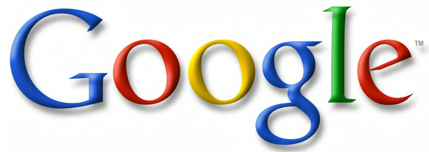

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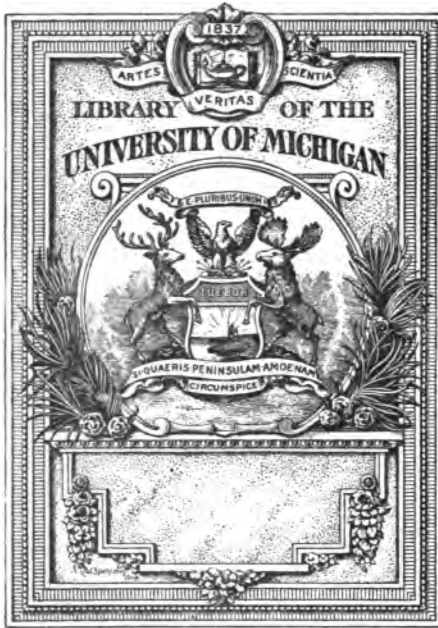
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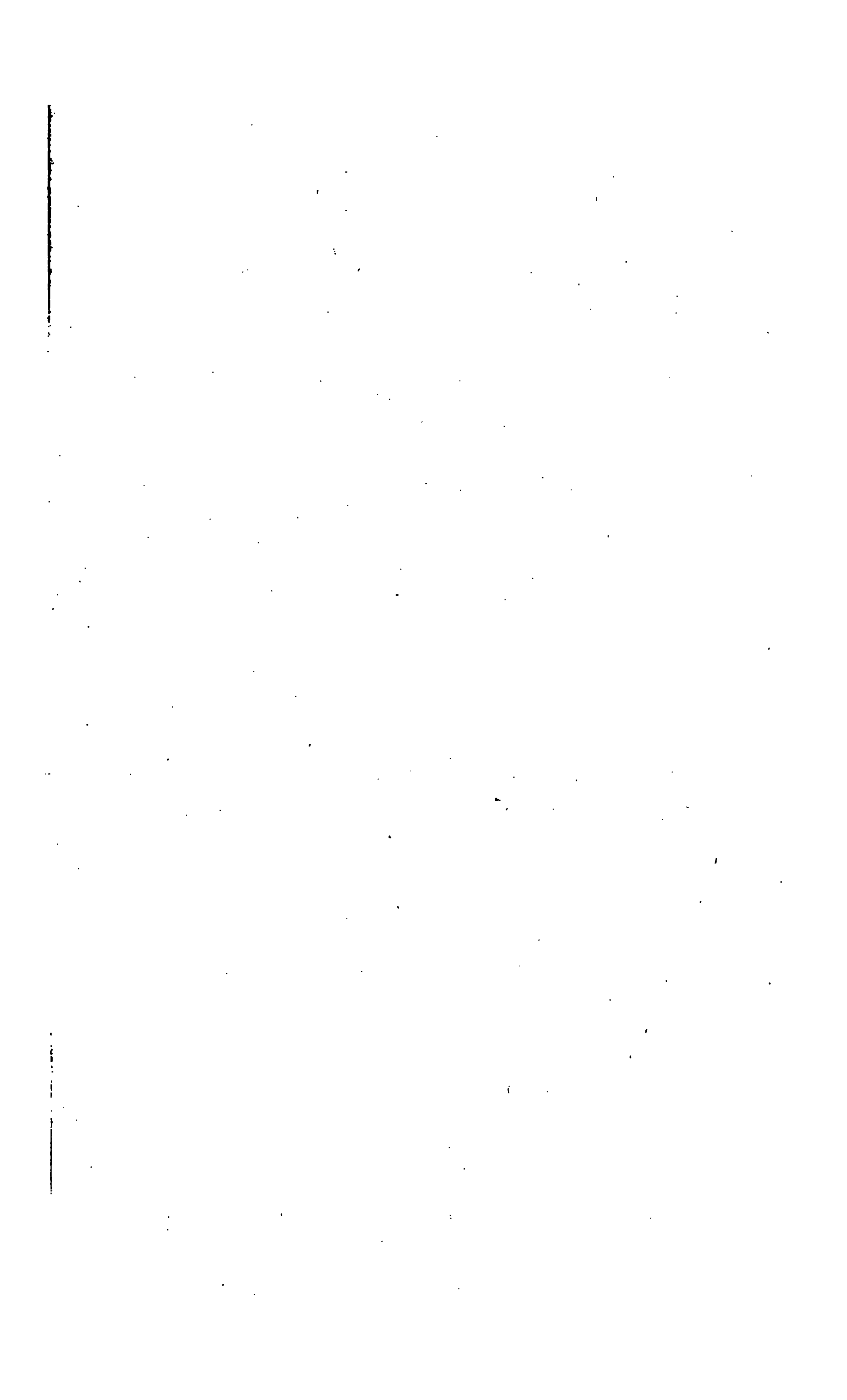

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1895.

