Mr. O'Neill, can you believe for a moment I did not weigh all this before I told you my unchanging, unchangeable resolve ; or before I violated the confidences of married life, in order to convince you, when I saw nothing else would ?"

"You do, then, refuse ?" said Larry, in deep concern.

"I do !" She said no more, but let her head fall a little back on the pillows—whether from weakness and agitation or from the desire to show Larry further discussion would be useless, he had no means to discover.

He thought, however, he had no alternative but to go. Moving for that purpose, he again stopped, intending to silently shake hands with Mrs. Moran, who was leaning back in a chair, her face covered with her handkerchief, evidently weeping ; but he changed his purpose, and left them both to discover in their own time he had gone.

Returning to Baxendale, he said, the moment they met—

"She refuses !"

"It is only what I feared."

"I must now leave you. Good-bye."

"Where are you now going ?"

"To my hotel."

"To stay for the night ?"

"No, if you have no more to say. Yes, if you are even yet inclined to pause on a destructive career, and give to love and friendship their legitimate claims."

"Stay, then, till the morning. The night, which is darkness to others, may bring light to me ; for, God help me ! the day of all other men has become to me only a deep midnight."

"Very well," said Larry.

"I will call on you about ten in the morning. I will then finally decide. You shall be troubled no longer."

CHAPTER XIV.

UNEXPECTED SUNSHINE.

When Larry awoke next morning it was after a night of continual alternations between sleeping and waking ; the former filled with horrible dreams of falling down precipices, on the edge of which he was obliged to walk ; the latter relieving him from the ideal danger only to rouse him once more to a sense of the actual misery of his state.

Whatever his friend might decide, whether madly to go on

and risk everything or to stop in time, Larry felt his own fate to be the same. He had played like a reckless gamester, and lost all!

He was in so depressed a mood that he felt inclined to quarrel with the sunshine which was flooding his room with glory, as if in mockery of his grief.

But when the door opened, and Baxendale came to his bedside, saying—

“You have conquered. I agree to all her conditions, and to eternal silence on the subject henceforward;” Larry stared at him for a moment in doubt if he had rightly heard, and said, as he rose to a sitting posture —

“And no conditions?”

“None!”

In one moment all the troubles of the night were forgotten. He thought only of the happiness of the two he so loved. He jumped out of bed, shook heartily Baxendale’s hand, and then, with a laugh, hastened to pull down the blind, which he had forgotten the night before, saying the while—

“The sunshine you bring and *this* is too much for me.”

“Shall we now go to her?”

“Well, I should like to dress first, and to have my breakfast. I feel an unexpected accession of hunger; and you ought to do the same after such good work as you have done this night.”

“I hope it is good work. It has cost me the entire night.”

“And when you have taken a bit of rest and peace into your soul (and the breakfast will be excellent in that way), you will only wonder how a doubt could remain.”

So Larry dressed as rapidly as he could, and they descended to the coffee room; where Baxendale felt so infected by the bright spirits (a little overacted, Larry feared) of his companion, that he did manage to eat enough to satisfy his entertainer.

And then they set out. It was agreed as they went along that Larry should precede by about a quarter of an hour, so that when Baxendale did come, he and his wife should at once meet without danger of interruption. As Larry knocked at the door he felt his heart beat painfully when for a moment he thought of himself, and queried whether he should or should not have to see Norah before her husband’s arrival.

His reflections were interrupted by the opening of the door; again, not by the servant, but by Mr. Blake, whose stern look changed when he saw who it was. He held out his hand, and seeing Larry’s surprise and hesitation, said—

“Glad to see you. Come in.” He then shut the door, and *turned the key*; Larry wondering whether that act of precau-

tion was done in remembrance of his own unfortunate visit, and the easiness of access he had then found.

Taking Larry into a little parlour, and making him sit down, Mr. Blake said—

“Well, Mr. O’Neill, we meet under very different circumstances than before. I have heard your own story from Mrs. Moran; and her husband’s sequel to the story from both her and my daughter. It was a rash visit in itself, and made worse by the exceeding rashness of the manner. And having said that much, I mean to say no more.”

“And you leave me deeply grateful,” said Larry. “And as I may never again have an opportunity to speak of my other obligations to you and your daughter, let me say this—if I have succeeded in taking worthier, more practical views of life, and in trying to fit myself to them, I owe the greater part, if not all, to you and to her!”

“No, you don’t! If the stuff hadn’t been in you it couldn’t have come out. We may have helped in the process, no more.”

“Well, sir, now to the business that brought me, Mr. Baxendale will presently be here.”

“I think not.”

“Pardon me. I fear I am blundering. Be so good as to favour me for just one minute.”

“By silence? Very well, proceed.”

“If you will kindly review for a moment the life my friend led as a boy among the slaves of his father’s plantations, a period he more than once described to me when we were together in Ireland, you will see how difficult must have been the subsequent task of eradicating tendencies rooted into his very blood.

“That he had struggled against them as a youth and a man his very narrative made clear. To his recent struggles I have myself been a witness. His life the last few hours has been such a contest with self as I had never even conceived to be possible for humanity, but he has come out master.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Mr. Blake, with sudden asperity.

“That he has at last taken the right path, and is coming here to-day. He accepts all Mrs. Baxendale’s demands, and engages to be silent on the subject evermore.”

“That is very good of him, when he knows he can no longer lose anything by so tardy a step! Mr. O’Neill, I came home last evening, heard all, and immediately removed the ladies to a place where he cannot follow them. Or should he succeed in doing so, where he will only come face to face with me.”

“There he is!” said Larry, in visible agitation as he heard a prolonged knock at the door.

"Go to him," said Mr. Blake, "and give me word to yourself. Take this card; let no other eyes see it. If I can be of any service to you let me know, and if you like to pay me a visit before you return to London you will be welcome. And now for him. Tell him I think we had better not meet; he knows me, and will understand."

They shook hands, and Larry hurried to the door, which the attendant, not aware it was locked, was actually trying to force open.

"Turn the key," said Larry. — Mr. Blake looked it.

The moment the door was opened Baxendale hardly needed to hear the words Larry had to say; his aspect and manner were enough. Arresting Baxendale's advancing step to enter, Larry took him by the arm, and turned him almost forcibly towards the street, and then as he hurried him away, said—

"All is over. She and her aunt have gone away. Mr. Blake is the only person you can see, and he says—with that kind of silent menace which, coming from such a man, and that man her father, is only too significant—he thinks you had better not seek that interview."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CRASH AND DOWNFALL.

As usually happens with men of Baxendale's complex character, placed in positions like his, the violence that was ready to sweep like a whirlwind to the very ends of the earth for the attainments of its ends, when those ends became no longer possible, undergoes a collapse scarcely less full of awe.

And terrible then is the looking back, fearful the self-questionings that will arise in view of the social wreck they have made, and which is all that remains.

Thus was it with Baxendale in receiving news so utterly unexpected. It had never for an instant entered into his thoughts that while he was dallying with danger the final decision might be taken out of his hands.

The shock seemed literally to crush him to the earth. He leaned forward, his head bent low (perhaps in the impulse to screen his face from observation), and again and again he would have stumbled at trivial obstacles but for Larry's strong arm and watchful care.

It was but too evident to Larry that, great as were the natural capacities of the man for enjoyment, as he had known him in Ireland, and for violence when wounded in aught relating to

his self-love, as but now he had had to know him, his capacities for suffering surpassed them all.

Larry had expected many questions would be put to him after the first shock had spent itself, but Baxendale moved on in such deep silence, and with so mechanical a manner, that Larry began to doubt if he were conscious there was anyone by his side.

"Well, perhaps, that is best," Larry said to himself; so took the opportunity to review his own position and pre-arrange plans.

It was certain he could not leave Baxendale that day. The violence forbidden by fate in every other direction might turn on himself, as the only possible relief.

He must wait by his side till the morrow, and do his best to calm him. So thinking he determined to go with Baxendale to his own home, even if he had to invite himself.

For he thought it extremely probable that the unhappy man in his despair would suddenly break away from him, seek refuge where he could not be followed, and where he would be quite unknown: there to give himself up to the torture that awaited him, in secret and undisturbed solitude.

"And what could be the end of that?" Larry asked himself, "but suicide or insanity?"

So watching for a moment when Baxendale should remember he was with him, he saw a little turn round, and a slight change in the fixed misery of the features, so he hastened to say—

"Baxendale, I should not like us to separate at an hour like this. So if you will have me for a night at your place I should like to see it; and then I will take my departure for Wales, after breakfast in the morning."

Baxendale seemed hardly to understand till Larry repeated his words. And then he seemed so oppressed with the difficulty of thinking what might be the effect on his own mind of such a proposal, if accepted, that the discovery came to him as a relief,—he really had no choice. It was a privileged and dear friend who had spoken. So he said—

"Yes. I am glad."

And then, recovering by a great effort of will his presence of mind, he took the guidance of their course, and led the way to some stables, greatly to Larry's surprise.

"I had the Victoria I purchased for my wife brought here for her use in the town. D—n her!"

It was hard for Larry to listen to this and say nothing; but he did keep silent, believing that even such an outburst might tend to clear the moral atmosphere; and had probably meant no more than a sudden reaction from a moment of tenderness regarding her; a concentrated expression of all he thought, felt, and suffered, she being the cause.

Presently a Victoria and pair of black ponies were brought out, and Larry saw with emotion it was the vehicle he had followed to his loved one's home.

A drive of two hours succeeded. And Larry was agreeably surprised when, after a little while, Baxendale apologised for the imprecation he had used, and for the tumults of his mind generally since the first moment of meeting his friend. If excusable while the end was in doubt, they were so no longer, he said. His friend had done his utmost for him, and he would never forget that. Now, Larry could do no more.

"So, old fellow," he added, "we'll sink the past, for the next few hours, at all events, while I try to entertain my guest as he deserves."

From that very moment he began to shun the very silence he before courted. He pointed out houses where eminent men lived, told stories—legendary or otherwise—in connection with particular scenes they passed through, and kept on inviting Larry's questions. So that the latter saw at last it would be a relief if he were to put them, whether springing naturally or no.

Larry could not mistake the character of all this. His friend was playing a part. But if so, it was at a great cost to himself, was done for Larry's sake, was exceedingly natural under the circumstances, and would probably be beneficial.

At all events, it made it easier for Larry to shut out his own gloomy future, and to concentrate for his friend's sake all his care on the present.

Suddenly the horses stopped before the closed gates leading to a private road. A bright-looking Welshwoman came out from the adjoining lodge, with a smile and a curtesy, who said—

"I see, sir, you have not brought the mistress back. She is quite well, I hope?"

For the first time since she had been in Baxendale's service did he pass her by without a word, as the gates opened, and the horses, quickened by a savage lash, bounded along.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WOODLANDS.

The winding road through which they passed was bordered on each side by silvery-barked, gracefully drooping birch trees, tall laburnums, purple-foliaged beeches, and mountain ashes, gay with their fruit.

In front of these, and apparently clinging close to their bases,

were native and exotic shrubs, in unusual companionship. Rhododendrons and dog roses, azaleas, hedge honeysuckles, and great arching branches of blackberries—all growing together with a wild grace, a picturesque luxuriance that charmed Larry.

Presently, on the left side, the thick leafy screen began to open suddenly out—and as suddenly close again; but not before Larry had caught a glimpse of waters flashing in the sun, of a pair of black swans, sailing in the sun's broad trail, and of a wide stretch of lawn, of the purest emerald colour. Presently the road ended in a great sweep of gravel before the front of the mansion, and the carriage stopped under a projecting porch, and set the gentlemen down at the door of entrance.

"Welcome, Larry, to the Woodlands," said Baxendale "Never before have I been able to give so hearty a welcome to any guest as I now give to you; and," he continued, with a deep sigh, "I am very sure I shall have to say the same to the last day of my life."

To change the theme Larry asked the origin of the name.

"Well, it was this. A goodly lot of acres of the finest woodland scenery, in a neighbourhood not rich in that respect till you get farther into Wales, had been so called from time immemorial. When the present house was built, a quarter of a century ago, by the gentleman from whom I bought the estate, he thought he could do no better than retain the appellation for both house and lands.

"A very happy choice!" said Larry.

"But come, let us take a look round," said Baxendale.

Facing them was a scene of rare beauty. An immense breadth and length of lawn, of the most exquisite verdure, mingled by imperceptible degrees into the woodlands beyond, over which the distant Welsh mountains, faintly seen, gave grandeur to the whole.

On each side of the lawn was a stream of water, here narrow, there broadening out into tiny lakes, and pursuing its merry musical way over the rocky bed.

It was on one of these miniature lakes Larry had seen the black swans; and he now saw them again apparently trying to come to closer quarters with the visitors.

"She used to feed them," said Baxendale. "Poor wretches; if nobody else misses her, they will."

Turning to look on the mansion, Larry thought how finely it accorded with all the surroundings. The mullioned windows, now blazing with intolerable light, the tall antique-looking tower, with its clock and weathercock, and the general style of every part and detail—all told to Larry the architect's aim and success in endeavouring to render for modern uses the genuine old English Tudor domestic architecture.

Gazing on this, then turning again to gaze on the fairy land stretching before it, as if to take full permanent intellectual possession of so lovely a domain, Larry had an unlucky moment, leading to a sad, almost an envious thought and feeling.

He was comparing his own little "band-box of a place," as it now seemed to him, with all that he saw here. And yet could not but think how he had worked for the one, how hoped for the happiness that might ere long centre there, and which was now ended for ever.

While for this, no one had worked in *his* way; nor for any object to be placed in comparison with his.

"And yet I lose her through him. And he throws her away!"

But the envy and jealousy of the moment passed with the moment; and then his glowing praise of all he saw, and of the fine taste that prevailed throughout, gave Baxendale real pleasure.

Passing through the porch to enter the house, they came first to a little vestibule, and from that entered the hall; which greatly impressed Larry by its height, the painted windows of the roof, and the subdued light they shed over all below.

Presently as he took notice of the principal features of the scene—the vista in front, through a saloon, lined on each side with full length statues, to a conservatory at the end, radiant in flower glory; the broad staircase ascending on his left to a low gallery that crossed the hall over the entrance door, and then by a second flight of stairs at the further end, to the open upper storey, and so to the principal chambers—he was greatly struck with the discovery how admirably the place would lend itself to private theatricals, of which he was very fond, being himself a capital actor.

The saloon would be the stage, and had doors in its length for entrances and exit. The hall was a superb auditorium. Its floor would be the stalls and pit; the stairs might be called the gallery; while the true gallery, in the finest possible position for seeing and hearing, would be a very choice substitute for boxes.

"Ah," thought Larry, "had I found her unmarried, and then we together had found him here, what a time we might have had! For he was as fond of the amusement as myself."

Mentioning his discovery to Baxendale, the latter said,

"You are quick of eye and thought. The architect expressly made this arrangement at the wish of his employer, my predecessor.

"We were going to try the experiment shortly—but that, like everything else, has come to an end!"

Going into the saloon, a door on the left opened to a chastely furnished drawing-room; and a door on the right to the dining-room where they stayed to lunch.

As Larry sat at the table, both the doors being open, he had before him a second vista crossing the former one at right angles, which was to Larry a source of delight all through the meal:—

First through the length of the dining-room, then crossing the saloon, and so to the entire length of the drawing-room, where it also terminated in the conservatory, that had been extended round the corner for the express purpose.

“Yes,” said Baxendale in answer to Larry’s glowing remarks; “it is pretty; but you should see it at night, when each portion is lighted, and the conservatory most brilliantly of all, at the end.”

There were many pictures on the walls of the dining-room—by great masters—mostly in panels; a method of display which so happily gives to each work the idea of individual and independent existence and value.

One of these panels seemed to occupy a place of honour among all the rest, for its size, its external ornamentation, and its position in the very centre of the principal wall. And that panel was covered with a curtain that seemed to Larry to have been hastily thrown into shape.

He dared ask no question, or even let his eye rest there, in fear of what might be beneath. And he saw, besides, that Baxendale’s face occasionally recurred to gloom, which it was most important to anticipate and prevent, rather than to risk its increase by his curiosity.

And Baxendale himself apparently thought the same, as he noticed Larry’s eyes rest for an instant on the covered contents of the panel, for he said, after a long silence—

“Now, Larry, can I help you as to your route?”

“Of course you can; so begin. I will make memoranda as you go on.” And he got out his notebook and pencil in readiness.

“Well, I can soon give you all that is worth giving. Have you a guidebook?”

“Yes. Black’s.”

“And the Ordnance map!”

“That, too, I provided myself with.”

“Then with those in your possession it is useless to determine beforehand the precise route you should take. Mechanical arrangements kill enjoyment. What you want to know from one like myself is what are the places you should manage to see, even in the short time at your disposal?”

“Precisely.”

“Well, then, you may begin at Llandudno if you incline to fortune-hunting among half the heiresses of Lancashire and Yorkshire; but in the midst of a glorious surrounding of sea, mountain, and cliff”——

"Which I shall carefully avoid," said Larry, determinedly.

"Then Conway Castle should be the place first to make for. Then Bangor, and so to the Menai Straits, and their magnificent engineering works, railway and bridge. Then Beaumaris, if only for the lovely road leading to it, high above, and by the side of the Straits. Then Snowdon and the Pass of Llanberis, where at one point you will find the grandest natural pedestal existing in the world—one that suggests it had been created for the footsteps of some messenger from Heaven to alight on, and, there standing, to address a misguided world, and show it better ways.

"If then you can make time to see Welsh life and Welsh scenery in their true original essence, go to Dolgelly, Cader Idris, and their neighbourhoods; and when you have done you will feel one can wish for nothing more to delight and elevate the spirit of man.

"Excuse me now for a few minutes. I have some arrangements to make with the housekeeper," Baxendale added; looking, Larry thought, dreadfully haggard, and life-weary.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbour over the way,
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring ;
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.
Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport, as boys will be ;
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple tree.
“ Nay ! ” said the grandmother, “ Have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit ;
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird,
Carries the water that quenches it.
“ He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin ;
You can see the mark on his red breast still,
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.
“ My poor *bron-rhuddyn* ! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb ;
Very dear to the heart of our Lord,
Is he who pities the lost like Him.”
“ Amen ! ” I said to the beautiful myth,
Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well ;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.
Prayers of love like raindrops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew ;
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all,
Who suffer like Him in the good they do.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE TWO VOICES.

As I walked along the pathway,
Many a leaf upon the ground ;
Many a tree with riven branches,
Spoke a melancholy sound.

And at first I could but wonder
 At the discord and the strife ;
 Then there came the recollection
 Of a sad and blasted life.

All its joys like sere leaves fallen,
 Never more to bud again ;
 And itself with wounds disfigured,
 Wounds where remedies are vain.

But another voice responded
 In the noonday's golden beam :
 " Sadness eats the life it feedeth,
 Rouse thee from unmanly dream.

" Thou hast suffered, true, but think not
 That thy fate is hard alone ;
 There are hosts of silent sufferers
 Who have juster cause to moan."

Straight a load fell from my bosom,
 Freer beat my heart again ;
 Trees and russet, leaves and pathway,
 All began a happier strain.

A HERMIT.

BRIGHT RUNS THE RIVER DEE.

A FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Bright runs the river Dee,
 Through Llangollen's lovely vale ;
 A bonnier stream you ne'er did see,
 Or wandered down a fairer dale.

Upon the hills the heather grows,
 The valleys all are clad in green ;
 While Dee from Bala sweetly flows,
 His flow'ry banks so fair between.

When surly winter hies away,
 And merry spring comes peeping out ;
 By Dee we'll spend our holiday,
 In fishing for the speckled trout.

At Carrog, and at Corwen too,
 We'll whip the stream from morn till eve :
 While larks sing in the ether blue,
 And swift the air the swallows cleave.

When wrist and eye begin to feel,
 As if some rest they stood in want ;
 We'll homeward trudge with rod and creel,
 And spend the eve at *Pen-y-bont.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

Sad, sad be thy music, thou child of my bosom,
 My friend in misfortune, misfortune and woe ;
 O dwell not on love, nor the spring, with its blossom,
 And let none but the mountains our misery know.
 Dear Cambria, my country, the home of my childhood,
 The land that has taught me thy sweetness to feel ;
 Dear Cambria, whose strength was the forest and wildwood,
 The home of my fathers to foemen must kneel.

Soft, soft be thy voice, for the sound of our sorrow,
 On the throne of the free, on the mountain must die ;
 O banish thy mirth, for the bitter to-morrow,
 Will dawn on the dungeon where captives must lie :
 But sweet be thy strains, for the heavens above us,
 Are bright with the gold that no traitor's can be ;
 Though powerless the arm of our princes that love us,
 The harp and her minstrel will ever be free !

Swansea.

KYNNERSLEY LEWIS.

*Pen-y-bont, a farmhouse near Carrog Station, kept by Wm. Jones, where myself and some angling friends have occasionally stayed.

LONDON'S TRUE DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

“Thank God,” exclaims the proud Londoner when he ponders on the horrors of the Nubian desert—that two hundred and fifty miles of arid, waterless waste lying between Korosko and Beber, for instance, often to be traversed by Europeans—“thank God that we do not live in such a country as Upper Egypt, where water has to be carried in skins for ten long tropical days and nights, and has to be swallowed in a tepid, half fetid state by the thirsty souls who, wearied and camel-tossed, endure the fatigue of that terrible journey on their road to and from Khartoum, while we in England know not such a want as to be without water.”

Yes, proud Londoner, standing on your pedestal of self-sufficiency you sip your wine and your beer—you groan over the sad lot of the African or Asiatic traveller in his search after distant climes, or rich merchandise. You little heed the black spot that lies at your very door. You seldom, perhaps, trouble the water tap pure and simple that ministers to your culinary department; but for all that is it really a cause of pride—your London water? Perhaps yes, in comparison with the cholera-bringing, deadly cup which answers to the name of water in some countries. Verily, no, as compared with the normal purity of the fountain head as it issues from the earth's depths. London in truth, in spite of the apathy of its mightier denizens, who care not to quaff such a tasteless beverage, is awaking to the fact that its water is not what it should be, that it is tainted by organic matter, and that its sources of supply are impure. In these days of blue ribbonism and moderation, of anti-alcoholic liquors, and pure teetotalism, people are beginning to see that of the millions of gallons that are hourly produced by the different Metropolitan Water Companies, few, if any, will bear the test of analysis. There is nothing so terrible as water poisoning, nothing that can recompense for such a calamity in a great city like London.

The river Thames is drained to its utmost limits at Teddington and Hampton Court to supply drink for London, and yet what cannot be said against this source of supply? Where is the town, from Reading downwards, that does not drain into its polluted ~~channels~~? Henley, Marlow, Maidenhead, Windsor,

Eton, Datchet, Staines, Egham, and Chertsey, besides numberless smaller places, and riverside residences, to say nothing of fifty miles of bordering tillage lands highly manured with Metropolitan refuse, that the rain carries into the Thames' channel to help the organic corruption of its whole.

This chief source of supply has already been condemned, and we would fain speak in higher terms of the pristine glory of the New River Company, and its clever engineering into the heart of London—but even its purity has been sapped by suburban London, and it only stands by comparison ahead of the Thames in the analysis. Then we turn in loathsome disgust from such places as Hendon reservoir and Hampstead pools as ill affording a sparkling purity fit for a prince or teetotalers.

Notwithstanding the immense vested interests of the London Water Companies, the true state of the case stares the great mass of the population in the face—"Where are we to get our supply of pure water from? If Government refuses to take the matter in hand, what is to be done? Are we to wait for the Reformed Municipality of London to move in this great matter, or are we to take one more step in private enterprise to gain the boon we seek? Or, are we to continue to be torn asunder by rival water companies, one as expensive as the other, and all thriving on their monopolies, and their so-called filter beds?"

I now come to the point of my subject. Where is London's true Drinking Fountain to be found? Where, except in the hills of Wales? Siluria alone can minister to the wants of the collected millions inhabiting the great Metropolis in this all important matter. The watershed of the Thames has been tested and found wanting in many ways. It is the only source of a great river in the Midland Counties of England that offers itself for the purpose.

The great watersheds of Wales are the Snowdon range and the Berwyn range in North Wales, the Plinlimmon range, partly in North and partly in South Wales; while adjoining to it on the south is the Cardiganshire range, backed by the Cwmdauddwr hills of Radnorshire, and the Llanwrthal hills of Breconshire. Further south there is the Breconshire Beacon and Carmarthenshire Van, while the Black Mountains adjoin Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, and Radnor Forest and its Beacon make up the total of hills that help to provide England with its beautiful rivers. Of these the Snowdon range is ill adapted in many ways to our purpose; the Berwyn has been already pounced upon by Liverpool. Plinlimmon has a suspicion of being tainted with lead, and is in other ways unsuitable. The Brecon Beacons and Carmarthenshire Van are the great watershed of Glamorganshire, where vast populations and great industries already look for their water supply. It would not do to touch them for our purpose. The Black

Mountains do not pour forth sufficient water at a given spot, and are not geologically suited for a vast reservoir. Nor is Radnor Forest. So I am fain to invite my readers to the only remaining watershed, that of Cardiganshire, where it borders on Breconsire and Radnorshire, from where flow the Towy, the Tivy, the Ustwith, the Claerwen, the Elan, and the Irvon, and if you will draw a straight line on the map from London to the centre of Cardigan Bay you will hit upon the junction of the three counties I have named, than which there is not a wilder waste of moorland in England or Wales.

An eminent engineer not many years back pitched upon Bala Lake as the fittest spot for the purpose we are discussing, and offered to carry out the undertaking for an outlay of seven millions sterling. Even in this calculation of expenditure he had not reckoned on the contingencies which vested interests would throw in his way when his scheme came face to face with the dwellers in the Dee Valley at Corwen and Llangollen, to say nothing of Chester and its adjacent country. So that this idea, which came before any other in practical utility at the time it was made, has long been relegated to oblivion.

Follow me, therefore, Londoners, for a few minutes and I will lead you to your Arcadia. For many a long day and oft have I strolled over and studied the lone hills of South and Central Wales, and it chanced one day that I happened upon the spot where Nature, to my thinking, has planned out a great lake for the delight of the poor water drinkers in London. Perhaps the example set by Liverpool, with its usual foresight, in tapping the head of the Berniew, and having set to work to form a grand lake on the Berwyn hills, or Manchester with its splendid Penniston reservoirs, or Leeds with its immense waterworks above Harewood Park, or Glasgow from Loch Katrine, may have inflamed my brain with the idea; but be that how it may, restless of spirit have I ever since been to pour forth this idea before the world, and where a more worthy recipient than your dear *Red Dragon*, whose heart and treasure rest in wild Wales.

As I sat one fine summer day on a sunny knoll munching my frugal crust, and quaffing the sweetest fresh milk given me by the shepherd whose cot lay below me, I gazed admiringly on the wild expanse of hill and moorland that stretched away in front of me to the west. On my right was the winding silvery stream where I had been doing battle with innumerable little fish, and there a couple of miles beyond was the quiet little lake that gave birth to the infant river Claerwen. No narrow valley was this, but a wide, expansive plain enclosed by low hills, some running off in rocky peaks, and others soft round sugar loaves in their appearance. At my feet this huge basin seemed to close up, only allowing the river to pass on its way, and give

room for a ford, where the old monks who rode from Strata Florida to Abbey Cwmhir, crossed the rivulet and crept up the side of the opposite hill, having cunningly avoided the difficulties which yonder huge plain would have thrown in its way. Then again on my left, still looking to the west, was another sister stream coming to meet the Claerwen, and joining it a few hundred yards below the monk's road, the Claerthee, and as my eye followed its silvery windings I saw that it too had a wide expanse of open lowland on either side of it, and I knew that its birth-place was Llyn Egnant, or thereabouts. Here Cardiganshire, Radnorshire, and Breconshire have a difficulty in defining their boundaries, and there are a thousand and perhaps more of acres of wild prairie-looking land, too wet for sheep, and too high for cattle, except in the summer months, given up now to a stray snipe, an occasional grouse, some wild ducks, and a few golden plover. But the striking part of this open, bare, and wild landscape is its water-bearing stratification. Gaze which way you may, little trickling courses are pouring themselves into the two large basins below, and I know that only hid from my ken by the low hillocks are lakes on all sides of me—Llyns as we call them in Wales. I can count nearly a dozen within a radius of three or four miles, and I know that there is not such another spot in Wales devoted to the production of pure water.

Judge Talfourd must have sat where I did at that moment on his tour of inspection of the waste lands of Wales, on behalf of the Government some fifty years ago, which caused him to exclaim :--

" 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water, yet its draught
Of cool refreshment drained by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when Nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

Ah! here is a choice spot for a vast reservoir—or two if you like. No vested interest to be interfered with—no robbery to riparian owners—no large population to consult or fall foul of—only Nature to be gently toyed with by art, then firmly held by the even, advancing grip of engineering skill until it is made to yield its fruit in countless millions of gallons at man's beck to the far off populations of London and other large towns. "How far off?" I fancy I hear my disbelieving reader say. "And how do you propose to convey it from such a spot to London?"

I will endeavour to answer these two crucial questions.

The distance to London is about one hundred and seventy-five miles. The route not so difficult as would at first sight appear. The river Claerwen is an easy guide till it joins the Elan; keep the Breconshire bank, and begin to take a higher level on the

hill side till you come to the Wye. Cross the Wye Valley here with an aqueduct—it is very narrow—and this will bring you to the back of Penlanole, and so on to Iscoyd Common, where you catch the water level going north-east to Nantmel, and then due east you fall gradually till you come to the Central Wales Railway near Penybont Station. From here to Llangunllo Station you would rise gradually, keeping the level of the railway, but not higher than nor so high as the level of Iscoyd Common, and from there your difficulties cease. You are soon down on the Teme side, and follow it past Knighton, Leintwardine, Ludlow, Tenbury, and so to Worcester. Here it may be necessary to have a pumping station, so as to surmount the low watershed that the West Midland part of the Great Western traverses near Camden Station. Once over that and your pipes are on a fair way to Oxford, and thence to London.

Some people may say why not follow the river Wye down to Chepstow, cross the estuary of the Severn there, and pump up the water on to the top of the Cotswold Hills, so to find its way down the Thames Valley: but without professing to be an engineer, I should say this would be far more costly and difficult. The rise and fall by the route that I have ventured to point out would be so small that, looking at the altitude of the Claerwen reservoirs, the water would easily surmount them without any artificial process until it arrives at Worcester. Who knows how many begging recipients there might not be for it there. Kidderminster and Stourbridge are now in misery over their water. Birmingham is not over-contented with her supply. Cheltenham and Gloucester might thankfully come to our exhaustless tap. A double line of pipes would hardly suffice, such as the splendid specimens that are now being put down from Llanwddyn, in the Berwyn Mountains, to Liverpool.

Speaking from a personal knowledge of every yard of this route from Claerwen to Worcester, I cannot believe in any engineering difficulty; the crossing the Wye Valley with an aqueduct for about four hundred yards, and one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet high, would be the greatest; and if terms could be made with the London and North-Western Railway Company to allow their land to be utilised alongside the Central Wales Railway to the Knighton side of the Llangunllo tunnel, all is plain sailing afterwards.

To estimates or probable cost I dare not refer. To the amateur and the wandering, wayward fisherman it seems a scheme fraught with no difficulties, either insurmountable or even prohibitively costly. I long only to bring the unerring eye of some great engineer to bear upon it practically, and leave him to work out its problem successfully. London wants pure water. It wants a ground supply. It wants soft water (an element in the saving of soap). It wants to find it where no howl

of opposition can fairly be raised against it. It wants to take a leaf out of Roman tactics, and fetch it, if need be, from afar.

I am bold enough to say that all these wants lie calmly in the lap of yonder wild hills, only awaiting man's aid to their fulfilment. Once establish large reservoirs here, and the capability of supplying large towns with water would be almost unbounded, and you would not rob the Wye or any other important river of a tithe of its volume. Such is the present profligate waste of Nature's gifts hereabouts.

On the Cardiganshire side long water leads are made to carry water for working the Lisburn Mines, but these need not be interfered with. The lords of the soil are the Earl of Lisburne, Mr. Powell, of Nanteos, Mr. Lewis Lloyd, of Nantgwyllt, and perhaps Sir Joseph Bailey, Bart., and for all the income that they now receive per acre for thousands of acres of land and water, London might purchase them at one fell swoop with an infinitesimal rate in the pound. Do not imagine that by this I advocate spoliation without due regard to present interests. Nothing of the kind. Such a scheme as I have ventured to suggest will alter the character of this district, and dispossess a few hundred mountain sheep of their summer pasture, besides other things, all which would have to become a pecuniary calculation, far less an one, however, I believe than would occur anywhere else in the Principality of Wales.

Such a work as this would bring civilisation and improvement in its train. Alongside this underground waterway should run a steam tramway. Starting from the Mid-Wales Railway about three miles east of Rhayader, it should traverse the banks of the Elan and Claerwen, and then after skirting the new lake or lakes, should creep gradually down to Strata Florida, or Tregaron, and open out a short route for the produce of Cardiganshire into England. Such a route as this has been long wanted—it would be many miles more direct than any other, and bring Aberystwith in direct communication with Worcester. A railway was once surveyed over this very route, but it had not the bright idea of a London water supply at its back, and, therefore, was relegated to the huge decaying mass of abortive schemes that fill the archives of the Private Bill Office.

Every week more clearly illustrates the fact that this great question of London's wholesome drink is pressing itself forward irresistibly for solution, and not all the exigencies of party politics or Municipal Reform can delay its fulfilment. Why should not South Wales afford another proof of its wealth of resource and power to aid in this, as she has hitherto done in mineral and manufacturing industries? Above all it will be a feather in her cap thus to be able to utilise her most barren, unpro-

fitable hills, and that without feeling the loss of any waterway, or valuable riparian rights. It is curious that in neither of the rivers taking their rise here, the Claerwen, the Elan (or their sister the Wye), the Towy, the Tivy, or the Irvon, are there any locks, weirs, or any navigation whatever above the tideway. Nor is there a mine or factory at work on any of them that would be likely to claim any interference with its trade. In a fisherman's eye I see no cause to fear such a scheme; on the contrary, a regulation of the flow of these rivers, moderating the floods, and equalising the flow at ordinary times, will do much to assist the fishing. While the lakes already existing on this watershed teem with trout—and the same would of course be the case with any new lakes that might be formed there—salmon would be unable to reach the head of the reservoirs, because there is a rock a few miles down the Claerwen which creates a fall and bars their progress, and the same may be said of the Elan and the Tivy.

Would that some talented wanderers from "horrible London" could find their way to my lone Arcadia, and coming, see what I have but haltingly endeavoured to describe. Perhaps then good tidings might be taken back with them, and all the ribbon armies in London might rejoice. Come, on the excuse to fish, to botanise, to sketch, to explore, there is plenty here to feed your fancies, only do not wander too far from beaten tracks, or trust yourself across those treacherous hills in a fog, or at night, or you will pay the penalty of your temerity by a plunge in a bog, or by a night on the hills, and if you chance on a shepherd's hut you may be regaled by a cup of milk, but of greeting you will get naught, save a shake of the head, and "Dim Sassenach."

How different would all this be if ten years hence London's true drinking fountain were to be made here.

Shrewsbury.

R. D. GREEN PRICE.

THE STORMING OF MOIROSIS'S MOUNTAIN.

[BY AN EX CAPE MOUNTED RIFLEMAN.]

“Get up, Mac, you will be wheeled this time, if you are late for parade,” I shouted to my companion, a fine tall young fellow, dressed in the black uniform of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who was lying stretched out on his blankets in our joint tent. “The Dress Bugle has gone some time! By Jove, there goes the ‘Fall In!’ Hurry up, old fellow; we shall have some queer orders to-night, I expect.”

What a curious scene was before my eyes! A small plain, flanked by the Orange River on one side, and by precipitous rocks on the other, with Moirosi's Mountain stronghold, about eight hundred yards distant, standing out in bold and rugged relief to our front—our camping ground dotted over with white tents, and encircled by an earth entrenchment.

“Fall in!” shouts the sergeant-major to hurry up some laggards, as we take our places in the ranks. We dress, our names are called over, and then “Attention!” is the order, and the sergeant-major reads from his Order Book:—

“The following officers, non-commissioned officers, and men will hold themselves in readiness to march (dismounted) at half-past twelve to-night, each man to carry sixty rounds of ball cartridge. Those who prefer long Schneiders and bayonets to their carbines will be served out with them directly after parade. Right turn! Dismiss.”

“So we are going to storm the mountain again, are we, eh, Mac? More power to the C. M. R. You are not for guard to-night, so come on down to the Canteen. There are sure to be lots of fellows talking over our expedition to-night. I'll bet something that D. and H. are getting up Dutch courage, but they are the only two in the troop who won't take kindly to the job!”

Down we went to the Canteen. Such a babel of voices, in the midst of which you could distinguish such things as—“I say, sergeant, give me tick for a glass of ‘square face!’” or

"What are you going to have, old fellow? Better take a stiff one, while you are about it; one of Moirosi's men may stop your enjoying another for some time to come!"

Everyone seemed in good spirits, and a long face was the exception in our camp that evening. We had tried twice before to take the mountain, and had failed. Many a comrade had been killed, and we were determined this time to get the better of the Baphutis. In another hour the camp had quite changed its aspect. Most of the men had turned into their tents to get a little sleep, knowing that they had tough work before them that night; and soon the tramp of the sentries was about the only sound to be heard. Mac and I went in with the rest, and we hardly seemed to have slept at all when the tall black form of the sergeant-major appeared at the door of our tent, and we heard the words: "Now then! fall in sharp, and make as little noise as you can!"

Up we jump—on go our ammunition belts, and, carbine in hand, we step out from our tent into the starry night. Dark forms are gliding about everywhere as we make our way silently to the parade ground. We fall in, in line, our names are called over, and now, "Left turn! slow march!" is the order. In single file we begin creeping up the rocky footpath leading to Moirosi's Mountain, the abrupt outline of which, in the uncertain light, we could just distinguish looming above us ahead.

Scarcely a sound broke the stillness of the night except the stealthy tread of our men, or the clatter of a pebble, dislodged by some accident, as it bounded over the rocks. Slowly—very slowly—we moved on, for the greatest caution was necessary not to alarm the natives on the mountain. A little in advance of the troop marched those who were told off to carry our rough scaling ladders. Now we are well under the brow of the mountain, and, as yet, not a sound have we heard to denote that the Baphutis expected our attack. In another two hundred yards we shall be in a position to place our ladders. Suddenly, with a mighty crash, a large piece of rock comes thundering down; it strikes a boulder just in front of me, and luckily bounds over our heads, splintering itself below; a fragment hits one of the Fingoes, out on scouting duty, and sends him, doubled up like a ball, down the side of the hill. Then we hear an infernal clatter; dried hides filled with stones are thrown from the mountain, but we are too close under the brow for them to do us any harm, and they go wide of us. As yet, not a shot had been fired, and we creep steadily on till we get to the best place for planting our ladders, and silently wait for day-break—the time fixed on for storming. It wanted an hour-and-a-half yet till dawn, so we sat down as best we could on some piece of rock or another, each man trying to get as much

cover as possible, as the Baphutis still kept on rolling down stones.

Waiting for daybreak! I shall not easily forget those moments; we had lost many of our comrades before, on a like errand, and if thoughts of home and dear ones in the "Hèn Wlâd" came to our minds, it did not make us less keen for the coming fight. At last the first streak of dawn appears, and a Baphuti puts his head over the side of the rock to see what was going on. But, almost simultaneously, the crack of a rifle is heard, and with a thud he comes down, as dead as a door-nail, shot through the head by one of our men.

Now, with a cheer, we rush up the ladders, but they hardly reach a quarter of the way up the precipitous rock, and we have to climb the rest as well as we can. Some fall backwards, but most of us get to the top, and with another cheer we charge across.

What a scene! one volley is fired by the surprised natives, we close on them, and they break up and try to escape. Many are killed as they jump madly over the sides of the precipice, and many take refuge in the "sconces," or walls, and are slaughtered in heaps. I am afraid little quarter was given. Many of our men had been cruelly massacred by the Baphutis on former occasions, and for the moment we only thought of revenge. In half-an-hour's time there was hardly a shot to be heard, except when someone would catch a glimpse of a Baphuti, and fire at him as he tried to escape down the mountain.

The huge and rugged mass of rock, with its almost perpendicular sides, and encircled from top to bottom by rough stone walls, built on natural platforms, having only one very narrow and steep path as a means of access, when lit up by the glare of the enemy's huts that we had set on fire, was a grand and striking spectacle. Heaps of dead bodies lay about everywhere, and carcases and hides of cattle brought up there by the Baphutis, and which had died from starvation, were strewn about on all sides. The terror of the women and children was piteous to see, as they huddled together in groups.

We were not long left in doubt as to whether Moirosi had been well provided with ammunition, for suddenly one of the blazing huts blew up with a loud report, sending fragments of wood, stone, &c., whizzing unpleasantly close to our heads. In one of the walls overlooking our camp we found a white man's skull, neatly built in, and evidently placed there to act as a charm against us, for the Baphutis are a very superstitious race.

A large reward had been offered for Moirosi, dead or alive. Moreover, there was a rumour that the old Chief had a lot of rough diamonds and money hidden away in some recess of his

stronghold ; so every one of us was now intent on the double search. I recollect seeing a brute of a Fingo bring up the dead body of an old Kaffir for identification. When he found that it was not Moirosi, but an old Tambouki chief, he dashed the lifeless head to pieces with his "knobkerrie." Many thought that they had found the coveted body, but were disappointed, and we began to think that the old Chief had made his escape. At last one of our men, exploring a narrow path, half-way down the side of the mountain, on turning a corner, found himself face to face with a group of Kaffirs, some dead, but three evidently unhurt. These he motioned to put down their arms ; which they did, and were following him as prisoners, when one of our men, posted above and ignorant of what had happened, fired directly he saw the Kaffirs leave the shelter of the rock, and killed one of them. This made the other two suspect treachery, and, running back, they took up their guns, and mortally wounded the poor C. M. R. who was leading them out. It turned out that they had been guarding the dead body of their Chief, Moirosi.

Since the attack was over I had posted myself on the ledge of rock before described, immediately above the narrow path, and now anyone who ventured along that path was fired at by the two remaining Kaffirs, who were well provided with ammunition. W., who, early in the morning, had shot a Baphuti on that same path, and badly wounded him, happened to be close to me and I asked him for some particulars ; but as he could give no accurate description (although I had an idea that it might be Moirosi) I gave up my intention of making a dash to identify the body and chance the bullets ; the odds being very heavy against any man who put his head round that corner.

It was nearly noon. I had had nothing to eat since six o'clock the previous evening, and, the excitement being over, I began to feel hungry ; so having got leave from my superior officer, I began making my way down the mountain to the camp. Passing a scone where some nine or ten dead Kaffirs were lying in a heap, I was particularly struck by one of a dirty white colour, his wool quite light, and his eyes of a peculiar grey. He was a rare specimen of Kaffir—this *lusus natura* ! According to the statement of some prisoners he was the man who generally occupied a front place over-looking our camp, and being, what few of his race are, a good shot, had picxed off many of our men in the second attack on the mountain. By some means he had got hold of a Winchester repeating rifle. He looked hideous as he lay there in death, far more so than the ordinary Kaffir. I passed by many a weird scene, hardly noting it at the time, for we had become accustomed to strange sights—aye, and cruel deeds.

On reaching the camp, I found that my messmate had already got some food under weigh, and having satisfied the inner man with a bit of tough beef, boiled in a patrol pot, I stretched myself on a blanket in my tent. I lit the never-failing pipe with a feeling of deep satisfaction that our arduous task of storming Moirosi's Mountain had, at the third attempt, been crowned with success, though many a gallant life had been laid down for it. I had hardly been in camp an hour when I heard that Moirosi's body had just been found, close below the very ledge where I had been so long posted. The finder—a volunteer—landed the two hundred pounds reward. Thus ended this un-Homeric quest for the warrior's dead body. A few days later saw us on the march back to Kokstadt.

WELSHMAN.

THE FUNERAL CUSTOMS OF WALES.

“The dexterous Capuchins,” says Macaulay in his essay on Milton, “never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint until they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibit of him—a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood.” The recent proceedings at Llantrissant have, in a somewhat similar manner, awakened an interest in the manner of disposing of the dead, of which one may possibly take advantage in reviewing the curious funeral customs which, until after the commencement of the present century, obtained in the Principality, and are even now observed in a degree and in a modified form in remote country districts. In doing so, it will be interesting to note that some of the customs carry traces of actions which were the spontaneous expression of proper feeling when the world was young, and which have since received accretions from sources which have themselves become extinct and forgotten.

Fenton believes that the earliest form of Celtic burial was under the low *llech*, unaccompanied by weapons or relics, and commemorated by no graven image or stone, and was brought from the east by the Druids, when they led into Britain the first of the Celtic tribes which peopled the island, called in the triads the three pacific tribes. Then followed the warriors or chieftains, “who were buried under the *cistfaen* in cairns or tumuli,” which in turn was succeeded by urn burial, chiefly in mounds of earth and stone, which form, ranging in point of antiquity with the first and second, “continued down to the earliest introduction of Christianity, and, perhaps, in some rare instances was used after that period to commemorate the interment of the semi-Romanised British princes.”

It is, however, with the customs which prevailed after the introduction of Christianity that we wish more particularly here to deal, when literal belief in the resurrection of the body led to careful interment, attempts to preserve the remains intact, and a train of observances many of which would have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, until finally nearly every step from decease to sepulture was marked with superstition.

The custom of tolling bells, which is still observed in Welsh parishes, is as old as the use of bells themselves in Christian churches, that is about the seventh century. Prior to the Reformation bells were tolled to summon the priest to perform extreme unction to the dying person in case of no other admonition. “The passing bell,” says Grosse, “was anciently

rung for two purposes: one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing; the other to drive away evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify it in its passage." By the ringing of the bell, however, they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called "law." At the beginning of the present century the tolling took place after death, and is now continued, like many another irrational custom, "out of respect for the deceased." In Anglesey, but a century ago, when the parish bells announced the death of a person, it was immediately inquired upon what day the funeral was to be; and on the night previous all the neighbours assembled at the house where the corpse was, which they called *ty corph*. In the Articles of Visitation for the diocese of St. David's, in 1662, it is asked, "doth the parish clerk or sexton, when any person is passing out of life, upon notice being given him thereof, toll a bell, as hath been accustomed, that the neighbours may thereby be warned to recommend the dying person to the grace and favour of God." In the parish of Llanfair, Dyffryn Clwyd, a handbell is kept, which was at one time rung at the head of funeral processions. At Dolgelly the bell, in some cases, is not only tolled at death, but every day between that and the funeral; and distinctions are made, such as—three times for a man, twice for a woman, a lighter bell being used at the death of a child; while at Aberystwith the Town Crier announces a public funeral by walking through the streets, and giving at intervals two melancholy twangs on his bell. The bells of the ancient church of Llanbadarn Fawr, which are celebrated for their sweet sounds, are all inscribed, the "big one" saying—

I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.

It is open to doubt whether the practice of "sin eating" at all prevailed in Wales. It mainly rests upon the testimony of Aubrey, who, speaking of 1686, says "this custom is used to this day in North Wales," though there is a note to Brand which adds that "Mr. Gwin, the minister at Brecon, could not in 1640 hinder the performance of this ancient custome." It is supposed to have originated from the text in Hosea, "They eat up the sin of my people." When a person died, it is said, notice was given to an "old sire," who stood before the door of the house where the dead lay, and after eating and drinking "pronounced with a composed gesture the ease and rest of the soul departed, for which he would pawn his own soul." Possibly the custom took a later form, for at a subsequent date it was customary, in parts of Wales near the borders, when the corpse was brought out of the house, for a female relation to give over the coffin a number of white loaves in a great dish, and some-

times a well-made Welsh cheese with a piece of money stuck in it, to certain poor persons. Afterwards she presented a cup of drink, requiring that a little should be drunk immediately, after which they all knelt down, and the minister, if present, repeated the Lord's Prayer.

In former times at Dolgelly and other places in Merionethshire the corpse was decorated with variegated laurel leaves and laurustinus flowers; and one has a little difficulty in "delving this to the root," except that All Saints' and All Soul's Days fall in November, and that, according to the floral directory of the months, laurustinus was connected with the names of saints whose festivals were coincident. It may be easier to account for the practice which also prevailed in North Wales, of carrying a sprig of rosemary in the hand or button-hole at funerals, and of throwing it into the grave at the termination of the service. "That's for remembrance," as Ophelia says in *Hamlet*, though rosemary might have been used as an alexipharmic before it carried its poetical significance. In some places a sprig of rosemary was given to mourners with their *Cacen Gorph*, or piece of cake. While on this subject reference may be made to the practice of decking the grave with flowers, a practice which prevails in South Wales to a greater extent than in the Northern portion of the Principality; and is not only wide-spread in one form or other, but of remote antiquity. The transition from heathenism to Christianity offered no bar to the mortuary chaplet, and our ancestors seem to have continued its use from time immemorial. It is undoubtedly a beautiful form of showing our feelings towards the dead. In North Wales *Sul-y-blodau* was observed until a recent period, when the graves were richly decked with flowers; and in border parishes the garlands or wreaths were hung up in church over the pew which in life was occupied by the deceased. Malkin (1804) says that "in Glamorganshire, the bed on which the corpse lies is always strewed with flowers, and the same custom is observed after it is laid in the coffin. . . . The planting of graves with flowers is confined to the villages, and the poorer people. It is perhaps a prettier custom. It is very common to dress the graves on Whit-Sunday and other festivals when flowers are to be procured; and the frequency of this observance is a good deal affected by the respect in which the deceased was held. My father-in-law's grave, in Cowbridge Church, has been strewed by his surviving servants every Sunday morning for these twenty years." Farther on the same writer adds, "The vulgar and illiberal prejudice against old maids and old bachelors subsists among the Welsh in a very disgraceful degree, so that their graves have not unfrequently been planted by some satirical neighbours, not only with rue, but with thistles, nettles, hemlock, and other noxious weeds." A few years ago

the writer of this article was with a party of friends in the churchyard which adjoins the celebrated school at Ystrad Meurig, in Cardiganshire. A native who was doing the honours pointed out a grave, covered with nettles, as the resting-place of an eminent man whose relatives thought he deserved a public monument, and as a reminder had purposely left the place in a neglected state. "And I suppose," added the wag of the party, "that the old gentleman himself is also considerably nettled about it."

Several customs observed to-day in the Roman Catholic Church continued to be generally observed in Wales up to a recent period. Even in the centre of Methodism, at Bala, it was customary within the memory of middle-aged people for lads to solicit "*bwyd cenad y meirw*," or food for souls to leave purgatory, though doubtless they no more knew the origin of the custom, called "souling" in England, than they devoted the pence they obtained in payment for prayers for the alleviation of suffering souls. Another custom from the same direction was the burning of candles at the head or feet of the corpse. At the beginning of the present century in Anglesey, the coffin with the remains was placed on stools in an open part of the house, covered with black cloth, or if the deceased was unmarried, with a clean white sheet, with three candles burning on it; while in Cardiganshire, according to Meyrick (1804), when a person died among the peasantry the first thing done was to provide candles, which were lighted every night, and a person of the family sat up with the deceased. In Merionethshire antique candle moulds are sometimes still found in farm houses, and it was customary for neighbours to take with them to the *Wylnos* candles and eatables for presentation to the relations of the deceased, and candles made for that purpose were exempt from taxation. In some places a "*cwrw bach*" was set up; the proceeds of the sale, called by the singularly combined Saxon-Welsh words "shot-gladdu," were devoted to the payment of funeral expenses. There were also the "shot-cyn-hebrwng," where a certain number guaranteed the expenses of the funeral feast of cake and spiced ale, and recouped themselves by contributions from women, "shot-y-merched," and from the men, "shot-y-meibion," who attended. Sometimes the hat would be sent around for a second and third "shot," in order to obtain an additional quantity of drink, but the first round only was called "shot-cyn-hebrwng."

The *Wylnos*, or night of watching, and the funeral feast, undoubtedly owe their origin to practices in remote antiquity. Watching the dead must have been a necessity in primitive times, though Dr. Jamieson believes the custom originated "in a silly superstition with respect to the danger of a corpse being carried off by some of the agents of the invisible world

or exposed to the ominous liberties of wild animals." In North Wales, in former times, every person on entering the room in which was the corpse, fell devotedly on his knees before the coffin and repeated to himself the Lord's Prayer or any other that he chose. Afterwards, if he was a smoker, a pipe and tobacco were offered to him. When the assembly was full the parish clerk read the common service appointed for the burial of the dead, at the conclusion of which psalms, hymns, and godly songs were sung, and sometimes an oration was given. Meyrick gives an amusing description of a Cardiganshire *Wylnos*. "The second night is employed in making a prodigious cake to be distributed on the following day. On the evening previous to the funeral immense numbers of persons go to the house of the deceased, and immediately repair to the chamber in which the corpse is placed, and approach, looking on it with a sigh, then turn round to the nearest relation of the deceased, who makes a point of sitting up with it on this night and the following day. They ask some questions, which are answered with tears, frequently artificial, but sometimes genuine. Leaving the corpse, they enter a room below, where the large cake, with wine, awaits their voracious appetites. Cold meat and ale are at the same time ready for the inferior persons who attend. The parish priest, or nowadays a disciple of Calvin or Arminius, then unites with the people in prayer, and this is frequently continued until one o'clock at night, when the company depart." The *Wylnos* is still observed as a prayer meeting, at which a short address is sometimes given, in Cardiganshire and North Wales, but as it is a pregnant means of spreading disease it is being rapidly discontinued. At Aberystwith the singular custom prevails of fetching the bier on the night preceding the funeral, the next-of-kin carrying it, accompanied by a large crowd of male friends.

The funeral feast, given in Wales until recently, also comes from remote times, Cecrops being said to have instituted it for the purpose of renewing decayed friendships amongst old friends. Sometimes before the interment, the body is, even now in Cardiganshire, exposed to the view of all friends and neighbours; and the entertainment given at the funeral is called the "arddel" dinner, *arddel* meaning to "avouch or challenge." "This custom," says Brand, "seems of very distant antiquity, being a solemn festival, made at the time of publicly exposing the corpse, to exculpate the heir and those entitled to the possessions of the deceased from fines to the lord of the manor, and from all accusations of having used violence. The dead were thus exhibited by ancient nations, and perhaps the custom was introduced into Britain by the Romans." Generally speaking, the feasts have been discontinued, but in former times in Wales, not only did it cost "as

much to bury a dead wife as to portion off a daughter," but after the funeral the mourners adjourned to the public-house, which in many cases had an entrance leading from the churchyard, and there finished up the day by drowning sorrow in the cheering cup.

Expensive mourning and a large funeral procession are still considered marks of respect for the deceased, though each carries as much reason as the practice observed in 1796, in Llanvetherine, Mon., where "the common people tied a dirty cloth about their heads when they appeared as chief mourners at a funeral." In former times at every crossway between the house and the church the bier was laid down, and all knelt and said the Lord's Prayer. The bier was carried by the next of kin, which was considered the highest respect that filial piety could pay the deceased. It was reckoned fortunate for the deceased if it should rain while the funeral procession moved along, because the bier would be wet by the dew of heaven. The heathens sang their dead "to the ground," believing that souls after death returned to the original of musical sweetness. It was adopted by the early Christians, and has been continued in Wales down to the present day. Formerly, among the gentry, it was the practice to invite aged people to attend the funeral, a suit of clothes being presented to each. Thus, when Mrs. Margaret Godolphin, aged ninety, was buried in Llanyblodwel churchyard, she was followed by as many old women (dressed in white flannel gowns) as she was years of age. The following order was observed in 1647 of a Welsh gentleman:—"First the poore, 2 & 2, then the seruants of the howse in clokes, then the baner carried by a kinesman of blood; then the helme and crest by an other, then the cote of armes by an other, then the precher, then the corpes carried by the gentry of kindred, then his sonne and heyre alone, then his brethren 2 & 2 (and so all wch. haue blacks according to neernesse of blood), then the women in black, in like manner, then the knightes, esquires, etc." It is said that a practice recently prevailed in some parts of Glamorganshire of carrying the body of one who was in arrear at his burial club in a manner suggestive of the couplet—

Rattle his bones over the stones,
'Tis only a pauper whom nobody owns.

In these days of luxurious funeral furniture it is scarcely conceivable that in Wales, three generations ago, people were buried without coffins, as is shown by the registers of Tregaron and Llanfihangel-Genueurglyn parishes. The bodies of the poor were wrapped in canvas or flannel, and in some cases carried to the grave in a common coffin, one large and one small one being provided for the use of the parish, just as a common bier is kept at the present time. In North Wales the

dead were buried in the "*cadach deupen*" (the cloth with two ends), and let down into the grave by ropes fastened to each. At Trefeglwys the cloth having given way, the clergyman prohibited further interments of the kind, and that was probably the last burial which occurred in Montgomeryshire without a coffin.

Though fixed fees are almost general in South Wales, in the North the *offrwm* is still carried out, and it is no doubt a relic of offerings made in pre-Reformation times to the priest to say masses for the repose of the soul. At any rate it was condemned in Queen Elizabeth's time by "divers godly and learned," in a list of "grosse Poyntes of Poperie evident to all men." At Dolgelly, Machynlleth, and other places at the present time the next-of-kin places a silver coin on a plate on the altar or coffin, and it is considered a mark of great disrespect to the dead not to follow suit with a penny here as well as at the grave or lych gate, where the clerk and sexton are considered. In some cases as much as fifteen or eighteen pounds have been collected, so that it has been aptly described as a "providential augmentation of poor livings." At one time the sexton held his spade over the grave to receive his "*arian y rhaw*." The following curious entry still exists in the Tregaron register, on the subject of fees:—"There is due to y^e Vicar, One Shilling for every Burying provided he metes y^e corps before the beer is layd att y^e gate or entrance of y^e churchyard; but otherwise there is due but six pence." To his clerk "for digging of every grave where there is a coffin to be layd there is due Two Shillings and Sixpence, and when there is no coffin there is but due 2 pence. At the death of every marryed man and woman there is due to y^e clerk, of y^e man's wearing apparel his best hatt and his best shoes and stockings; and from every woman her head flannen or hood, and her best shoes and stockings, besides what is due for digging of their graves."

We will conclude with an extract, quoted a few years ago by the Rector of Merthyr, from the funeral sermon of one David Morgan, rector of Llanymawddwy, who used to be chaffed for having prayed fourteen days for King William after Queen Victoria had ascended the throne:—"Good people of Llanymawddwy," he said, "My dear beloved brethren, we are met together here to-day for a great preachment—a preachment for a dead body—the body of good Squire Thomas, the squire of our parish. We did all love him though he had scolded us shocking, but he is dead now, as dead as a door nail—yes indeed—for I did see him with my own eyes before they did screw him up."

Aberystwith.

W. R. H.

THE STORY OF AN ENVELOPE.

BY

DENZIL VANE.

Author of "Sylvia's Secret," "Chance or Fate," "A Sapphire Ring," "An Inheritance of Sorrow," &c., &c.

"Now, William, I am sure he is a perfect gentleman—just look at the diamond ring he wears, and I could swear his coats are from Poole's. It is very evident that he admires our Amanda, for I caught his eyes fixed on her only this morning at the *table d'hôte*, and I think I am as good a judge of a gentleman as anyone!"

This clinching remark fairly silenced the good lady's husband—a fat, red-faced specimen of the flourishing British genus *parvenu*, who, having made his money in the tallow-chandlery way, had "sunk the shop" and set up a gorgeous house in the most aristocratic part of Brighton. The worthy couple, with their pretty daughter, were enjoying their annual holiday abroad, for Mrs. Higgins had professed herself utterly weary of the delights of home watering-places, and averred that nothing would satisfy her ambition but a tour through Switzerland and Northern Italy. Accordingly the obedient husband had agreed to bid a temporary adieu to his *Laves* and *Penates*, and for several weeks had been dragged from one tourist-haunted resort to another, until they reached Bellagio, the most charming spot on the much praised Lake of Como.

Mrs. Higgins went into conventional raptures over the beauty of the scenery, and declared her determination to spend a few weeks at that "eavenly place"—for, in moments of enthusiasm, Mrs. Higgins occasionally omitted the most important and elusive letter in the English alphabet.

Miss Amanda dutifully added her entreaties to those of her mother, and the unwilling William, who had secret yearnings for home and its comforts, was fain to bow his neck to the yoke, and resign himself to the course of events.

The gentleman, who at that moment was the bone of contention between the worthy pair, was also sojourning in the hotel where they had taken up their abode, and, as Mrs. Higgins

had shrewdly observed, was evidently struck with the fair Amanda's many charms. Day after day, at the *table d'hôte*, admiring glances from a pair of remarkably fine dark eyes betrayed the interest their owner felt in the pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired English girl; but hitherto no opportunity had arisen for the undeclared admirer to scrape acquaintance, either with the young lady or her parents. But Fortune proverbially favours the brave, and on the very evening of the anxious couple's discussion over the social position of their daughter's admirer, an opportunity *did* occur.

Amanda was tempted, by the extreme beauty of the evening, to indulge in a saunter through the charming gardens of the hotel, while her mother retired to her own room—ostensibly to write letters, but really—low be it whispered—to indulge in just forty delightful winks after dinner.

Amanda wandered on at her own sweet will through the groves of orange and lemon trees, which at that evening hour sent forth a subtle and delicious fragrance. The whole scene was new and entrancing to the untravelled girl, whose journeyings hitherto had not extended beyond her native isle.

The wonderful hues of the flowers; the gorgeous colours of the sunset; the distant sounds of music from some passing boat on the lake, filled her romantic little heart with vague dreams of love and lovers, with a hundred fancies of what the future might have in store. As Fate would have it, at that very moment Amanda turned down a narrow winding path, through a thick clump of flowering shrubs; and, with mingled feelings of embarrassment and pleasure, she saw a tall, manly figure not twenty paces in advance of her. Amanda was not slow to recognise her diffident admirer, for she had often marked with appreciative eyes his erect carriage, well set up figure, and generally *distingué* air.

The question was, should she continue her walk or retrace her steps to the hotel? But—on such mere straws does our destiny turn—a very trifling incident determined her. The gentleman who was still strolling leisurely on, in apparent unconsciousness of his fair one's propinquity, at that moment chanced to draw his handkerchief from his pocket, and in doing so also drew from it an envelope, which fluttered to the ground almost at Amanda's feet. Feminine curiosity could not resist the temptation of learning the name of an undeclared, but too-evident admirer; she stooped and picked up the envelope, which had fallen address uppermost on the ground. It was with mingled feelings of elation and intense astonishment that she read the superscription:

BARON HAUTEVILLE,
HOTEL BRISTOL,
PARIS.

Amanda fairly gasped for breath. Here was a triumph! Actually a real live English lord enslaved by her charms, and ready no doubt to declare his passion at the very first opportunity. What would the haughty and supercilious damsels, who belonged to a social *clique* above the one in which the Higgins' family lived and moved, say to this!

These exulting thoughts pursued each other through Amanda's mind as she stood rooted to the spot, with the fateful envelope in her hand. But her resolution was soon taken; she hurried after the retreating figure of the noble Englishman and with breathless eagerness stammered out:

"I—I—beg your pardon, but I think you have dropped something—"

She paused, and held out the betraying envelope, blushing rosy-red as she did so, and wondering if she ought to call this grand creature "my lord," and thus confess her knowledge of his rank. The blush was a very becoming one, and the stranger looked with unconcealed admiration at Amanda's pretty changing face and downcast eyes, although a slight furrow of vexation ruffled his lordship's smooth, white forehead.

"Thank you," he said in low musical tones, which to Amanda's ears seemed to have the true aristocratic ring. "The envelope *does* belong to me, but," he added with a hasty glance at the superscription, "I am exceedingly vexed that my *incognito* should have been betrayed."

Amanda was silent, for surprise and confusion had robbed her of the power of speech. Doubtless Lord Hauteville read her silence aright, for he smiled benignly down on her as he held out his hand.

"But now *you* know my name," he said earnestly, "I think in common fairness you should tell me yours."

Amanda's silly little heart fluttered like a prisoned dove, but she managed to stammer out:

"My name is Higgins—Amanda Higgins," she added, hoping that the romance of her Christian name would in some sort redeem the uncompromising vulgarity of Higgins—a name that could but be distasteful to aristocratic ears.

"A very pretty name too—Amanda—I may call you Amanda, may I not?" he added pleadingly.

The girl blushed even deeper than before, but soon bethought herself that this seeming familiarity was doubtless but the polished ease of high-bred manners—manners so entirely different, and so infinitely superior to the stiffness and constraint of the young and wealthy tradesmen from whom she was accustomed to receive adulation. Amanda, therefore, did not try to check her admirer's rapid advances, and before they were an hour older Lord Hauteville and she were well on the road to friendship, if not of a tenderer feeling.

A spice of romance was infused into the circumstances of their mutual introduction by means of the dropped envelope, and to Amanda's girlish imagination the charm of the affair was enhanced a thousand-fold, when her high-born admirer confided to her that he was travelling *incognito* for family reasons, and that his name and rank were unsuspected in the hotel, where he was known simply as Captain Munster. During the following week Amanda and Lord Hauteville met constantly, and it was soon evident to the delighted parents that they had every prospect of calling a peer of the realm son-in-law. Amanda had, of course, poured into the maternal ear the whole story of the *rencontre* in the hotel gardens, and that worthy woman declared that she had always thought her daughter's unknown admirer had something uncommon and *distingué* about him.

Nothing could have been more perfect in its way than Lord Hauteville's manner towards the ex-tallow chandler and his wife; courteous and deferential to a fault, there was yet just a touch of aristocratic *hauteur* and reserve when he addressed the parents of the fair Amanda—a reserve which, however, entirely vanished when he talked to the young lady herself. Never since the days of King Cophetua was there so complete an overthrow of all social barriers of rank. The descendant of a long line of noble ancestors placed his hand and heart at Amanda's little feet, with as many professions of his unworthiness as if her position in the world had been equal—or even superior to his own.

Mr. Higgins was charmed with his prospective son-in-law, and in the fulness of his heart avowed his own humble origin, at the same time adding that, as Amanda was his only daughter, he proposed making a handsome settlement on her when she married.

"My dear sir," replied his lordship, when the good man had finished speaking, "I love your daughter for her own sake, as I daresay you have already guessed, for I have been at no pains to hide my intentions with regard to her. What settlements you may think proper to make are immaterial to me. I only ask your permission to make Amanda my wife, that is, if I can first win her own consent."

"My dear sir—I mean my lord," Mr. Higgins replied, grasping the other's hand, "you 'ave my entire consent, and I think I may say I can guess the answer you will 'ave from Amanda—the dear child cannot 'ide her feelings."

Lord Hauteville shuddered slightly at the neglected aspirates, but shook Mr. Higgins's hand warmly.

"By-the-bye," he said, with a shade of hesitation in his manner, "now that we are on the subject of 'filthy lucre,' there is a little matter on which I wish to speak to you. No doubt you have heard from Miss Amanda of my position here—of my

desire to keep my rank a secret at present. Now unfortunately this reticence has one vexatious consequence. I cannot cash or even write a cheque; and until my remittances reach me from England I am at a standstill for ready money. Could you—”

“Certainly I could,” interrupted the worthy Higgins, his face beaming with honest good nature, “pray consider me your banker, and draw on me, my lord, for any sum you may require.”

“Fifty pounds will be the extent of my obligation to you,” rejoined Lord Hauteville, smiling good-humouredly at the other’s eagerness. “That sum will suffice for my needs until I can cash a cheque.”

Mr. Higgins accordingly handed over fifty pounds in notes to Lord Hauteville, who in return gave his I O U for the amount as his acknowledgment of the debt. That evening Amanda received a formal offer of marriage from Lord Hauteville. The ardent lover assured the blushing girl that her father’s consent was already gained, and so eloquent were his pleadings, so earnest his look and tone when he begged for his answer, that Amanda timidly placed her hand in his with the whispered assurance that she was won.

The engagement was cordially ratified by the parents of the *fiancée*, and it was arranged that Amanda should return with her parents to England, where, when certain family affairs could be arranged, Lord Hauteville would visit them. But, before their departure from Bellagio, his lordship was again obliged to have recourse to his future father-in-law’s purse. It was, he said, still necessary for him to maintain his *incognito*, and, under present circumstances, he had no hesitation in availing himself of Mr. Higgins’s generous offer.

As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made Mr. and Mrs. Higgins returned with their daughter to England, to make fitting preparation for Lord Hauteville’s reception at their house in Brighton. After mature deliberation it was finally decided that a suite of rooms should be engaged for him at the Grand Hotel, for the worthy couple agreed that the accommodation afforded by their own home would not be altogether what they could wish for so distinguished a guest.

Amanda herself was fully occupied in devising a series of the most charming costumes in which she intended to provoke the admiring envy of her female friends, and ravish the heart of her handsome and aristocratic betrothed. Between the excitement of anticipation and the bustle of preparation the time passed pleasantly enough, both for Amanda and her parents. In due time Lord Hauteville arrived in Brighton and took up his quarters in the elegant suite of rooms engaged

for him. Absence had apparently only deepened his feelings for Amanda, who on her side responded with becoming affection to his warm protestations of devotion.

For a time all went merrily as the proverbial "marriage bell." But alas! there was *one* cloud on the horizon—*one* bitter drop in the full cup of happiness which smiling Fortune presented to the lips of the fair Amanda. This one element of bitterness was embodied in the person of the son and heir of the Higgins', who had been hastily summoned from town—where, truth to say, he still superintended the paternal shop—to aid in entertaining their noble guest. From the first the younger Higgins had obstinately set his face against his sister's engagement. Amanda, although she loved her rough-spoken, bearish elder brother, confessed to herself that "Dear Tom was always so unreasonable, and was so terribly Radical in his opinions that the mere mention of a lord was enough to put him out of humour for a week."

Now this same Tom, with all his *brusquerie* of manner, had a good stock of plain common-sense, and he was determined that his pretty sister should not be persuaded into a hasty marriage by her too ambitious parents, without enquiry being made into Lord Hauteville's antecedents. Tom's suspicions had been aroused, by one or two trifling statements let fall by his lordship during the confidential hour after dinner when the ladies had retired. At least there was one very simple way of testing some of Lord Hauteville's pretensions; Tom determined to consult the sacred volumes of *Debrett*. This "happy thought" occurred to him while Lord Hauteville, his father, and he were sitting over their wine before joining the ladies in the drawing-room; and Tom was determined not to lose an instant in proving or disproving his suspicions. He made some excuse to their guest, and slipped upstairs to his own private den, where he remembered to have seen the volumes in question.

With a slightly quickened pulse he took down the red and gold tomes, and rapidly turned the pages. He half dreaded the upshot of his search. No! after all his suspicions had been unfounded; there was the very name he sought, "Hauteville, Baron." But stay; there was a fatal sentence inscribed beneath: "Title extinct and held in abeyance." Tom closed the book with a sharp snap of rage. They had all been fooled then—they were the dupes of an impostor; his sister had all but fallen a victim to a mere adventurer. At least he (Tom) had discovered the shameless imposture in time; he would unmask and expose the whole disgraceful swindle! Smothering his anger as he best could, Tom returned to the dining-room, where his father and the so-called Lord Hauteville sat in friendly converse over their wine. In spite of his resolution

to act at once without pause or mercy, Tom's honest heart sank as he thought of the cruel disappointment he was about to inflict on his relatives. At least he would spare his father the mortification of hearing, without some word of preparation, how utterly he had been duped.

During the remainder of the evening Amanda noticed that her brother was paler and more silent than usual, but she did not give the subject a second thought. Poor Tom was only a little sulky, and would soon come round. When Lord Hauteville rose to take his leave for the night, Tom jumped up and volunteered to walk home with his lordship, an offer which was met with some surprise and a little unwillingness on the part of their guest, but no verbal objection was made to Tom's proposed companionship, and the two men sallied forth together.

"It is a fine moonlight night, and the walk home along the King's Road will be charming," said his lordship, linking his arm in that of the unwilling Tom. Now the critical moment had arrived the accusing words were slow to come, and Tom's brain was too full of the subject for any attempt at ordinary conversation. They walked along in silence for a few minutes. At length the words came, short, sharp, and to the purpose.

"This evening I have made a discovery," Tom said in stern, quiet tones that made the other start. "You are no more Lord Hauteville than I am, and you are a confounded scoundrel!"

The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the accused man fairly staggered under the severity of the onset; but he soon pulled himself together, and turned on his assailant with some show of coolness.

"May I enquire what has caused you to form that opinion?" The words were studiously courteous in tone, but the bright moonlight showed a lurking sneer about the corners of the speaker's lips that made Tom's blood boil.

"I looked in *Debrett* for your trumpety title—which, by-the-bye, I find has been extinct for years!" was the furious reply.

"True, it *was* extinct—you consulted, perhaps, an old *Debrett*—but it has since been revived. Come, my dear fellow," his lordship continued in a friendly tone, "I see you are flurried now. Let us say good-night here, and to-morrow, if you and your father will breakfast with me at ten o'clock, I will explain everything to your entire satisfaction."

Tom was dumb-founded at the new turn of affairs, and as he had *not* noticed the date of the volume of *Debrett*, he thought it best to consult his father before taking further steps in the matter. So he bade Lord Hauteville "Good-night" at

the steps of the "Grand," and returned home to pass the night in restless musings.

The next morning, punctual to the appointment, Mr. Higgins and Tom presented themselves at the hotel. Their rage, mortification, and disgust can better be imagined than described when they learnt that "Lord Hauteville" had left Brighton by the first train, none knew whither; and that was the very last heard of Amanda's *fiancé*, in spite of all the efforts of the detective police. A very heavy hotel bill was presented to the hapless tallow-chandler, who has since been a "sadder and a wiser man."

AN OLD GRAMMAR.

It would be hard, perhaps, to find a book of less pecuniary value than a second-hand grammar. New editions are being so constantly brought out, that an old one will generally only fetch its value as waste paper. Any member of the *jeunesse dorée* at either of our Universities will testify to this fact. As soon as he has come to the end of his undergraduate career, either by tacking the magic letters B.A. on to his name, or else by removing the said name from the "Varsity books," his first proceeding, usually, is to dispose at once of all the literature he has acquired during his residence in Alma Mater. This statement, however, is not true of every old grammar, but only of such as are—as the Yankee said of the cucumber—"neither old nor young, but of a certain age, like one's aunt." When a grammar reaches the respectable age of close on two hundred years it is possible, as we hope to show, to derive a certain amount of amusement from it, if not very much instruction. The book we now propose to examine is entitled "The Complete French Master for Ladies and Gentlemen. For the use of his late Highness the Duke of Gloucester, by Mr. A. Boyer, author of the *Royal Dictionary*." The dedication bears date Whitehall, 1697.

The author commences the said dedication by deprecating any "encomiums on those early virtues that shine so gloriously in your Highness." The reason he gives for this reticence is his fear of being "censured as a flatterer," and to carry out this course consistently, he proceeds in a strain of fulsome compliment for another page of the work. In the preface which follows, he apparently repents himself of this adulation, and tries to atone for it by a remark which, if intended to be a compliment, is certainly one, as he himself would say, *de la main gauche*. He says that he published some twenty-six years previously another work, "calculated for the tenderest capacities, and chiefly designed for the late Duke of Gloucester, to whom it was inscribed." He then proceeds in a tone of lofty contempt to refer to "the jealousy and envy of some of our grammaticasters," and also to another book which he stigmatises as a "foul plagiarism," and finally to "a pedantic ridicule rather fit to divert than to provoke one's spleen."

The book is divided into several parts: the first of which is devoted to "A new methodical French Grammar;" the second, "A copious Vocabulary," is chiefly remarkable for the extreme elasticity of the heading of the separate lists of words. For instance, under "Diseases" we find a ghastly column commencing with "the distemper," including "a box on the ear," "a fisticuff," "a fillip on the nose," and terminating with "the resurrection!" Under "cloaths" we find "cover sluts," "linen—clean and foul," "spectacles" and "a toothpicker." Women apparently wore some remarkable garments called "the jumps," also "a skin." Under the heading "eating" we find the "beaver" or "afternooning" (*gouter*). "*Bœuf à la mode*" is translated—idiomatically enough—"alamode beef." The "arts, sciences, and professions" range from "a metaphysician" down to "a beggar." The list of beasts commences with "a wild beast," and ends with "a molehill."

After the vocabulary, Mr. Boyer gives us a list of "familiar phrases of eating and drinking," wherein we find sad signs of the times in the remarks—"I have eat my bellyfull," "I have no more stomach," "I am very dry." He then launches at once into conversation, commencing with a dialogue between "a governess and a young lady or gentlewoman." The governess addresses her charge as follows:—"Are you in bed still?" and the young lady replies, "I do but slumber." Further, the said Y. L. asserts that "she has a cold and does nothing but cough and spit," and then requests the governess to "Comb my head," to which that lady crisply and tersely replies, "Comb your own head." After this, from a slight character-sketch dashed off by the governess, we gather that her amiable pupil "learns nothing," "is lazy," "mutters to herself," "will not eat her breakfast," "does not love fat," "eats too much," and finally goes to bed with the comforting assurance that she "will be sick."

From school girls the natural transition would be to school-boys, but the author's style is quite untrammelled by any ordinary ideas of sequence, and he interpolates a monologue (naturally of considerable length) on the weather. First he says "I am extreme hot;" but one experiences every possible variety of temperature from snow and "deadly hail" to the sky clearing and a rainbow. Here we might expect him to stop; but no! Mr. Boyer knew our climate as well as our language, and, with true pathos (or true satire), he ends sadly, "'Tis a stinking fog."

After this interlude we come to the school-boys, who apparently do not behave much better than the school-girls, as one of them commences by remarking to another (A.) "I'll set you up," to which mysterious threat B. replies promptly, "I'll complain to the master." A. answers perversely, "I care not,"

and so B. proceeds to inform the master that he (A.), "spit on my cloaths," "pulled me by the hair," "loll'd out his tongue at me," "kicked me," "thrust me out of my place," "struck me on the face," and "scratched my face with his nails." A. not unnaturally denies this list of outrages, and threatens to beat B. "back and belly," but is finally "taken up and soundly whipped." Soon after this they go to bed, and then B., the moral boy, bids A. "to lay all his cloaths, in order that he may find them in the morning," to which A. retorts by telling B. to "take his breeches and lay them under the pillow." Further on A. gets fidgety and remarks suddenly, "The fleas bite me." B. (who must surely have been a lineal ancestor of young Wackford Squeers) answers, "We have never a one, why then do you leap out of bed." In the morning, however, it takes no less than a page-and-a-half of B.'s exhortations to induce A. to rise, and then he only accomplishes the feat by "pulling the bed-cloaths off." While they are dressing, B. discovers that "some one" (presumably A.) "has broken five or six teeth out of his comb," and they then put on their new suits of "cloaths," "because it is the Queen's birthday."

The lady of the period is apparently as loath to rise as the schoolboy, as she delays the evil moment by asking her maid the time, discovering, of course, that her watch has run down, sending her maid to the parlour to ascertain the hour (half-past ten!) and then refusing to stir till her "shift is warmed."

The "Dinner Dialogue" gives us a curious picture of the manners and customs of the day. They dine at twelve o'clock (the "lady" must have had a good appetite), the glasses are "set upon the cupboard," and cushions are "set on the chairs." The guests wash their hands in a basin and wipe them with "a napkin" before beginning. A great deal of ceremony is gone through about who is to "sit down in the first place." There is a quaint Scriptural ring about all this. Then, in spite of the order about the chairs one man has to sit on a "bench" and another on a "stool." Dinner begins with "French soup," and the host complains that "the bread is stale,"—one of the guests—too polite to differ—says "It is mouldy," but at last they get some that is "very savoury." Then the host tells his guest that, "Sir, you eat nothing." (Guest.): "I beg your pardon, I eat as much as two others." Then they drink to one another for about two columns, and, not unnaturally, we find the observation, "You are a great drinker and a small eater." (Ans.): "Excuse me, I eat heartily." After this they get abusive, for we now read, "You devour your meat, you are a greedy gut," "Do not lick your fingers." Everything ends satisfactorily, however, as we find the host saying, "You make me blush, to prevent by your commendations the excuses I owe you for entertaining you so ill,"—a remark so laboured and

difficult of comprehension as to recall to most of us some of the after dinner speeches of the present day. The after effects of the dinner are, however, disastrous, as Dialogue xxiii. introduces us to a "Patient" (one of the guests of course), who sends for a "Physician," because he has "a pain in his head, his heart akes, and he has a pain in the stomach." In spite of his pathetic plea that he has been "let blood last week," his physician insists on opening a vein, wherein he "makes a great orifice." The result of this remedy is that next day the patient remarks, "I am gone," "I decay very sensibly." The physician, however, assures him that he will recover, and asks to see the blood that "was let yesterday," which is "in three porringers on the window." He then lets blood *again*, in spite of which sanguinary treatment the patient is enabled on the following day to "eat a chicken" and "drink some small beer with a toast," as well as "some wine and water." Verily there were giants on the earth in those days. Our hero (for such presumably he is) soon recovers sufficiently to hold a dialogue with "a tailor," and "a woolen (*sic*) draper." He "is carried" by the tailor to the "woolen draper," where, after a good deal of haggling, they buy five yards and a quarter of cloth, at nineteen shillings a yard, and settle that the coat and waistcoat are to be lined with "some Indian stuff," and the breeches with "skin well dressed." The "cloaths" are then promised for Sunday "faithfully." With a true touch of nature, they do not arrive on that day, and the tailor and his employer exchange a page or so of striking repartee on the subject. If "cloaths" were dear in those days, lodgings were certainly not, as we find our friend taking a "dining-room," "a bedchamber," and a "dressing closet" on a first floor, and a garret for his man, in St. James' Street (the finest part of the town) at three guineas and a half per month.

From St. James' Street the author "carries" his hero to interview a squire on his "country diversions or sports," and we learn that the latter, when at home, hunts "sometimes a stag and sometimes a hare," with a pack consisting of "two greyhound dogs, two greyhound bitches, four tarriers (*sic*), and three setting dogs" (what an Anglo-Indian would call a bobbery pack, in fact), and that he shoots, "both flying and running," all manner of game, including "woodhens and thrushes."