THE DANGER IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

It was well observed by Burke that the generality of people are fifty years at least behindhand in their politics. "Men are wise," he said, "but with little reflection, and good with little self-denial, in the business of all times except their own." It is often indeed of the most recent events that men are most profoundly ignorant. They either do not see these events at all, or if they do see them, it is very imperfectly and in a wrong perspective; the facts are distorted by prejudice and passion; their true significance is missed, and can only be perceived in future years when the controversial fires have cooled, and time and the historian have cleared away the smoke. Many a man has a more accurate knowledge of the England of the Commonwealth or the Conquest than of the England of his own day, and of the France of the Napoleonic era than the France of the third Republic. It may then be neither uninteresting nor uninstructive to glance for a moment at the two countries, France and Belgium, which are most adjacent to us, whose affairs have much influence on ourselves, and which have between them very close affinities in geographical position, language, manners, and traditions.

It is one of the highest problems of statesmanship to insure that the ruling classes should be those whose interest coincides with that of the community at large, and who at the same time possess the knowledge and wisdom without which mere good intentions would be vain. Interest gives the motive to seek a just rule and a good administration, and knowledge the power to erect and support them. In the earlier ages of the history of the world the greatest weight was attached to years, experience, and wisdom as the qualifications for those who aspired to be rulers of men. Age was the crown of manhood to which reverence was instinctively accorded, and the old were deemed the oracles of wisdom. Of such sort formerly were the shepherds of the people. Then it was afterwards discovered that knowledge alone was no guarantee against the abuses of untrammelled power, that the wielders of authority frequently perverted it to their own self-interested ends, and that if they did not govern badly by mistake they sometimes did so by design. It is to the consummate skill and intensity of conviction with which this position was argued and maintained by the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and by Bentham and his school, that the growth of modern democracy must mainly be ascribed. Much of what they said was unquestionably true; but they saw only one side of the

question, though they saw it with a penetrating glance; and in consequence it has come to be a widely spread belief that interest without knowledge is a sufficient guarantee for efficiency of rule, and that to insure good government it needs only to be wished for. Ripe wisdom and mature experience are thus held in less account; youth with its sensitive receptiveness, its eager enthusiasms, and its generous ardour not yet dulled by disillusions, is a pleasanter, if not a better, counsellor than age; it hopes more and is more ready to rush into experiments. We of modern times, when so many new movements are in vogue, are somewhat like belated Rehoboams who scorned his old advisers, and summoned the young to his counsel. It will be well for us if we do not meet with similar misfortunes.

The rule of the many seems now to be regarded as the final and inevitable form of government for all the civilised communities of men; that is held for a fact, which may either be eagerly embraced or sullenly accepted. The few, it is said, misgoverned, because it was their interest to do so; but the many will govern well, because it will be their obvious gain. That briefly is the democratic creed; and it would be a good one if the mass of men had the foresight to know their true interests in life, and the wisdom to find the means likely to attain them. But as many of the people too often close their eyes to the one and are ignorant of the other, democracy is in truth a very great experiment. It is nothing less than self-government by those who necessarily have little notion how to govern. That, disguise it as we may, is the great central fact, the master idea of the modern world.

Let us consider first the case of France. There the suffrage is practically universal, being the possession of every man who has attained the age of twenty-one and has resided for at least six months in his commune, the exceptions only being soldiers serving with the flag and those disqualified by crime. The last general election took place in 1893, and its results, and the events which have subsequently happened, are of the greatest interest and importance. In the first place, the great fact of the election of 1893 was the enormous increase of the Republican Deputies and the complete rout of the Reactionary parties. For whereas the Republicans of all shades gained one hundred and eight seats, the Monarchists and Boulangists lost one hundred and one, the discrepancy of these figures being accounted for by the fact that since the previous election the number of Deputies had been increased by seven. So that in a House of five hundred and eighty-two members, if we put aside the sixteen representatives of Algeria and the colonies, we find that no less than four hundred and ninety Deputies are Republicans and only seventy-six Reactionaries. This result is unquestionably due to the action of the Pope in directing the Royalists to acknowledge the Republic; and it is the "Rallied Right" who have so largely recruited the Republican ranks. It must be at once admitted that from this point of view the result of the elections was highly satisfactory. If M. Thiers was right when he declared that a Republic was the form of government which divided Frenchmen least, there should now be a prospect that the fundamental differences which have so often torn her citizens asunder will soon be blotted out. That is well; but with this it is to be feared that all sense of satisfaction ends. The following table shows the number of Deputies of the various Republican parties returned, and the number of seats which each of them respectively have gained.