To get his cockney cousin into proper training for joining in these diversions, the country mouse takes him "to go jumping," in spite of his earnest protest that "it is not good to jump presently after dinner." Next they go swimming, and the Londoner says that it is dangerous to "swim upon bladders, because they may burst." Whereon the squire chaffs him gently with the polite remark, "You are very fearful, you are afraid of your own shadow." All these amusements, however,

pull upon them after a while—“so true it is that men grow weary of everything,”—and they return to the gay metropolis, where our hero assumes the rôle of cicerone in his turn, and carries his cousin to see a play, Mr. Congreve’s “Mourning Bride.” They prefer the pit to a box, because they “may pass the time in talking with the masks before the curtain is drawn up.” They say nothing about the play, indeed one of them confesses frankly that he “loves almost as much as the play the sight of those fine ladies in the boxes,”—of one of whom he remarks “that wherever she casts her eyes she is the centre of the amorous ogles of all the beaux.” The manner in which these fine ladies address their servants hardly comes up to our modern ideas of refinement, for we find one of them scolding her maid, for admitting an unwelcome visitor, in the following terms, “What blockhead told her I was at home?” “I, madam.” “Duce take the booby, I shall teach you to make answers of your own head.” “Madam, I will go and tell her you have a mind not to be at home.” “Stay, beast, and let her come up, since the folly is done already.”

In his love dialogues the author is evidently thoroughly at home, but unfortunately his speeches, though intensely amusing, are so ornate and elaborate as to be too long for quotation. The same objection does not apply to a dialogue (of wit and humour) between “an ignorant fool, a bantering wag, and one that is a friend to both,” which is chiefly noticeable for the extreme felicity of its repartees, of which the last specimen will suffice. (Ignorant Fool, *loq.*): “Go to —, you are a wag, and so I leave you.” (Repartee of Bantering Wag): “And you are an ass, and so I leave you.” The author himself, however, proves, with the characteristic gallantry of the French nation, that his own sentiments are not to be confounded with those of the characters of his work, for he closes his book with a peroration, which, if quaintly expressed, is evidently heartfelt. It consists of three words, addressed to his reader, “Farewell, my dear.”

Abergavenny.

CHAS. HANBURY WILLIAMS.

LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

XXX.

WELSH MORALITY.

A great deal has been said on this subject, favourably and unfavourably to the nation to which I belong. Mine, I flatter myself, is neither a patriotic nor a depreciatory view of the case. It is, therefore, more likely to be a truthful one. It is certainly not a speculative view; being founded on facts capable of written proof. I do not give anything at second hand; everything said has come within my own personal cognisance. I do not rely upon any authority, however great, or under whatever weighty name it is paraded. I know as much of the subject as any of those who have taken it in hand—more than most of them, speaking as they do from hearsay, or prejudice, in either case in thickest ignorance of the facts. I am of the people, have lived among, possess as many sympathies in common with them as can be expected of any man tolerably observant, fairly well educated and not a hypocrite. If Welsh people, therefore, disagree with my criticism, they may do so. They cannot, however, say it emanates from a man who does not know what he is talking of, or who does not appreciate to the full the many good qualities of the race. As to objectors of any other nation, they can just go hang!

In point of the immorality which is not crime are the Welsh of the towns worse than their neighbours, the English and Scotch? With the Irish I propose to deal separately. I doubt it; or rather I do not doubt it. They are not. The Welsh are not very moral, though. I know a good sized town in one of the South Wales colliery districts in which we used to say that almost every other man and woman of the aborigines must be illegitimate. The Affiliation Books of that court, if collected for the last twenty years, would make a frightful pile. All sorts and conditions of men (and women, of course) were implicated; young and old, married and single, high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant. Social rank or accomplishment appeared to make no manner of difference, whether in "Eve seducing or in Adam seduced." So utterly low had the morality of this place become, that the ceremony of

“swearing a child” was thought but a single degree removed from that of marriage. Indeed, I came across many and many an individual instance where one ceremony was just as much believed in as the other. The woman in possession of an official copy of her affiliation order was quite as satisfied, if not quite as proud, as her sister who could point to her “Marriage Lines” as a sanction to maternity. It had passed into a proverb amongst the female portion of society that only the children of married women by single men, or of single women by married men, could be called “bastards,” that honest English word in favour of the retention of which Dean Trench has spoken so much and so forcibly. All others were “slight misfortunes,” “love children,” and the like. A girl *enceinte* was charitably referred to as being in the fashion.

Let me give you an anecdote. We used to endorse Orders in the manner following:—

MARY JENKINS	}	Bastardy Order,
<i>v.</i>		
JOHN JONES,	}	—Police Court,
Collier.	}	12th June, 1876.

A young woman to whom I handed such a document once objected to the top line in the right hand corner. Her child was *not* a bastard, she declared with indignant emphasis. *She* was single, the child’s father was single, and they were engaged to be married; the child, therefore, could *not* be a bastard. I told her we had only followed the Statute, and that she could satisfy herself of the fact if she only read the order through. She just unfolded the sheet, glanced down it, and there, sure enough, were the words “born a bastard of the body of——” She left the court in a tantrum, declaring we knew as much about an Act of Parliament as the Act of Parliament knew about us.

My chief used to speak of certain months in the year as the bastardy season. This generally extended from the end of February to the beginning of June, when there used to be quite a run upon the court for “orders.” I do not, however, think there was much in the observation, for if the cases were counted up the year through, one month would show hardly any preponderance over another. To the opportunities afforded by chapel gatherings, prayer meetings, funerals, and singing schools were attributed more than half the cases we were troubled with. Nothing was more common than to find the plaintiff in a contested case fixing some of the vital dates by reference to a “big meeting” at Saron; a “tea party” at Bethel; a *Cymanfa* at Zoar; the “practice” for *Judas Maccabeus* at Lebanon; *wedi’r cwrdd gweddi Yngwersalem*,

("after the prayer meeting at Jerusalem"), or the great funeral at Tabor. I honestly think, however, that these re-unions were incidents of, rather than contributory to, the after results. Sometimes a colliery accident or a fair afforded the necessary Hegira, or whatever else you may like to call it.

The number of single women who "affiliated" was considerably larger than of married. The latter could not obtain orders so easily. There was a useful legal maxim in vogue in reference to the bastardising of her issue which debarred such a woman from giving evidence. She could not be asked on oath *who* was the father of her child, for until the contrary was proved by other evidence than her own the law inexorably presumed that her own husband was, although he might have been ten thousand miles away from her for ten years previous to the birth. If the defendant, as mostly happened, chose to fight such a case, it was ten chances to one that he got off, on the formal ground of want of evidence in proof of non-access on the part of the husband. I remember a case where the young fellow summoned admitted the paternity and payment of maintenance money to the mother, but because he could not give direct evidence in support of the point just mentioned, and her mouth was shut with reference to it, the bench, much to the defendant's astonishment, if not actually to his disgust, were obliged to dismiss the case.

I cannot say that the number of married women applying was much in excess of the number of married men summoned under the Affiliation Acts. On the whole, perhaps, a balance remained to the credit of the men. The bench, and rightly so, were almost as shy of making orders in one case as in the other, unless there was strong confirmatory testimony. Speaking of which, reminds me of an important matter strictly *à propos* to the subject I have in hand. During the period of my service we had at least half-a-dozen changes in the chairmanship, with, as a necessary consequence almost, quite as many changes in the interpretations of particular points of law or practice. The Act under which the proceedings I am now speaking of were taken, required that the mother must in each case be corroborated in a material particular by other evidence to the satisfaction of the justice before any order could be made. Prior to the advent of one of our chairmen the prevailing notion of a "material particular" was a somewhat lax one. Thus, it was quite enough if the parties to the case had been seen walking together, lover fashion, at some time material to the issue under investigation. But the "new broom" reversed all this, creating thereby the most tremendous consternation in the camp of lawyers with fair, but unfortunate, clients on their hands, and an equal amount of jubilation in the opposite one. I must say it grated somewhat upon my own

feelings at first to see a case, strong as circumstantial evidence could have made it, breaking down because of the insistence upon one hard and fast test. But when I came to reflect I was obliged to confess that our chairman had a great deal of reason on his side after all. His one strong point was this: "I believe," he said, in effect, "I am right in thinking that nearly every Welsh girl between sixteen and twenty-one has a lover, with whom she is seen taking her walks abroad now and then, or associating with in her own or a friend's house. But am I to hold that either of these circumstances constitutes a 'material particular?' If so, all Welsh girls are unchaste, and *that* no decision of mine shall ever affirm, directly or indirectly." Strong arguments, which I shall not particularise, were adduced to show the absolute impossibility, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, of furnishing evidence of the requisite quality, but they were urged upon ears which were unchangeably deaf.

Welsh morality being somewhat low, is English morality any higher? I hear you asking. I tell you straight, there isn't a pin to choose between the two countries as far as my observation went. The failing in one case was always matched by a failing in the other. Thus, if the one side showed more illegitimate children, the other showed more cohabitations, elopements, and on the whole as much, if not more, open, bare-faced immorality. Such a set as the Englishwomen imported into some of our colliery districts you never came across. The tales of "high jinks" concerning them we were constantly obliged to listen to would fill a library. I knew quite a colony of these "strange people," of which the female inhabitants would drink, swear, and fight like the male. And then the cheek they afterwards displayed when spoken to by magistrates or policemen—why the men were really not in it. The Scotchwomen inhabiting our district being for the most part drawn from a better class of society—the wives and daughters of tradesmen and the like—it would not be fair to institute any comparison. Much the same may be said with reference to the Jewish women. I never knew but two of these latter against whom the slightest word could have been said. One lived in open sin, and the other, a grass widow, was suspected of an intrigue which caused a good deal of petty scandal, and subsequently brought on an investigation which resulted in her acquittal by the mere skin of her teeth. Our Jews were, on the whole, an uncommonly decent set. Considering the ticklish nature of their business, and how very near the wind the law allowed them to sail, even the pawnbrokers were remarkably well behaved. In the whole course of my experience I never knew but one Jew (and he was an apostate) had up for theft, and no more than two for begging. These latter were "docked" together, and you will understand the high character

of the race when I tell you that directly he heard of the occurrence, a wealthy Hebrew in our town ran into court and begged both men off, he himself undertaking to maintain them until they had provided themselves with work. "I do not want," he said proudly, "any of my nation to come into this town to beg. The Jews keep their own poor." Compared to the Christian community in which they had pitched their tents, the children of Israel certainly showed a very clean bill of health.

Then the Irish again were certainly better than their neighbours in several points. In a locality fairly swarming with representatives of this nationality, I can only recall one or two cases of affiliation in all the years. Their girls were certainly chaste. Their women, although quarrelsome, and a great many of them addicted to drink, were at the same time rigid observers of the seventh commandment. When they *did* break out, however, they were unapproachably vile. The most troublesome of all the degraded creatures we had to deal with were a couple of Irish Amazons, who, the last time I heard of them, were in penal servitude. The great weakness of the Irish was unquestionably the drink. Once in drink they fought like fiends.

The social evil prevailed to a large extent among us, but the timid reader need not fear, nor the prurient congratulate himself that I am going to enter into details. To the ordinary outsider almost any particular of such a subject would be shocking. To the official every step of the strange woman's life is known from her first appearance on the threshold of the horrid den she has chosen to inhabit to her final exit in the ward of a workhouse hospital, in the penitentiary, upon the streets, where she has been kicked to death, or has lain down to starve, or in the river, where her ghastly corpse lies floating, wholly heedless now of that world of trouble, and turmoil, and sin, and shame, she has for ever left. With their perfect knowledge of all the facts, with the threads of every clue well within their grasp, the police might, had they the power, do a very great deal in mitigation of the evils which are the result of this blot upon our civilisation. As it is their hands are tied; a torrent of infamy rushes by them unchecked, the horrid forms of Vice, and Disease, and Death, dance their Devil's dance daily and nightly before their eyes, nay, laugh in their very faces, and these men who would save if they could, who could save if you but gave them the word, are forced to stand by in idleness and helplessness, which to many of them must be maddening. I understood before that English sentiment was a something to which great sacrifices must be made. But never until I became officially acquainted with the night side of human nature did I know it was such a perfect

Moloch, demanding whole hecatombs day and night, and like the daughter of the horse leech, still crying, "Give! Give!" Because a lot of shameless creatures choose to stump the country, uttering thoughts and making suggestions ten times more unholy and immoral than anything to be found in the work they are paid to denounce, and because they have enlisted on their side a few of the well-meaning, but weak-minded, of the opposite sex, heaven and earth must be moved for the unmuzzling of the dogs of pestilence and slaughter. Parliament must stay its hand, must discard the only means humanly possible for coping with an evil which is sapping the manhood of the nation—it may not be too much to say deteriorating the whole of the human race. Herein may you see the difference between the intelligent social doctor and the charlatan. The one, recognising the existence of the evil, draws it to a head and drains it off; the other allows the sore to "skin" over, the ulceration underneath to go on spreading, and the constitution of the patient to be ruined.

"See that girl going up the street on the other side of you?" said an intelligent inspector of police to me once. "She came here only last night. Ran away from Brecon. I noticed her coming in by train; saw her picked up in the street by Cardigan Catty, and knew she was lost. Of course I couldn't interfere. If they had stayed a minute on the pavement I should have locked the young one up for obstruction, and so perhaps have saved her. As it was, all I could do was to tell her where the woman was taking her to, and what would become of her. Catty snapped her fingers in my face; bade me mind my own business, and there was an end of the matter."

Three years later, when a bloated, ruffianly-looking woman was brought before us for an offence under the Vagrancy Act, I hardly recognised in her the fair young creature whom the compassionate inspector would have snatched from Hell-gate and set on the straight path had the law given him the power.

Then, again, the young fellow dressed in vest and nether garments of irreproachable black, but with a slop of duck—a very unusual combination—who is seen leaving town, three parts drunk, by a mid-day train on Monday, you notice him, do you not? He is a conspicuous figure enough, goodness knows, amongst the crowd on the railway platform. He came over from a neighbouring valley on a Saturday night, stayed at the house of Moll of Merioneth, spent there five pounds, his savings of three months, and is now going home penniless. His slop has been sold him by his hag of a landlady at the moderate profit of three hundred per cent., the price being paid for from the sum lent by the pawnbroker upon his frock coat, pawned for him by the hag aforesaid, who, after deducting her charge for the slop, sends one of her satellites out for drink

with the balance. This young fellow—only one of a numerous type, mark you—plunges himself and his family into ruin; there are police, divorce, workhouse details, and what not. The house that has harboured him is known to be reeking with sin, a perfect sink of all that is morally horrible, and yet the police cannot interfere. To prosecute the keeper of such a place would involve a costly indictment at sessions, preferred by the parish overseers on the complaint of a couple of resident householders. The expense of litigation being thrown upon the poor rates, is, of course, never incurred, and the evil continues rampant. As far as I can see there is no prospect of mending, either. How can we hope to mend when Miss Chex Slippery-tongue and Mrs. Wex Brazenface are allowed to preach their gospel of non-intervention and their standard is made the rallying point of a whole army of soft-heads. The vice, or whatever it may be, both ladies admit, simply because they dare not deny it; and yet with the most illogical perversity they forbid State interference with it in any form whatever. It is a something which they declare quite impossible to handle; we must, therefore, they say, let it alone. So also, silly women, is the carrion on a field of battle, but are we on that account to let it remain there poisoning the atmosphere and devastating the world with cholera or some other horrid form of epidemic?

MERLIN.

(Concluded.)

CARLYLE'S HOLIDAYS IN WALES,
(WITH LETTERS.)

II.

Nearly seven years passed by ere Mr. Carlyle took serious thought of again visiting his friend in Wales. During those years many things had happened to both of them. That their friendship had continued and intensified the letters abundantly proved, the "My Dear Sir" of 1843 having now become the more familiar "Dear Redwood." Carlyle had in the interval published his *Past and Present*, and that grand work, *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, a work that to Carlyle's great surprise ran rapidly into a third edition, the first of his works that had any promise of popularity in it. Those volumes were as a revelation to the English mind, that had settled down under Hume's, and other teachings, into a hazy kind of belief that the great Lord Protector was but as a sort of hypocritical nightmare in English History, and the period he fought and ruled in one of a diabolic sort, as of a nation gone mad. It was, therefore, somewhat startling to find Carlyle controverting all that, and maintaining that by "natural birthright and capacity for ruling, as compared with kings and rulers in general, Cromwell had a Divine right to govern." This remarkable book had raised Carlyle still higher in the literary world than the point where that great prose epic, "The French Revolution," had left him, and he now occupied a position apart from and above any other prose writer of his day. His originality, his incisive satire, his grimly grotesque humour, though not appealing to the popular mind, met with intense admiration amongst the most thoughtful readers and the best literary circles, and coloured all the higher literature of the time.

Important changes had taken place in Mr. Redwood's household and surroundings. The "good, kind, quiet mother" had gone to her rest, and her son had removed from Llandough Cottage to a house he owned at Boverton, a Hamlet of the Parish of Llantwit Major, and nearer to the sea; being, in fact, in a direct line less than a mile from the high cliffs which here bound the Bristol Channel.

The first intimation of Carlyle's intention to visit Boverton is given in the following letter:—

Chelsea, 16th February, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—Many thanks for your kind note. I did not think the *Latter Day Pamphlets* would get so far westward in their flying condition; but hoped perhaps you may like them a little when bound into a volume. A volume is all I with clear certainty intend; the confused elements of it, encumbering my mind and desk-drawers, could on the whole be endured no longer; so in some way or other they were to be emptied out upon the discerning public. To make them into a book, this with painful intense distillation might perhaps have been done; perhaps should have been; but in my poor heart there remained no longer patience enough for that feat on such a subject, so a book of sermons is what you get, some dozen or so of sermons, and only one sermon to be done at a time, this is a much easier way of harnessing oneself, that is the whole secret of this phenomenon. I hope, if my health will at all stand out, to get my mind rather plainly declared upon a number of subjects; after which I shall be much more at ease for a time; this is all the advantage I can clearly calculate upon, if I can but get this, but alas! it seems rather doubtful sometimes when I measure the strength that is in me! We must try, we must try. In black humour, I have a very ghostly feeling of loneliness, no mortal creature to follow my flag on the forlorn hope! Nothing but an inarticulate yelping of poor peevish dogs. How they bow-wow! but at other times I take it even cheerfully, and know there are many brave souls listening to me too. My good old mother is still spared me: full of clear activity, intelligence, and curiosity in her mind still (a most ardent reader always), and in wonderful bodily health for one approaching her eightieth year. Thank God! My brother is there at present; works at his *Dante* there all last winter. Mrs. C. here continues also as well as usual; has gone out into the shining sun just now, with a little dog she has lately got, and is greatly taken with; I, myself, am a little *more* bilious this winter, not otherwise worse in health than of old. Often, often, do I think of Boverton, and the cave of refuge, and Rock Kinsman that remains to me there! Wait a little, I will not be killed here without running to you. Adieu in haste.

Ever yours,

T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle in this very February month commenced the publication of those singular essays he thought proper to call *Latter Day Pamphlets*, in which he certainly carried out his intention to the letter of having his mind rather "plainly declared upon a number of subjects." These pamphlets, which appeared monthly, and extended to eight in number, contain (they and *Past and Present*), in a highly condensed form, the entire Carlylean Philosophy. They deal nominally with the "Nigger Question," "Downing Street," "Model Prisons," "Stump Orators," "Hudson's Statue," "Parliament," &c., and inculcate doctrines to which their titles are but whimsical texts, wise, strange, harsh and intensely original. They are not easy reading, nor are their sentiments pleasant to the ready reader. The writer well remembers the howls of disapprobation from critics on all hands as they appeared month after month, to which reference is made in the letter as to "yelping dogs." No writer has tried the patience of professional critics more severely than has Carlyle. After abusing his earlier writings with might and main, especially his *Sartor Resartus*, which they failed utterly to understand, and which one of them called "A heap of clotted nonsense," they had lately been trying

very hard to like him, but with a wry face. The pamphlets woke up all their early ire, and aided now by Exeter Hall and all branches of officialdom, they sent out a monthly bray, a chorus of disapprobation and abuse, such as the world had rarely seen. These pamphlets are in part a glorious corrective to over-sentimentalism, and no earnest man can rise from their close study without feeling his moral nature strengthened and hardened, however much he might dislike some of their sentiments, and differ in opinion with the writer. Like a skilful surgeon, Carlyle has cut beyond the sore to effect a complete eradication of the disease, but the patient growls at what he conceives to be unnecessary pain. Reading them has anything but a tendency to create content in the mind, and it is a matter of no surprise (it were surprising were it not so) that the writer of them should complain of biliousness and many other complaints after undergoing the throes of composing them, for scarcely a ray of real hopefulness shines in any part of them. With a profession of the utmost faith in the capacities of the English people, and no end of admiration for their work in the past, Carlyle, Cassandra-like, now cries, "Woe! Woe! the glory has departed."

The propriety of erecting a statue to Oliver Cromwell, to be placed amongst the Kings of England, was about this time discussed in Parliament and in the public prints, meeting with furious opposition in many quarters, and amongst many sections of society. Such a proposition, looked back upon at this day, seems incongruous enough, and the appearance of the redoubtable Oliver between the pathetic countenance of the Jesuitical Charles I., and that of the merry "Nell Gwynne Defender of the Faith," Charles II., would have verged upon a high degree of unfitness, and perhaps would have aroused in many minds thoughts not over flattering to the doctrine of Divine Right. A statue for Hudson, the Railway King, was at the same time seriously proposed, and met with no opposition whatsoever; a sum of no less than twenty-five thousand pounds being raised for that purpose. Those contrasted persons and statues furnished Carlyle with a theme for expressing the most bitter satire and contempt on all concerned. Who now remembers Hudson, the Railway King, a tradesman from York City but recently measuring calico in his shop, now receiving duchesses at his soirees in the tallest house in London, and hob-nobbing with dukes and Cabinet Ministers, giving away railway scrip to the nobility, and consulted about investments by owners of the bluest blood? The bubble burst before the statue was accomplished, and great was the fall of the railway idol. Hudson, where is he now? And Cromwell —. If Hudson's admirers did not wince under Carlyle's lash they must have been pachydermatous in a high degree. Seven out of the

eight pamphlets had appeared, the last having been the one on Hudson's statue, when Carlyle again writes:—

Chelsea, 20th July, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—I am seriously thinking of a flight in your direction now that the last of these pamphlets (we are to end with No 8) is about off my hands, with a terrible struggle, for really in my life I was hardly ever in a more broken heavy-laden, and every-way worn out condition. Some repose is most pressingly demanded for this weary soul and body; and as usual, the quiet nook at Saint Donat's rises as an asylum on my bewilderment. Occasionally I think of Scotland too, of various lands and localities and arrangements, for all is perplexity, and my strength is so low at present, even plain paths are beset with brambles and wires for me. Perhaps it were wisest of all to come for three weeks of sleep and sea bathing into your friendly hermitage? If it were but a little nearer! But you cannot bring it nearer, that is a respect in which you cannot mend it for me.

Well, at all events, tell me what are the days, within the next ten, in which I could accomplish the journey without stopping over night at Bristol; a sleepless night in that respected old city is a bugbear that could be avoided. Say at what hour one goes from Paddington? I really must make an effort, and lift anchor, and the sooner now I set about the process the better. Tell me also if there are not steamers from Swansea to Liverpool. I could go to Annandale by that route, after you had done with me at Boverton. Temperance, silence, horse exercise, sea bathing, these with a friend's welcome, might surely do me good!

You will not get this (owing to Lord Ashley and the Judaizing Sham Christians) till Monday; so about Wednesday I will look for your answer.

My brother is home to Annandale a month ago: my wife continues here while I wander. I decide to try for a long ramble (perhaps over sea too) before I return. The "Universal Dog Kennel" make such a bow-wowling over their pamphlets as never was heard before, but the sale continues brisk and wide; and there will be by-and-bye a little good be got out of them after all.

Till Wednesday or Thursday then,

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

One would much like to know in what way my Lord Ashley (now the Earl of Shaftesbury) and the "Judaizing Sham Christians" had caused a day's delay in the posting of the letter. It is not conceivable that Carlyle could have gone to them; they must, therefore, have waited upon him. If so, on what business? The meeting between the Universal Philanthropist and special friend of the weak, who would, were it possible, take in hand and dry nurse all the races of mankind, training them meanwhile into perfect Low Church Evangelical principles and views, and the stern upholder of individuality and independence of mind and of purpose, owing obedience only to the strong, must have been of a striking kind. Both men equally desirous of serving their kind, but their methods wide apart as the Poles, for where the one melts with pity over weak and sinful humanity, the other, setting pity aside, would rouse into action by indignant appeals the flagging spirits, and bid them work out their salvation in silence.

It is gratifying to find that the "Universal Dog Kennel" does not by howlings spoil the sale of the pamphlets. Perhaps their frantic yelpings of displeasure may even stimulate many to buy; for oftentimes next in interest to a book highly praised is the one best abused.

Chelsea, 24th July, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—I cannot come on Friday nor this week ; it must be the next. Nay, I think it will be better not to attempt the whole journey in one day, if it be such a bother of haste. Better take one's chance for a night and have deliberation otherwise, than be so flurried and hurried. I think of staying over the night in Bath rather than in Bristol. I have bethought me that Landor is there, with whom I might have a little talk in passing. You shall have due warning. I will write to you both when the day for Bath is fixed—and if it be needful (nay it will hardly be possible I doubt !) from Bath itself.

Your red haired man will do perfectly well, instead of you, at Cardiff ; and if you or he could get me half-a-dozen big and well constructed tobacco pipes (a feat not possible, I believe, or hardly possible in those parts), it would be a marked improvement in my outlook ! Clothes I shall not forget, nor gutta percha shoes ; and on the whole I expect to get on very handsomely for my three weeks,—worked as I am (in very many nerves) for the present.

About Saturday I will write you another word of warning.

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE

“Landor is there, with whom I might have a little talk in passing.” Yes, Walter Savage Landor resided at this time in Bath, a very strange fact when it is considered what sort of a man Landor was, and the sort of place Bath was and is. On no principle save that of contrast, necessitating a powerful corrective, can the selection of Bath as a place to reside in by Walter Savage Landor be accounted for. The bluff, masculine, outspoken, almost rude manner of the man “fluttered the dovescotes” of that somewhat etiolated, prudish, and nervous centre of fashion. His loud healthy laughter corrected the atmosphere around Bath tea tables, shocking the susceptibilities of ancient Dowagers, and driving affected ladies of fashion almost into fits. Here, however, he continued to reside for six or seven more years, until, in a furious fit of plain speaking, it was deemed he had overstepped even legal limits ; and actions arose in which unpleasant scandals were mixed, which had the effect of driving him forth from Bath to Italy—to Florence—where he ended his days.

A “*little talk*” with Landor. Yes, Mr. Carlyle, by all means if possible—likely to grow into a big talk before it ends though. Knowing a little, by hearsay, of your ability in this line, and also of Landor's, one would almost as easily realise mountains conversing in whispers, or cataracts pouring down their floods in silence, as to conceive a small talk between you two. Since the departure of Coleridge and John Sterling, these two men, Carlyle and Landor, were probably the greatest and best talkers in all England. It was said of Sterling that he was the only man that could venture to tackle Carlyle on this ground with any chance of success. Walter Savage Landor had made “conversation” one of his chief studies throughout his life ; having published volumes of “*Imaginary Conversations*” between distinguished historical characters, which are admirable as literature. It may, however, be doubted if amongst all those, such a big talk might be discovered as was indulged in

led him to the study of German literature when but little was known about it in England, he may almost be said to have been a discoverer and revealer to his countrymen of the high qualities of German thought. Thus it will be evident that there was space enough between limits, in the lines of study pursued by him and by Landor, to permit of differences and disagreements such as yield salt and flavour to conversation.

But matters are being anticipated. The men have not yet met. There are petty obstacles in the way. Trains and steamers will not run to suit each other, and the great literary dictator and unfold of metaphysical puzzles can find no royal road to understanding Bradshaw, so he appeals to his friend as follows:—

Chelsea, 26th July, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—I now know not in the least what to do! Landor answers cordially, pressing me not only to call on him, but to stay over night with him at Bath; but alas! on looking at the steamboat advertisement, I perceive there is no boat attainable at all after Friday. To-day, Wednesday, the steamer leaves Bristol at 9.30, and out of Bath there is no train that will land me there by that hour. Of Cardiff and the Merthyr and Swansea rail I can make nothing from this imbroglío of a guide! We must on the whole let it lie till I study farther. Two hot days would send me swiftly out of this in some direction—but at present the weather is cool and even wet. On Monday morning, at any rate, I am ready to go; and will go as soon after that as I find possible. The train that suits me seems to leave Paddington at 12.30 p.m., a very good hour had there been a boat in the rear of it.

We can say nothing then at present. I will write to you again to-morrow, or Sunday. If there is an evening mail to Cowbridge, the note may perhaps reach you on Monday.

I am weak and worn to pieces.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Verily, Mr. Carlyle, it seems to be a difficult matter to get you fairly launched off the stocks you are stranded upon. But courage! you have had abundant proof in your time of the valuable quality of perseverance. Persevere still for awhile, and the destinies will help you out of your difficulties. One of those commercial “gents” you are fated to meet with some day, with no mind worth speaking of, would have read off Bradshaw and got to Cardiff while you are worrying yourself about it. Verily, every man to his trade, and travelling is evidently not yours.

It may be imagined that the little household at Boverton was kept in an uncertain and distracted state by these continual postponements. To solve matters, or assist in doing so, a Cardiff newspaper is sent containing doubtlessly the new time bill for the steamers for the following month, into which the day of departure will be postponed.

Chelsea, 27th July, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—I think it will be Thursday before I come; but all is bustle, confusion, mud, and miserable hurry in these parts to-day. You shall hear again in time. The Cardiff newspaper came, thanks, thanks!

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

at Bath, on a certain evening in 1850. Much, very much, might be forgiven the eavesdropper or the keyhole frequenter, if such a person could have furnished but an outline of that "Titanic war of words." But as the valet mind knows no heroes within its circle, it is all of it lost for ever.

Emerson has left on record many descriptions of Carlyle as a talker, the following amongst them:—

"Carlyle's talk is like a river, full and never ceasing; we talked till after midnight, and again next morning at breakfast we went on. Then we started to walk to London, and London Bridge and Tower, and Westminster, were all melted down into the river of his speech."

There were points of resemblance in the characters of the two men, Carlyle and Landor, such as their hatred of cant and pretence of every kind; but there was contrast enough between them to prevent their agreeing too well or too readily on many subjects. The circumstances of their lives were widely different. Landor had never known any state of existence short of the luxurious. The Lord of Llanthony Abbey had been a favourite of Fortune in every sense. Born to wealth, with fine natural endowments which he had cultivated to a high degree, his mind was at home in the remote past, and he was more of an ancient Greek or Roman, than a modern Englishman. He thought in Greek and clothed his thoughts in classic form. There is no period of English History that Landor would be quite at home in unless it be that of Elizabeth's. A Republican in principle, rude virtues and gigantic intellects were his favourite themes. The tone of his style of thought is elegant and classic. He entered into the souls of the great in the past, and made them talk at least as they might, or perhaps ought to have done. There were giants in those early Greek days whose society in thought had made Landor a classic scholar to the tips of his fingers, and made his pulse throb in accord with the giant struggles of early imaginings. Everything he treated of grew large under his pen. The heavens were brighter, the sea grander, skies more gorgeous, and the earth more splendid. Even man, in heart and soul and in physical compass, grows vaster under the spell of his exquisite style.

Carlyle also held the past in high admiration, but his mind was eminently Teutonic in tone. It was not the physical beauty, the indolent elegance of the Greek Pantheon that attracted him, but the rugged strength, the massive force, and the moral purity of the Scandinavian Mythology. Unlike Landor, Carlyle was comparatively humbly born, and had felt the pinch even of poverty. Reared in a poor country, but one in which education is traditional, he had studied hard on small means, and had struggled upwards into notice against great obstacles and strong prejudices. The bent of his mind having

led him to the study of German literature when but little was known about it in England, he may almost be said to have been a discoverer and revealer to his countrymen of the high qualities of German thought. Thus it will be evident that there was space enough between limits, in the lines of study pursued by him and by Landor, to permit of differences and disagreements such as yield salt and flavour to conversation.

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Yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Verily, Mr. Carlyle, it seems to be a difficult matter to get you fairly launched off the stocks you are stranded upon. But courage ! you have had abundant proof in your time of the valuable quality of perseverance. Persevere still for awhile, and the destinies will help you out of your difficulties. One of those commercial "gents" you are fated to meet with some day, with no mind worth speaking of, would have read off Bradshaw and got to Cardiff while you are worrying yourself about it. Verily, every man to his trade, and travelling is evidently not yours.

It may be imagined that the little household at Boverton was kept in an uncertain and distracted state by these continual postponements. To solve matters, or assist in doing so, a Cardiff newspaper is sent containing doubtlessly the new time bill for the steamers for the following month, into which the day of departure will be postponed.

Chelsea, 27th July, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—I think it will be Thursday before I come ; but all is bustle, confusion, mud, and miserable hurry in these parts to-day. You shall hear again in time. The Cardiff newspaper came, thanks, thanks !

Yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

The letters are getting shorter and less interesting as the time for getting under way approaches, and it might have been surmised that the last would be quite laconic. But fortunately for such as prize everything the master chooses to give, another missive comes to hand, quite characteristic in style and manner, in fact truly Carlyle in every sense.

It is observable how continuously Carlyle teaches the doctrine of silence. A wit has pointed out that it took him forty volumes to convince the world that to be silent was its duty; while his practice as a tremendous talker confounded his theories. As a fact, however, and taking into consideration that Carlyle's literary life extended over sixty years, forty volumes is but a small harvest in physical bulk, as compared with most of his contemporaries. It must not be forgotten that he not only lived to write, but wrote to live; and this is in itself a temptation to produce more books. The condensation of his life thoughts into so small a compass comparatively; proves his having been controlled by higher considerations than the accumulation of wealth. In sooth, he never enjoyed but a very modest income from his works, and the profoundest of them were the least paying.

Chelsea, 30th July, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—I have actually my trunks out here, and am about to begin the horrible work of packing! Never in my life did I feel the job so insupportable. I ask myself, why waver? My poor soul seems to desire one thing, that I could be left alone, and not bothered with doing another act, or speaking another word in this world! But I must go on with it, I am bound in honour, and otherwise it is my needful too. My programme, therefore, is this:—

To-morrow (Wednesday) at 12.30, leave the Paddington Station: reach Bath about 4.15, where Landor hospitably awaits me, and insists on my lodging with him for the night; next morning (Thursday) get to Bristol, in time for the Cardiff steamer, which is announced to sail at 10.15 a.m., and on this craft, if the powers be good to me, arrive in the Bute Docks (I suppose) about 1, or shortly after, and am received by the hospitable Redwood or his man, am packed into the tub-gig (almost without word spoken,—perhaps a little tobacco cautiously administered), and so set down at Boverton, and there left silent for three weeks! If you are yourself at all engaged, don't in the least mind; your man will perfectly serve the turn; tell him he is to look out for an elderly thin man of your own stature; he will know him by his grim look, sober clothing, grizzled temples, and white hat—the last mark is perhaps the best for his perceptive organs, and so if you hear nothing more, let it stand settled.

However, you had better enquire of the postman on Thursday morning, before starting. It is possible Landor or some other Cæsar may incite my indolence or curiosity to a whole day in Bath, in which case Friday (11 a.m. steamer) will be the day; of which I will warn you on Wednesday evening from Bath. That is by no means likely, but that too is a possibility for us, and we may as well include it. Nothing more by post means Thursday as above.

Adieu then, and happy meetings to us.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The sketch Carlyle has here drawn of his own personal appearance is in its way most entertaining, and is of permanent value in assisting readers to realise the physical aspect of him. The driver of the "tub-gig," furnished with such a description, could find no difficulty in selecting his passenger; and imagi-

nation pictures that silent man being carefully driven along Glamorgan roads and lanes, attended all the way by an aureole of tobacco smoke.

At length all difficulties are ended, "the little talk with Landor" has been enjoyed (would it had been recorded) and the little hamlet of Boverton has received its honoured guest. Insignificant as the place is now, it has been known to British history from its earliest dawn. Its name is derived from there having been a Roman station there called Bovium, or Boventium, on the great Roman road, the Via Julia, which ran from Caerleon, by way of Caerau, to Loughor and Carmarthen. The Romans seem to have had a strong liking for the district, calling it the Land of Corn; the climate being excellent, and its soil grateful and easy of cultivation. Their example was followed by other conquering races, for in the long night, in an historical sense, that succeeded the departure of the Romans, the coast must have been liable to be sorely harried by the Vikings and their pirate brood; for it must have been against them that a series of camps for outlook and refuge, many of them still easily traceable, were erected along the heights fringing the Severn, and visible to each other from the end of Gower to Penarth, and probably on to Gloucester. The remains of one of these camps may still be seen at Boverton, and a second, of great strength and size, at Llantwit Major. When the Normans came, they fixed themselves with a firm grip on the land, and Boverton became a grange to Cardiff Castle; supplying for several centuries the Lords of Glamorgan with corn and beef and mutton. In the fifteenth century Boverton became the property of one of those numerous Flemish-Dutch families that settled in those parts about that time, for reasons not clearly discoverable. This family was named Vaulx or Voelcker, a name that got softened down into Voss, and has remained a name known to banking at Swansea down to the present day. In the sixteenth century the estate passed by marriage of a Voss heiress to the Seyes, of whom Serjeant Seyes was a member, and it continued in this family for four generations. It is now the property of Lord Wimbourne, having been purchased by the late Sir John Guest.

Carlyle must now be left to silence and tobacco, to sea bathing, horse riding, and other exercises till next month, when, in a concluding paper, he will be made to reveal the results of his observation as respects the country and the people, in word pictures of striking merit which shall be given as extracts. Six more of his letters, which, like the present ones, have never before been printed, will reveal a good deal about himself and his later travels.

Saint Athan.

JOHN HOWELLS.

(Will be concluded next month.)

MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

The Life and Achievements of Edward Henry Palmer is a really good book. The author, Mr. Walter Besant, was a friend of the unfortunate scholar, who, in July, 1882, was murdered with Captain Gill and Lieutenant Charrington on their way through the desert upon a mission for the English Government to win over the tribes pending the continuance of the Egyptian war. Palmer was a most extraordinary man, with a capacity for acquiring languages which was something miraculous. "In the old days," says Mr. Besant, "he would have been attributed to the fairies in a benevolent mood. He is unlike anybody else; he possesses strange gifts; all sorts and conditions of men are attracted by him; the grave college Don thinks it a privilege to look after him, because he is in practical matters helpless; yet with a misgiving because he is a new experience and no one knows what may happen with him; even the Ritualist clergyman, although he knows that Palmer has called him the man dressed in bookmarkers, regards him with affection. The Gipsy, the German peasant, the English tramp, the Druse, the Syrian, the Arab, the Persian, the Indian prince, all alike acknowledge the glamour of his presence, obey his bidding, and are ready to follow him, to get up or sit down at the motion of his finger. A *Wunderkind* indeed!" While yet a school-boy Palmer learned, besides Latin and Greek, the Gipsy language, Romany, "by paying travelling tinkers sixpence for a lesson, by haunting the tents, talking to the men and crossing the women's palms with his pocket money in exchange for a few more words to add to his vocabulary. In this way he gradually made for himself a Gipsy dictionary." While a clerk in the city he "chummed in" with Italian "Fire-Kings," Piedmontese, Venetian, Roman, Sicilian, Calabrian and Florentine showmen and organ grinders, whose languages and dialects he picked up in no time. He became an expert mesmerist, conjurer, actor and Spiritualist—Spiritualism, by the way, he considered all humbug. He learned Persian, Arabic, and Hindustani; corresponded in Urdú with an Agra paper, and at twenty-six years of age was the best versed of any European in Eastern languages. In 1868 he went out as the interpreter and transcriber of inscriptions to an

expedition for the Survey of Sinai. The object was to decide between the rival claims of Jebel Serbal and Jebel Musa as the original mount on which Moses obtained the Law. Sinai remains still undiscovered. "The so-called Sinaitic inscriptions," says Mr. Besant, "had no more to do with the Israelites than the names on the walls of Shakspeare's house have to do with the poet." The most tangible result of the expedition appears to have been the discovery of "a great quantity of *nawamis*, the strange prehistoric stone houses . . . accompanied by stone circles," possibly the *cromlechs* and *cylechau* of Druidism. His great work, *The Desert of the Exodus*, was the result of the Survey. Palmer and his wife resided for some time in 1876 and 1879 at Aberystwith, where the writer of this notice has heard he has relations still living. Some Reminiscences of the visit from a local source would be sure of welcome in the pages of the *Red Dragon*. The account of his last and most disastrous visit to the East is full of the most tragic interest. Truly he was an extraordinary man. He could converse so well in all the dialects of the Gipsy that various members of that nation took him for one of themselves, some of them going even so far as to reproach him for living cooped up in a town and dressing like a swell. He could sing Plas-Deutch to Norwegian sailors until they were half off their heads with delight. He dressed like an Arab, spoke like an Arab, ate like an Arab, prayed like an Arab, sang like an Arab so marvellously well that even with Arabs he passed for one of themselves and was given the name of the Sheikh Abdullah. He supplied a Hindoo newspaper with thirty-five columns of an account of the Shah of Persia's visit—written in the purest and raciest Urdú—a *Wunderkind* indeed! We miss from this book specimens of Palmer's translations from the Welsh, of which language it is said he had a very fair knowledge.

An admirable novel in every respect is *The Bread Winners*. The author, an American, is anonymous, but rumour has it that he is Colonel John Hay, of "Pike County Ballads" fame. Whoever he is he can a tale unfold in the manner of an accomplished artist. Unlike the Messrs. Howells and James—each of whom claims the other to be a prince of story-tellers because he cannot tell a story—not only has the man who wrote *The Bread Winners* a story to tell, but he tells it so exceedingly well that you cannot stop reading it when you have once began until you have got right through with it unto the very end. We will try and give the merest outline of the plot and incidents. A retired United States Army Captain, Farnham, a widower, young, handsome, brave, chivalrous, of refined and cultivated tastes and a millionaire, occupying a splendid house in Algonquin Avenue, Buffland, Pa., has for neighbour a Mrs. Belding, also a millionaire, a widow, and the mother of a very beautiful girl,

named Alice, with whom Farnham falls in love. Awkwardly enough there falls in love with Farnham another beautiful girl, Maud Matchin, who has not a millionaire mother, and who, besides the little talent which enabled her to win honours as a high school graduate, has nothing but her beauty to recommend her, either personally or in the way of family. In love with her, again, is Sam Sleeney, "a young man bred a carpentier" who has good looks, an honest heart, skill in his craft, and other good points in his favour. The Matchins and Sleeney become mixed up with Spiritualists, apostles of labour, and other suspicious people, two at least of whom make love to Maud, and at length there is a grand strike and a riot, making things uncomfortably warm for a time for Farnham and his high-toned neighbours. Eventually the gallant Captain is attacked in his own house, just after he had received his rents, by the local Trades Unionist leader, Offitt, armed with a hammer, and all but killed and robbed. Alice Belding, who, with her mother, had witnessed the outrage, ran to the aid of the half-murdered man, and with his bleeding head on her bosom confessed her love for him whom she thought Death had snatched away from her for ever. The confession would have been made earlier but for the fact that Farnham and Maud Matchin had been discovered by Miss Belding's mother in an attitude somewhat suggestive of the famous one described by Mrs. Cluppins in the Bardell and Pickwick affair. Sleeney, with whose hammer the Captain had been attacked, was arrested for the outrage, but escaped from prison in time to prevent the robber and the would-be assassin Offitt from carrying off Miss Matchin, and twisted the scoundrel's neck for him in a personal encounter. The police are on the scene a moment afterwards and discover Offitt with all the spoils upon him. Sam's character cleared up, Maud and he are married, an example we may safely assume Captain Farnham and Alice Belding followed not long after, for we leave them at last as supremely happy as such a true-hearted lover and his lass need be. The book abounds in brilliant, powerful passages, and is altogether as good an one of its kind as any that has been written of late.

It is always a pleasure to us to notice a good Welsh book. The Messrs. Gee and Son, Denbigh, whose enterprise as purveyors of vernacular literature is well-known throughout the Principality, have forwarded us a couple of excellent volumes, entitled respectively *Gemau Duwinyddol* ("Gems of Divinity") and *Pregethau* ("Sermons"), the former being the work of the Rev. R. Jones, Llanllyfni, and the latter that of the late Dr. John Parry, Bala. The "Gems" make up a book of upwards of five hundred pages, whose sub-title very fairly justifies its claim to be a "comprehensive body of divinity, containing thousands of striking observations selected

from most of the principal authorities, notably the old Puritans." The writers laid under contribution include Matthew Henry, Charnock, Archbishop Usher, Thos. Charles, Humphrey Prideaux, Beveridge, John Wesley, Toplady, Bickersteth, Dr. Owen, Bishop Heber, John Fox, the martyr Bradford, Peter Williams, Clement of Alexandria, Dr. Priestley, and a host of other eminent theologians, ancient and modern. The various "observations" have been classified and arranged, and an index of subjects supplied in its proper place. If we might be allowed to make a suggestion the usefulness of the work would be enhanced were the next edition to be furnished with an alphabetically arranged list of authors as well. The want of this convenience may be made obvious by a single illustration. Supposing the reader had in his mind that striking saying of Christmas Evans with regard to sin, and was able to remember no more of it than the lines: *Gwenwyn yw, a daflwyd i lygad y ffynon, ag sydd yn cyfranu ei natur i bob ffrwd a rhediad a ddaw o honi.* Unless he also remembered that it had something to do with *Cwmp Dyn a'i Ganlyniadau* ("The Fall of Man and its Consequences"), the book would not help to verify either quotation or author. That, however, is a small matter which can be easily remedied. We compliment Mr. Jones upon the result of his labours as translator and compiler of a work of great value to the Welsh reading public in general, and to the divinity student in particular. Its wholesome freedom from anything of a sectarian kind ought to secure for it a place in the libraries of Welsh ministers of all denominations.

There is an appropriate little preface to the volume of Dr. Parry's sermons of which no one who takes up the work will fail to perceive the grace and the charm. Dr. Parry is best known in Welsh literary circles as the editor of *Y Gwyddoniadur Cymreig*, an important undertaking of the Messrs. Gee, which the English reader should be told is a vernacular "Encyclopædia Cambrensis." The selection of sermons here given amounts to thirty-two, of which no fewer than twenty-nine are based upon passages of the New Testament. Although composed originally for delivery to the humble worshippers of the hills and vales of Merioneth, these sermons display a care and finish quite remarkable in the directions both of argument and diction. The preacher not infrequently rises into heights of most impressive eloquence, as in his discourses on the rending of the Temple Veil, God's Resting Place, and others. They have almost all the quality not often found in the generality of Welsh sermons, of being nearly as enjoyable in the reading as in the hearing.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

Lord Tennyson, who took his seat on March 18th in the House of Lords, had to borrow the robes of Lord Coleridge for the occasion. His own robes, which went astray some time ago, have not been found.

The following are among the "Leaves from our Early Issues" published recently by the *North Wales Chronicle*. They date from June 2nd to July 7th, 1808. "The old accustomed pastime of Green Meeting was revived on Saturday se'nnight at Mew Marton, in the parish of Ellesmere, Shrewsbury, where the largest assemblage of persons met that ever was known in that part of the country. The first dance was taken by Mr. N. Davies, Gent. (who is now in his ninety-third year), with all the hilarity of a youth of sixteen. After the meeting broke up he attended his fair partner to her house, and enjoyed her company many a happy hour, till the moon reminded him of returning to his home." "With the greatest concern and surprise we learn that the Welsh Coal Bill [for the abolition of the 'oppressive and unpolitic' tax on coal] was thrown out in the House of Lords on Wednesday last, on the third reading, by a majority of only one, and that after calling for proxies. The Bill had a majority of three of the peers present, and, of course, would have passed had not proxies been called for, a most unusual circumstance in questions of this nature. We understand the division stood thus: Contents present, 22; proxies, 10; total, 31. Non-contents present, 19; proxies, 20; total, 39. Majority, 1. Lord Bathurst, supported by the whole strength of the Government, with the Duke of Cumberland, who had two proxies in his pocket, opposed the Bill." Among the deaths:—"On Friday at Llanarm, near Aberystwyth, Jeremiah Davies, the Welsh dwarf, aged fifty-eight, measuring only forty-six inches in height, his person was the perfection of symmetry, which is rarely found in a dwarf. Great part of his time was spent in London, where he was well known, and to which place he intended to have walked during the ensuing week."

The revision of the Gaelic Bible, referred to last year as in progress under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, will probably be completed and published during the coming summer. The revisers are now engaged on the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The works of Dugald Buchanan, the sacred poet of the Highlands, having been translated into English verse, appeared in their new dress early in April. The translator is Mr. L. Maclean, who has given the world good translations of Highland songs and Ossianic poems. The publishers are Messrs. MacLachlan and Stewart, of Edinburgh.

In a recent sale of water colour drawings from the collection of the late Mr. Edward Sutton, the following prices were realised:—"A view in Wales—sunset," £60 8s.; "A view in Wales, with cattle and horses watering," £69 6s.; "A Welsh River Scene, with peasants, and cattle," £185 15s.; "A Welsh Drive," £105.

The *Oswestry Advertiser* says:—Members of the Cambrian Archæological Society will be glad to learn that the next number of the *Arch: Cam:* will contain an admirable likeness of one of their most valued members—the Rev. E. L. Barnwell, of Melksham.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge sold by auction, on Monday, April 21st, the well-known collection of prints and drawings formed by the late Henry Reveley, and since the property of his grandson, Hugh John Reveley, of Bryn y Gwyn, Merionethshire. Among the prints was an interesting volume, containing examples by M. Schongauer, M. Antonio, A. Dürer, H. S. Beham, G. Pencz, H. Aldegrever, &c. There were also fine Van Dyck heads, some Rembrandt etchings, and sets by Claude, Ostade, and Landseer; presentation proofs by Frederick Charles Lewis; many fine drawings, several of them engraved; a very curious and interesting sketch-book by Jacques Callot, made during a voyage in the Mediterranean, 1619–1620, and other drawings by Raffaello, Leonardo da Vinci, the Caracci, Guercino, Parmegiano, Rembrandt, Reni, Titian, &c.—and of the English school by Gainsborough, Müller, Rowlandson, Taverner, &c.

At the annual meeting of the British Association, on March 19th, it was announced that the annual congress would be held at Tenby, when visits would be paid to many of the surrounding places of interest, including, most probably, St. David's.

The well-known English painter, Mr. W. Linnell, has well advanced the painting of two landscapes, one of which is of unusual importance. It represents country labourers returning homewards along the sloping flank of a Welsh mountain, just before the sun descends below the horizon, and while the sky retains nearly all the glow, but not all the brilliancy of day. Much lustre lingers on the furze, gorse, small underwood, and bare rocks of the hillside nearer to us, while the opposite hillside, which is clad with dark and dense foliage, and the steep valley between the slopes gather darkness while the sun goes down. The smaller picture depicts a rustic wooden bridge over a quiet

bright stream, in which a boy has been fishing before he quitted this place for the foreground, where he forms one of a group of brightly clad children. A very picturesque oak shaw occupies part of the further side of the stream.

Mr. Thomas Purnell, in some interesting reminiscences of the late Charles Robert Newman, the somewhat eccentric brother of Cardinal Newman, contributed to the *Athenæum* of March 29th, makes reference to Tenby, where Newman died recently, in a manner which would lead us to infer that the pretty Welsh watering-place has been a favourite resort with the English *litterati*. Speaking of the years 1857-1860, Mr. Purnell says:—"There resided then at Tenby Mrs. Tennyson, mother of Lord Tennyson, and Miss Tennyson; Capt. and Mrs. Jesse (the latter was to have married Arthur Hallam); the Misses Allen, one of whose sisters was married to Sismondi the historian; the Wedgwoods; Dr. Dyster; Mrs. Fanny Gwynne; the Smedleys; and others who formed the literary society of the place. As visitors came Sir Thomas and Lady Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Darwin (who lectured at the Literary Institute), Mr. G. H. Lewes, Mr. E. A. Freeman, and many other more or less eminent personages." Mr. Purnell might have included Miss Braddon and Rhoda Broughton in his list.

At a recent meeting of the Numismatic Society, Mr. Brown exhibited a British gold coin of Cunobelinus, similar to Evans (pl. ix., 2), but showing the heart-shaped ornaments in the corners, and the termination of the five-fold wreath. Another gold coin of the British prince Vossilos, of the Kentish district, reading *VOSII*, was exhibited by Mr. Montagu.

One of the most interesting events of the month in connection with the Exhibition of the Cambrian Academy of Art, held at Cardiff, was the visit of Mr. Oscar Wilde, who, on Thursday, March 27th, delivered two admirable lectures to crowded audiences. One was on the subject "The House Beautiful," and the other "Reminiscences of a Visit to America." Mr. Wilde may fairly claim the credit of being the best abused man of the day, but this much we unhesitatingly say of him, that if Mr. Gilbert and others who have written what the world good-naturedly accepts as "satires" on him and his mission could only write half as brilliantly and sensibly as Mr. Wilde talks we should begin to think their rubbish had bits of real ore in it.

The *Cymmrodor* has come out with unusual promptness this time. The new number just issued is only about six months late.

In the *Western Mail* of Friday, April 4th, was published a *fac simile* of the original score of *Hen Wlad fy Nhadau* and a copy of the music of the older English tune, "Rosin the Beau," the identity of one with the other of which has been asserted by Mr. F. Atkins, in the columns of the *South Wales Daily*

News. Mr. James James, Colliers' Arms Inn, Mountain Ash, whose father, Ieuan ap Iago, wrote the words, claims the Welsh air to be entirely his own. The step taken by the *Western Mail* has, it is thought, cut the Gordian knot by enabling the public to judge for themselves between Mr. James and his critic.

Mr. Herkomer has left London for the neighbourhood of Tremadoc, where he proposes to spend some time under canvas, depicting the scenery of the Snowdon region.

Mr. Daniel Morris, M.A., the author of a new work on "The Colony of British Honduras," is a native of Loughor, and one of the many inhabitants of the place who have figured so prominently in educational matters.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., publishers, London, have presented a large number of valuable books in classics, mathematics, philosophy, and general literature to the library of the University College of Wales at Aberystwith. Dr. T. B. Borret, of Welshpool, presented casts, fossils, and several rare and curious articles to the museum.

Mr. Thomas Powel, editor of the *Cymmrodor* and Welsh Lecturer at the Cardiff University College, has been appointed to the Celtic Chair recently founded therein.

DRACONIGENÆ.

A valued correspondent, writing from his seat in Shropshire on the 17th March, informs us that Mr. Benjamin Hall, of whom a brief sketch appeared in our "Welsh Members of Former Administrations" in the number for March, was not member for Westminster, but for Marylebone.

* *

"Referring to the *Bye-gones* volume for 1873 the other day," writes a North Wales correspondent, "I found some records of a discussion that then took place consequent on the death of Mr. Ellis Roberts, as to whether he had ever had a right to call himself 'Harper to the Prince of Wales.' The matter was set at rest by the publication of his original appointment, dated 'Osborne, August 8th, 1850,' which was worded as follows:—'To Mr. ELLIS ROBERTS,—I beg to enclose you a certificate of your appointment as Harper to the Prince of Wales, and to return you the documents enclosed in your letter of yesterday's date.—C. B. PHIPPS.' I presume the documents were testimonials, and my object in writing is to ask if any reader of the *Red Dragon* can say who held the appointment before Ellis Roberts; in what its duties consist, and whether it commands a salary?"

* *

A "Royal Visit to Wales" not mentioned in *Parry's Royal Progress* took place in 1835, when Prince George of Cambridge, accompanied by his tutor, visited Merthyr, from whence they went to Swansea, where after inspecting the bay, harbour, and pier, they proceeded to Cardiff, by way of Neath. Mr. Vivian's Copper Works was down in the Royal programme as one of the places to be inspected.

* *

The mention of "Ar hyd y nos" in the last two numbers of the *Red Dragon* calls to mind the following clever parody on another Welsh air, from the pen of the late Shirley Brooks. It is thus introduced into one of the early editions of the *Gossiping*

Guide to Wales :—Soon after the railway was opened, a party of the snob tribe from the Black Country arrived at Llangollen “by a cheap trip.” They soon showed their vast superiority to the aborigines by what the natives thought was conduct “insulting and outrageous.” A row ensued, and for the sequel let us quote *Punch*, of August, 1864 :—

AIR—“*The Maid of Llangollen.*”

The Vale of Llangollen is all very well,
But a trip to Llangollen’s no end of a sell ;
Bad luck to the day, on the banks of the Dee,
When the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

I’d heard a good many romantic sweet tales,
Of the passes sublime in the mountains of Wales ;
Things came to a pass I did not hope to see,
When the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

I climbed to Crow Castle as brisk as a cat,
And I’ve just brought away a memorial of that ;
For my eyes are as black as a crow’s back can be,
Since the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

The jolly Welsh ale was uncommonly strong,
And through the small streets we came bawling along ;
I thought, on excursions, all larking went free,
Till the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

When my nose was a-bleeding, to add to my woes,
A Welsh harp played something called, *Ah, heed your
nose!**

I knows what I’ll heed, which is larks by the Dee,
Where the Man of Llangollen he pitched into me.

* *

“T. C. W.,” an Aberdare correspondent, sends us the following, which may be considered a successful rendering of a well-known old Welsh hymn into English. It was the inspiration of Daniel Thomas’s funeral :—

“BYDD MYRDD O RYFEDDODAU.”

A thousand thousand wonders
That glorious day shall see,
The sons of tribulation
And sorrow shall be free ;
And in their snow-white raiments,
Renewed by faith and love,
Shall, like their Lord and Master,
Ascend to heaven above.

**Ar hyd y nos* (“The Live-long Night”) is a plaintive Welsh melody, known to the English as “Poor Mary Ann.”

A valued correspondent suggests that we should open our pages to *Notes and Queries* upon all matters relative to Wales. This we will do gladly. It is a thought we have often entertained ourselves, and we forthwith invite correspondence.

* * *

Our contributor, J. B. H. (London), writes:—My attention has been directed to a letter in your magazine for April, from Mrs. Pelham, correcting three statements of mine in the concluding part of my biographical sketch of her relative, Sir Thomas Foley, which appeared in the March number. Before seeing Mrs. Pelham's communication I had, in a forthcoming illustrated reprint of the sketch, corrected the statement with regard to the portrait. I am sorry that, as that re-issue is already printed, I shall be unable to do so with regard to the aspect of the Abermarlais dining-room; but I am happy to think that this is not a matter of importance. My erroneous description was derived from a recollection not refreshed for years.

With regard to the remaining point—that of the date of Sir Thomas Foley's purchase of the estate—I am obliged reluctantly to adhere to my original statement that it took place in 1795, not, as Mrs. Pelham thinks, in 1803. But I would not do so on any lesser authority than that of Sir Thomas Foley himself. In his original manuscript, detailing his pedigree, position, and services, by direction of the Herald's Office, and enclosed in a letter to that office, dated from Abermarlais, the 26th of January, 1815, Sir Thomas Foley says:—"I purchased this place, called Abermarlais Park, with the Manor, Royalties of the River Towy, and Presentation to the Vicarage of Llansadwrn, in which Parish it is situated, in the year 1795." In other respects I am flattered by Mrs. Pelham's description of my attempt.

* * *

A lady reader sends us this wreath of mountain flowers in memory of

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Through the falling snow,
Our hearts are filled with woe—
Mother and wife in anguish low,
Bending sorrowfully.

And Cymry with them share,
Their heavy grief to bear,
Mourning thy promise fair,
Beloved Albany.

Monday Morning,
March 31, 1884.



Yours faithfully
J. Dowell Jones

NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

CANON POWELL JONES, B.D., LLANTRISANT.

BY THE REV. J. WYNDHAM LEWIS, CARMARTHEN.

The subject of this sketch, John Powell Jones, was the second son, and the fourth of eight children, of Morgan and Elizabeth Jones. He was born on the 4th of April, 1823, at Llysnony, Corseinon, near Swansea, and was dedicated to God by Holy Baptism on April 14th of the same year. Llysnony was, and is still, the property of the family. When Jones was about twelve months old his parents removed to Court-y-Carne, a house of considerable celebrity in the history of West Glamorgan. In 1841 the family again removed, this time to Dantwyn, Pontardulais, the freehold property of Mr. Jones, where the eldest brother of the deceased canon, Mr. D. Jones, and his two sisters, Miss Jones and Miss E. Jones, now live.

Court-y-Carne is situated on the banks of the river Llwchwr, just at the point where the parishes of Llandilo-Talybont and Loughor meet. The landscape in front of the old mansion is extensive, varied, and exquisitely beautiful. John Powell, with his brothers and sisters, received his elementary education at the Loughor National School, which was then under the care of the Rev. John Lloyd, curate of the parish. In a very short time the subject of our sketch, in point of learning, towered head and shoulders above his fellows. In fact, he had no rival in the parish, except his own brother, Thomas Morgan, a now well-known surgeon of Loughor. When he was fourteen years of age the father, a shrewd and intelligent man, placed him and his three brothers, David, Thomas Morgan, and Morgan Jones, late scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, in Bowen's Academy, Swansea. Morgan Jones, who went from Swansea to the Cowbridge Grammar School, and from thence to Oxford, died in August, 1849, at the early age of twenty-two.

Young John Powell was not long at Bowen's Academy before he distinguished himself. Long before he left he was considered the best scholar in the academy. In his seventeenth year he entered St. David's College, Lampeter, where he remained about

six years. He ran a very brilliant career at St. David's; and was appointed assistant tutor at his *Alma Mater* before he was twenty-two years of age. I think I am justified in saying that he was the most acute logician, and certainly the best Hebrew and Greek scholar that ever came out from this College. He was evidently moved by a strong appetite to master all learning, especially logic, moral philosophy, Church history, and the two original languages of the Bible. Completing his academic education at Lampeter, where the influence of Dr. Ollivant was predominant, he retained as long as he lived a profound reverence for the late venerable prelate.

In 1846 he became curate of Loughor Church, the one in which he had been brought up; and in January, 1850, was offered the living by the then Lord Chancellor, and accepted it. Soon after he had settled down in Loughor he was regarded by the keenest sighted of the clergy in the Diocese of St. David's as one of the rising hopes of the Established Church in Wales. It is an old saying that the "child is father to the man." In his case this was true. John Powell Jones began religious life by assisting his father in family prayers at the early age of twelve. During the vacations he conducted the whole of the service, morning and evening.

I shall now endeavour to describe him in appearance and character as I knew him. As to his personal appearance, he was tall and of a very fine build, somewhat inclining towards corpulence. He had a splendid head, a high, full, and broad forehead, a fine nose, a well-chiselled chin, large blue eyes, which indicated deep and intense thoughtfulness, and light hair. In dress he was particular and scrupulously neat, but not vain. In manners he was refined, elegant, and engaging; and his appearance altogether was dignified and commanding.

What was said of another distinguished man can be justly applied to him: "In his countenance there was gravity, without grimace; his mode of address was solemn, but not sour; easy, but not careless; deliberate, but not drawling; pointed, but not personal; affectionate, but not fawning." He never seemed to be in a hurry, because he never undertook more work than he could get through with calmness. He spoke at all times with meekness and moderation, but also with emphasis and great authority, as one who had thoroughly mastered his subject. Although he paid the greatest deference to the opinions of others, yet he adhered unflinchingly to his own convictions.

His theology was the result of hard and conscientious thinking. He would not take on trust, or at second-hand, the things which he believed were the very life of man as a religious and accountable being. So firm and conscientious was he that he would never follow or defend even his best friends when he

thought their cause was at variance with that of truth and justice. He was always guided by principle, and not by what was merely expedient and convenient. True, he was a Churchman—an uncompromising Churchman—but he was not bigoted. He was as free from bigotry and prejudice as any man I knew.

To state half truths, to pander to the low and ignorant, and to sacrifice truth for the sake of effect, were things Canon Powell Jones was never guilty of—yea, which he was utterly incapable of. He was zealous for what he believed was right, just, and true. His zeal never degenerated into passion; he was stern, without being obstinate; benevolent, without being weak, and tender, without being sentimental. A more generous and disinterested man never breathed the atmosphere of our earth; he was the very essence of kindness, humility, and disinterestedness. Canon Powell Jones possessed *all* the virtues that grace and adorn a Christian gentleman. The great Pascal used to say that he did not admire a man who possessed one virtue in its utmost perfection, if he did not at the same time possess the opposite virtue in equal degree. A man, in his opinion, never shows true greatness in being at one end of the line; but in touching both extremities at once, and filling up all that lies between.

We cannot, perhaps, say that Canon Jones was a popular preacher; he was too deep a thinker, and too chaste and deliberate a speaker to be popular with the masses. And yet there was a charm about his style; a quiet, deep-toned eloquence which could not fail at times to stir the very depths of one's nature. His dignified appearance, his placid, intellectual face no doubt contributed much to make his ministry powerful and attractive, even to those that could not fully understand and appreciate the beauty and force of his thoughts and arguments. But although not a fluent and clamorous speaker, he was a sound reasoner, a ripe scholar, and a great authority on theological and philosophical subjects. There was no one within the pale of the Established Church in Wales, at least, whose judgment on Biblical, ecclesiastical, and educational matters would count for more. He would be listened to with profound respect and admiration by his friends and admirers, and with considerable diffidence by his opponents.

By common consent he was one of the best Hebrew and Greek scholars in the Principality. It was he that we first heard explaining the difference between those two important Greek words, *diathēke* and *synthēke*, and the reason why the Septuagint and the inspired writers of the New Testament chose the first rather than the second word to express the nature of the transaction between God and man in the scheme of salvation.

more to his credit than even his high scholastic attainments. To my knowledge while he was Rector of Loughor he lent money to not a few who now occupy honourable positions in society as well as in the Church of Christ, to enable them to enter college. His Christian charity, his disinterestedness and utter self-forgetfulness endeared him to all classes; and those who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance could not but revere him, and speak of him in terms of the highest and most unqualified laudation. Even those who could not see eye to eye with him respected him profoundly, and although bound to acknowledge that he was a great adept at framing stiff and awkward questions, a formidable opponent, an able and caustic critic, yet all admitted that he was terribly in earnest and fair, and a foeman worthy of any man's steel. He spent hundreds of his happiest hours on earth in school, teaching the poor children of his parish. He held a Bible class for the young people every Monday evening; and he also gave private lessons in Greek and Latin in his own house to those who intended entering the ministry.

Possessing and exhibiting such noble qualities, it cannot be wondered at that the young men of Loughor—Liberals and Conservatives, Nonconformists as well as Conformists—have joined in honouring the name of Canon John Powell Jones with epithets the most endearing. He was a regular contributor to most of the Welsh and English periodicals of the Church. He took part in the Sabbath controversy while he was yet but young. He broke a lance with men like Bishop Thirlwall and Dean Perowne, the Revs. Mr. Higginson, Unitarian Minister, Swansea; D. Rees, Llanelly; Dr. Rees, Swansea; Charles R. Knight; Dr. Roberts, Pontypridd, and others. But, perhaps, of all his writings, his "Replies" to the late Dr. Rowland Williams, Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, must be considered the ablest and most scholarly.

In 1857 Dr. Williams published a volume, entitled "A Dialogue of the Knowledge of the Supreme Lord, in which are compared the claims of Christianity and Hinduism, and various questions of Indian Religion and Literature fairly discussed." The "Younger Christian" in the "Dialogue," who, Canon Jones believed, represented the Doctor's own views, denied that the Jews lived under any special Providence, that the "Commonwealth of Israel" had in it a Theocratic* element, explained away the miraculous, and contended that the Old Testament was not to be regarded as the rule of faith, and that the Moral Law was no longer binding on Christians, &c. Such a

* "Theocracy" is a Greek word, made up of two words, "*Theos*," God, and "*Kratos*," strength, authority, or dominion. Josephus, the Jewish historian, was the first, we believe, who used and applied this word to the commonwealth of Israel. *Vide* his work against Apion, Book ii., 17.

book, as we might naturally expect, created quite a sensation in the country. The author was known to be a man of robust intellect, of extraordinary talents, and one who exerted great influence over the clergy of the Principality: so great, indeed, was his influence that even the most distinguished of the Lampeter students were proud to acknowledge themselves his pupils. He was also a man of unbounded energy and indomitable will, well accustomed to wield the weapons of controversy, and not averse to a trial of his powers even on questions that were foreign to his ordinary habits of inquiry. Dr. Williams, even in the opinion of his most enthusiastic admirers, had strayed far in the "Dialogue" and "Rational Godliness" from the "old paths." Notwithstanding the extravagant admiration that was once lavished on these works, time has shown that they were only launched, like many a work before them, to sink; they have shared the unhappy fate of those books that—

"Float a moment and are seen no more."

Seeing that the Doctor had attempted to undermine and explain away the cardinals of the Gospel, profound reverence for the Bible compelled Canon Powell Jones to take up the gauntlet. And in the years 1858-59, when he was Rector of Loughor, he wrote eleven long and able letters to the *Haul*, the Welsh magazine of the Church, printed by Mr. W. Spurrell, Carmarthen. In those letters he strenuously controverted the opinions set forth in the "Dialogue;" and after having ably refuted the arguments advanced in support of them, he mercilessly exposed the insipidness of "the Lampeter Theology."

Canon Powell Jones has, by his "Replies," rendered material service to the cause of truth and exegetical theology. We have no hesitation in saying that those letters are among the most erudite and elegant in the Welsh language. The style is sober, strong, perspicuous, and classical; and the discussion is thorough and exhaustive. The principles developed in the "Replies," it is true, are those which have been held by orthodox divines in every age; but the Canon gave them a bloom of freshness. His learning, and especially his reverence for the truth, highly qualified him for the onerous task which he imposed upon himself.

Canon Powell Jones seemed to us to have read the great English divines with less prejudice, and more intelligent appreciation, than the learned Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. His sharp eye saw with a glance the weak points and flaws of his opponent's case. Almost every line in his argument is full of the *vivida vis animi*.

In his death the Established Church has lost one of its ablest defenders and brightest ornaments, and education one of its truest friends. He has unquestionably earned for himself a

niche in the temple of theological fame by the admirable manner in which he defended the teachings of the Church. The learned Canon died at the Vicarage, Llantrisant, on Friday, December 21st, 1883. Friday was a noted day in his history. Nearly all the important events of his life happened on Fridays. He was born into the world on a Friday; he entered St. David's College, Lampeter, on Friday; he became curate of Loughor on Friday; he received a letter from the Lord Chancellor offering him the living on Friday; the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester offered him the important living of Llantrisant on Friday; the late Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Ollivant) wrote to inform him of his intention to appoint him Canon of Llandaff on Friday; he passed away, as we said before, on Friday; and he was buried in the ancient churchyard of Llangyfelach on a Friday!

He is no more amongst us; but

“The silence of his pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.”

The lines which Beza composed to Calvin can be appropriately applied to the late Canon John Powell Jones:—

“’Twas modesty, his constant friend on earth,
That laid this stone, unsculptured with a name;
Oh! happy turf, enriched with Calvin's worth,
More lasting far than marble is thy fame.”

Curmarthen.

WHAT CANNOT LOVE DO ?

OR,

A TALE OF TWO FRIENDS.

BY

JOHN SAUNDERS,

*Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Hirell," "Israel Mort, Overman ;
or, the Story of the Mine," "The Sherlocks," "A Noble Wife,"
"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," &c., &c.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHOOTING GALLERY.

Left alone, Larry could not resist the temptation to see what was under the green covering of that panel, which he had not been able to forget.

It was, as he expected, a full-length portrait of Norah in all her girlish beauty ; which was made the more conspicuous by the girlish white dress she wore, the only ornament a light blue sash round the waist.

Once more Larry became lost in wonder, love, and admiration—so much so that he forgot where he was, and who had just left him, and would presently be coming back, till the sound of footsteps gave warning ; and he had barely time to drop the curtain and move to the nearest picture when Baxendale entered.

Larry's face as he turned to meet his friend probably revealed the embarrassment he felt, for Baxendale sharply scrutinised it, and as he turned away glanced suspiciously at the curtain, which Larry feared he had not properly replaced, but with which Baxendale seemed satisfied.

"Come, Larry," he said, "let us see if we can find some better amusement than talk."

So they went through the conservatory, Larry begging permission to stop on the way for a minute or two to look at and smell some of the lovely orchids that were in full flower, and scenting the whole place with their delicious fragrance.

Through Larry's delight with the flowers Baxendale seemed to feel a slight revival of his own love for them; but it soon passed, and he waited impatiently outside his coming.

Then he took him to a covered verandah, and said—

“I call this my shooting gallery. I suppose something of the old Virginia leaven is in my blood. There, when I was a boy, everybody practised rifle shooting, in preparation, I suppose, for what at last came, war; and pistol or revolver shooting, in readiness for that private war between individuals that was only too common.

“Boys shared all their fathers' feelings and practices, and we had among ourselves our contests and our prizes, and not unfrequently our fathers as lookers-on. Do you ever practice?”

“Yes—in both ways—as a volunteer.”

“That's right. Suppose then we try our hands and eyes a bit?”

“Gladly,” responded Larry; “I should like it.”

Baxendale went to a cabinet in a corner, unlocked it, and took out a large case. This being opened, displayed several pairs of revolvers in a tray. Lifting the tray, another set equally numerous appeared below.

“Help yourself,” he said. “They are all loaded. My man is very careful. And so time is saved. What shall be our mark? I know.”

He took a piece of chalk and drew with remarkable ease and freedom on the end wall the figure of a man in a close-fitting dress.

“There,” he said “I think that will do. No, stay. We want our bull's eye.” And then he drew in outline on the breast of the figure a shape impossible to be mistaken—that of a man's heart.

Larry began to have misgivings as to the sport he was likely to have if things went on so strangely.

Baxendale's tone and manner, however, if a little touched with the remembrances he found it impossible to get rid of, was, on the whole, genial and apparently enjoyable; as the prospect of action of any kind that can excite interest is apt to be with men who feel paralysed for a time by some calamity concerning which effective movement is forbidden.

“Now, Larry, we won't demean ourselves by taking notice of anything short of a bull's eye. The victor shall be he who first reaches Number Five.”

“All right,” said Larry, “but I doubt if all this armoury will find me weapons enough to reach Number One.”

“Ah, you are a juggling deceiver! Come, begin.”

Larry fired, and although he missed the true mark he came very near.

Baxendale then fired, and both the men laughed at the

odds of the result. His shot almost struck on the mark made by Larry's shot, as if he had been trying to follow the footsteps of his friend.

Larry's second shot was near the former one, but inside the enclosure.

— "One for Larry and old Ireland!" he cried aloud.

Baxendale fired, and capped Larry's cry of triumph by —

— "One for the honour of England!" He, too, was within the enclosure, but not near Larry's shot, or his own former one.

Again Larry fired, his shot falling between his two former ones, but just outside the enclosure.

— "Ah! I see what you are after," said Baxendale: "the scientific dodge; the advancing if you can always in the same direction; learning alike by failures or successes; feeling your way, in short, while I take note of nothing but the centre of the mark;"—he stopped speaking, to fire; and then, seeing the result, said, "and that I miss;" but in a manner that convinced Larry he had expected to say, "and that I hit."

Both now grew serious, silent, and wary in the sport, and these were the results:—

A second hit for Larry.

A second miss for Baxendale, whose face darkened, and whose demeanour changed without actually becoming discourteous.

He went to the revolver case, and selected a fresh weapon with particular care, fired, and was again unsuccessful.

Then a third hit for Larry; and a second one for Baxendale.

A miss from Larry, and a hit by Baxendale. So they now had each reached Number Three.

Taking time and great care, but using the same weapon, Larry made a Number Four.

And was followed by Baxendale with equal success.

Larry had come to his last shot, which involved the advantage that if he hit, the game was won according to the terms of Baxendale's own proposition.

Seeing that, and remembering Baxendale had given him the advantage of the start, Larry reminded him of the fact, and said—

"It is therefore but right you should now take an equivalent."

But Baxendale positively refused, and with some asperity of tone; which only nerved Larry to do his best.

Again he displayed extreme caution before he fired, and was rewarded by finding his shot in the very centre of the mark.

Baxendale was about to replace silently the weapons in the case, but suddenly moved, by an irresistible impulse, he cried aloud to Larry—

"Stop! Look at that figure. Think as I do whom he represents, and see what I now do."

He fired ; and he, too, hit nearly the centre of the heart ; but also struck at the heart of his friend, as if he had known the whole truth of the position.

For one single instant Larry had a wild suspicion that he did know his actual relation with Mrs. Baxendale ; but he dismissed it, as the latter came to him with an entire change of face and manner, and, holding out his hand, said—

“Be mine the privilege of the defeated to the conqueror—that is, to show how I receive my fate.”

A smile and a warm grasp closed the scene ; and dispersed the momentary fear Larry had felt. He said, as they left the place—

“You are the better shot.”

“I doubt that.”

“I don't. While I am losing ground at the beginning in feeling my way, you, I can see, if freed from all that oppresses you, would go straight to the mark at once and win.”

“Perhaps. There may be something in that.” Baxendale sighed, and said no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LARRY'S LOSS, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

After an early breakfast next morning Baxendale drove his friend to the nearest station, and there Larry took a ticket for Conway.

As they strolled together up and down the platform, Baxendale, anxious to the last to make the best of himself to Larry for Larry's sake, said to the latter, as he heard the signal of the coming train,

“Your visit has done me good ; and it has taught me once more the value of friendship. And that is something to be grateful for. But it has also shown me how better to endure a hard lesson to learn—that I must suffer, and I am yet only at the beginning. But with all my heart I thank you !”

Then seeing how deeply Larry was moved by his words, he added in a lighter tone—

“If you feel inclined to write to me, pray do ; and you will have the comfort in doing so of knowing your rapidity of movement will free you from all the responsibility of answering.” Then, with a smile, and something deeper and sweeter to Larry—a look of affection that could not be mistaken—they parted.

* * * * *

Let us first follow Larry for a short period.

Reviewing all that had passed, as he lay back in the carriage, where he was glad to find himself alone; and shutting his eyes, he felt a decided sense of satisfaction.

He had done his friend good, and so had paid back one small instalment of the heavy debt he owed him, as being the unintended author of all the trouble that had fallen upon him.

Then Mr. Blake's card and invitation recurring to his recollection, he asked himself whether it would be worth while to call this very day.

The address given was at a village he had discovered he should pass through; one that he could stop at, or that he might easily return to, the distance being short from Conway.

Might he do any good by such a call? He could not satisfactorily answer. The time had yet been so short. And what he wanted to say about his impressions of the half day and night at the Woodlands, to excite sympathy in behalf of his friend, would no doubt be promptly rejected by Mr. Blake's matter-of-fact mind.

Besides he was conscious of a bias; he did want to hear of Norah and her state, if he could not see her. No, he must not be tempted. He must go straight on in his appointed course.

Well, he could do the next best thing—look at the semblance of her, which he treasured so carefully. He wanted also to compare it with his recollection of the panelled portrait.

Putting his hand into the side pocket of his coat he felt for it, as usual, among the letters and memoranda that would from habit find their way there, but did not, as usual, bring it forth.

Repressing a sudden alarm, he drew all the contents forth; and examined each, not once only, but five or six times over, before he began to realise the possibility it was missing.

Could he have transferred it unconsciously to some other pocket while relieving the one in question of part of its burden.

Every pocket was examined in vain. Hurriedly he took up his overcoat to see if it was there. But even while he searched he remembered as a matter of fact that he had only worn his overcoat in the drive to the station that morning; and that before putting it on at starting, he had made sure of the safety of the card in the pocket of the coat he now wore.

Thoroughly aroused and alarmed, he tried to remember any movements of his hand to his pockets, or of his body, in bending, that might have caused the card in its envelope accidentally to fall out.

But the possible loss of his treasure grew light in comparison when he saw as the end of his hurried speculations that he had probably dropped it in Baxendale's carriage; and that if it were found at all, he himself or his coachman would be the finder, and that the latter would of course take it to Baxendale!

And then what would he think at finding fresh from Larry's pocket a photograph of his wife!

What could he think but that Larry then was the man who had ruined his wife; and for whom he cherished in his inmost soul a hatred so intense, and so reckless of all consequences?

Gradually, however, he came to see that as the photograph had been publicly exhibited in the stationer's shop at Chester, nothing could appear more probable than that he had come across it accidentally the previous day in one of the journeys of his mission; and bought it, as he might have bought Baxendale's, had the chance offered, simply for the interest he felt in the married pair.

And this satisfied him. So he turned to the study of his map and guide book, with fresh determination to throw himself into the new scenes opening upon him, in a thoroughly appreciative mood.

* * * * *

Happily for Larry's next few days was the satisfaction and resolve thus obtained, for had he known the truth his state would have been indeed pitiable.

When Baxendale returned from the platform to his carriage waiting outside, the coachman said—

“I am afraid, sir, Mr. O'Neill has dropped something from his pocket, for I picked this up in the carriage while you were away.” He then handed Baxendale a folded letter without its envelope, within which appeared a blank envelope containing a card.

Baxendale glanced at the contents of the letter, without reading, and then at the enveloped card, merely to see if they were important enough to be forwarded, should he hear from Larry, and so get the opportunity.

When he saw what that card was—a photograph of his wife dropped freshly from Larry's pocket—no mention, however slight, having been made by the latter as to his possessing it—his thoughts flew as with one wild bound—overleaping all obstacles—to an idea, which found expression in the words :

“My God! Larry! He then is the man!”

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CHAPTER XIX.

SEEKING PROOF OF GUILT.

Then checking himself in accordance with a solemn resolution he had taken the previous night on his knees, while in prayer to God, to stop instantly all further impulses to sudden violence of thought or act, if he did momentarily forget himself, he gradually became calm.

And then, under the illuminating but sinister light shed by this accident of the photograph, upon Larry's behaviour since their meeting in the street, he came methodically, and, therefore, only the more dangerously, to the same end, a fixed belief in Larry's guilt, and execrable hypocrisy.