Moderate Republicans, 279 seats, showing a gain of 17.
Radical Socialists, 10 seats, showing a gain of 7.
Radicals, 143 seats, showing a gain of 48.
Socialists, 31 ,, ,, ,, 14.
Rallied, 27 ,, ,, ,, 22.

It will be seen from these figures that the Radicals and Socialists have increased in strength in a much greater degree than the Moderate Republicans. It is the former and not the latter who have gained most by the desertions from the Royalist ranks; and such gains as the Moderates had were almost counterbalanced by defections from themselves to the Radical wing. The significance of this fact will be rendered more apparent by a somewhat closer examination of the voting. Of the votes given for the Republicans rather more than half were polled by the Radical and Socialist candidates. Of these two parties the Radicals polled decidedly the most; but then in proportion to the number of votes cast for them they were much the most successful; for while about eighty per cent. of their supporters in the country are represented in the Chamber, only about thirty-three per cent. of the Socialists and about twenty-two per cent. of the Radical Socialists are equally successful. It has been calculated that on a strictly proportional representative system the Moderates have gained twenty-four more seats than they are entitled to, and the Radicals eighteen more; whereas the Socialists should have increased their representatives by sixteen, and the Radical Socialists by two. It is at once therefore apparent that the Socialist element in the Chamber is a most inadequate representation of that party in the country. Now that is a fact the gravity of which it would be hard to overestimate. It is true indeed that the greater part of the Socialist votes were cast in the great towns of Paris, Lyons, Lille, and Marseilles; but to any one who considers the preponderating influence which the great towns, and particularly Paris, have in France, this will hardly appear an ameliorating fact. It seems impossible to mistake the drift of democracy in France; it is showing daily less sobriety of thought, less temperance in speech and action, and an ever-increasing tendency to leave the ordered paths of prudence for rash and revolutionary courses. To profess one's self a Socialist is to acknowledge a desire to see the existing framework of society completely overturned; and whether the Socialist voters quite appreciate the meaning of their creed, or only act in sheer ignorance and folly, the danger to the State is the same. There were moreover features about the last election suggestive not merely of a spirit of indifference in the people but also of a misplaced frivolity which is really ominous. Too much must not be made of the number of abstentions, because they are numerous everywhere; but it is worthy of remark that they amount to about thirty per cent. of the number of electors on the register, being a considerable increase on those of the previous election in 1889. That in itself is a fact which merely shows how little the franchise is esteemed in the land where the natural rights of man have been the most violently insisted on; but the absurd number of the candidates who in many districts sought the suffrages, and all of whom must presumably have received a certain number of votes, is significant. In England the number of candidates for a single seat rarely exceeds three, and is not often that; in France the constituencies in which more than four candidates appeared were numerous; in one constituency there were actually eleven. In the Department of the Seine there were three hundred

and thirty-three candidates for forty-six seats, and in that of the Bouches-du-Rhône there were seventy-four candidates for eight seats. No one will be surprised to hear that the abstentions were most numerous in those districts where the number of candidates was largest. What a world of light-hearted frivolity does this state of things reveal! By many of the candidates and of the voters alike the franchise must have been regarded not as a trust to be sedulously cherished and guarded, but as an idle plaything to be lightly handled and capriciously misused. When so many are indifferent, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the Socialists, who, to do them justice, are grimly earnest, are advancing steadily to their goal. It was Burke's opinion that a perfect democracy is "the most shameless thing in the world"; in those districts where an election seems to be regarded as a joke, there at least it may be said that democracy shows but little sense of shame.