Under this bias every incident he could recall changed its character. The journey into Wales was a pretence that circumstances had obliged him to carry out. His hypothetical suggestions as to the innocence of his paramour after hearing the dreadful story were no doubt artfully framed to prepare the way for an acknowledgment of his own share in the business, if he could do it safely, and so become the accepted friend of both husband and wife.

And though he had been frightened out of that precious scheme, he had another ready in which he had been only too successful—he had won the blind, foolish husband's confidence as his friend—and so been sent to the very woman who had already kissed him; sent not once only, but three several times—possibly no one present but those two, for Larry's reports were now treated as lies from the beginning to end. And if lies, how stupendous in their infamy!

But his conviction might not be shared by others, on the mere evidence of the photograph.

He must go to work carefully in search of more damning evidences.

And then it occurred to him for the first time to ask if any one in the house, apart from the chief personages concerned, might have seen Larry's first and secret entrance into it; and subsequently recognised him for the same man, on his after visits.

That would be indeed decisive; and he would at once put the matter to the test.

And then he remembered he had left personal property of various kinds in the house; which would probably have been collected, and placed ready for him by Mrs. Moran.

That should be the obvious motive for his visit—the rest chance must settle.

In his impatience he would have gone by train to Chester; but coming unprepared to take his things away was too absurd, so he drove thither, in hot haste all the way.

Not caring to call the attention of neighbours to his presence, he left the carriage at a short distance, but out of sight from the house, went to it, and knocked with unusual gentleness.

The housemaid came to the door, looked frightened when she saw who it was, till he said,—

“I left something here, that I may as well take away.”

“Oh, yes, sir. They were all put ready in the parlour by mistress. Will you please to come in?”

As they entered the parlour he said,—

“I am rather tired, Mary, and should like to rest for a few minutes; when the carriage will come for me, and for these packages.”

“Oh, pray, sir, do!” was all Mary could say, though very uncomfortable at the prospect of his possibly questioning her.

“As I am here,” he said, with a smile, “I want to clear up one or two matters, in which you may possibly assist. And you know I am not a bad paymaster, when anybody takes a bit of trouble in my behalf.”

“No, sir, indeed!” faltered Mary, her face growing more pale and disturbed every instant; “and I shall be glad to tell you anything I know, if it does not concern my mistress, or Mrs. Baxendale.”

“But as I am Mrs. Baxendale’s husband,” he continued, in a jocular tone, “what concerns her concerns me. You see that?”

“Yes, sir; but you must please to excuse me.”

“On what grounds? In fear for your mistress? That would be assuming on your part a view that would be anything rather than agreeable to her if she came to know.”

“Oh, please, sir, do stop! I cannot do what you wish me.”

“Then, Mary, I must take another course. I shall go to a magistrate, and lay before him a case that will cause him to summon you.”

“Oh, sir! Oh, sir!” And therewith the girl began to cry.

“Come, come. You must have thought I was going to subject you to a cross-examination on all sorts of matters. I mean nothing of the kind. The only two questions I shall ask relate to one and the same thing. Will you answer them or no?”

“I will try,” the girl said, after a long and troubled pause.

“That’s right. Do so fearlessly; I want only the truth. Did you, then, see a gentleman enter here yesterday just before I came in?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me the circumstances.”

“I went to let Mrs. Baxendale in as soon as I heard her carriage stop at the door.”

“Yes, and then?”

“I went to the next house to speak to the cook, and as I was coming away I saw the gentleman enter: and thinking from his manner he was a friend of the family I took no more notice.”

“And did he, on going away, return later?”

“Oh, yes, but I only saw him from the kitchen window.”

“But you are sure it was the same gentleman you saw enter here, just before I came?”

"Yes, sir, the gentleman whom I have since understood is your friend, Mr. O'Neill."

"That is all I wanted to know. Can you find me pen, ink, and paper?"

"Oh, sir, surely there is going to be no fresh trouble, and me in it?"

"Do your duty, and you have no cause to be afraid. Trust me. I will take care you shall receive no injury."

Reassured, Mary brought the materials for writing, and he presently wrote, and slowly read out to her the following memorandum:—

"Mary Backhurst, being asked if she remembers and can identify the gentleman who entered her mistress's house yesterday just before Mr. Baxendale also entered, answers 'Yes.'

"Further asked if that same gentleman came again the same day, she also answers 'Yes,' and mentions his name—Mr. O'Neill—as a friend of Mr. Baxendale's.—Signed,

"MARY BACKHURST,

"HORACE BAXENDALE."

The names, of course, were not in, but were read to her as if in.

Called upon to sign, she did so; but with such a trembling hand that the signature was hardly legible. So Baxendale wrote the name carefully by the side of her imperfect signature, and appended his initials in witness of its being correct.

Then repeating his assurance that he would secure her from any harm that might result, he put a sovereign into her hand, told her he would send the coachman with the carriage for his things, took up the paper from the table and placed it with great care in a pocketbook, after emptying it of all other contents, and transferring these loosely to a different pocket, and then left the house; ejaculating the moment he got outside—

"At last! at last I have him now beyond the possibility of redemption."

CHAPTER XX.

COLWYN BAY.

On the morning of the day when Larry O'Neill set out on his Welsh tour, a small party of three persons were at breakfast in one of the pretty little villas that face the sea (at a short distance from it), in the Bay of Colwyn, near Llandudno Junction.

Mr. Blake sat at the head of the table, cutting deeply into

a juicy ham, his appetite apparently unaffected by family troubles, however serious.

Opposite to him sat Mrs. Moran, answering his occasional remarks; but her eyes and thoughts constantly and anxiously fixed on the invalid who formed the third person of the group.

Norah was in a half-sitting position, carefully propped by pillows in an easy chair between the two, at the side of the table, where she faced the sun.

Tea and sundry delicacies were before her, within easy reach, but were as yet scarcely touched.

"Come, Norah," said her father as he discovered the fact, "you know our bargain. I let you off from seeing any doctor, on the sole condition that I took his place."

"Yes, and a good doctor you have been. I feel already much better," said Norah, with a tender smile.

"Then eat, drink, and make merry—for to-morrow we *live*. Is not that an improved version of the old saying?"

"Don't we, then, live at present?" continued Norah.

"Not exactly. Our life is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—nor good red herring, as I think somebody somewhere says."

"How is that, father?" said Norah, growing interested.

"There is a bad past; we'll call it yesterday. There is a good to-morrow—for the future. But to-day we are hovering between them—now turning to the one, now inclining to the other, and of course making a mess of both. Eh, Norah?"

He stooped to kiss her, and in an instant her loving arms were round his neck; and, as he fondly held her for a little space, he felt the beating of her heart against his own.

At last she said to him, with tears in her eyes, that sparkled as with gladness in the sun—

"It is true, but it shall be true no longer. I will not look back. I will look forward."

"That's right."

In truth, she was experiencing a great bodily relief from the pain she had borne, and from the physical danger she had first feared.

But what was still more important, however temporary might be its duration, was the vital relief she felt through the passing away of the clouds that had hung over her spirits for some time past, through the mere apprehension of renewed outbreaks of violence on the part of her husband.

These she had still done her best to charm away, till Larry's visit and its effects destroyed all hope.

These two causes told with such power and happiness upon her to-day that her naturally high spirits seemed to spring up with a kind of rebound from their recent low state.

"Do you know what men say of me?" presently asked her father.

"Well, it is possible that you are one of the others," said Mrs. Moran, "but I don't think you will just a slight chance of being one of them."

"I don't think so," said Norah, "but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Moran, "that you are one of them, but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Moran, "that you are one of them, but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Moran, "that you are one of them, but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"What a wicked world!" said Norah, "to suppose that I am one of them, but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"Well, indeed, what do you say?" said Mrs. Moran, "but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Moran, "that you are one of them, but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Moran, "that you are one of them, but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"How does the world look?" said Mrs. Moran, "but I don't know what I should do if I were one of them."

"And soon comes a rude disaster," said Mrs. Moran.

"Indeed, if you like, but uncommonly useful," returned Mr. Blake, as he watched the coming train with a director's propriety of feeling.

"Father, see!" suddenly called out Norah; "your glass, quick!"

Mr. Blake levelled his tourist glass, and saw the object that had so unexpectedly aroused Norah's interest in the train.

It was a young man, with head and breast stretched far out of the window, holding a glass to his eyes with one hand, and waving his hat with the other.

"By heaven! 'tis Larry O'Neill!" shouted Mr. Blake, once more moved out of his ordinary quietude. He pulled off his hat and waved it heartily. Mrs. Moran shook her handkerchief; and then Norah, trembling between pleasure and diffidence, followed her aunt's example, till he and the train were alike gone.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. BLAKE'S STRANGE BEHAVIOUR.

Naturally this incident occupied the thoughts, and became the subject of much desultory talk among all three, during the rest of the day.

On the following morning Mr. Blake received, by post, a letter he carefully concealed from his companions. Then seeing that the ladies had entirely recovered from the excitement of Larry's passage like a meteor before them, and become busy—Mrs. Moran over her needlework, and Norah with a novel, Mr. Blake said brusquely—

"This place is all very well while fine weather lasts, but what if it doesn't? I shall walk over to Conway; and see if there is anything suitable for such birds of passage as we are that might tempt us to stay the winter."

So saying he went off, and presently became very thoughtful and serious.

Instead of waiting to inquire at Colwyn station if there was any train for Conway, he walked direct to Llandudno Junction. And there he had an interview with the station-master, who knew Mr. Blake was a director, and was deferential accordingly.

"I think I'll run over to Llandudno," he said to the station-master, who evidently was not able to satisfy Mr. Blake on the matter they had been discussing.

"I'll be on the watch meantime, sir," said the inspector.

"If you please." And away went Mr. Blake to Llandudno by the train then ready.

His movements there only needed the tourist's dress for him to be set down as a tourist; but one who, as is the way with many tourists, seem only to come in order to go.

He went through the parade, the bay, and along the principal streets. Then mounted half way up the Orme's Head, but thinking he had had enough of that grand but inconveniently steep rock, turned, and went down again.

Making the best of his route back to the station, not having seen, or apparently wanted to see, any lodgings, however eligible, he reached the junction just as a train was starting for Conway, got in, and was presently set down in a wonderfully fine old town.

And, extraordinary to say, he did exactly the same at Conway that he had done at Llandudno—he played the part of a tourist against his will; who, finding whatever he saw had no interest for him, still went on, as if in obedience to some secret motive that did interest.

When he had thus explored the ruins of the castle, one of the most picturesque and beautiful perhaps in existence, with increasing annoyance, he suddenly stopped, and said to himself—

“That’s enough. I will do no more.” Then engaging the first carriage he saw standing for hire, he was quickly driven back towards the bay, having done nothing whatever in connection with his professed object in either place.

Stopping at Llandudno Junction, to speak once more to the stationmaster, he said to him—

“Can you manage to send a couple of porters—judicious fellows—one to Llandudno, the other to Conway, rather late to-night, to go quietly and unobtrusively to all the hotels, and learn if the friend I seek is staying at any one of them?”

“Certainly I can, sir.”

“And then send them on to me—or perhaps one may bring the result of both—the moment they get back.”

“I will myself see that all is done exactly as you wish.”

“They shall be well paid; and as to yourself, I shall feel really obliged.”

The carriage drove on; and Mr. Blake reached Colwyn in a state of anxiety that deepened every minute, and which was most unusual for him to feel on any subject, or with regard to any person whatever—except Norah.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

KYMRIC SONNETS.

II.

“In the face of the sun and the eye of light.”

The poet works with sunbeams, and his gaze
Must be into the sacred eye of light ;
His spirit walks through ghostly tracts of night,
To gather all the glow of stars that blaze,
And of stray gleams build glorious deathless days ;
His fancy, with a restless, strange delight,
Marks out the line that trembles into sight,
The line of love with all its sweet amaze.

But think not thou to see with eye profane
The sun he sees, or use his altar fire ;—
He has the sun within his heart ; he burns
The fire in which the angel homeward turns ;
And, looking, all within him doth aspire
To lead the world along a higher plane.

Buckley.

ELVET.

HORACE, ODE VIII.

(A TRANSLATION.)

The following is an attempt at a rhyming translation of an ode of Horace (VIII). As any aim at exclusive, or even partial, originality, in this department of literature, if the translator faithfully adhere to the text, is entirely *hors de question*, a bold frontier should distinguish the captious judgment of the critic, for the images belong not to the translation, but to the translated. The propriety of the introduction of an extraneous idea, and of the license taken in doing so, and the diction, are, however, his legitimate quarry. For this license, or liberty, which in one or two instances has been taken, the following considerations will perhaps, in some measure, atone, though the writer cannot hope that they will wholly arrest the censure of the reader, viz. :—Where in parts of the text, in the opinion of the writer, certain collaterals or consequences are intended to be understood rather than expressed ; and where a bare literal translation would represent but very crudely the notion which the author endeavoured to impart. The writer had some intention of marking, by italics, the lines wherein he had, strictly speaking, departed from the text, until a discomfiting afterthought intimated that the departure would be sufficiently palpable without any such invidious distinction. He is perfectly aware that the 1st Book of Horace is not a maiden field for translators, but as in his lucubrations he does not remember having encountered any translation of this, as well as of several of the other odes

and exposed to shame with justice, however unequal the conduct, be accused, as *scelus*, of plagiarism, the accused of which he ventures to entertain is in these days no delinquency; there is no the least prospect of the Olympic festival to him who is thought to be accused.

AD LYDIAM.

Lydia, diæ per omnes
 Te decus oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
 Perdere; cur apricuum
 Oleris Campum, patiens pulveris atque solis
 Cur neque militaris
 Inter æquales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis
 Temperat ora frenis?
 Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum
 Sanguine viperino
 Cautius vitat, neque jam livida gestat armis
 Brachia, sæpe disco,
 Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?
 Quid latet ut marina
 Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troja:
 Funera, ne virilis
 Cultus in cœdem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

Horace, Lib. I., VIII.

(TRANSLATION.)

TO LYDIA.

Oh, Lydia, fair Lydia, by all the gods tell,
 Of Sybaris' joy why thou'rt tolling the knell,
 While Love unrequited is beck'ning his end,
 And eager Destruction doth o'er him impend.
 Think, stern one, the place that brave Sybaris knew
 Now knows him no more; 'Tis his wont to eschew
 The green sunny plain, where in days that are gone
 He passion's intensity left to atone
 For the absence of ethics. All the long day
 He patiently bears the sun's vertical ray;
 The dust of his wanderings have whitened his loins,
 He ne'er in equestrian tournament joins;
 The mouths of his Gallic-bred steeds have respite
 From the harsh bloody bit, his former delight.
 Yet their mem'ry, methinks, reverts to the fray,
 When their blandishments shone in martial array,
 For their heads, which of yore, with snorting delight
 They frantically tossed at Sybaris' sight,
 Now hang down in sorrow for days that are flown,
 When vacant inertness to them was unknown.

Erewhile yellow Tiber's shore bent as he trod,
 Dried round his footprint, as to flame doth the sod ;
 But the sand of Etruria he touches no more,
 Nor oil of the Olive ; but revels in gore
 Of the viper. The arm that once proudly bore
 The livid impress of the armour it wore,
 Now as woman's is pale, and as woman's is weak,
 And the mind of Sybaris is troubled and meek.
 Oft in times past and gone, the Quoits' frosty ring,
 And the whirl of the javelin's featherless wing,
 Have ennobled nobility's noblest mind,
 And created for care an oblivion kind.
 But the moth-like joke flits no longer around*
 Sybaris, but dark clouds of sadness profound.
 And like the high summit of some lofty chain,
 Doth of winters unnumbered the snowfall retain,
 While its base ever bears its perennial green,
 And nowhere betrays what above may be seen,
 His manly-formed body shows not to the sight
 That the head which it carries is mantled in white.
 Why hides he his form, like before him, they say,
 Did the son of the sea-born Thetis in his day,
 Lest his manly cut dress his station bespoke
 When Lycias and Slaughter—Hell's happiest yoke,
 Strode the ramparts of Troy, on bloody deeds bent,
 Ere tearful destruction its ravage had spent ?

Bridgend.

G. B. H.

EVENSONG.

Sweet eventime ! thy grateful advent brings
 To man's worn soul an atmosphere of peace,
 In whose refreshing depths to bathe is rest !
 As droops earth's tender verdancy beneath
 The too, too ardent rays of light and life,
 E'en so the busy brain of man, opprest
 By fervour of inherent fire, doth yield
 Its rich vitality. *Thy* kindly office 'tis
 To give relief.

As sinks beyond the verge
 Of circling space the fiery orb of day,
 To hail thy soft approach all nature vies :
 The babbling brook with rippling note unfolds
 Its tuneful change of melody and praise ;
 The leafy terrace, with its myriad tongues,
 And softly spoken winds embrace the theme,
 And waft thy virtues to the dome of heaven.

* " *Quam Jocus circum volat.*"—*Hor., Lib. I., II.*

See Flora's petal'd offspring, how they raise
Their dew-decked faces at thy hand's caress.
See how each tiny leaflet, erstwhile bent
And languishing beneath the noontide heat,
Erect once more, with beauties fresh arrayed,
In silence worships thy Creator and its own !
How kind thy mission, tho' to these confined—
These fragrant, soulless beauties of an hour—
The dews of heaven, that in thy train attend,
Imparting life's renewal at their touch
To all that makes earth fair to look upon !

But man, immortal man, has reason most
To bless thy soft-recurring presence, Eve.
When, soul-exhausted with the cares of day,
Thine essences invade the aisles of thought,
His mind—that mystic emblem of his God,
Whose spirit 'lumines life's dark sea of strife—
Sends forth in thankfulness its meed of praise,
And, upward soaring, freed from toil's restraints,
Is by thy heaven-born influences drawn
In closer unison with Nature and her God !

Cardiff.

BETA PHIL.

THE MONUMENTS AT AVEBURY AND STONEHENGE.

I.

AVEBURY.



IN company with one of the best known of Welsh correspondents I paid a visit to Avebury and Stonehenge a few days before last Christmas. Leaving Cardiff by an early train we went through Bristol, Trowbridge, and Devizes on to Marlborough, which we reached too late in the evening of Saturday, December 22nd, to proceed any further. And so tired,

cold, and hungry withal, we settled down in a cosy little hotel for the night. If I wanted to visit Avebury and Stonehenge again I should go to Calne instead of to Marlborough; the journey out being much shorter that way. From Calne I should drive to Avebury, and afterwards proceed to Marlborough, whence I would take train to Salisbury for Stonehenge. This is a much quicker and cheaper route than the one we took. At our Marlborough hostelry we hired a conveyance in which we started betimes next morning for Avebury, over a road which, for the most part, was dreadfully dull and uninteresting.

A long line of hedge on either side of you, broken at tedious intervals by a duck pool, a muddy lane, or the entrance to some country house, either gawkily hid among its own trees or staring at you with unarchitectural ugliness, is about all you will see until the country opens out a little in the direction of Overstone, where there is a rather pretty church. It is only when mound after mound, with graceful sweep and curve, some like great urns planted amid weeping willows, show forth against the sky line ahead, that you begin to feel the least bit as if the journey had been really worth the making. These are the burial places

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of our rude fathers, who are plainly in communion with posterity; for though dead, do they not yet speak to us and say, "here are we laid to rest. The spot wherein we sleep, each with his face to the roots of the daisies, is so fashioned and formed, so chosen and laid out, that you can by its many outward visible signs read the thoughts and aims of us who have lain buried here through the centuries."

Those sierra-like indentations of the horizon trending away in various directions, to right of you and to left, do they not tell you of men whose last wish it was to be buried within sight of holy Avebury, their *carneddau* forming the outer court of its grand temple, so that the people who came to worship might turn aside also to visit the acre consecrated to the memory of their beloved dead. I spoke of these barrows in a description of them printed elsewhere as constituting in themselves a rude Necropolis, built when as yet the foundations of Rome, or it may be of Baalbek and of the Pyramids themselves, had not been cut, and I really do not know that I can supply the reader with a description denoting with greater accuracy their age and antiquity.

The sensations still vibrate which took possession of me as our carriage rolled through the gateway of the avenue of Avebury Temple. The morning was mild, almost balmy. Around, everything was in perfect repose, not a sign of life anywhere. We were in the presence of the Past, contemplating, amidst a stillness quite depressing, the ruins of departed greatness. The associations of the place crowded so thickly in upon us that I remember involuntarily waving my hand as though I were a fainting man struggling for room and air. "Keep back!" I seemed to say to the ever-trooping shadows, "you oppress me with your numbers and I suffocate!" The feeling varied presently into one of sadness as the ruins of that wondrous aisle swept in upon the view. Mass after mass of rock and sandstone, upright some of it, some supine, were passed in speedy flight. With feelings too deep for utterance I reflected that the cry which heralded the death of the old Greek god and his oracles was possibly a mighty one; but that many thought it a cruel one there could be no earthly doubt. "Great Pan is dead," and Nymph and Naiad are dying with him, but their fate was hard as their rule was kindly, and many were the void and aching hearts that mourned for them then and through the years which followed.

We are now within the jaws, travelling adown the gullet of the great stone serpent of Avebury. A magnificent avenue this in days gone by. It ran in a graceful curve and lay with its head to the sunrise, enclosing with its great central fold the grand stone temple and its holy of holies, the tail symmetrical as Hogarth's beauty line, waving away to a point

farther down to the west than we can as yet see. As we drive by the fallen boulders it gives me quite as much pain to see them as if I had been an artist and the object I was contemplating were the finest Corinthian columns. The latter would merely have symbolised for us a dead hand; the Art which guided it living still. But the other marked out a dead faith, lost, it may be, past hope of recovery, all its professors being in Shadow Land, and the secret of their ritual buried the world knows not where. Every sorrow, however, has its sedative, every pain its balm; and so here. Down in the deep-bosomed earth the fallen pillars of the once splendid Sun Temple were making themselves a peaceful resting-place. And the kindly Mother had thrown over each a sheltering coverlet of grass-blades, with numberless flowers interwoven, so that the sleep of these, her children, should be as profound as it is likely to be lasting.

At Avebury there is a decent little hostelry called the "Red Lion," the only one in the place as far as I know or care, for we went not thither to look for such things. Here we put up our horse and left our driver snugly settled pending our return, it being quite useless to expect him to show the slightest earthly interest in the object of our journey. My companion and I lost no time in setting out on foot on our tour of inspection. Half a minute's walk or so from the doorway of the inn brings us to a point in Oxford Road where we jump a fence, and then, by a narrow passage to the right, we gain a field to the rear of a cottage, which looks like one of the outhouses of a farm. Resolved to return that way, we just glance at the huge remains of the Cromlech still standing there and pass on.

This is holy ground every inch of it, for we are now inside the Temple itself. Round us runs a great mound of velvet-covered earth, which originally must have formed the gallery to which the public were admitted on days of public worship in the stone circles inside. The time and the labour expended upon this part alone of the British—shall I call it Mecca, or Valhalla, or both in one?—must have been something enormous. The amphitheatre is nearly three-quarters of a mile in extent, and the embankment measures eighty feet from summit to base on the inner slope. Originally it had only two openings, which formed respectively the avenues of approach and departure of the Druidic Temple. There are several openings now, the hands of Time and Man having been only too busy in every direction. This great rampart enclosed an area of about thirty-five acres, and if you remember that the whole of the ground inside was covered with great groves of stone, amidst which the Priests of this old religion performed their rites and ceremonies, you will have a pretty clear notion of the grandeur of the

place wherein, "after the manner called heresy," the men of Britain worshipped the gods of their fathers.

Our examination of the mound completed, we struck across a field whence we had a good view of the old Norman church of Averberie, as it is called in Domesday Book, and gained the high road, metalled here with a mixture of chalk and flint, which renders it anything but pleasant to the pedestrian. Descending at a run the embankment bordering this road, we dropped almost into the arms of a policeman, whom we afterwards found to be the sergeant-in-charge at Beckhampton, a small village with a small "Station," about a mile or so further on. Piloted by him we made straight for Silbury Hill, which, even more than the monoliths, is one of the sights of Avebury. It is impossible to describe the weird impression a first glimpse of this extraordinary hill created within me. Sinai I have never seen, but with the help of a tolerably vivid imagination and a delightful old map attached to a copy of Bunyan's immortal *Pilgrim's Progress*, I remember once constructing for myself a notion of what it was like which I am sure must have been quite terrible enough to be accurate. I have now in my mind's eye the leaden-looking Mount, with its frowning canopy of cloud into whose black depths there leaped and hissed those fearful tongues of flame. And in the midst of all Moses, standing trembling, deafened by din and thunder, scorched by lava heat, and blinded by smoke as of a burning world, waiting resignedly the message of his Maker. Truly the day and the hour were awful! And then that other Hill and that other day, when a greater Mediator met His offended Father and satisfied Him in full for the sins of the children of Man. You remember the passages. From the sixth hour there was darkness all over the land until the ninth hour; the sun was darkened and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; seeing which things made even the stout centurion blench.

Silbury—and I say it not in scoff or disrespect—was to me Sinai and Calvary in one. While first impressions were yet strong upon me I wrote down a description of the scene, which, however poor, I cannot better, and this must be my excuse for reproducing it. "I saw it," said I of Silbury Hill, in my account to a daily paper, "standing a solitary giant upon a level plain, a dark fringe of trees in the mid-distance, and the sun overhead just at noon shining faintly, a pale opalescent globe swimming in a sea of wrinkled, dull-grey cloudlets. The mass of the hill itself loomed out heavily from its surroundings, and presented to my startled imagination in grand, almost awe-inspiring reality, all I had ever dreamt Calvary must be. The leaden-looking firmament and the sickly Sun; the dark, positively *troubled*, aspect of the hill constituted an *ensemble*

from which nothing seemed to have been omitted that could have made the presentment of a terrible tragedy complete."

It is time now I descended from the region of dreams. Silbury is the largest tumulus in Europe, is of the form of a truncated cone, rising to a height of one hundred and seventy feet. It is two thousand and ten feet round at the base, and covers an area of about five acres. That it is of artificial construction no one who has seen it can for a moment doubt. A great point in dispute is, whether it was in existence before the advent of the Romans. Mr. Fergusson believes Silbury, in conjunction with Avebury, to have formed "a full-sized plan of a battle fought by King Arthur and the Saxons, and lithographed for ever on the field where it took place." Stukeley assigns to them both a very remote date, and says they were built or reared "about the time of Abraham." The Rev. Mr. Lisle Bowles believes Avebury to be Phœnician. In his learned work on "The Worship of the Serpent," Mr. Deane asserts it to be a serpent temple. The Rev. E. Duke regards it as a part of a vast planetarium or astronomical circle founded by the Druids upon the Wiltshire downs; while Mr. Herbert is of opinion that it was erected after the Romans had quitted these islands. "The discoveries of similar remains in India," remarks the compiler of Mr. John Murray's *Handbook to Wiltshire*, "appear to throw light upon the history of Avebury, and lead us to attribute it to a people who had migrated from the East." There is a possibility of course—a possibility which perfervid Welshmen more and more strongly urge as the years go by and the circle of their inquiry widens—that the East got its religion from us in the West, a point which I will deal with more in detail presently. Suffice it at this stage to remark that in my humble opinion Silbury blocks the road for the narrow-minded archæologists who contend through thick and thin that the Occident is the child instead of the parent of the Orient. Silbury was certainly constructed before the Roman invasion, and I will tell you why. Close to its base on the southern side runs the Via Julia, the Roman road between Bath and London. Had Silbury not been in the way the engineer who laid out this road would have carried it right through where the Hill now stands, and so have got a straight line without difficulty. Silbury being where it is, he preferred going round to cutting into the obstructing mass, as being the easier and the simpler feat. A view of the road from the hill-top will convince you of this fact at once.

If the Druidic theory be correct Silbury was put up and Avebury built back in the stone age—it may be one or two score thousand years ago. According to this the position of the hill bore a certain relation to that of the sun at Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas; so that to ascertain the age of Temple and Hill, all you

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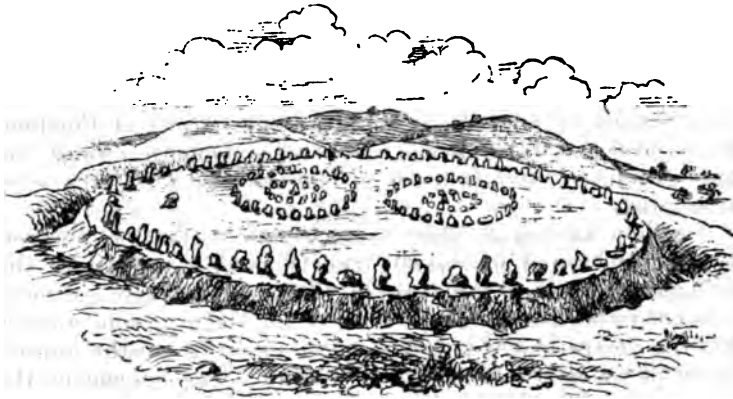
have to do is to mark the corresponding positions at present, and calculate back, astronomically, to the period when the sun bore to these monuments the exact position assigned to it in the Druidic belief. That Silbury was used for some purpose totally distinct from the one of burial is proved by the absence from its interior of any of the mortuary relics found in the ordinary tumuli. It has been repeatedly excavated, but the hoped-for signs were not forthcoming. The last time anything of the sort was attempted was when the Wilts Archæological Society tunnelled to its centre. The grass is now found quietly covering the scar they made. Bishop Cotton, in a lecture on the antiquities of Marlborough College, traced a connection between Silbury Hill and a mound in the college ground much in the same fashion, it seems to me, as the famous one of Fluellen, whose river in Macedon and river in Monmouth formed the most conclusive identification of one place with the other ever attempted.

A walk to the top of Silbury—undertaken, you may remember, by Charles II. and his brother the Duke of York, under the guidance of old John Aubrey, two hundred years ago and more—is not to be accomplished at a run. Many a time and oft will the inexperienced pedestrian turn round to breathe himself under pretence of admiring the scenery. The descent on the other side is hardly approachable as an exercise for shaking down your dinner. On the banks of a bubbling brook, on the Avebury side of the hill, is a row of trees, between the branches of which a very picturesque view is obtained of the hill itself. About midway, and in a direct line between Silbury and the Temple, I discovered a stone which Myfyr Morganwg, the Arch-druid of Pontypridd, with whom I had a consultation just before starting on my pilgrimage, told me *must* be there, supposing Silbury and Avebury bore to each other the relationships he believed they did in the Druidic place of worship.

Gaining the site of the second of the stone circles which stood within the periphery of the greater one originally forming the Temple of Avebury, we devote some little time to exploration. Here, no doubt, was the obelisk, for in the other circle the remains of the Cromlech, second of the symbols of the Druidic faith, are still visible. Round this Obelisk, this pillar, this Ebenezer, stood at one time a double circle of forty-three upright stones, of which no less than forty have disappeared—carted away for hedge-making, house-building, and other strictly utilitarian purposes I have no doubt. Right in the midst of the circle of the Obelisk the chapel of a newer faith has been built, an ugly square box of a thing belonging to the Baptists.

A little to the north of the circle of the Obelisk stands another, originally consisting of forty-five stones, arranged

concentrically in two circles, of which the inner enclosed a group of four stones of immense size, called the Cromlech. This was the Druidical Holy of Holies. Two of the four stones, forming respectively the left and back walls of the Cromlech, are still in position. The other two, forming the right wall and the roof, have gone. Stukeley says he remembers seeing twenty cartloads of the fragments of the top stone taken away for building purposes. This enormous slab was broken up by



pouring water round the base after it had been made red hot by means of a straw fire. If Sir John Lubbock had not come into possession of portions of Avebury, the probability is that the whole of it would have been carted off before now, such is the veneration of our Saxon neighbours for anything they can make a house of, or build a hedge or a pigstye with.

While we were examining the remaining duolithic half of the Cromlech, the occupant of a cottage which adjoins came out, and I elicited from him that the neighbourhood has proved very attractive of late years in fine weather to visitors of an antiquarian turn. He could not tell himself what the uses of those great stones were, or who had put them up—I never thought he could, by the way—but the back stone there had been measured a short time ago by a corporal in the Ordnance Survey Corps, who told him it was eighteen feet high and must weigh at the least a hundred tons. The people who could move such a mass from a great distance—for there was no place near where anything of the kind could be got—must have been acquainted with some form of mechanical power, hydraulic or other, he thought, and must, therefore, have attained to a very high degree of civilisation. The stone on the left of the Cromlech was higher even than this one, but not so wide or so massive. My Welsh friend borrowing a ladder—or rather taking one by French

leave—ran to the top and thence got on to the stone, from which he declared there was a very fine view. The associations of the place being strong upon him, he gave vent to his feelings in a powerful address, the impression created by which was, I am afraid, somewhat dispelled by my exclamation, “And the mantle fell on Elisha!” as his coat, which I had undertaken to catch, came so suddenly down upon my shoulders that it nearly knocked me over.

Another visit to the Red Lion in quest of our charioteer, and we were soon afterwards toiling back to Marlborough, *viii* Beckhampton and round the southern base of Silbury Hill. On our way between the two we passed the tail of the Serpent, the avenue of departure from the Temple. All now remaining of its former glories are two large upright stones, one of which forms, so to speak, the tip of the Serpent’s tail. Stukeley, who is the great authority in these matters, describes this grand avenue as consisting, in the portion of approach, of two hundred stones, finished at the eastern end—which rested on Hackpen Hill and formed the head of the Serpent—with fifty-eight stones arranged in a double circle, or rather in two elliptical ranges, one hundred and forty-six feet in diameter from outside to outside. The avenue varied in width from fifty-six feet to thirty-five feet between the stones, which were on an average eighty-six feet apart from each other in their linear direction. The Place of Departure which we were now passing was a mile-and-a-half long, and consisted of two hundred and three stones, ending in a point which is still to be seen, as I have just told you. By a common impulse my fellow traveller and myself got up to our feet simultaneously and took off our hats as the carriage rolled swiftly without the sacred precincts of Avebury. Our last lingering look at the place was taken as the shadows were gathering round it in the wake of a declining Sun, which appeared to us to be proclaiming that its own, as well as the grand old Temple’s, glory had departed.

J. H.

GLEANINGS OF SOCIAL HISTORY FROM THE OLD LAWS.

I have been dipping into musty, cobwebbed "Ruffhead"—a voluminous work on the statutes at large, from Magna Charta to the twenty-first year of the reign of George III., and from the dry field of legal technicality have been able to glean many a fragment of social history. The old statutes and the old bards constitute pretty well the whole of the sources from whence we gather the mediæval history of Wales, and it is interesting to note how strikingly they corroborate one another.

Take, as an example, the poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, an officer and friend of Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, who was a leader in the Wars of the Roses. Lewis refers in several of his poems to Chester, and incidentally discloses a turbulent condition of things. He himself was assailed there, and had his household gods broken or stolen, because he had married the widow of an Englishman. He laments his troubles in one of his poems, and in another lauds the bravery of his friend Reynalt of the Tower, who at the head of a body of men entered Chester secretly, and revenged the bard by sack and pillage. Pennant mentions how this Reynalt of the Tower entered Chester, and, amongst other misdeeds, hanged its Mayor, one Bryne, a linen draper, to a steeple in his castle. The "two hundred tall men" of Chester sallied forth to revenge the deed, and Reynalt allowed them to enter the castle, hiding himself and men in an adjoining wood. Then as soon as a number of them were inside, he fastened the door, set fire to the place and destroyed them. The rest he chased to the sea and there destroyed. It shows much for the King's clemency that Reynalt was pardoned, but, like many similar acts of clemency in the time of Edward IV., pardon was possibly bestowed because punishment was impolitic or impossible.

A portion of Chester seems to have been an Alsatia, and from it restless mountaineers made their way across the borders, committing a great deal of mischief. This was the condition of things about 1460, in the reign of Henry VI. Nearly sixty years before, in the time of Henry IV., a similar condition of things prevailed, and we find action taken by the King's advisers in legislating to amend it.

Let us turn to Cap. 18 of the Act, anno primo Henrici, 4, and we find it headed "A process against one of the county of Chester which committeth an offence in another shire." And then follows the preamble, showing exactly the condition of the time :—

Item. Upon the grievous clamour and complaint made to our Lord the King in this present Parliament, of many Murders, Manslaughters, Robberies, Batteries, and other Riots and offences which before this time have been done by People of the county of Chester, to divers of the King's liege People in divers parts and counties of England.

Then follows the substance :—

That if any person of the county of Chester commit Murder or felony in any place out of that county, and be captured by officers or ministers of that county, the processes of law shall be put in force against his person ; and his goods and chattels in Chester shall be seized and forfeited to the Prince, or to him who shall be Lord of Chester for the time, and the King, or the Lord having Franchise, shall have the Year and Day and the waste and the other lands and tenements, goods and chattels of the Felon that are without the county.

In the cases also of battery and even of trespass committed by a man of Chester, if outlawed for these offences, "the Lord of Chester shall take possession of all goods, &c., within the county ; and the King or Lord of the Franchise have those without the county."

In scanning these statutes we came upon a list of offences specially relating to Wales. Here is one item :—"Felons in South Wales shall be taken or the country shall satisfy for their offences." The statutes show very clearly the manner in which the British Constitution was built up. We seem carried back to a primitive age, when Might is Right. The strong arm has seized upon the land, and now the Ruler begins to legislate for the Ruled. The directing intelligence is at work investigating into the policy or otherwise of taxing certain articles. It finds that its subjects are indulging in concoctions of honey and are using oil freely, and these are made excisable. It knows that game abounds in the woods, and directs who shall and who shall not kill it. Hearing that merchant strangers patrol the country and sell their wares and products broadcast, it decides in what way they shall help the King's revenue.

The King of that period was not only becoming aware of the extent, and power, and wealth of his kingdom, but he was getting jealous of outside powers, and particularly of the Pope. A special statute was passed in the reign of Henry IV. to the effect that if any one accepted an exempt of obedience to the King, in connection with religion, he was liable to certain pains and penalties. What Richard II. foresaw, and Henry IV. confirmed, Henry VIII., as we all know, completed. Henry V. and Henry VI. had a distrust of strangers. The first enacted that Bretons not made denizens should depart the realm under

pain of death, and Irishmen found resorting to the realm were obliged to give sureties for their good "abearing."

From the time of Henry IV. until that of Henry VI. the statutes against Welshmen were made especially rigid. Here are a few specimens. By an Act of Henry IV. (*temp.* 1402) it was declared that—

Englishmen shall not be convict by Welchmen in Wales.

There shall be no wasters, vagabonds, &c., in Wales. [Queen Bess legislated to the same effect.]

There shall be no congregations in Wales. [This applies to assemblages of men and not to religious gatherings.]

Welshmen shall not be armed.

No victual or armour shall be carried into Wales.

A Welshman shall not have any House of Defence.

No Welshman shall be an Officer.

Castles and Walled Towns in Wales shall be kept by Englishmen.

No English Man that marieth a Welsh Woman shall be in any office in Wales.

If Welshmen do not restore to Englishmen the Distresses taken by them within seven days, Englishmen may return the like Measure to them.

If a Welshman commit a felony in England and thereof is attainted, and after fleeth into Wales, upon certificate of the King's Justices he shall be executed.

No Englishman shall be condemned at the suit of a Welshman in Wales, but only by English Justices or English Burgessea.

No Welshman shall purchase land in England, nor in the English towns in Wales.

These tyrannical and one-sided laws were repealed by James I. In the reign of Henry VI. all statutes made against Welshmen were confirmed, and in addition it was enacted that all grants of fairs and markets to any Welshman should be void, and that the King's villains in North Wales should be constrained to such labour as they had done before. Some little abatement of prejudice was shown, however, in coupling Lancashire men with Welshmen in making it "Felony for any Welsh or Lancashire man to take other Men, their Goods or Chattels, under colour of Distress when there is no cause." An indication that a glimmering of the common principles of justice had begun to dawn upon the legislative mind that other men besides Welshmen could break the laws.

In a statute relative to the Severn we have a glimpse of unruly times. Instead of Druids teaching philosophy after the peripatetic manner, we find the Welsh banks of the Severn occupied by native settlers, who regarded the navigation of the river as their own, and rigorously exacted a toll from everybody else. Here is an enactment framed to meet this peculiar state of things:—

Item. Because the River of Severn is common to all the King's liege people to carry and recarry, within the stream of the said River, to Bristol, Gloucester, and Worcester, and other places joining to the said River, all manner of Merchandises and other Goods and Chattels, as well in Trowes and Boats as in Floats, commonly called Drags, &c., within which River many Welshmen and other persons have now late assembled in great number, arrayed in Manner of War, and taken such Floats and them have hewn in pieces, and with force and arms

beaten the people which were in such Drags, to the intent that they should hire of the said Welshmen and other persons, for great sums of money, Boats and other vessels for the conveyance of Merchandise.

Then the Act goes on to say that the river being free, any one disturbed in a free passage should have his remedy by action at common law.

A statute of Henry VI. (1429) gave the inhabitants of Tewkesbury a remedy against the commonalty of the Forest of Dean to prevent further robberies and injuries to the navigation of the Severn. One of the statutes which continues the attainder against Owen Glyndwr yields a key to the causes of the condition of things inferentially shown by these old laws. Every outbreak in Wales naturally aroused the disaffected, and for a time the pursuits of peace were abandoned and the country was given over to lawlessness. It will be well to bear this in mind in the further investigation of these old laws. The enacting portion of every statute, read by the light of the preamble or by other testimony, such as that supplied by the older British bards, presents a picture of the times such as for clearness and accuracy is not often obtainable from any other source.

EDITOR.

WELSH SCULPTURE AT THE CARDIFF ART EXHIBITION.

That we are a most patriotic nation it is impossible to doubt. We do battle with our enemies now as bravely as ever our ancestors did with Scandinavian Magnuses, and Anglo-Saxon Egberts and Athelstans. If to a Saxon our burning language of defiance and poetic challenges savour somewhat of Quixotism and windmills, we, of course, are not to be blamed for it. The fault lies in the constitution of the Saxon, and our own altered circumstances. To doubt our patriotism is to take the last comfit from the bottom of our poor ragged pocket. Beyond dispute, we are a people

—“united an’ longing to die,
For wut we call country;”

No Welshman at least can doubt this, but even Welshmen occasionally think that there has been too much expended in mere sentiment, and too little in deeds; that there has been enough proclamation on house-tops of sacrifices ready to be made, but which occasion, it is quite certain, will never call for; that aspiration should cease to evaporate in mere wishes and longings. “Time is filled with materials;” and to make our loved land as great in the estimation of others as it is in our own we must be practical and constructive, as well as dreamers and poets.

These thoughts filled my mind during a visit to the Cardiff Art Exhibition. Conspicuous among the very beautiful specimens of art there is the display of sculpture by Welsh artists, in some respects unequalled by any other exhibition ever held in Wales. South Wales especially may feel justly proud of the success attained by her sons in this most divine, though difficult art. Indeed it was with a deep sense of shame I felt how slight and worthless has been our appreciation; how little has been done by those Welshmen who are in a position to patronise Welsh genius, and to encourage Welsh artists who achieve these splendid results only after many years of exile and painful labour. Yet they are regarded with most languid interest, and lightly skimmed over with careless eyes, and heart

void of that apprehensive sympathy which is life to the artist. When it comes to the point where material assistance, help and encouragement could be given, our artists are passed by, and Italians, Frenchmen, *any* are preferred. The old bitter cry echoes afar to us from Scripture times—"A prophet is not without honour save in his own country." The private patron's or wealthy amateur's lack of recognition of Welsh art is not the only source of surprise and grief, for in the people too we often find apparently an utter indifference. We know that there are noble exceptions, and we are grateful for them. There are many, very many who have imaginative powers of a high order, who know what is beautiful and passionately desire it, people capable of the finest and most varied culture—the most sensitive taste, and deepest æsthetic measure of things. These people are our hope, they will be a means of accomplishing a task arduous and difficult, but the end is noble and of the highest moment; it is the bringing home to our country the means and appliances of high art culture, the promotion of a great social force, by the help of which coming generations will be powerfully assisted in holding their own in the race with other ancient nations, and to escape being overwhelmed and lost in the surging population of new worlds.

That people should be indifferent to sculpture is in one sense hardly to be wondered at, as the language of sculpture cannot easily be read and the appeal of the sculptor must always be to a more limited audience than that of the painter. The reasons why it should be so are several: absence of colour, limited range of subjects, its more essentially abstract character.

To illustrate this, imagine a familiar face dipped in a bath of whitewash, so that one even tint of white covers the eyes, flesh, lips, hair; under these ghastly conditions it would be difficult to recognise it. Imagine this, then think by what cunning the sculptor's hand gives the effect of shadow in eyelashes and eyebrows; suggests the character of hair, and calls to life the vivid, animated expression. How pleasant too is the harmonious arrangement of tones, half tones, and infinite variety of gradation in line and shadow.

In all this the sculptor must see and realise an ideal, an abstraction. It can never be with him *Imitation* or *Transcription* merely; it is translation from one language to another. The ideal of the sculptor's heart is hidden in the unknown marble block, which must become transparent, through which the sunshine of his soul may make itself perceptible in visions of beauty, which can never wane or grow dim. The marble to him is merely an extraneous environment of the human form and face hidden within its cold, close, pure embrace. It seems to me that sculpture is pre-eminently suited to the Celtic taste; it is more capable of satisfying our sentiment from its very

abstract nature. It needs an education to understand, and surely Welshmen have the capacity of receiving this education, of understanding the mute, beautiful language of sculpture. In proportion to our patience and knowledge, the beauty of sculpture reveals itself—discovers itself kindly to our pleadings, and leads us as it is discovered into deeper beauties. “The beautiful can never die. If the gods have deserted their oracles, they have not deserted the souls who aspire to them.”

To turn our attention to this exhibition of sculpture one feels it a matter of deep regret that the pieces have been so carelessly numbered, and arranged so thoughtlessly, in an otherwise very complete and fine display of art, that it is almost impossible to view some without the aid of a telescope, which cannot be said to be conducive to a proper appreciation of art.

To South Wales the exhibition is intensely interesting—Joseph Edwards, William Davies, and David Davies being natives of Merthyr Tydfil, and J. Milo Griffiths of Carmarthen-shire. Space will not allow more than one or two exhibits of each sculptor to be noticed; of the excellent works of other sculptors, not Welshmen, shown, it is not necessary here to speak.

The most important display is made by Joseph Edwards. Never before in the history of South Wales has such a collection of works by a native artist been brought together. Whether we examine the series of monumental reliefs, or the busts, we are equally impressed with the great power and individuality of this sculptor. Competent judges have given the very highest place to these ideal works of Joseph Edwards. Take the *Vision* as an example. It has been thought by some that nothing more delicate than portions of this work has been done since the days of Donatello. It is a most interesting study to notice the gradual passing from near to far, the figures faintly rendered in the distance, suggestive of spiritual beings, who appear as if faintly trying to make themselves known through the veil which insulates them from time and space, their faces as they gleam upon us are shadowy with a thoughtful weird power, and the conception moves us as if the Past were speaking, and the Dead contributing each a whisper, full of vague sorrow, yet imbued with celestial hopes. Running through all these imaginative works we find the same strong marks of style, the tenderness of feeling, the tendency to slightly curved lines, the feeling for long, nearly straight, lines, the manner based upon the lily, suggestive of purity, removed from the Rubenesque style, which is based rather on the full, rounded form of the rose.

His portrait bust of Edith Wynne, although he was not a portrait sculptor, may be assigned a very high place. There

is the old marvellous cunning in the effect of shadow and tender touch. The soft blossoming of the flowers interwoven in the masses of hair is exquisite. It is a wonderfully defined and striking work. The spring winds are at this moment unfolding the tender leaves above the resting-place of Joseph Edwards on one of the northern heights of London. We cannot help him now by anything we can say or do, but his works remain to us, revelations of beauty which time cannot steal away, and shall we not show a higher and more loving appreciation of them than we have hitherto done, by treasuring them reverently, and thus honour him who produced them after infinite labour of hand, head, and heart? Turning to Welsh sculptors yet living, and who deserve recognition, we notice among many other admirable works of the same artist a bust of *Professor Ramsay*, by William Davies. It is a beautiful example of simple portraiture. The nicest art and utmost dexterity of touch have been lavished here. The expression and quiet dignity of the face are very fine. There is skilful manipulation shown in the arrangement of the professor's gown as drapery, all uniting to make it a most faithful and refined portrait.

Figure of Clymene, taken from an incident in Keats' *Hyperion*. This is partly a nude figure well modelled, by the same artist. The drapery is skilfully arranged. In her hand is the "mouthed shell," her eyes are fixed with a far off look across the sea, whence "came enchantment with the shifting wind." It seems as if Clymene were waiting between two heart throbs for that "family of rapturous, hurried notes—

'That fell one after one—yet all at once,
Like pearl beads breaking from their string,'

making her "sick of joy and grief at once."

My Guardian, by J. Milo Griffiths, instantly attracts attention, for one rarely sees so spirited an idea wrought in the severe materials of marble or stone. The graceful, bounding figure of the girl, full of warm life, and the dog eager for fun, makes one wonder a little how the artist could have succeeded in imprisoning such sportive, frisky creatures. Mr. Griffiths' works have a great deal of nature in them, less marked perhaps than Edwards', yet they are full of vigour, fine imagination, and delicate taste; whatever he has done, has been done with spirit—a spirit penetrated with sympathy and imagination, and directed by a will towards truth. In choosing full-sized groups or figures he undertakes, with marvellous power and rare artistic taste, the most difficult forms of sculpture, which are—

"Though sensitive, yet in their weakest parts
Heroically fashioned."

Hugh Owen, by J. M. Griffiths, is a most life-like work in

every respect. There is a strong intellectual force in this beautiful face, while one feels an indescribable charm of latent humour and geniality ready to break into a smile of mingled playfulness and humour.

We have left until last one of the most beautiful works in the exhibition, *Elaine*, by David Davies. This sweet conception of the poet seems to have fairly blossomed into stone. It is verily "Elaine the fair." The expression "fair" is charmingly suggested in the wavy treatment of the hair, the shape of the "clear featured face," and the character of the eye. The tight fitting bodice follows closely the lines of the graceful maidenly form, the lighter texture of the under robe is shown in the quaint sleeves. The warmer fabric of the under skirt falls in exquisitely dainty and free folds over the seat and over the lower portions of the figure, so that the faint outline of the form is discerned. It is impossible to give too much praise to the power and skill shown in this portion of the work.

She sits

"high in her chamber up a tower in the east,
Guarding the sacred shield of Lancelot."

For her knight had left it with her when, disguised, "he rode forth to tilt" in the diamond jousts. The devices blazoned on the shield, as well as "the case she fashioned for it," are well indicated. The face is inexpressibly sweet and unfathomably tender, that love "which was her doom" seems to have added a soft radiance to it, like the just perceptible perfecting of a flower after it has drunk a morning's sunshine. The lovely expression of dreaminess has been most successfully realised, "for so she lived in fantasy;" although her head is inclined to the shield, her eyes look far away as she makes "a pretty history" to herself about the good shield,

"Of every dint a sword has beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it.
'And, ah, God's mercy! what a stroke was there,
And here a thrust that might have killed, but God
Broke the strong lance, and rolled his enemy down
And saved him; so she lived in fantasy."

There is a pathetic look in the face, sweet and sad enough to be long a mystery, until her tale is known, and to remain for ever a memory; a prophetic gleam from her white soul of her tragic end, her sombre destiny—this sweet, sweet maid, who sung of life and death, and "knew not which was sweeter."

The whole conception is so beautiful, so tender, so sad, that one feels something more than gratitude to the artist who has brought this sweet and lovely maiden in his hand from the realm of twilight shadows and dreams, with hues of morning on their wings, and given her to us to be for ever a revelation

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of infinite purity and love. Space will not permit me to exemplify further the greatness and worth of our artists. I have merely attempted to direct attention to a few subjects chosen almost at random. What meed of praise, loving sympathy, and helpful encouragement can be given to these men who have done so much for us?—who have snatched back the fleeting moments of history, and at whose touch all that is beautiful becomes for ever present. They have obeyed the voice of their art, as the children of Israel obeyed the voice of Aaron, and given to it all that is most precious, highest, and noblest in their nature, and by so doing reflect boundless credit for all time on that old mountain land which has given them birth, and calls them her children!

JEANNIE JONES.

ABERGAVENNY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

In these days of express trains and rapid locomotion, I have often wondered that Abergavenny is not more frequently a resort of tourists, or that in the yearly exhibitions of paintings we do not oftener see some of the beauties of its neighbourhood depicted by a master hand. The little town itself nestles at the foot of a chain of hills, the grand old Blorenge on the one side, and the range of Pen-y-Vâl ("Sugar Loaf") on the other, one of the last of the chain being the Scyrryd Vawr, or Holy Mountain, with its curious cleft—as if a gigantic knife had hacked a huge piece from its place—which many an old Welshman will tell you was really caused by the earthquakes at the time of the Crucifixion, and is looked upon here by pious souls with awe and reverence as a lasting memento of Divine wrath visited upon the earth eighteen hundred years ago.

Passing below the town, winding on between the hills like a great silver snake, is the Usk, its banks rich in beauty and picturesque nooks at almost every turn, and, specially attractive as it is to the salmon and trout fisher, callous indeed to beauty must be the eye "that looks, but does not see," the loveliness of the river and its surroundings. At one place the tall dark firs, with their bare pink stems, and massive bits of granite, remind one of some of the rivers in Switzerland, while barely a stone's throw away the scene suddenly changes, and a bank bright with wild flowers, growing to the very water's edge, bursts upon the view, for the vicinity of Abergavenny is very rich in flowers and ferns. Among the former are several beautiful varieties of the Canterbury Bell—purple, pink, and white; while on the summits of the hills, as in the sheltered valleys, the hare bell flourishes to perfection, and no less than three distinct specimens of yellow daffodils are found, while, as if following the course of the river, every here and there in the fields adjoining the water may be seen in great abundance a most lovely narcissus, very double, pure white, and strongly scented. Its smaller sister, commonly called by the country people "Eggs and Butter," grows plentifully on many a sunny bank, and fills the summer air with a delicious perfume.

Lovers of ferns will not fail to be rewarded if they visit the woods, most especially those surrounding the Clydach Waterfalls, for they will find there not only the oak and beech ferns, growing among the quantities of less rare species with which the woods abound, but the falls themselves, dashing over enormous boulders in the very midst of a densely wooded valley, forming a picture not easily forgotten. To fern seekers, who are not soon wearied, a climb almost to the summit of Pen-y-Vâl will be repaid. The parsley fern grows there, thriving well in its mountain home, and if a little difficult of access, is yet quite within reach of the collector—while the view of the valley below is seen to the greatest advantage. In summer, when the air is clear, the Channel is plainly visible in the distance.

If Abergavenny is attractive in June and July to the sketcher and florist, so is it in winter, when it has a beauty all its own. Although I *have* heard the dear old hills called bleak and barren, and seen them in their snow-capped weirdness turned away from with a shudder by those who have eyes only for the green fields and smiling valleys and orchards of Devonshire and Southern England, yet to us who live among them they are as friends, and lift up our hearts to the Changeless Friend who created them. The town of Abergavenny is built upon a slope, and has one long narrow street, with a good market house, where much business is done every Tuesday, in which there are stalls not only of poultry, butter, meat, and vegetables, but others with quaint bits of pottery, which may often be had for a few pence. There are flowers here in plenty. Welsh flannel is not forgotten; that made in the neighbourhood finds a ready sale, and seems to be much appreciated and sought after.

The castle of Abergavenny is situated almost in the very middle of the town, and is now little more than a few ruined walls. The principal remains consist of a round and a pentagonal tower, with windows and doors in the pointed style. It was one of the old seats of the Nevilles, whose descendant, the Marquis of Abergavenny, is the present owner. Another interesting old house in the town is the Priory (Benedictine), adjoining what was originally the Monastic Church, recently a residence of the Milbornes, and now in the possession of the great-grandson of Lady Martha Milborne, Colonel Kemeys-Tynte, of Cefn Mably, Glamorganshire. The house formerly contained some very valuable tapestry, and oak, which have lately been moved to Cefn Mably. Charles I. and Charles II. are both said to have slept at the Priory. When Henry VIII. spoiled the monasteries, this one was deprived of its property, and crumbled away, like the rest, into oblivion. The chapel joining the house is now the Parish Church. It

was originally cruciform, but owing to the alterations and repairs the regularity of the building has, unhappily, been entirely lost. Part of its south aisle is known as the Herbert Chapel, as many members of that ancient race were buried there, and several most curious monuments commemorate them. In this chapel is also to be seen an enormous figure, carved out of a single piece of oak, which is, without doubt, the remains of a Jesse Tree, and one of the most perfect in existence. The head of the figure rests upon a cushion, held by an angel, and from the side springs the stem of the tree. Before leaving the church the notice of the visitor should be called to an excellent likeness of the late Bishop of Llandaff, forming one of the supporters to the new roof, placed there during the improvements in 1883.

A lover of antiquity should not omit to visit the Roman Catholic Church, where, by the courtesy of the priest, are to be seen some magnificent old chasubles, supposed to have been in use in the town previous to its change of religion in the reign of Henry VIII. There are excursions from Abergavenny without end, principal among them being the one to Raglan Castle. This grand old ruin is too widely known to need description, but to those who have never had the good fortune to visit it, it would be difficult to give an idea of the peculiar splendour of its massiveness. Every portion of it, and it is nearly a mile round, is so perfect, that it is hard to believe how many centuries have come and gone since it was first built. The unfortunate King Charles I. visited Raglan on one or two occasions. His favourite walks, and the part of the castle he occupied, are still pointed out. After the disaster at Naseby he was received there by the Marquis of Worcester, one of the loyal few who remained faithful to the last to the Stuart King. This was the last fortress that held out in the Royal cause, and it did not yield until August, 1646. Llanthony, too, is quite within a drive, through the Valley of the Honddu, as the stream is called which runs at the foot of the Black Mountains, among which the ruined abbey (as well as the Monastery occupied by Father Ignatius) is situated. A veritable Welsh mountain torrent is this same Honddu, foaming and roaring over its rocky bed. The road to the ruin at one time seems to be on an actual precipice, so steep and sudden is the descent into the noisy stream below, while the hills tower dark and high on either side. In their midst stand the old abbey and the modern Monastery, both extremely interesting and well worth a visit.

Another lovely drive from Abergavenny is the one to Crickhowell (about six miles), with beautiful scenery the whole way. The town is so prettily placed, standing on the hill side, with mountains behind it, and the broad Usk at its base, over which

is a very fine old stone bridge, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. Crickhowell, as well as its immediate neighbourhood, contains much of interest, notably the ruins of its castle, built subsequent to the Norman Conquest, and the gateway known as Porth Mawr, which formerly was an entrance to a very old family residence of the Herberts. From Crickhowell, the iron works in the "Black Country," as it is called, can be easily reached, and the excursion will be full of interest to the geologist, for by the way he will find plenty of occupation if he wishes to examine the Silurian formation. The works themselves are very striking, especially if seen at night, when the iron appears like rivers of fire, and the sky is everywhere illuminated by the huge furnaces. By day the country looks black and bleak, the unsightly works rise here and there among great heaps of coal refuse as far as the eye can see, the only signs of vegetation being a small white immortelle, which certainly grows most luxuriantly there. In these districts Welsh is almost invariably spoken, but in the nearer neighbourhood of Abergavenny English is more generally used. The old Welsh costumes are but rarely seen, though thanks to the "Gwynnen Gwent" (Lady Llanover), who is so enthusiastic a patroness of Welsh music, literature, and of the nationality generally, the language, as well as the real dress, is maintained at Llanover and at some of the villages in its neighbourhood. And far distant I hope is the day when the inhabitants will cease to speak of "*Y Tair Sir ar Ddeg o Gymru.*" or for one moment to allow that one stroke of a pen in a wilful Tyrant's hand could change the very nationality of Gwent; and here, as in the heart of Wales, long may the motto be, "*Cymry dros byth.*"

Abergavenny.

GLADYS.

MY PROFESSOR :

A WOMAN'S LOVE STORY.

I was recovering from a long illness—slowly and listlessly, for in truth I scarcely cared to get better and to go back to a life from which the light and love I had early known had gone out as it seemed for ever. Spite of my weariness of heart I was gaining strength continually, and my progress towards health was helped by the almost daily drives I was privileged to take with my friend Gertrude Fleming.

One of those drives I well remember. It was on a day in the month of September. Already the trees, which in early spring had been first in leaf, were putting on their autumnal tints. The shorn cornfields seemed to be resting awhile after the fruitful labours of the year, and the cattle and sheep lay lazily in the meadows. The quiet restfulness of nature gradually imparted itself to me, and for the first time for many months I was able to look back calmly upon the troubled past, and to feel partly content to let the future shape itself.

“Ellen,” said Gertrude, “the geological section of the British Association is going to make an excursion into our neighbourhood next Wednesday”—this was Thursday—“and I have an invitation for myself and a friend or two to accompany the members. It is to be a long day, the drive and walk will be from Minsterley, where carriages will meet us, over the Stiper Stones and the Longmynd Hills to Church Stretton. Come with us and we will take care that you do not have too much exertion.”

“But I know nothing whatever of science,” was my reply, “and the talk will be uninteresting to me.”

“It will at least have the merit of being new,” was her answer; “and Professor Murray and Dr. Weeks, with our neighbour Mr. Penry, who is to be the guide, can talk about many things besides rocks and fossils.”

“Let it be so then,” I said, adding rather ungraciously, “I may as well do that as anything else, and life does seem wearifully long for what there seems left for me to do in it.”

“Oh, perhaps you will like it better than you think,” Gertrude answered, but then, she had been given to scientific pursuits.

The expectation of the excursion certainly relieved the monotony of my daily life, and it was really with a feeling of delight that I drove on the morning of the excursion, with Gertrude and her brother, to meet our scientific visitors at Minsterley Station. At the appointed time they came, and, headed by our waggonette, the cavalcade of carriages was soon on its way, to the great wonder of the villagers. Dr. Weeks, a dark, good-looking man, with a Welsh accent, sat with George Fleming on the box. Professor Murray, a genial, elderly gentleman of almost universal knowledge, sat by Gertrude, and the guide, Mr. Hugh Penry, who, although a neighbour, had hitherto been a comparative stranger to me, was to be my companion for the day.

We drove by the lead mines, where we halted to look for crystals of quartz and lime and fluor spar, and to talk with the captains, with whom Mr. Penry seemed to be very popular. By devious ways, and by walking a little as I was able, we reached at last the line of the highest summits of the Longmynd Hills. I fear that I was an encumbrance to Mr. Penry, but his help was so delicately and tenderly given, that I felt I had no need to apologise for the trouble I gave him.

Years have gone by since then, but the scene and its surroundings have never faded from my memory. To the west were the grand old mountains of Wales, and to the east and south, over the near range of the Caradoc Hills, were the lovely undulations of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, with the Malvern Hills in the dim blue distance. Here Mr. Penry described the geological structure of the whole landscape—how the mighty rock masses of Carnarvonshire came rolling eastward in ever so many undulations until they rose up in the hills on which we stood. How also the rocks we had crossed, and those that lay before us in the Caradoc Hills, passed eastward under the wide stretching plains and rose up at last in the distant Malverns. There were too, in these rocks, he said, the first wonderful traces of living things which had long since passed away.

It was indeed all new talk to me, but somehow I seemed to understand it, it was said so plainly and simply. Indeed, there was enough of varied interest to keep me from feeling weary all the day. It was a long, happy day, and its sunshine lingers still, as I will tell. Gertrude came to see me the next day, and she found me somewhat tired after my new exertion, but our pleasant talk of the doings of the day before soon made me forget my weariness.

"I had no idea," I said, "that Mr. Penry was the kind of man he is. How is it that we have not known more of him, and where has he been hiding all his knowledge?"

"He has not been hiding it, my dear," Gertrude replied. "He

is well known in that world of science of which you, with most of his neighbours, have heard but little."

"I *did* admire him yesterday," I observed further, "and who could help it, with his fine bronzed face, so determined and yet so kindly, his broad shoulders and great frame, and the ease with which he rolled over those boulders. And then he was so kind and gentle to me, and with all his knowledge he had the simplicity of a child."

"Indeed, the whole of the professors were genial men," said Gertrude, "and not at all like the common herd of men whose one study in life has enslaved them, and who cannot talk of anything but their pet pursuits and special hobbies."

"Ah, but," I interposed, "*my* professor was the best of them all."

"You must not forget, however," said Gertrude archly, "that Mr. Penry is a married man, and that he has children nearly as old as you are."

"You mistake me, Gertrude," I said pettishly I fear. "Surely, if he is a married man I can think of him as my professor."

"So you shall, my child," she said soothingly; "we will get up a science class in the village, and we will ask Mr. Penry to come and teach it."

"Do you think he would come and teach us?"

"He is busy, but I think that he would if we can find some willing pupils, and there will be you and me to begin with; however, we can ask him."

"You are the organiser," I replied, "and when you are ready I will come as a willing pupil."

Mr. Penry demurred at first on account of press of work, but he finally consented, and for the twenty class nights of that winter he drove to the village in all weathers to meet his class. The class had a successful beginning with six-and-twenty pupils, and a successful ending also, for of the ten who remained to the end, none failed to pass a successful examination.

They were happy nights, those class nights. My interest grew in my new studies, and the unhappy past gradually faded away. New avenues of thought opened out before me, along which our professor reverently led us. He was clear and simple in his instructions, but his mind now and again overleaped the limits of his lesson, and unconsciously to himself, as it seemed to me, he had led us to the shadowy border-land of science and faith before he was aware. One remark of his I well remember, which was to the effect that "scientific men should stand with fitting reverence on the threshold of those human beliefs and hopes in which so many of the best of the race had found inspiration for their work and the source of their strength."

Twice or thrice during that winter Gertrude and I visited

Mr. Penry at his house—this house and in this room where I write we spent happy times with Mr. and Mrs. Penry and their family, then complete at home. In the library too, on the other side of the hall, we looked with delight over our professor's books and maps, and examined his collection of minerals and fossils. On our return to the railway station, Gertrude usually walked with Herbert, Mr. Penry's son, who was a member of our class, and who inherited his father's tastes, and I with Mr. Penry. On these occasions our conversation glided into those questions of doubt and faith which now exercise many thoughtful minds so much. I found that Mr. Penry had thought much of these, that while his intellect went forth sympathetically with the new philosophies, his instincts kept him somewhat conservatively true to the old faiths. "My fear sometimes is," was one remark that I remember, "lest in forsaking the old for the new we should find after all that we had left encircling arms of warm flesh and blood for the embrace of a spectral bride. Nevertheless, our duty is to reverently and carefully seek for truth wherever the quest may lead us."

During these walks I also learned a little concerning Mr. Penry's early years. His had been a childhood of some sorrow and privation, which passed into a youth that was spent for the most part in uncongenial employment. But in the midst of unfavourable surroundings there grew within him and was cherished by him a love of books and learning. "Mine was a case of late ripening," he said, "but perhaps my foliage will remain green long into the autumn." I ventured to say that I thought it ought to be so, and that my wish for him was that it should be so.

After the examination in May we made Mr. Penry a little present, and then our intercourse with him came to an end. With the exception of a kindly greeting when we met, I saw no more of him for years. But the remembrance of him remained with me and helped to form my ideal of a man—strong, patient, brave, kind, learned, and simple withal. And thus it was that although in the early part of the years between then and now I had suitors, I found no one in whose companionship I could hope to find the strong, sympathetic, intelligent love with which I had invested my ideal lover, and with which alone I could hope to be satisfied.

The years brought great changes. Sickness and death came, with the breaking up of my early home, and at the age of twenty-eight I found myself alone in the world, with the alleviation happily of possessing sufficient property to support me in comfort. As the dull grief of these bereavements wore off, a restless longing took possession of me to be of some use in the world. Gertrude had followed her scientific inclination, and was in danger of becoming a blue-stocking—of letting her

passion for science completely master her womanly nature. She had gone to Cambridge to pursue her studies in a ladies' college which has since grown into fame. "Come to me," she wrote, "and let us follow our studies together." I did so, and we were successful. She especially became awfully learned, so that if there had been such a degree to be conferred as in consistency there ought, she would certainly, as I said to her, have become a sister or spinster of arts.

"I am rather afraid, Ellen," she used to say, "you would prefer to aspirate the latter word, and to become yourself a queen or a lady superior of the order." It was a charge that I could not conscientiously deny. For all this knowledge of plants and animals, of rocks, soils, shapes and sounds, what was it, after all, to a woman with a womanly nature but a Garden of Eden without an Adam?

We removed after a while to London, where we started a high school for girls. Thanks to Gertrude's reputation, and to her method and skill in teaching, we were very successful. Some of the girls, however, clung to me, and on our excursion-days, geological, botanical or otherwise, to places of interest around the Metropolis, they made me happy with their talk. It happened also that although my manner of teaching was more desultory, and, as some would say, more superficial than was Gertrude's, my favourites usually came off well at the examinations.

Somehow we grew tired of our work. Its sameness from term to term, together with the mental strain necessary, had told upon our health and nerves. And now that our pupils had gone home for the summer vacation we were morbidly restless. We yearned for sympathy. The thought of suffering around us came to oppress us. What if we joined a sisterhood devoted to nursing and to the care for the helpless, the aged, and the poor? Surely here we should find the return of love for love. Gertrude, prompt to act, had already made up her mind, but I could hardly reconcile myself to the thoughts of the new vocation. The change would take me away from pursuits which I had loved, and which in their right place I still loved. More than this, I felt that it would take me further, if not for ever away from the realisation of my heart's yearnings—a home, a husband, and a child of my own. What good man would seek me in my new garb and in the midst of my new associations?

Oh, the hungering and thirsting of soul I then felt. Deep indeed was the meaning I put for myself into those words concerning the future life. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." Hopes fulfilled, knowledge complete, love satisfied, why could not hungry and thirsty hearts know something of the happiness now?

Such were the thoughts that agitated my mind as Gertrude

was urging me to a decision. I had promised to give her my decision in the evening of a day on which I had arranged to visit one or two places of interest in London which had often been my resort on holidays. I found my way first to New Bond Street, and to the exhibition of Doré's pictures. Here I had loved to look on the crowd of eager faces that gazed on the Saviour as He descended the steps of the Prætorium. I revered the weeping, waiting women who ministered to Him of their substance, but, whether rightly or not I could not tell, I loved most the mothers, who, with their children, in another great picture, crowded near the Saviour, as with that mysterious mixture of dignity and humility He rode into the city of Jerusalem. A new painting had just been added to the collection, that of the "Lifting up of the Serpent in the Wilderness." I turned to look at this picture, and I was wondering over this ancient embodiment of the instinctive human dread of crawling, venomous things, when I saw the custodian in conversation with a tall, upright, broad-set man, whose bronze neck and scanty hair, slightly tinged with grey, was all I could see of him.

"You see," said the stranger, addressing the custodian, "how remarkably true to nature the strata of the hills in the background of the picture are, all made to incline in the right direction and——"

I knew the voice, the sound of it made my heart beat quickly, and I was about to sit down when the stranger turned towards me. The sentence was left unfinished. The speaker took both my hands in his, and looking me full in the face, said, "My dear Miss Egerton, this is a pleasure."

"I, also, am glad to see you again, Mr. Penry," I replied.

"You look tired," he said gently, "let us sit down awhile."

In a few minutes he had told me that Mrs. Penry had been dead two years. That his daughters, Mabel and Eleanor, were married. That Herbert also was married, and that all of them were settled near to him, while he was living alone at Severn-side with old Janet as his housekeeper.

"It is a lonely life," he said, "and although I have many resources in my work and studies, often when these are over or I tire of them, and I sit alone in the long winter evenings, the tears come into my eyes as I think of the happy life that has been mine, and I contrast it all with the loneliness of my present lot."

I could not express my sympathy in words, and my emotion was ill-concealed as he passed on from talking of himself to ask me concerning myself. I told him briefly of the past, and how that night, or on the morrow, I had to choose what my future life should be, and also that I was taking what, for a long time at least, would be my last holiday.

"Let me share it with you and help you to decide," he said. "I am going to the museum in Jermyn Street to look at some new minerals. If you have enough of your old love of science left, come with me."

"Those were happy days," I remarked, as I arose to accompany him.

"On this bright day we will walk," I replied to Mr. Penry's suggestion that we should drive. I must confess here, too, that I felt my old confidence and pride returning as I took the strong arm he offered me, and on which I had leaned years ago.

The museum, as it often is, was, saving the policeman in attendance, empty, as we sat down to rest a while after our walk. The policeman also disappeared through a side door and we were left alone.

"So you think of devoting the rest of your life to works of charity," said Mr. Penry, breaking what had seemed a long silence.

"Yes."

"Including the care of the sick and the aged?"

"I suppose so."

"Not omitting old men?" he added, playfully.

"They, surely, need as much care and attention as old women," I answered.

"Miss Egerton," and here Mr. Penry assumed a more serious tone and took hold of my hand, "could you love an old man like me?"

"You are not old," was my reply, avoiding an answer, yet my hand lay where it was.

"Fifty-five, old enough to be your father, for you are ——?"

"Thirty-four," I said, before he had completed his question, "but my father always seemed much older to me than you do."

"You have not yet answered my question," he said. "Could you love an old man like me?"

"It would depend," I replied, "whether he were like you, and whether he loved me."

"Ellen!" I almost started as Mr. Penry uttered my name, "I do love you. I esteemed you very much in the early days of our acquaintanceship, and in my recent loneliness I have said I will seek Miss Egerton."

"Mr. Penry," I said, as my tears fell on his hand, "you have long been my ideal hero, and what you offer me is, I fear, too good for me. Knowing too the full happiness that has been yours, I am afraid lest you should be disappointed in me."

"My darling, I do not fear," was his tenderly earnest reply. "I, too, have not much to offer you, only the closing, weakest years of my life."

"Oh, but," I retorted, smiling through my tears, "your

ripening, you know, came late, and your foliage will remain green long through the autumn."

"God grant it may be so," he said seriously. "And now that we have found each other, let us not waste time in depreciating ourselves. We have each a past sacred to another. Let us be thankful for all the good it brought to us, and what of love and time we have left, let us give unreservedly to each other."

"With my whole heart."

There could be no kiss of betrothal, no loving embrace. Hugh had just time to press my hand to his lips, and I to dry my tears, when the policeman returned. The museum was the same to him, poor man, as it had ever been; but to us, as the sun shone into it, it had become in a few minutes a very palace of the gods.

"Let us go, my own," Hugh said at last, "and tell Miss Fleming your decision."

The new minerals were for the time forgotten, and to me the world had changed as I walked with my own professor along Jermyn Street. As we turned into the Haymarket we met the lady superintendent of the sisterhood Gertrude and I had contemplated joining. She looked at me with a troubled expression, and I at her, good woman as she was, with a look of happy triumph. Hugh hailed a cab and we drove to our college. The visits of men were of rare occurrence, and the maid seemed perplexed at the entrance of Hugh as he followed me. I left him for a moment in the hall while I went in to Gertrude.

"Well, Ellen, how is it to be? Is it too soon to ask for your decision?" was her greeting.

"It is not too soon," I said, wickedly, "I devote myself henceforth to a life of love and mercy."

"I knew you would, my dear," she replied, when she suddenly started at the entrance of Hugh. "Our professor," she exclaimed in her astonishment, going back for a moment too to her old self.

"My professor, Gertrude," I said.

"What does it all mean?"

"It means," I replied, "that Mr. Penry is to be the chief object of my love and good works, and that I am to be his lady superior; but let us sit down and Hugh will tell you all."

"You naughty woman," Gertrude said when Hugh had made his explanation, "but I cannot tell you how glad I am that you are made happy," and she kissed me more affectionately than she had done for a long time.

We all became composed after a while. Hugh stayed to dinner, and afterwards, Gertrude having found that she had some private business to attend to, we were left alone. We renewed more

vehemently our betrothal, and we talked of the future. There was no need, Hugh said, of a long courtship. He would write to his children and would go home in a few days to arrange for our wedding, which we decided should take place in the old church at Pontesbury.

There was to be a *conversazione* at the rooms of the Geological Society in three weeks' time, to which Hugh would come and take me, and Gertrude also if she would go with us. Gertrude did not join the sisterhood. When the time came she could not make the submission to religious authority that was required. "Besides," she said, "I must come and see your happiness, and perhaps, dear," she added, "there may be poor to be clothed and fed, and possibly an old man to be comforted in our own dear old country."

The next three weeks were busy. Gertrude would remain at the college after the young ladies returned until Hugh could arrange for the transfer of the business. In due time—but how long overdue did the time seem—Hugh came back. The interval was, however, cheered by his letters and by those of his children, who all wrote to congratulate me.

"Their father was very dear to them," was the burden of their letters, "and they had been much concerned for him since the death of their mother. It gave them great consolation to know that in me, whom they all remembered, he would find the love and companionship that would be most prized by him; for him they were sure that he would become the kindest and best of husbands," but that I knew already.

We three went to the *conversazione*, Hugh Penry, F.G.S., Miss Ellen Egerton, and Miss Gertrude Fleming, as our names were announced to the President and his lady who received the visitors. One of the first Fellows we recognised was Dr. Weekes, who looked as bright as ever, albeit there was a streak of grey here and there in his black hair. He and Gertrude soon entered into conversation about the Stiper Stones excursion, which ended in our losing them for the remainder of the evening. I was proud of my professor. He was well known among the Fellows. Whether Gertrude had anything to do with it I cannot say, but Professor Murray and other of our old friends soon comprehended the situation. Congratulations abounded, and Hugh, at my suggestion, invited a number of those he knew best to Severnside before the summer closed, an invitation which was gladly accepted.

Our wedding was a very quiet one; we went to Pontesbury the day before. Gertrude was my one bridesmaid, and Dr. Weekes was Hugh's best man. We walked to church from George Fleming's house. It was most consonant with Hugh's feelings that his children should not be present at the ceremony. My nearest approach to breaking down was when the mother of

one who, in early years, had been dear to me, kissed me very affectionately, and said, "My dear, at last you have found your true rest and love."

A happy party, including our children, as I now call them, had assembled at Mr. Fleming's against our return from church, and the day was one of quiet joy. Then as the shadow of the hills stretched over the Shropshire plain, my husband's carriage was brought for us and we drove away amidst the well wishes of our friends to our home at Severnside, where old Janet and one of my own maids from the college were waiting to welcome us.

We have been married three years. I have recovered my early colour and brightness, and my husband does not seem one day older. The time has gone by very quickly. Each summer we have had a visit from our scientific friends. In the winter Hugh has given simple lectures to the country folk, which I have enlivened, as I tell him, with music and singing. There have been also the visits to the homes of my husband's children, and I have tried to be a friend to the poor, even as Hugh has been their friend and counsellor for many years. I have all I longed for, and our little Winifred is the darling and pet of the whole family.

Gertrude has become the "lady superior" of Dr. Weekes. Hugh had no difficulty in arranging the transfer of the college house when the remaining mistress agreed to include herself in the bargain. In truth the house is well adapted for her husband's increasing practice as a physician. It is our London home, as Severnside is the home of our friends when they come into the country.

To-morrow we go once more over Stiper Stones and the Longmynd, but, oh! how great is the transformation of the whole scenery since the day when I first ventured to call Hugh Penry my professor.

E. P.

LAND NATIONALISATION.

The great enigma of our times is the association of great wealth with extreme poverty. Despite the enormous increase of our national wealth during the past century, attendant upon improved modes of production, modern invention and the general progress of the community, poverty and pauperism are still perpetuated, and even growing, in our midst. During the past thirty years our national wealth has more than doubled, but there has been no decrease of poverty and pauperism. We have still a million paupers, and many more millions hovering on the brink of pauperism; the condition of the masses has been but little ameliorated, while the wealthy classes have become more wealthy. "How is it that this vast production of wealth does not lead to a happier distribution? How is it that the rich seem to be constantly growing richer, while the poverty of the poor is not perceptibly diminishing?"* This question of Professor Fawcett has been variously answered, but the true root of the evil has been traced by several able modern writers and economists to a specific cause, namely, private ownership in land, one of the most recent and complete investigations being that of Mr. Henry George, in his great work "Progress and Poverty," which is creating such a revolution of thought in this country. In this article I propose to make some observations upon this all-important question, suggested by the article on "The Land Question" in the April number of this magazine.

I.

The cause of poverty in the midst of material prosperity is manifestly identical with that which exhibits itself in the universally recognised tendency of wages to a minimum. The current political economy explains this anomaly by asserting that wages depend upon the ratio between the amount of labour seeking employment and the amount of capital applied to its employment, "and constantly tend to the lowest amount on which the labourers will consent to live and reproduce, because the increase in the number of labourers tends naturally to follow and overtake any increase in capital." But this theory

* Professor Fawcett, "British Labourer."

is so utterly at variance with obvious facts that, notwithstanding the great weight of authority by which it has been supported, very few words will suffice to refute it. This theory asserts a necessary antagonism between labour and capital; it asserts that wages and interest rise and fall inversely, or, in other words, that they can only increase at each other's expense. If the theory be true, we expect to find that where wages are high, interest is low, and where interest is high, wages are low. But such is not the case. In the newer countries, where wages are high, interest is also high, while in the older countries, where wages are low, interest is also low; and the almost universal testimony of observed facts proves the law that wages and interest rise and fall conjointly, and that, therefore, their increase or decrease must arise from some common cause. Again, according to the current theory, depression of trade and scarcity of employment are due to want of capital; but it is a well-known fact that in all progressive countries, capital is far in excess of the use made of it. In England, capital is always forthcoming and easily obtained for any safe investment at a moderate rate of interest, so that the lowness of wages and poverty of our labouring classes cannot, in reason, be ascribed to want of capital. Labour and capital are ever seeking employment in the production of wealth; there must, therefore, be some cause which restrains them, and this cause must be the same as that which tends to reduce the earnings of labour and capital to a minimum.

Closely connected with the theory just disposed of is the Malthusian theory, which asserts that population tends to increase beyond the means of subsistence, and which attributes the prevailing poverty to pressure of population. According to this theory then, the unequal distribution of wealth is due to inexorable natural laws, which cannot be contravened and with which it is useless to interfere. But does "Nature lend such evil dreams?" Is it to the niggardliness of Nature—bountiful Nature, that has so long, and in so many ways, prepared for the advent of man—that the abject poverty and want of our race are due? It is true that, as the theory of Natural Selection affirms, starvation is the chief means by which Nature holds in check the increase of the various species of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and which determines the struggle for existence resulting in the survival of the fittest; but, although modern science has placed beyond doubt the descent of man from lower forms of animal life, there is an essential and important difference between the struggle for existence in the case of civilised man and that in the case of the lower animals. Man's food is drawn from the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the greater strength of the reproductive power in the latter, therefore, shows that the means of subsistence increase faster

than man himself. Man is able artificially to extend the limits of the species of the animal and vegetable kingdoms which minister to his wants, causing their increase for the satisfaction of his desires. The lower animals can take only the food they can find; they have not the mastery over natural forces which the might of intellect gives to man, enabling them to draw upon Nature's hidden abundance. *They* increase at the expense of their food, but the increase of man involves, and is always accompanied by, the increase of subsistence. In short, while in the case of the lower organisms the limit of subsistence is independent of themselves, with man it seems to be dependent upon himself—the ultimate limit being that of earth and the elements. Whatever, then, the effects of the increase of population may be in the distant future, the Malthusian theory is certainly not applicable to the present stage of the peopling of the world. Observed facts abundantly confirm this conclusion. Sparsely populated countries, instead of being the richest, as they would were this theory true, are the poorest. Indeed, a certain density of population is necessary before use can be made of labour-saving inventions in production; and it is in the most thickly populated countries that there is the greatest and most rapid production of wealth. England is often cited as suffering from increase of population, but “since the time of the Stuarts the increase of wealth in this country has been more rapid than the increase of population, and this disproves the Malthusian theory. In 1660 the wealth of England and Wales was equal to forty-five pounds per head of the inhabitants, in 1812 to one hundred and twenty-seven pounds per head, and in 1882 to two hundred and forty pounds per head; since 1840 wealth has increased four times more rapidly than population.”* The greater increase of wealth than of population completely refutes the argument that the productiveness of labour cannot keep pace with increase of population. In every direction we see that Nature gives an ever increasing return of the objects of human desire. Poverty and want, then, cannot be due to the niggardliness of Nature; the cause must be sought in the laws which govern the distribution of wealth.

In an exhaustive inquiry into the laws of distribution, Mr. Henry George conclusively shows that the cause of the unequal distribution of wealth is private ownership in land. But it needs no abstruse reasoning to prove this. The three factors in production are land, labour, and capital, and the produce is therefore divided between the landowner, the labourer, and the capitalist. To determine the share of each we must consider the respective parts these factors play in production. There must be land before labour and capital can engage in production, upon land, and with the materials drawn from land can labour

* G. Mulhall, speech at British Association Meeting, 1833.

only be exerted. "Land, therefore, is the condition precedent, the field and material of labour,"* and is the passive factor in production. Labour is the active and initial factor in production, exerting itself upon land and producing all wealth. Capital is a result of labour, and its function is to assist labour—to facilitate the exchange of its products and enable labour to engage in the larger and more complex operations. It is not the first mover in production, as political economists have erroneously assumed, for labour can and does produce wealth without the aid of capital; and capital being accumulated labour, the exertion of labour must necessarily precede the production of capital. The natural sequence of the three factors, then, is land, labour, capital. Now where land is free and labour engages without the aid of capital, labour gets the whole produce. Where land is free, and labour is assisted by capital, labour will get the whole produce, minus the amount which goes to capital as interest. But where land is monopolised, labour (or labour and capital) must pay for permission to engage in production, and as competition forces labour (or labour and capital) to accept the terms of the landowner, wages may be reduced to the lowest point at which the labourers will consent to live, and interest to the lowest point which will induce the investment of capital. Where land is not all monopolised, as in newly settled countries, and there is any considerable area of land to which labour has free access, then, on the principle that man always seeks to obtain wealth with the least possible exertion, labour will not exert itself upon the monopolised land unless its share in the produce of that land is greater than the whole produce obtainable from the free land. In such a case rent would be limited to the excess of the produce of the appropriated land over that of the least productive part of the unappropriated land (as affirmed by Ricardo's theory of rent—a theory almost universally accepted by political economists). But where land is completely monopolised, as in this country, labour is completely debarred from natural opportunities, and the limit to the increase of rent—the price which labour must pay for access to natural opportunities—is removed. "In a contest between vast bodies so circumstanced [as the labourers of this country] and the owners of the soil—between the purchasers without reserve, constantly increasing in number, of an indispensable commodity, and the monopolist dealers in that commodity—the negotiation could have but one issue, that of transferring to the owners of the soil the whole produce, minus what was sufficient to maintain, in the lowest state of existence, the race of cultivators,"† and labourers generally. Increase of

* "Progress and Poverty."

† Professor Cairnes, *Fortnightly Review*.

population necessarily causes an increased dependency on land, and thus the landowners are enabled to appropriate an ever increasing share of the produce of labour. Improvements in production and labour-saving machinery have the same effect as increase of population, they but add to the landowners' share of the produce of labour. Facts agree with, and confirm these conclusions. The invariable accompaniment of increase of population and material progress is increase of land values, but wages and interest nowhere increase; and wherever the value of land is relatively low, as in the new countries, wages and interest are relatively high; wherever the value of land is relatively high, as in the old countries, wages and interest are relatively low. In England, the rental of the land has, according to Thorold Rogers, increased during the past five hundred years fourteen times, while wages, according to Hallam, are lower now than they were in the Middle Ages. During the past fifty years—a period in which the population has greatly increased and the effectiveness of labour enormously multiplied—the land of Great Britain has been doubled in value, while in the great centres of industry it has often increased a hundred or a thousand fold. This increase of value has, plainly, not been due to any expenditure or any exertion made by the landowners, and I find it stated by Professor Cairnes, in "Some leading principles of Political Economy newly expounded," that neither profits nor wages have advanced with the increasing wealth of the community due to advancing civilisation and increased power over the forces of Nature.

The cause of the unequal distribution of wealth, of the abject poverty existing side by side with great wealth and luxury, is plain. It is private ownership in land, the power by which a class of non-producers is able to appropriate the wealth created by the producers and to prevent access to natural opportunities, a power which increases with increase of population and as material progress goes on. Clearly to obtain a more equal distribution, the landlords must be deprived of this power, and this can only be done by abolishing private ownership in land.

II.

When it is proposed to abolish private ownership in land, the first question that arises is that of justice. Is private ownership in land just? I answer that, from its nature, it cannot be. The only exclusive title to property is labour, for Nature gives only to labour. Whatever a man has produced by his own exertions, or has received in exchange for the products of his own labour, is his as against the whole world, to dispose of as he wills. And since man's bodily powers are exclusively his own, and since it

is, by the exertion of these powers he produces wealth, the whole produce of his labour must belong to the labourer. No man can justly claim a portion of the produce unless he perform some service to the labourer. The capitalist serves the labourer, and justly receives a share of the produce, but the landowner, as a landowner, performs no service to the labourer, and can, therefore, have no just claim to a share in the produce. But private ownership in land gives the landowning class—a class that toil not, neither do they spin—the power of appropriating a portion of the produce of labour. The right of the labourer to his own is thus denied, he is systematically and continuously robbed of his earnings; and, therefore, private ownership in land must be inherently unjust and its existence a violation of the fundamental principles on which society is based. The injustice of private property in land has been fully recognised by many able modern writers and thinkers, amongst others by Justice Longfield, Dr. A. R. Wallace, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. J. S. Mill says, in his “Political Economy,” “the essential principle of property being to assure to all persons what they have produced by their labour and accumulated by their abstinence, this principle cannot apply to what is not the produce of labour, the raw material of the earth.” “No man made the land; it is the original inheritance of the whole species.” “The land of every country belongs to the people of that country.” Herbert Spencer, in “Social Statics,” says, “Equity does not permit property in land. For if one portion of the earth’s surface may justly become the possession of an individual, held for his sole use and benefit, as a thing to which he has an exclusive right, then other portions of its surface may be so held, and our planet must thus lapse into private hands. It follows that if the landholders have a valid right to its surface, all who are not landowners have no right at all to its surface.”

We see that land differs essentially from all other property in being fixed and limited in quantity. Its value does not depend upon the exertion of the labour of its possessor, as that of all other species of property does, but is created by the community. “Rent arises from society and not from the soil,”* and, therefore, rent belongs to society. Land is the source whence all other property is derived, and whence all men derive their subsistence. It is the free gift of Nature to all, like air and water, and, like these, it is an element essential to the maintenance of life. It follows that, to deny the equal right to land, is to deny the equal right to life, and since the denial of equal right to life cannot be justified by any law or custom, so the denial of the equal right to land cannot be justified. The land, therefore, belongs, by natural right, to the community. It is

* Karl Marx, “Miserè de la Philosophie.”

an entailed estate—an estate entailed upon all the generations of the children of man by a deed written in the constitution of Nature, a deed that can be barred by no human proceedings. Each succeeding generation has but a life tenancy; and, even if the people of one generation were to bargain away their own rights, they could not bargain away the rights of the generations yet to come. No one can sell what is not his own, nor stipulate away the rights of another.

It is useless to defend private ownership in land on the ground of its antiquity, and to claim for it a Divine origin. "When institutions violently imposed continue active for injustice, the craft of evil conservatism pretends that the injustice is sacred because it is old."* A century ago the absurd doctrine of the Divine right of kings was maintained, but, as Emerson says, "the things in which you read sacred emblems turn out to be common pottery." This doctrine has long since departed to the limbo of exploded fallacies, and one would think it was high time the "Divine right of landlords" doctrine followed it. But the sacredness of private property in land has been so constantly and effectively preached—especially by the conservators of ancient barbarism, as Voltaire called the lawyers—that it has become the general habit and practice to regard it as an institution which has existed from time immemorial. But history tells us that land was once universally recognised as common property, and that private ownership is an institution of modern growth. In all primitive societies the equal right to land was recognised. It was recognised among the Celtic and Teutonic tribes, and, as we are told by Paley, among the Jewish patriarchs. The causes which chiefly conspired to give rise to private rights in land were the concentration of power in the hands of chieftains and military classes, and conquest. In Scotland the undisputed common right to the soil of every clansman was gradually usurped by the chieftains, and it is the descendants of these robber chieftains who now hold the land and claim to it an exclusive title. In Ireland the common tribal rights were overthrown by conquest, and the alien conquerors, time after time, confiscated the land, giving it "to cliques of greedy and grasping oligarchs, who did nothing for the country they appropriated but suck its blood in the name of rent, and squander its wealth in the name of fashion and pleasure in London."† There was no trace of private property in land when Cæsar invaded Britain; our "ancient mountains and lovely vales" were the common property of their inhabitants. In England, under the Saxons, the common right to land was maintained; each individual was allotted his equal share of cultivated ground and the use

* Professor Newman, "The Land as National Property."

† Professor J. S. Blackie.

of the uncultivated ground. Under the Feudal System, introduced at the Norman Conquest, the whole of the land was vested in the Sovereign—representing the State—as supreme lord of the soil. All the landed estates were granted in fiefs, by the Sovereign, to the lords and barons, who were obliged to render military and other services in proportion to the extent of their holdings—in other words, they were taxed for the public benefit. The estates were not allowed to be sold or alienated; and on the death of the holders without male heirs, they reverted to the Crown. The immediate vassals of the Crown again granted lands in fiefs on various payments or services, and these farms were held for life, and descended from father to son. The lords of the soil were the chiefs and protectors of the communities that lived on their estates, while every individual, down to the villein and serf, possessed definite rights and privileges in connection with the land, which were recognised by custom and by law. Under this system practically all the public charges were sustained directly by the land. All the long, costly wars that England engaged in during Feudal times involved no public debt—the cost was wholly borne by the land. But gradually the landholders—who were also the law-makers—betraying the legislators' sacred trust, shook off the obligations under which they received their lands, and began to encroach on the common rights; and it was at this time public debt, pauperism, and the grinding poverty of the poorer classes came in. The critical change occurred in the reign of Henry VIII., when foreign troops were engaged to eject the farmers and peasants from their homes; but the final change of land *holders* into land *owners* occurred in the reign of Charles II., when a landlord Parliament finally threw off all burdens from the land and abolished all remaining conditions of tenure, substituting for them an iniquitous tax on trade and industry. The enclosure of commons and waste land has also gone on for centuries; since the time of George III. alone over seven millions of acres of common land have been appropriated by the landlords without any compensation being made to those whose rights to them were never doubted.

We see, then, that the history of landlordism in Great Britain is one of unjustifiable usurpation and confiscation of the land—the common property—by the predecessors of the present owners; and justice calls for their immediate dispossession, for the reversion to the community of its own, of the enjoyment of which its members have been so long deprived. With the facts of history in view, and the fact that private property in land is inherently and grossly unjust, we cannot concede the justice of the claims of the present holders—who, however unaware, are holders of stolen property—to compensation; “and if justice could be rightly separated from

mercy, they might be treated as rudely and curtly as their ancestors, under Henry VIII., treated the farmers and peasants whom they hanged by the roadside."* I do not forget that many—a great many—have bought and paid for the lands they now hold. But the purchaser has no better title than the seller has to give, and a man can no more acquire the right to exclusive ownership of land than he can to keep human beings in slavery. Mr. Henry George obeys strictly the call of justice, and advocates the resumption of land by the State without compensation to the present holders; but I think it would be wise, and prudent, and merciful to adopt the suggestion of Dr. A. R. Wallace—that the State, after resuming the land, should grant to the landholders, and their existing expectant heirs, terminable annuities, equal in amount to their present incomes derived from land, during their respective lives.

III.

We have seen that private ownership in land must be inherently unjust; if we consider some of its actual results on the freedom, the prosperity, the happiness, and the lives of men, we shall be still more convinced of its flagrant injustice. Whoever wishes to read of dark and tragic deeds, of atrocities unequalled even by the Bulgarian atrocities, has but to read the history of landlordism in Ireland. In that country alien landlords have been, during the past centuries, systematically robbing the tenants of the fruits of their own labour, leaving them in a state of penury and destitution. J. S. Mill tells us that the tenants have had "to give up, in the shape of rent, the whole produce of the land with the exception of a sufficiency of potatoes for their subsistence." Any indication of prosperity on the part of the tenants would be a signal for a further increase of rent, so that, with no incentive to be provident, they have been totally unprepared to meet the perennial famines which have worked such dire destruction in their midst. During the prevalence of the potato blight of 1847 and 1848, millions of the population died from sheer starvation—more human beings perished thus than in all the French Revolutions from the Jacobins to the Communists, more than England lost in all of the wars in which she engaged from the battle of Hastings to the battle of Waterloo. And all this time the landed proprietors were sweeping the corn and the cattle out of the island at every port, to make sure of their rents whatever befel the people! In the four years following the great famine there were more than two hundred thousand victims; whole town-lands were depopulated, and the inhabitants driven from their homes to make room for cattle and sheep, as being

* Prof. Newman, "The Land as National Property."

more profitable to the landlords. These evictions, as also the countless others which have occurred in Ireland, were accompanied by great destruction of life. The Land Act undoubtedly has done, and is doing much good; but we shall not have arrived at a satisfactory solution of the Irish problem until the legalised robbery of the people by the landholders is wholly put an end to by the nationalisation of the land.

In Scotland wholesale evictions have also taken place. Villages have been depopulated to make room for cattle and deer, the inhabitants forced from their homes—some packed off destitute like sheep to Canada and Australia, others driven to the seashore to cultivate the bare rocks. These evictions, which continue to the present day, have also entailed considerable destruction of human life, the guilt of which lies on the heads of the usurpers of the land. It is, however, satisfactory to see that the people are now beginning to present a bold and determined front in asserting their rights to the soil.

In England and Wales the power exercised by the landlords over their tenants is scarcely less arbitrary. Tenants have been, and are, evicted for their religious and political opinions and love of sport, while it is difficult to over-estimate the number of those who have been driven from their homes and had the labour of many years of their lives sacrificed to the greed of the landlords, who demand an increased rent as the condition of allowing them to remain on the soil. The Hon. G. C. Brodrick speaks of the large resident landowner of a parish or district as being "invested with an authority over its inhabitants which neither the Saxon chief nor the Norman lord, in all the fulness of his power, ever had the right of exercising."* Couple with this the statement of Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., that three-fourths of the land of England is held subject to six months' notice to quit, and you get a fair notion of the power of landlords over other men.

In all great cities we have, as the result of the greed of private landlords, the fatal evils of overcrowding, families and lodgers packed into tenement houses which become deadly fever dens. In London alone, "every month, landlords kill more children than Herod did in his lifetime." The landlords' power, pressing directly on the farmers, by squeezing them hard, impoverishes the labourers—whose condition throughout the country is a most pitiable one—and drives rustics into the cities and towns, which become the sink into which the rural misery drains; and their competition greatly injures the town and city folk. The monopoly of land has given it, in large centres of population, an exaggerated value—to the enrichment of the holders, and to the injury of those who create the value by the ever-increasing needs of society.

* "English Land and English Landlords."

Among others of its pernicious consequences are short building leases, unhealthy houses, cheap jerry buildings. Hence thousands of our working men are compelled, at high rents, to live in confined dwellings, badly built, badly ventilated, badly drained. Beyond all this, the towns have to pay enormous sums for crude materials, the free gifts of nature which landlords claim as their own; and for the private benefit of the landlords the country has been permanently impoverished by the excessive export of minerals, which, being strictly limited in quantity, should not be under the control of private individuals.

The question of our food supply is a most vital one, and, in the present depressed and ruinous condition of agriculture in this country, it imperatively demands our attention. Our soil, owing to bad farming—which is the inevitable result of our landlord system, with its rack renting and short tenancies—produces, according to competent authority, only about one-third its actual capacity. The acreage of the United Kingdom and Channel Isles is seventy-seven millions and a half of acres, of which, according to the agricultural returns for 1868, there are forty-five millions and a half under crops and grass. The latter quantity gives one acre and a half for every man, woman, and child, and as an acre of land will produce wheat enough to maintain five adults, there ought to be no want in the country. According to Mr. J. Cairns, our land is now producing in crops of all kinds—animal and vegetable—less than four pounds per acre; while, when cultivated in small lots, it has been known to yield crops of the value of from sixty to one hundred and twenty pounds per acre per annum. There are, moreover, some millions of acres of land devoted to keeping deer, preserves, &c. But though our food-growing capacity, in the *present* state of agricultural knowledge, is very far in excess of the needs of our present population, we have to pay for foreign wheat, butter, bacon and hams alone the sum of seventy-three million pounds per annum. The cause of this ruinous condition of our agriculture is plain: It is due to the usurpation of the land by a comparatively small number of holders, who divorce the peasantry from the soil, and who discourage any permanent improvement in cultivation.

The depressed state of the fundamental avocation re-acts upon the manufacturing industries, causing their depression by lessening the demand for manufactured goods. It is also important to notice that Mr. Henry George traces the great industrial depression and commercial crisis mainly to private ownership in land.

IV.

We have seen that the institution of private property in

land is the primary cause of the unequal distribution of wealth, and that justice and expediency call for its abolition and the resumption of the land by the State as common property. Of Land Nationalisation Herbert Spencer says that it "is consistent with the highest state of civilisation; may be carried out without involving a community of goods, and need cause no serious revolution in existing arrangements A state of things so ordered would be in perfect harmony with the moral law. Under it all men would be equally landlords, all men would be alike free to become tenants Clearly, therefore, on such a system, the earth might be enclosed, occupied, and cultivated in entire subordination to equal freedom."

Prominent among the schemes of Land Nationalisation are those of Mr. A. R. Wallace and Mr. Henry George, and they both are, I consider, eminently practicable; but I will here deal briefly with that of Mr. George only. Mr. George proposes to assert the common right to land, not by forcibly taking the land out of the hands of the present holders, but by taking its assessed rental value, in the form of taxation, for public purposes. This method involves no new departure: it is simply a return, in principle, to the ancient method under which the whole of the public revenue was derived from the land. All other forms of taxation could be abolished until the weight of taxation rests upon the value of land and takes rent for the public benefit. "Whether or no this would prove finally the best way of obtaining for the community the full return that belongs to it, is hardly at this stage worth discussing. But a beginning can certainly be best and easiest made by this simple means of concentrating taxation on land values. As the tax upon land values irrespective of improvements was increased, more and more of the rent which now goes to favoured individuals would be taken for the public benefit, until ultimately, if we could attain to ideal perfection, the selling value of even the most valuable land would entirely disappear, and taxation would become rental paid the State."* Thus without an increase, but rather a simplification of Government machinery, the land could be made virtually common property.

This tax on land is recognised by the most eminent political economists as the most perfect means of raising the public revenue. It conforms to all the canons of taxation. All other taxes—direct and indirect—must come from the produce of land and labour. They lessen the reward of the producer and therefore lessen the incentive to production. They constitute a fine on industry, thrift, and prudence. But the value of land does not express the reward of production, as does the value of crops, of cattle, of buildings, or any of those things

* "Social Problems."

styled personal property or improvements ; it simply expresses the value of monopoly or appropriation, and therefore in taking it, no check to production would be possible. Economic (or ground) rent only would be taxed. Improvements, as representing expenditure of labour and capital, would be wholly exempt from taxation, and their value would have to be separated from that of the land, as is now done in the United States and in Ireland. The land tax would also have the advantage of certainty—which cannot be said of the other taxes—and its collection would be very easy. In this country land is to a certain (but very small) extent taxed at present, and therefore no new method of collecting taxes would be necessary: only an extension of the existing method would be required. And as the rental of the land is far in excess of the present public expenditure, all other taxation, direct and indirect, could be abolished, leaving production and industry free and unfettered, and their abolition would, at the same time, greatly simplify the machinery and expenses of government. After defraying public expenditure, there would remain a large and steadily increasing surplus, in the benefits of which all would share, and in the management of which there would be such a direct and general interest as to afford the strongest guarantee against misappropriation and waste.

Under this system the production of wealth would be enormously increased. As *all* land would be taxed to nearly its full value, no one could afford to hold land he was not using, and land not in productive use would be thrown open to those who desired to use it. Ultimately the great estates would be broken up, and occupiers of land would find it to their advantage not to hold more land than they could cultivate under their personal supervision. Land monopoly would be utterly destroyed by making the holding of land unprofitable to any but the user. Under the powerful incentive of this tax, the restrictions which now fetter agriculture would be removed and natural opportunities thrown open to labour: productive power would be exerted to its utmost extent, all agricultural improvements would be made use of, and all the great latent capacity of the soil called forth. The condition of labour in agriculture, the fundamental occupation, necessarily determines the general condition of labour. The great demand for labour—and therefore high wages—in agriculture would create a great demand for labour, and high wages, in all occupations. Labour would then be fully employed; it could never become “a drug in the market” while the desire of any wealth remained; and instead of there being the present one-sided competition for employment, the competition would be, as it should be, between employers for workmen. Wages would not, as now, tend to a minimum; but would tend to the highest

point which employers could pay; and instead of getting a small fraction of the produce of his labour, the labourer would get the full return, while the employer would be fully paid for his skill, prudence, and capital. The quickening of the agricultural industry, and the local industries which would be called by it into existence, would cause a migration of the surplus population from the cities and towns, and thus the overcrowding of our great cities, with all the evils it carries in its train, would be remedied. And the labourer, made free and independent, would have such a status and influence that he could secure for himself that to which he is assuredly entitled, a healthy house and home. Poverty, pauperism, and crime would undoubtedly greatly decrease, and their cost to the country be saved. The annual fund from which all incomes are drawn would be greatly augmented, while the distribution would become more equal, for that great part of the fund now taken by the holders of the land, which constantly increases as material progress goes on and the value of the land rises, would, by being utilised for common purposes, be virtually shared by all.

This device of placing all taxes on the value of land would be, in effect, putting up the land at auction to the highest bidder. The demand for the land would fix its value; but if ever rents should happen to become locally excessive, the demand for land would fall; labour and capital would seek employment in other directions until the rents were reduced to their natural level. As we have seen, the tax on land would not be a tax upon individual exertion, as every other tax is, but upon a value created by the community as a whole. That which the occupier of land created—improvements, buildings, manufactories—would be solely and entirely his, free from all taxation, free for his sole benefit and enjoyment. The land would be held by farmer, capitalist, and manufacturer under a fixed tenure, subject to periodical revaluation; such a tenure would offer the best possible incentive to production and would secure to each holder the full enjoyment of the result of his industry.

It has been urged that equalisation of wealth caused by land nationalisation would tend to destroy the desire for the production of wealth. This is a revival of the old slaveholders' argument that man will not work without the lash. It is true that the fear of poverty is one of the greatest incentives to seek wealth, and that when this fear has been to a great extent removed, wealth will not be sought after with such intensity. But we must bear in mind that man's desires are not fixed and stationary like those of the beast. Food he wants first, as does the beast. "But the demand for quantity once satisfied, he *seeks quality*. It is not merely hunger but taste that seeks ~~in food~~ in food; in clothes he seeks not merely comfort,

but adornment; the rude shelter becomes the house." The desires of men ever increasing, and with the strongest incentive of all, the full security of the fruits of labour, the production of wealth to satisfy those desires would commensurately increase.

But the great object sought after is human happiness, not the production of wealth for its own sake. "Behold! supply and demand is not the one law of nature; cash payment is not the sole *nexus* of man with man,—how far from it. Deeper, far deeper than supply and demand are laws, obligations, sacred as man's life itself."* The social and moral improvements resulting from the increased prosperity of the community (into which I cannot now enter) would be very great. With the removal of the fear of poverty—which, as Emerson says, is the hell of which Englishmen are most afraid—the energies which are now misdirected in seeking wealth at *any* cost, would be set free and directed to higher and nobler objects. The labourer, no longer engaged in a lifelong and all absorbing struggle for the material necessities of life, would have new vistas opened to him; the eyes of his mind would be opened and he would long to know. His life would no longer be a dreary, joyless waste, but in the pleasures and comforts which nature has provided, and which are now only enjoyed by the few, he would share.

This reform would be the adaptation of society to natural laws. It does not propose to curb the inequalities of Nature, but to curb those inequalities that are due to the injustice of men. It is far removed from communism—it is quite opposed to it in principle. Communism proposes to devote the wealth created by labour to promiscuous charity (leading to demoralisation and universal pauperism), and does not recognise the right—the exclusive right—of every man to the produce of his own industry. The basis of Land Nationalisation is the recognition of the absolute and exclusive right of every man to the fruits of his own labour, and the right of the community as a whole to the value created by the community as a whole and not by individuals; and it is because private ownership in land is diametrically opposed to this that it is sought to abolish that institution. It is no scheme for compelling the strong to support the weak, the industrious the idle; but for placing every man on his own basis, for making all men equal with reference to the bounty of Nature, to rise or fall as Nature has destined them.

The evils that destroyed the civilisations of Greece and Rome threaten us to-day. The distribution of wealth is becoming more and more unequal, the gulf between Dives and Lazarus is becoming wider and wider, and the land, the source whence

* Carlyle, "Past and Present."

all wealth is derived, and upon which all men are dependent for subsistence, is becoming more and more concentrated into the hands of a few. That great safety-valve—America—has long relieved the social pressure in the Old World, but soon it will cease to act—the monopolisation of the land in that vast continent will soon be complete, and its crisis is imminent. The words that Carlyle wrote of another country and of another time have a prophetic ring. “For long years and generations it lasted, but the time came—Featherbrain, whom no reasoning and no pleading could touch, the glare of the firebrand had to illuminate—there remained but that method. Consider it; look at it! The widow is gathering nettles for her children’s dinner; a perfumed Seigneur, delicately lounging in *Œil-de-Bœuf*, has an alchemy whereby he will extract the third nettle and name it Rent and Law. Such an arrangement must end. Ought it not? But, O most fearful is *such* an ending! Let those to whom God in His great mercy has granted time and space, prepare another and milder one.”*

* “French Revolution,” Vol. I.

Neath.

J.



CARLYLE'S HOLIDAYS IN WALES, (WITH LETTERS.)

III.

Thomas Carlyle, when parted with last month, was left snugly ensconced in his friend's friendly house at Boverton, a place perfectly adapted for that rest and peace which he for ever longed and prayed for; but which this work-a-day world, with its continual bustle and worry, never yielded him. Such as desire rest in the sense of an existence antithetical to exertion, must themselves bring with them to Boverton, or elsewhere, the capacity for such withdrawal from work. This capacity Carlyle did not possess, so the rest meant by inertness was never his. What can rest be to a mind like his but a change of scene, of habit, and of occupation. He rode, drove, and walked daily, and extensively; looked about him and imbibed impressions of the people, of their employments and the scenes that surrounded them. He would stop in his walks and have a "crack" with any passing peasant, and interested himself in their varied vocations; exhibiting a practical knowledge of the nature of their work, and the way to do it. One who remembers his visits and marked his habits, describes him as a rather tall, dark, commanding-looking man, with slightly rounded shoulders (student's stoop), ruddy complexion, uncommon and indescribable eyes, shaggy eyebrows and dark abundant hair, slightly grizzled, small dark whiskers, lips and chin shaven (he afterwards abandoned shaving), dressed in dark clothes, fitting him loosely. An inveterate smoker from morn till night, taking long strides in walking, stopping at intervals, and looking around him in all directions. Besides natural curiosity he had a special reason for observantly marking the physical features of the country. He was at that very time occupied in writing the life of his late friend John Sterling, which was published in the following year (1851). Captain Sterling, the father of John, afterwards the famous "Thunderer" of the *Times* newspaper, lived six years at Llanblethian, near Cowbridge, leaving there in 1814, when John was a boy eight years old. In that charming biography where Carlyle has so beautifully testified to his love and admiration for that brilliant talker and thinker, he has most graphically recorded his im-

pressions of Glamorgan. John Sterling himself, young as he was when he left Glamorgan, has written most truthful and exquisitely real descriptions of the scenes that surrounded him in his boyhood as they dwelt in his memory, claiming for them pre-eminence in beauty over all scenes he had ever witnessed in later life.

With his depth and clearness of vision, what did Carlyle see at Boverton? For landscape the following:—

“ Plain of Glamorgan, some ten miles wide and thirty or forty long, which they call the Vale of Glamorgan, though properly it is not quite a vale, there being only one range of mountains to it—if even one; certainly, the central mountains of Wales do gradually rise in a miscellaneous manner on the north side of it, but on the south are no mountains, not even land, only the Bristol Channel, and far off the hills of Devonshire for boundary—the English hills, as the natives call them, visible from every eminence in those parts. On such wide terms is it called Vale of Glamorgan. But called by whatever name, it is a most pleasant fruitful region—kind to the natives, interesting to the visitor. A waving, grassy region, cut with innumerable ragged lanes, dotted with sleepy, unswept human hamlets, old ruinous castles, with their ivy and their daws, grey sleeping churches with their ditto, ditto, for ivy everywhere abounds, and generally a rank, fragrant vegetation clothes all things, hanging in rude, many-coloured festoons and fringed odoriferous tapestries on your right and on your left in every lane. A country kinder to the sluggard husbandman than any I have ever seen. For it lies all on limestone, needs no draining, the soil, everywhere of handsome depth and finest quality, will grow good crops for you with the most imperfect tilling.”

Surely one has here in a few sentences the plain of Glamorgan most perfectly described. Nothing can be more truthful, more real. Its old ruinous castles and manor houses, so numerous and vast in size, are special features of the district, leaving one to wonder how such small manors could have supported such huge piles of buildings. Every village and hamlet hereabouts has its specimen, sometimes two or three, Llantwit, Llanmaes, Saint Donat's (now restored), St. Athan, Beaupre, Penmark, Llanblethian, &c. One fine old ruined manor house, a grand old pile, clothed in ivy from basement to chimney top, is visible from the house he stayed in. It is known as Boverton Place (Plás Trebeferad), and in the time of Charles II. was rated to the hearth tax at fifteen chimneys. So fine an elevation has it that it dwarfs everything near to it. This was doubtlessly built in the fifteenth century by the Vaulx family, and there is a tradition to this day existing that the Dutch fashion of having a grand entrance, opened only on extraordinary occasions, existed there. The inappropriateness

of the term "Vale" as applied to the district was evident to Carlyle at once, as it ought to be to everyone. "Bro Morganwg" is an exact description in the Welsh tongue, but "Bro" does not properly translate into vale. It has its equivalent in the Scotch Braes, or the Cumberland Dales, and means, not land between hills, as vale signifies, but lands near to and under hills, which exactly describes the narrow plain of Glamorgan. Looking north from Boverton the first range of Welsh hills, extending from Garth and Ismaelog to Cefn Hirgoed, is visible, and on exceptionally clear days this is backed by other and more remote and higher ranges. Looking south and west from the most moderate eminence, Somerset and Devon are visible, and the spurs of the Quantock Hills are seen to advance and bathe their feet in the Bristol Channel. The English hills around and to the west of Dunster, Woolton Courtney, Selworthy, and offshoots of Exmoor Forest, where the red deer still lingers in his aboriginal haunts; together with Tibbicott, Stritson, Farley, and other Devonshire hills, fill up a fine panorama. The natives of places overlooking Glamorgan speak of it as a sort of El-Dorado, and the most adventurous and least boorish of them venture across and settle down in it, marrying Welsh wives, and fill up the vacant places left by the superior attraction of mine and forge on the Welshman. A very considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the rural villages along the coast are now English, and the readiness with which the western English and the Welsh assimilate has been pleaded by a President of the Anthropological Society as evidence of their common Celtic origin.

Of the natives, or rather of the people of the plain of Glamorgan, and of their habits, the following is Carlyle's summary:—

"The peasantry seem indolent and stagnant, but peaceable and well provided; much given to Methodism when they have any character; for the rest an innocent, good-humoured people, who all drink home brewed beer, and have brown loaves of the most excellent home baked bread. The native peasant village is not generally beautiful, though it might be, were it swept and trimmed; it gives one rather the idea of sluttish stagnancy, an interesting peep into the Welsh paradise of 'Sleepy Hollow.' Stones, old kettles, naves of wheels, all kinds of broken litter, with live pigs, and etceteras, lie about the street, for as a rule no rubbish is removed, but waits patiently the action of mere natural chemistry and accident; if even a house is burnt or falls, you will find it there after half a century, only cloaked by the ever ready ivy. Sluggish man seems never to have struck a pick into it; his new hut is built close by on ground not encumbered, and the old stones are still left lying."

There is much in this sketch to offend the over sensitive or self-conscious Welshman, nor is it so justly applicable now to him as it was forty years ago. Such as choose to tax their memories to that extent cannot but admit its faithfulness as a picture. The writer well remembers the time when cows, donkeys, pigs, and other live "etceteras" grazed on the roadside, and the freedom in this matter was long regretted by those who profited by it. Sanitary Laws, Highway Boards, common enclosures, land hunger that has deprived the peasants of their commons and of many a free kailyard, have made the description less appropriate in these days. There is, however, still left plenty of room for improvement in the ordinary Welsh village, which is generally far from being as orderly and neat as it might, or ought to be.

From Boverton Carlyle went to Scotland to visit his mother, but he shall himself describe the departure and the incidents of his journey, which he does most graphically:—

Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan, 29th August, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—To-day your hand-writing appears on two newspapers, and remind me of hospitable Boverton, which at any rate I was not disposed to forget. One word of kind farewell to it, of authentic notice that I am actually here, far away from it.

My four hours waiting among the green fields of Llantrissant were accomplished with a patience which you would have called heroic; I got out a book and tobacco, and spreading my pea jacket by way of carpet, lay down on the sunward side of a solitary bush. At Gloucester, where the surgeon was nigh desperate seeking me (for it was 9 p.m.), I did no good at all; to eat was out of my power, to sleep ditto. After a Sunday of miserable headache and do-nothingism, I decided to try a night journey to Birmingham, and there accordingly did both "eat two eggs" and sleep in spite of frightful noises. The Liverpool steamer of Monday night was frightful! But, perhaps, it is good for me to become acquainted with practical Irish reapers, border cattle jobbers, and commercial "gents" in a crowded condition, and to form some image, grounded on experience, of the horrors of "the middle passage," such as Niggers feel. I sat on deck a mere onlooker, refusing to speak or partake; in fine about two o'clock next day that also ended, and, like Jonah from the whale's belly, I saw myself with gratitude to Heaven flung ashore here, with friendly presences once more around me, and thoughts and emotions such as no other scene in this planet, or in all the universe belike, could awaken in me! Here I mean to rest for ten days or more,—in fact for an uncertain period: after which also my future movements are extremely uncertain. In my life I think I never felt so heartworn and wayworn, and utterly weary in body and soul—desiring rest only; rest, if it were that of death (which latter, I imagine, will not fail any of us). Thousand thanks to you, dear Redwood, for what you gave me, and took from me, with such friendly patience; a friendlier face I am not likely to see soon on my travels! Good be ever with you. Friendly regards to Dumpty and Madge.

And I remain,

Yours always,

T. CARLYLE

The change from peaceful Boverton, "a very vale of rest" and quiet, to the turmoil and discomfort of the deck of a Scotch steamboat, would of itself be enough to undo very much of the good effect of his visit. Thrown off hurriedly as the above letter evidently was, without any regard to polish or finish, how admirable are the descriptions in it. He gives

no petty beauties of style, and fears no petty blemishes; stops not to round a sentence, or finish a period; but pours out for his friend's behoof rapid, vivid pictures, that are as preferable as unpolished diamonds to the most highly polished pebbles. A letter, the while, more full of heart and feeling than was ordinary to him. What caused his detention for four hours at Llantrissant Station is not now discoverable, probably only the losing of a train; though the man who drove him thither—the “red-haired” man of a former letter, now a substantial and highly respectable farmer at Boverton—cannot tax his memory with ever having missed any train he had to drive to. The mention of “Dumpy” and “Madge” in one sentence is an odd combination enough. “Madge,” of course, is the fast trotting mare already referred to; “Dumpy,” who will again be written of as “Little Dumpy,” was a remarkably intelligent active little body, spinally deformed, who served the Redwood family for thirty years or more as a confidential servant, being somewhat petted, and perhaps a little spoiled withal by them. The next letter again refers to his visit, and reflection seems to have convinced Carlyle that, though the kindness shown to him was perfect in all respects, his own acceptance of that kindness lacked the due amount of graciousness. A pony, or cob, had been procured expressly for his use, on which he rode about for several hours daily, losing his way at times, and loudly declaring, on such occasions, that certain roads to which he had been directed to travel over had no existence.

Chelsea, 23rd December, 1850.

Dear Redwood,—The Christmas box has duly arrived, an hour or two after your note; all safe and right,—opulent in wholesome sapid materials, a friendly memento of one that is kind to us always on his distant coast; to whom be all thanks for this and much other goodness! How can this or anything else I have ever experienced from that friendly shore of the Bristol Channel awaken other than kind thoughts? Nothing that was not worthy of recognition and admiration ever met me from that quarter. A patience especially which had no limits dwells most in my memory at present. I declare I feel often ashamed; for, indeed, I was near the *nadir* last time, as I have almost ever been in my life, and probably you never did communicate with a creature more sick and heavy-laden of body and of soul than I was, and proved myself now and then to be, on my last visit to you. Oh, Heaven! But I will try to grow better, at any rate I will pray to have friends as tolerant as the Boverton one; and be thankful under any dark sky for this and the other shining star! That green lawn, little Dumpy's excellent hot coffee, the morning and evening sun, the very chanticleers and jackasses; all is getting quite a beautiful, and pathetic, and poetic colour with me, in that Welsh “scene of memory.” Soft fall the weather on it, and nothing but good be there, whether I come back to it or not! Llantwit, Saint Donat's, the green network of intricate lanes, the mouldering dumb ruins, vigorous living vegetations, good and bad; the vacant stony shores watched by Billy Jones [*quæ*: Davy?] and big ocean melody that sings and groans for ever; how can I ever forget these things?

I continued very sickly after leaving you, and got little but endless chagrin and misery, too sensible to myself, all the time I stayed in Scotland, and after it during other excursions I had to make on my way homewards, and beyond home, for my wife was absent when I first came here, and I had to join her for three weeks among gay people in Hampshire, and did not get finally here till towards the end of September; as sick, according to all indexes of personal sensation, as when

I had left ; a hopeless thing this of ministering to an incurable ! For many weeks at home I continued the same dreary course, and not till very lately began to feel a decided settlement of turbulences, and a sterner (but not less beautiful) kind of Cosmos beginning to announce itself amid that horrid Chaos again. Cosmos stern as death itself (for *it is*, in some sense, what they call death) ; but beautiful also as eternity and the inexpugnable realm of the Gods. Unhappily a wretched "dinner party" of the most unwholesome and unpleasant sort, the other evening, has for the present quite upset me again ; and all is slush and scandalous mud as before, till we rally again ! Of such stuff are poor human creatures made !

I do not enter much into the Papal aggression affair ; though I am Protestant enough to view it with equanimity, and even with a kind of good-will. It seems to me the old Pope ought really to be warned that *he* is out of the game for one ; that after having beaten out his brains for three hundred years with Cromwellian and other hammers, we do expect he will now die ! If the poor English people can do this, I shall not be sorry. But if they fail to do it, I shall understand that windbag knocked against windbag will infallibly further the collapse of things inflated ; and so, in any case, the Papal aggression is grist to my mill. I write nothing in these months, nor have any prospect of writing ; but do suppose that if I live there may come such a time again. God bless you always, dear Redwood.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The Christmas box, which appears to have been sent to Chelsea by Mr. Redwood annually for a period of fourteen or more years, always contained the same "sapid" materials. A turkey, saddles of Welsh mutton, and a Welsh ewe's milk cheese. His reference to "chanteleers and jackasses" has a special meaning, and it is pleasing to find, under the circumstances, that he not only has forgiven any annoyance that they had given him, but that he is disposed to idealise and elevate them. Boverton and Llantwit Major at that time abounded with the long-eared, patient tribe, and almost every cottager owned a donkey, which found its own means of living on the road-side strips of common, and in the green lanes thereabouts. Their chief use was to carry fuel from the nearest coal mines, some eight miles away at Llanharry ; and it was almost a daily experience to such as used the roads to meet them in troops of a dozen or twenty, each one bearing on its back a sack of two hundred weight of coals, and all under the care of one man, woman, or lad, as the case might be, who was hired to take charge of the lot. It was mighty inconvenient to a traveller by horse or vehicle to pass through this herd, but whether Carlyle's ire had been raised against them in their capacity of carriers, or in that of over indulgence in midnight *hec-hawings*, which might have added to his sleeplessness, cannot now be known. With respect to "chanteleers," the chronicles are more clear. Their daily habit of proclaiming aloud the approach of dawn disturbed his rest. An edict was therefore issued to all owners of inconsiderate roosters in the village that such roosters must be silenced at all sacrifices, and this was readily obeyed by the "good humoured" peasantry. One farmer sent his away, and an old woman of slender resources, yet anxious to please, had

no means of stopping her one rooster's morning proclamations except by shutting him up in the family oven, which she did nightly while Carlyle remained at Boverton. Carlyle seems to have bent his friend's household management to his own strong will. No meat was served at table during his visit but chicken and mutton, and the hours for their consumption were rigidly fixed by him, he not waiting an instant, even in the absence of his host. He is said to have most hilariously at times rallied his friend on his profession, consigning all lawyers, from the Lord Chancellor downwards, to perdition. He talked of his wife very frequently, calling her "Jane," and retailing her ways and doings with high admiration; in truth not without good reason, for Jane Welsh Carlyle was in very fact no ordinary woman, but one of real genius, as her published letters testify, for no epistles brighter or more full of insight into character, with a most happy and clever manner than hers; have appeared in these times.

The "gay people in Hampshire" will be again referred to at greater length in another letter. The "Papal aggression," which Mr. Redwood seems to have invited Carlyle's opinion upon, how few now remember or care about it. Yet at that time the English people, for a short period, almost lost their wits; and the full meaning and consequences of complete religious liberty, which they always had proclaimed, were almost forgotten in a fit of terror aroused by imaginary danger in the dividing England into Roman Catholic Dioceses by the Pope. Lord John Russell's "Durham Letter," and the introduction into Parliament of the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," added fuel to the excitement, and resolutions denouncing the alleged aggression were carried by the united voices of Church and Dissent in all the towns in the kingdom, save three, Swansea being one of the three that managed to keep its head. The reaction was rapid and complete in proportion, the nation quickly recovering itself, and feeling somewhat ashamed of the senseless ebullition, the Bill fell a dead letter, was never enforced, and a few years later was quietly repealed.

The remaining letters of Carlyle to Mr. Redwood make no reference to his Glamorgan visits, but they are of such high merit in themselves, reveal so clearly the character of the man, and display so much of the strength of his remarkable abilities, that they cannot fail to be of interest on their own account. No apology is, therefore, required for their production.

The Christmas box has been sent as usual, and is thus acknowledged:—

The Grange, Hampshire,
26th December, 1851

Dear Redwood,—Though we are not at Chelsea this Christmas, we learn that your good gifts are duly there, waiting to welcome our return, thanks for your modest, silent friendship, which fails no year. We shall be home again to see what

real Welsh mutton is after all, and shall duly remember the giver, whose constant kind thoughts of us in his still solitudes is beautiful and valuable to us. This is the Lord Ashburton's big mansion, this ancient "Grange" of the Winchester Monks, now for the last three centuries a secular abode of dignitaries. My wife has been here almost a month, I nearly a fortnight—one of the grandest, kindest, and utterly idlest scenes. We have had celebrities and grandiosities (Macaulays, Lansdowns, &c., &c.), but to me there has nothing been of perceptible profit and enjoyment, except the daily ride of two hours which I execute alone in those entirely silent woods and rustic lanes, not without abstruse reflections and emotions often of a far other than laughing character! On the whole we are right glad at the prospect of silence and quiet in our little Chelsea hut again. I, for one, have had quite enough of this for one while.

Last night there had secretly come a "Brass Band," really of rather excellent quality, from the neighbouring town or village of Alresford (four miles off too); they had stationed themselves in the dark under a huge Greek portico there is here, and suddenly the black night burst into "Auld Lang Syne" and other soft breathing articulated melody which lasted for an hour, and was really touching to the feelings here and there; the night before immensities of little gifts had been delivered round a Christmas tree, to all the labourers' children, &c., ending with due tea, due cake, and our Christmas comes but once a year!

Adieu, dear Redwood, with many thanks, with many good New Years. God bless you.

T. CARLYLE.

The Hampshire "gay folks" then turn out to be my Lord and Lady Ashburton, and their distinguished visitors, family name "Baring," a name distinguished in the banking world, and almost synonymous with that of boundless wealth. The Carlyles have become "lions" in society, and my Lady Ashburton's net has gathered them into her toils as being people likely to honour wealth by intellect. Mrs. Carlyle seems to spend more time at the Grange than her husband, yet a period will arrive when that excellent and clever lady will (just by way of marking a common infirmity of the sex) allow herself to entertain certain jealous qualms, the revealing of which to the world too prematurely, has cast so much reflection upon Mr. Froude as an editor. This much, however, may be said on behalf of Mr. Froude; that as Carlyle himself had arranged the correspondence in question for publication, and did not himself object to making certain incidents known, it does seem that critics are exhibiting an overstrained delicacy in the matter.

At the Grange Carlyle comes in contact with that "Book in Breeches," as Sidney Smith called him, the redoubtable, voluble, and somewhat egotistical Lord Macaulay; and here it may be observed that much of the interest of the letters now printed is found in the suggestiveness to the mind found in such remarkable conjunctions; as Carlyle with Thirlwall, with Landor, and with Macaulay. The picture given of life at the Grange is pleasant, and the compliment paid to the Alresford band, which came to it from the home of the Tichbornes (reminding one of Sir Roger, of Castro, and of Orton the Claimant), reveals in Carlyle an unexpected love of music.

But the end must be hastened to, as there are yet long

letters to add, which the good taste of the reader will prefer to the discursiveness of the writer.

Chelsea, 28th August, 1852.

Dear Redwood,—There is no Wales for me at present. We have been a week in the country when your letter reached us, thanks for your ever hospitable heart; we returned yesterday, and having now exhausted the miracle of "Change of Air" which all the world bothers you with, as sovereign and immediate in such cases, I decide that it will be clearly expedient to keep within my own shop through the future stages of this business. The horrors of sleepless nights, &c., are a sufficient monition to be content with what "air" (among other things) is attainable at home! The fact is, I consider the disease to be as good as altogether gone, and the weakness, &c., that remains can only disappear gradually by the aid of time and care.

It was very sad not to see you that evening on your annual or biennial visit. But in fact, if one is in search of sadness, there is no want of that anywhere, and the only course in general is to hold one's tongue. A little portion of work, precious fractions saved like gold from the general blazing fire of human follies, ought to be possible for everybody who is still alive; alas! the true misery is to be deprived even of this, and to see one's own days too going up in idle conflagration like those of the general fools of this world. Patience, patience, silence at least.

As I have many notes to write, and all writing has still a tendency to give me headache, I cease for the present, and dismiss you with my thanks and blessings. When I shall see Boverton again, or whether ever, is greatly uncertain, but that I should forget it or you, while I am anywhere in the world, is not very possible. Nay, it is a real and continual possession to me, though I never see it more.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The above letter, and part of the next, are somewhat enigmatical in the light of known events, and require peculiar attention in editing, which at present they cannot receive. "Christmas, that comes but once a year," is come again and is anticipated at Boverton by the following:—

Chelsea, 23rd December, 1852.

Dear Redwood,—Last night, according to your Christian custom, the well replenished Christmas box arrived. Clear that there is in the western wilderness a human soul remaining who thinks humanly of us, and in this mute way sends greeting and remembrance to us! A thousand thanks to you for this steady feeling, so modestly expressed, and so faithfully maintained in spite of frost and accidents; in a world like ours, such things are precious, and are not very common if my experience may be truth! The edible commodities were all in proper order I am told, and will do their *other* and secondary duties by-and-bye, also in (I doubt not) a pleasant and creditable manner. Alas! there is not to be a very "Merry Christmas" here this year, and with me in particular it is appointed to be fully as lonely, for one thing, as it can be at Boverton with you. By many causes I am in a very low condition (of bodily humour) just at this time, and it has been settled that I eat my Christmas dinner alone on the present occasion, my wife going out that day and leaving me to my books and reflections, as the best method in so complex a case. I will eat a chop of that excellent Welsh mutton; and reflect profitably, I hope, on many things undisturbed by any "confused nonsense," except my own only, and therefore happier than usual, with some possibility of advantage, not with the impossibility of it, as elsewhere!

The truth is, we have got far awry here, though I ought to add we are coming straight again; our case is mainly this:—Last summer it was decided that (a house being now procurable) this house should be thoroughly repaired. Builders &c., were accordingly consulted, "six weeks" was the limit of time assigned, money "not much," and hope of all kinds was the presiding genius of the enterprise; let no man henceforth give his house a thorough repair! The artificers about the 1st of July last arrived with their picks and barrows, raged and tore and thumped through three weeks of the hottest weather, bringing out more mountains of old planks, old bricks, and dust, and desperation, six months evidently not like to end them. My poor wife at this point packed me off to Scotland; undertook

to pilot the work herself into port. I exhausted Scotland in two months, continued sleeplessness and other miseries, and still, on the farther horizon, no hope of the hurly-burly ending. "Come not hither," she said now. "Go to Germany without me, I am indispensable here and will not go." But oh! I went by way of Holland, Rhineland, Frankfort, Cassel, Weimar, Dresden—up the Elbe, down the Oder, to Berlin and home, grew worse daily, ten times worse in the end (for I had not one night's sleep all the time, if you know what that means); in short it is not yet many weeks since we got the last of the unclean creatures (painters and varnishers) out of the house, and they have to come back next summer and "finish everything;" what think you of a thorough repair on these terms? Of the money, though it is some forty per cent. more than I expected, there shall nothing be said, but the "general collapse" out of all this long continued misery and excitement has been such a state of body, soul, and spirit as requires my philosophy to guide it wisely! Hence comes my solitary Christmas; hence come several things. My poor wife, too, has suffered a good deal, but is not nearly so low as I, and, I flatter myself, appears to be mending faster. Let me not forget to add indeed that I too am mending; that the house is actually not a little improved for the rest of one's life, that, in fact, I have a feeling as if at bottom my poor overworn nerves are perhaps clearer and sounder than before, and thus, on the whole, that all shall be "well that ends well!" Enough, enough.

I am not quite idle, though I cannot, even in the language of flattery, be described as working in a visible manner. Frederick the Great has cost me huge reading, and it was after him alone or mainly that I kept inquiring in Germany lately: nevertheless it seems to me I never can embark in writing a book about him, so little lovely is the man to me, so dim, vague, faint, and contemptible is the account I get of his life element, is (too often) his life element itself to me! He will walk the plank, I think, or has walked it, and I must try something else. Adieu, dear Redwood. I send you many grateful thoughts and am silent.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

No, Frederick the Great did not "walk the plank," but on the contrary, after a time, lent himself as a subject for one of the greatest books even Carlyle has written; a book acknowledged by all literary Germans to be in every way superior to any work produced in that country of erudite scholars, on Frederick the Great and his times. It is also the biggest in bulk of Carlyle's books, and, excepting that it is considered to have slightly over-whitewashed that Hohenzollern hero, is a model history, a perfect marvel of painstaking, embodying the result of an enormous amount of reading, and most extensive searching. Carlyle wrote an occasional pamphlet afterwards, but his "Frederick the Great" is the last of his great books, and worthily closes a most illustrious literary career. The miseries of house repairing, so admirably described, will appeal to many readers' experience.

Chelsea, 5th August, 1853.

Dear Redwood,—I got your letter this morning and was very glad to hear of you at first hand again, and very much obliged, indeed, by your ever kind purpose towards me. Alas, there is no Wales, no rural fields at all for me this year. I got so thoroughly smashed to pieces last season by my roaming up and down the world, a mad operation, as I often said to myself, for there is never-failing misery, want of sleep, &c., &c., purchased by great effort and expense in such things, that I privately resolved to stay close at home on the present occasion, and do the best I could *there*, for at least one year. My wife has been in Scotland; returned four days ago; we are now to stay in the silent town, which really, when once the quality is all out of it, becomes a very eligible place for carrying on study in, so stands it. I shall still have to build one other apartment in this place, a top storey extending over the whole house, with double walls (of a sort), lighted from above,

and with internal means of ventilation, so we may be deaf to all conceivable street noises, and may at least have the privilege of sleeping, and of reading, thinking, living in absolute "divine silence" henceforth! I have a plan for such a thing, and certainly it would be a glorious conquest to me. My poor enterprise on Frederick is the most impossible of all I have ever buckled with in this world, and cannot and will not come to the least success with me. I have given up all thoughts of succeeding, my one trembling hope is that of some day finishing, getting my soul delivered of it, though with disgrace, and, alas, it is not yet begun, the writing part of it is still to begin!

Adieu, dear Redwood. Do not forget me, nor will I you.

T. CARLYLE.

The end of the three months' converse with Thomas Carlyle has arrived. The above letter is nearly, if not quite, the last written to Mr. Redwood, for in the spring of the following year, 1854, he was called away to join in the "procession of the ages." The uncomplaining, genuine friend is gone to his rest, but the valetudinary Carlyle, with "Cosmos" and "Chaos" constantly battling for supremacy in his bodily system, continued to exist after his friend's death for twenty-six years. At length, however, he, the complaining and turbulent spirit, got "fixed in the earnest stillness of eternity." As he himself has expressed it in his inimitable way, in describing the death of Mirabeau, "Men's years are numbered, and the tale of his is now complete. Important or unimportant; to be mentioned in *World History* for some centuries, or not to be mentioned beyond a day or two, it matters not to peremptory fate. From amid the press of ruddy, busy life, the pale *Messenger* has beckoned silently. . . . And whatever a man's projects may be, saving monarchies or blacking shoes, he must suddenly quit it all and go. The most important of men cannot stay; did the *World's History* depend on an hour, that hour is not given. . . . Farewell to him. He is now realising the grander mysteries he so loved to contemplate."

The writer has felt it a high privilege to have been permitted thus to reveal so much of Carlyle's private history to the readers of the *Red Dragon*, and is grateful in proportion to those who so liberally placed the letters at his service. He can only hope, in conclusion, that his "labour of love" has been acceptable to his readers.

Saint Athan.

JOHN HOWELLS.

(Concluded.)

MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

Altiora Peto, by Laurence Oliphant, is a story worth reading. It is not sensational, it is not a philosophical treatise under the guise of fiction—a style of writing, by the way, whose usefulness or fascination I could never understand—nor, thank the Fates, is it a story written with a purpose? Of all the dreary reading which a poor reviewer is compelled to undertake in these days, when “of making many books there is no end,” the novel with a purpose is the most dreary. It is worse than having to listen to the average sermon, and is almost as bad as a hot quarter-of-an-hour in an Evangelical Tract dépôt. The man or woman who seeks to enforce some specialty in morals, or to embody a religious or political doctrine, in a story, generally spoils the effect of both. Perhaps the only notable exception to this rule, in modern times, was the late Charles Reade. But then he was a genius, even amongst novelists, and could use sensation with judgment as well as force. And yet there are not a few powerful situations in Mr. Oliphant’s book, and some well sustained mysteries, which baffle the conscientious reader who, instead of reading the last chapter first, as certain insatiable young ladies do, is content to take the unfolding of the plot as it comes to hand. Here and there Mr. Oliphant is wearisome and dull, but the general style of the book is crisp enough. The heroine, whose father died some months before she was born, was bequeathed by that relative the extraordinary name of *Altiora*. She is an amusing character, with subtle touches of the truest womanhood underlying all her peculiarities. Her especial weakness is the solution of problems, moral, social, or otherwise, with which her little brains teem at quite an early age. In the end it will be seen that the most insoluble problem of the whole is her own history, but happily it is just the one of which she is unconscious. Two important and altogether charming adjuncts to the story are found in Mattie Terrill and Stella Walton, a couple of Californian maidens on a visit to Europe. One is beautiful, the other rich, and in a girlish freak they exchange names. This, as may be supposed, leads to no end of adventure and misunderstanding, and threatens now and then to become a thought too tragical. The ~~heroine~~ lover appears in the person of the Earl of Sark, a fair

specimen of the young nobleman of to-day, with a taste for dabbling in politics. This character is capitably sketched, although he is anything but a stranger to the pages of fiction. Indeed, I think it would be hard to say which of the two is the more hackneyed "stock" personage of the latter-day novelist—the clever young peer, or the dashing American beauty. It is an instructive hint as to how popular fiction is after all but a transcript of popular "fads." Mr. Oliphant also makes capital out of that singularly unpleasant importation into modern society, the dynamitard, who has made himself quite an institution of this decade. "Old Hannab" is an original conception, and one that is sure to be popular with the lovers of eccentric goodness. Mrs. Clymer, on the other hand, is repulsive enough to please the most gruesome imagination. I will not spoil the enjoyment of my readers by attempting to give them even an outline of the plot. They must work that out for themselves. Let it suffice to say that they will not find it a tedious task by any means, with such a pleasant companion and skilled guide as Mr. Laurence Oliphant. As a collection of character sketches, varied and somewhat uncommon, drawn with a strong hand, *Alliora Peto* will hold its own for many a long day. I cannot recall anything better than some of its passages in any of Mr. Oliphant's handiwork.

Animals' Own Tales, interpreted for his nephews and nieces by Uncle Will (W. E. W.), is one of the best little things in the way of juvenile literature which I have read for some time. Unpretentious in style, it is sure to be a favourite with the little ones, in whom the love of natural history is as deep as it is unsophisticated. The pets whose stories are related in this small volume are the hedgehog, the cuckoo, the donkey, the yellowhammer, and the swan; so that within a limited compass a fair variety has been secured. Each tale is told in a way that has a good deal of realism about it, which cannot but impress those small critics for whose literary tastes it is so difficult to cater. It is an open secret that the author of these chatty tales is the Rev. W. E. Winks, of Cardiff. I must congratulate him upon this little offering to the children. I am sure they will be glad to make room upon the shelves of their tiny libraries for anything of the same kind from his pen, whenever it is ready. He has broken ground that will stand a good bit of working before it is exhausted, and his readers have an insatiable appetite for such food.

In *Songs Unsung*, Mr. Lewis Morris undoubtedly displays considerable rhyming facilities, and is not unskilful in the choice of words wherewith to express himself gracefully. The series of short verses in the present volume, entitled "Pictures," are an instance of Mr. Morris at his best. All that is good in those sketches is a close imitation of Tennyson's "Palace of Art," and

"Dream of Fair Women." There are some powerful and even eloquent passages in "Clytemnestra in Paris," but the poem as a whole is not equal to the earlier efforts of the author. I like many of the shorter pieces, but the collection before me does not do justice to the author of the "Epic of Hades" and "Songs of Two Worlds."

One of the most remarkable stories of the age, in my opinion, is *Called Back*, by Hugh Conway. Originally published by Messrs. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, as a Christmas Annual, its merits brought it into immediate notice, and the popularity it has since won is almost unique for a book of its kind. Within the limited space of a one volume novel it contains enough incidents for about fifty of the ordinary three volume stories of to-day. The originality of the plot has been questioned by some hypercritical people, but its conception is certainly very fine, and it is worked out with a skill that holds the reader spell-bound to the end. Nor is it inferior in its subtle unfolding of character—a sufficiently rare merit in the fiction of this decade to make it notable. The hero, a young man afflicted with blindness, caused by lenticular cataract, wanders from his lodgings in a London bye-street, one night, and on returning is misled by a tipsy pedestrian, who unconsciously puts him into the wrong street. This leads to his entering a house just as a murder has been committed. How the hero escaped is cleverly told in the story. Afterwards, when his sight has been restored by a surgical operation, he falls in love with a beautiful girl whom he meets in an Italian church, and who turns out to be the ward of a most accomplished scoundrel, a Nihilist doctor. The hero discovers, after a hasty marriage with the heroine, that his bride's mind is a total blank upon every subject which would interest even a child. I will not spoil the enjoyment of my readers by detailing the thrilling circumstances under which her mental blindness was removed. It forms a weird chapter in psycho-biology. Then comes the devoted husband's journey to Siberia, whence his wife's rascally guardian has been banished. From him the story of her life is wrung, and that story includes a revelation of the murder at which the hero was present on the memorable night of his blindness. Everything ends happily in the good old-fashioned way. I have no hesitation in affirming that Mr. Hugh Conway will take high rank as a novelist by means of this one work. For dramatic situations, mysterious incidents, and fascinating narrative, "Called Back" is a masterpiece of fiction. I would urge those of my readers who have not yet seen the book to get it at once. They won't throw it aside until they have devoured every word of it.

There are a great many readers, especially in Wales, who are still fond of the weird and the supernatural, although they

are half-afraid to confess it even to themselves. To all such I would strongly recommend the latest work from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, called *Beyond the Gates*. In some respects it may be considered as a sequel to *The Gates Ajar*, which caused a good deal of stir in the religio-literary world at the time of its appearance. But the latter work is really a far more remarkable book, inasmuch as it professes to describe, not only the life and occupations of Heaven, but the very emotions and experiences of its inhabitants. The story is told by a young girl who dies somewhat suddenly, and whose spirit is conducted heavenwards by the attendant ghost of her own father, who has been sent to watch over her dissolution. After a slight taste of the initiatory joys of the spirit world, she is permitted to revisit her earthly home *on the day of her own funeral!* when she acts as an unseen comforter to the bereaved household. After standing at her own grave-side and listening to the beautiful Burial Service read over her remains, she once more returns to "the regions of the blest," and commences a course of personal experience which Mrs Phelps relates with great minuteness and in a style that quite carries away the reader in certain places. There may be something about all this which rather jars upon the narrow creed of the orthodox Englishman or Welshman, and yet there is not an unscriptural or—to those who believe in a future life—an unreasonable sentence in the whole book. It is written with a poetical intensity which makes very charming reading, and all through it glows with fine thoughts and quaint conceits. I doubt if anyone but a woman, and that woman an American, could have written such an account of the suppositious life of another world. The average Englishwoman would never have dared to *think* the things which this graceful and imaginative authoress has committed to black and white. *Beyond the Gates* is a curiosity well worth perusing.

HWLFFORDD.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

The report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language speaks in somewhat desponding terms of the teaching of Irish in the national schools. Otherwise the society seems to be making progress. The council has decided on publishing "Oidhe Cloinne Tuirend," or the "Fate of the Children of Tuireann," a companion volume (though considerably larger) to the "Children of Lir." It will be brought out uniformly with the society's series. The council has also appointed a committee to take steps for the preparation of a cheap Irish dictionary for schools. The Rev. James MacSwiney, S.J., is engaged on an Irish dictionary for advanced students interested in the study of old Irish.

Mr. C. Harris, Merthyr, has had on view in his own town and at Cardiff a portrait of Superintendent John Thomas, Deputy Chief Constable for Glamorganshire. Mr. Thomas is represented on horseback, in 'a stretch of pasture land. The likeness is good, and the whole production striking.

The *Observer* of Sunday, April 13th, contained a review, upwards of a column in length, of a new work in two volumes, by Mr. George T. Clark, Dowlais House, entitled *Mediæval Military Architecture in England*. The publishers are Messrs. Wyman and Son, London. Speaking of the author's reference to Caerphilly, "The great type of the Edwardian and Concentric style," the critic says: "Mr. Clark is not unreasonably enthusiastic over the perfection of design displayed in the construction of this enormous stronghold, which covers no less than thirty acres, and in extent rivals, if it does not surpass, Royal Windsor itself. The chapter devoted to Caerphilly may be safely recommended to all who share, in however limited a degree, the antiquarian enthusiasm of the author, and we say no more on this point because it would be fair neither to reader nor writer to attempt to condense this most elaborate monograph." The review, taken as a whole, is a very favourable one.

Mr. F. C. Birkbeck Terry, Cardiff, writing *Notes and Queries* On the subject of the Broad Arrow as the mark of the Board of ordnance, quotes from Mr. Edwards' *Words, Facts, and Phrases*,

stating that "the broad arrow is thought to have had a Celtic origin; and the so-called arrow may be the Λ or \hat{u} , the broad a of the Druids. This letter was typical of superiority, either in rank or authority, dignity or holiness, and is believed also to have stood for king or prince."

The *Building and Engineering Times* of April 12th gives a full page lithograph of two lodges built in 1875 for Mr. Albert Wood, Bodlondeb, Conway, for whom a large residence was erected in the same year, these lodges being at the two principal entrances. The one at the top of the page is placed at the town entrance, the other one being on the high road from Conway to Penmaenmawr. The walls are built of the grey stone of the district, the roofs being of red tiles. The architect for the main buildings, and for the two lodges illustrated, was Mr. Thomas M. Lockwood, of Chester.

At a meeting of the British Archaeological Association, held April 2nd, Mr. T. Morgan in the chair, a paper was read in part "On Tenby and St. David's," by the Rev. S. M. Mayhew, the subject having reference to the locality to be visited during the coming congress. Several extracts were made from the history of Giraldu Cambrensis, and his relation to St. David's was noticed, as well as the large number of suffragan bishops attached to the see in his day. The Flemish settlements at Tenby, and the preaching of the crusade there by Archbishop Baldwin, were graphically described, but the completion of the paper was deferred owing to the illness of the author.

Mr. Gray, of Manchester, has published for Mr. Alfred Neobard Palmer, F.C.S., *The Town, Fields, and Folk of Wrexham in the Time of James I.*, which one of the journals has described as a useful contribution to our acquaintance with common tenures in relation to the manorial system. The pamphlet is based upon Norden's Survey, made while Charles, Prince of Wales, was Lord of the Manor of Wrexham in 1620. The field names, mostly Welsh, give indications of some of the olden occupations of Wrexham folk.

The death is announced, on Wednesday, April 16th, of the Rev. Arthur Augustus Rees, Sunderland, in his seventieth year. His father was Mr. John Rees, J.P. and D.L., of Kilmaenllwyd, Carmarthen, who had formerly served in the Royal Navy, and was present at the battles of Copenhagen and Camperdown. The son, possessed of great preaching power, often changed pulpits with Mr. Spurgeon. He was the author of a good many pamphlets, mostly on subjects pertaining to apocalyptic prophecy. Several of his sermons have likewise been published by request; and innumerable letters, with or without his signature, have appeared from time to time in the *Newcastle Chronicle* and other newspapers; but he did not give to the world any work entitled to be reckoned a book. "Reminis-

ences" of his life, under the title of "The Midshipman and the Minister: the Quarter-deck and the Pulpit," were given to the religious world in 1868, in the shape of a half-crown volume, from the pen of his old familiar friend, the late Rev. James Everett, one of the three expelled Wesleyan ministers who founded the United Methodist Free Church.

Mr. Paine sends to the Academy a picture of Druids laying out the orientation of a new altar by the direction of the shadow cast by the rising sun. The scene is a forest clearing, on the left a crowd of Druids in blanket-like drapery face eastward to the sun, which has just appeared above the horizon. On the right a tall pole has been thrust into the ground and the line of its shadow marks the chief axis of the future altar. There happens to be only one picture by a Welsh artist at the Exhibition this year, a water colour by Kate Evans, Treosant, Upper Nrwad. In sculpture there are six exhibits by Mr. Mill Griffith, a Pembrokeshire man. They include *A Sleeping Soldier*, and *Little Innocence* in marble, and a bronze bust of *Idol*. Besides these he has two groups, sylvan in subject. Mr. Wm. Davies ("Mynorydd") sends a bust of Sir Hugh Owen, and Mr. F. Winter, a pupil of the late Joseph Edwards, three terra cotta heads of children. A bust of Sir Hugh Owen is also exhibited by Mr. Walter Merrett, another pupil of Joseph Edwards. Of resident Welsh artists Mr. Graham Clark, Glanrhos, Rhaydr, exhibits a couple of paintings, Mr. Peter Gwent, and Mr. Salmon, of Talybont, near Conway, each a couple more, while Mr. Knight, Minafon, Bettws-y-Coed, sends an etching, two mezzotints, and two pictures, respectively entitled, *In the Ogwen Valley* and *Wild Wales*. Mr. Hicks exhibits a portrait of Sir Henry Hussey Vivian, the popular member for Glamorgan, and an excellent portrait of Lady Wimborne (wife of the heir of the *Guests of Dowlais*) and the Hon. Rosamond Guest. Mr. Frank Holl sends a portrait of Mr. E. H. Carbutt, the member for Newport, and Mr. Poynter a bust of Lady Windsor. Pictures from the easels of English artists on Welsh subjects are numerous, and there are several architectural drawings, amongst which may be noticed Messrs. Wilson and Dyer's *Design for Llanelly Hospital*; Mr. W. F. Dixon's *Design for Stained Glass Window at Llandaff*, and Mr. E. K. Purchase's sketch of *A Gothic Organ Case for Old Rudnor Church*, as having a special interest for the Principality.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* points out an error in Gray's *Bard*, which he thinks must have been composed in a snug study over a bad map of Wales, rather than "under the shade of melancholy boughs." The Bard, according to the poet, stands

"On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er Conway's foaming flood."

and makes a magnificent address to the king

"As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound in toilsome march his long array,"

a feat which the distance and conformation of the ground rendered physically impossible, that is, of course, supposing the Bard wished to make himself heard by the monarch; and even allowing, as this correspondent somewhat sarcastically puts it, for "an exceptional strength of lung in the last of the Welsh minstrels."—Mr. Edward Solly, in a subsequent communication, contends that the critic is hardly just. Snowdon formerly included the whole of the mountainous land in Carnarvonshire, west of the river Conway; and Gray himself, in his Notes, attaches this signification to the name. Bearing this in mind, Mr. Solly does not think the poet in error.

A writer to the same journal, in a note on "The Bangu," suggests the derivation of the word from the Welsh *ban*, loud, and *canu*, to sing. Preceded by *ban* the *c* would be inflected to *g*. *Canu clych* means to ring.

Another correspondent quotes a passage from Roberts's *Cambrian Popular Antiquities* relating to a portable bell, called Bangu, said to exist at Elvein, in the church of Glascum, and to have belonged to St. David. It seems, according to Roberts, to have been the only remains of the clock of St. David, in the time of Giraldus.

We ourselves might make a suggestion quite as probable as any of the foregoing. *Bangu* is Ban Dog without doubt; from whence *Cloch y Bangu*, the bell used to frighten away the creature from the bodies (or it might have been souls) of the dead.

The Rev. Thomas Rowland, vicar of Rhuddlan, near Rhyl, died on Thursday, April 17th, in his fifty-fifth year. Deceased was a brilliant scholar, and one of the best known men in the Welsh Church. He was the author of a Welsh dictionary, which was the standard work in the Principality. He composed, with Dr. Lewis Edwards, Principal of Bala College, a critical analysis of the Psalms, and wrote in Welsh a set of five practical sermons. He was a powerful preacher, beloved alike by Churchmen and Nonconformists for his moderation.

The hand-painted dessert service which was purchased for the use of the Queen when her Majesty was at the Penrhyn Arms Hotel, Bangor, was sold the other day for a little over £7.

At the first annual banquet of the South Wales Press Benefit Society, held at Cardiff, April 12th, Mr. Daniel Owen, J.P., Ash Hall, occupied the chair, and was supported by Sir H. Hussey Vivian, Bart., M.P., and Sir J. J. Jenkins, Knight, M.P. In responding to "The Press," Mr. James Harris, of the *Western Mail*, contended that leading articles in newspapers, like sermons in pulpits, "formed and moulded public thought," and

gave an estimate of the number of each that was launched on the nation every week. Of newspaper leaders the number was 5,830, and of sermons 45,292.

Mr. G. T. Clark, F.S.A., Dowlais House, has been elected a member of the Council of the Society of Antiquaries.

Mr. W. J. Parry, Maesygroes, has contributed two hundred and fifty volumes to the North Wales College, as the nucleus of a library which is to be instituted for the College by Colonel West, in conjunction with Mr. Parry. Mr. Salsbury, of Chester, has also forwarded a large number of valuable Welsh manuscripts and books.

The British Museum has presented to the one attached to the Cardiff Free Library eight cases, containing a beautiful series of electros of gold and silver coins, with a few specimens of electrum staters, ranging through the period from 700 B.C. to 217 A.D., all carefully classified and labelled, both the obverse and reverse of each coin being shown. The want of a general chronological view of the coinage of the ancients, which has long been felt by all who have devoted any study to this branch of archæology, is in some measure supplied by the present collection. In the choice and classification of the coins in these cases Mr. Barclay V. Head, the assistant-keeper of coins at the British Museum, has endeavoured to keep in view the historic, artistic, and strictly numismatic interest of the coins, and has found it possible to present to the spectator a tolerably complete representative series of the gold and silver money current throughout the ancient world in approximate chronological order. The series gives, at the same time, a view of the finest and most interesting Greek coins in the national collection.

DRACONIGENÆ.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A HARP.

(*Lines by Mr. Lewis Morris, sen.*)

Accept a charmer from a friend,
On whose soft tones the joys attend;
Compared with which the notes you trace,
On fiddle strings, are vile and base.

'Tis Philomel; the voice of love,
Join'd with the warblers of the grove;
The thrush's oration on the spray,
Or blackbird, with his beak so gay.

At early dawn to this repair,
Her chords will banish sordid care;
In sweetness, oh! her notes surpass
The mead within the circling glass.

'Tis gone! 'tis gone! the day is fled!
Music in Cambria—ah! 'tis dead;
The time's no more:—the catch, the glee,
The harp in every family!

Ten thousand tones, no tongue can tell
How lovely, in her bosom dwell:
Still may her strings sweet strains impart,
In Cambria's ear—to Cambria's heart!

Translated by the REV. C. GRIFFITH, Vicar of Abernant and Conwyl.

* *

A bit of audacious smuggling was discovered at Swansea in June, 1821. The schooner *William Henry*, of London, took on board, in the Swansea river, a hundred tons of coal for Ireland. There was something suspicious about her, so the authorities made an investigation, which revealed eight tons of tobacco artfully concealed. The vessel had a false keel, deck and bottom. The captain very prudently bolted.

“Blady,” a favourite expletive in Pembrokeshire, used to emphasise a remark such as “Yes, blady,” is evidently a corruption of “By'r Lady!” and is a relic of monastic days. Query, is not the sanguinary adjective of the navy derived from the same source? If so, that product of civilisation is not so bad as he is painted.

* * *

A couple of cheap appointments were made in South Wales during the year 1821. Captain J. P. Lloyd, late of the 10th Foot, became governor of the Fort at Fishguard, *vice* Vaughan, deceased; and Sir John Owen, Bart., M.P., was made governor of Milford Haven, in the room of Lord Cawdor, deceased. In both cases are added the words “without pay.”

* * *

Many a puzzled traveller has looked at the word Resolven, on the Neath and Merthyr line, and wondered what it meant. Numerous are the etymological solutions by Welsh Scholars. Mr. G. T. Clark, of Dowlais House, has, however, given the correct one in his *Land of Morgun*. The district was named Solven, and coming into the possession of Rees, son of Iestyn ap Gwrgant, it was called Rees Solven.

* * *

A grave typographical error has crept into this same *Land of Morgun*, which, by the way, is a very able production, and affords solid groundwork for a good county history. Mr. Clark speaks of the influences of the Lords of Gloucester and Hertford upon Glamorgan, and this is repeated as a heading through one-third of the book. Hereford, doubtless, was meant and written.

* * *

More than sixty years ago the good people of Swansea were so poisoned by fumes from the copper smelting works, that at a public meeting they agreed to offer “a reward of one thousand pounds to that person who, in the most satisfactory manner, shall destroy the pestilent vapour which arises in the process of smelting copper, and effectuate the greatest reduction of the bituminous smoke.” A correspondent presumes by the present state of Swansea that no one ever claimed the money.

* * *

Dr. L. P. Dobbs, writing to the *National Baptist*, says:— “I need not remind you, sir, what Joseph Cook has been to us (alas, that I must use the *past* tense!). We have felt that in him we had an anchor which we could proudly nail to the mast-head, confident that this foundation would extinguish the seeds of heresy and neology, however their waters might gnash their

teeth (or gums), and level their deadly weapons charged with venom at the sun of truth, as he shines over the midnight darkness." This is a mixture of metaphors that poor Cook himself could hardly have excelled.

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A curious item has been going the round of the American papers to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We can see nothing extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked his thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the horse and slaked its thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bung-hole, or if the bung-hole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slaked the plug with the barrel, or if the bung-hole had plugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it.

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Under the heading "A Montgomeryshire Ghost," the newspapers of September, 1821, gave a marvellous story of a visitant at Rhosbenbwa Farm, Meifod, whose pranks resembled those of the young woman who has recently figured in the Ellesmere district. The occupier of the house was Mr. Thomas Jones, "an honest and respectable farmer belonging to the Calvinistic Methodist body." The "spiritual experience of two preachers" was requested, but the result seems to have been only an onslaught on their bodies with pebbles. The people of the district became alarmed, and hundreds of persons visited the place. One theory to account for the manifestations was that it was "the same ghost who many years ago alarmed the occupiers of Main, in the same parish, and that he had returned after *fourteen years' transportation*;" and that his return was in some way "connected with the late unseasonable weather."

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According to the *Clevedon Mercury* a rich thing occurred at Wemberham the other day. Major Davis (city architect for Bath, and architect for Clevedon Court), who has been engaged by Mr. Pigott to superintend the excavations for the Roman villa, at Yatton, said to a workman, "Dig here, and you will find a pillar; and here at this point you will find another; here is another," and so on. And the man looked up and said in broad Somersetshire, "Anybody would a think, zur, that yew were here when theas here house wur a built."

Canon Williams, in his *Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen*, copies from Dr. Owen Pughe's *Cambrian Biography* a short notice of the Rev. Edward Evan, of Aberdare, as "one of the few who, being initiated into the bardic mysteries, have helped to preserve the institution to the present time." Owen Pughe published this in 1803, five years after Evan died. A correspondent has just met with the following record of his death, in a Welsh newspaper of July, 1798:—"Died at Aberdare, the Rev. Edward Evan, the much esteemed minister of a society of Protestant Dissenters in that place: one of the most eminent of the Order of Ancient British Bards, and no mean performer with the harp. Commonly known among his bardic admirers as *Iorwerth ap Ioan o Forganwg*."

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Noticing the "Story of an Envelope," which appeared in the *Red Dragon* for May, a most esteemed correspondent points out that "a real live English Lord" would not put *Baron Hauteville* on his card. He would simply put *Lord*. The only people who style themselves Barons are the Barons of the Exchequer, of whom Baron Huddleston is now the sole survivor.

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Apropos to the paper in the *Red Dragon* for May, entitled "London's True Drinking Fountain," a correspondent points out that the edition of the *Gossiping Guide to Wales* for 1879, in describing the Cambrian Railway route from Moat Lane (the junction for Mid-Wales) to Machynlleth, says:—

"We cross the Severn for the last time, and having done so, to our left lies the beautiful Valley of Trefeglwys, a spot once fixed upon by Mr. Bateman, C.E., for the grand reservoir in his great canal scheme for supplying London with water from the sources of the Wye and the Severn on Plinlimon. Mr. Whalley, M.P., who is a proprietor on the banks of the Wye, and has had much to do with the early history of the Montgomeryshire railways, made a novel suggestion in connection with Mr. Bateman's scheme. There were fears expressed that the draining of the rivers at their source would be injurious to the district, but Mr. Whalley stated in the newspapers, that 'If any one would accompany him to Llangurig (a small village on the Wye, half-a-dozen miles above Llanidloes), he could point out four or five natural reservoirs which might be made available for the storage of the superabundant waters then running to waste. The cost would be little in comparison with other schemes, and he suggested that a continuous stream could be conveyed to London all through the year in a three or four feet pipe, without giving reasonable grounds for the apprehension that the main streams of the Wye, the Severn, the Rheidol, or the Ystwith would be lessened if they were all made contributory.' Mr. Whalley's plan for laying these pipes was novel and simple, and at any rate would recommend itself to a non-professional. He 'advocated conducting the pipes on the permanent way of the railways, which would render them all the more solid, and to which there was no objection on the part of railway authorities, who would be ready to entertain the case liberally, as they would thereby have an excellent supply of pure water at their stations on the Mid-Wales, Cambrian, and London and North-Western lines.' Mr. Whalley also proposed reservoirs at several places *en route*, which would supply country towns, and help to defray the cost. This was in 1866, but the scheme yet lies in abeyance."