It will be obvious then from these facts that the drift of French democratic feeling has set, at least for the present, in favour of the parties professing extreme opinions, and it is only natural to expect some corresponding results in the conduct of affairs. We shall find them most clearly marked in the Chamber of Deputies. As the Radicals and Socialists feel their strength increasing, they naturally grow more aggressive, and their differences with the Moderates more acute. The formation of Ministries on the principle, admirable in itself, of Republican Concentration, is daily becoming more difficult; the less stubborn of the Moderates incline towards the side which they think is growing in favour with the people; and so the Chamber as a whole is slightly in advance of the opinion of the country, while Ministries are reduced to a condition of curious instability. A Ministry of Radicals, as it would not command a majority, would be an impossible creation; while one of Moderates alone, or of Moderates tempered by a Radical admixture, can only live from hand to mouth, feeling never sure that a number of weak-kneed Opportunists will not combine with the extreme Left to turn them out. That the present is the ninth Ministry within six years is a fact which needs no comment. All this tends of course to deteriorate the class of men from which Ministries are recruited. The stuff of which good Ministers are made is never in any country very common, but in France events have reduced it sadly. Where no one can count on stability of office, and there is nothing to be gained but loss of reputation, the best men hold back. Corruption, too, the peculiar vice of parliamentary institutions, has cut very deep in France; and many who have held office, being rightly or wrongly suspected of the taint, have become impossible candidates for ministerial place. Nowhere else are public men used up at such a fearful pace, or does democracy devour so many of her children. It is obvious that such a state of things must be a source of very serious danger even to such a country as France, with her marvellous recuperative force, and vast resources of men of shining talents and eminent abilities.

It is much to be wished that the evil ended here, and that the Presidency of the Republic, remaining unaffected by the current of events, had afforded a nucleus of resistance to the revolutionary forces. But it is evident that, since M. Grévy retired from the Elysée, the position of the President has become more and more unstable. He himself was compromised by scandals, his ignorance

of which, if ignorance it was, was the measure of his impotence; and he was practically driven from office by the Chamber. M. Carnot fell by the knife of the assassin, and all the world knows how M. Casimir-Périer retired. No doubt the French President occupies a peculiar position. It has been said that whereas a constitutional monarch reigns but does not govern, and the American President governs but does not reign, the French President does neither. There is a story of a court jester who climbed into the throne, and holding the ball in one hand and the sceptre in the other, declared that he was "reigning." The French President is in much the same position, with the difference that he has not got the ball and sceptre to console him. He is reduced to a course of strenuous inactivity, which would certainly be trying to a man of energy and power. But even that does not account for the late President's retirement, an event not so much disastrous in itself as suggestive of ominous and unsuspected forces. The inner history of the events which led to his retirement is not yet wholly known, but of this we may be sure, that M. Casimir-Périer, who was elected as a man of well-known strength and resolution, did not suddenly become as weak as water. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.* Something must have happened to render his position one in which he could no longer usefully continue; and from what we know we may infer that it was something arising from the gathering forces of disorder. We know that his constituents, when he accepted the Presidency, elected in his place a Radical of a revolutionary type, and that an *arrondissement* of Paris elected as its Deputy a man who, besides being a Socialist, owned a scurrilous print, and was sent to prison for grossly libelling the President; we know, too, that when the Socialists in the Chamber moved for his release in order that he might be allowed to take his seat, a number of Deputies voted in favour of the proposal. Such was the measure of support that the President could look for in the Chamber. It is said that Ministers refused to submit some important documents of State for his perusal, and entered on important acts of policy without his knowledge or concurrence. If that be true, it must have been owing to the pressure of the Radicals and Socialists who seem bent on making the Chamber override every other authority in the State, and on making for themselves a position of ultimate supremacy and the last resort of power. They pose as the sole and sacred guardians of universal suffrage, a phrase which they almost worship as a fetish. The events which immediately preceded M. Casimir-Périer's retirement afforded the world a sample of their spirit. It seems that a question had arisen over a guarantee given by the State to the bonds of a certain railway-company, and the Council of State, the highest judicial authority in the land, before whom the question came, decided in favour of the company. The Socialists, who were suspicious of a job, demanded that Ministers should over-ride the decision of the Council, and actually succeeded in getting a majority in the Chamber for their proposal. That is much as if the House of Commons should insist on the Government overruling a decision of the House of Lords sitting as the ultimate Court of Appeal. The French Chamber in fact arrogated to itself the highest functions of the State, and in effect decided that its will was law. That, and nothing else, was what the majority of Deputies who carried the proposal meant. A more monstrous abuse of parliamentary authority was probably never witnessed; it is no wonder that the whole of France stood

aghast, and that the Ministers flung down their portfolios in horror. This event probably precipitated M. Casimir-Périer's retirement, and the Socialists recognised in that a personal triumph for themselves, of which they did not fail to make the most. It is true that the Extremists did not succeed in carrying their own candidate for the Presidency, but even in the election of M. Faure there was a sop thrown to Radical opinion. Louis Philippe, with a retrospective glance at his earlier life, and with an almost pathetic presage of the future, once remarked that it was good for France to have a king who had blacked his own boots. The career of M. Faure has been one of which any man might be proud; but it is none the less the case that the qualifications for the Presidency are being reduced to these, to have once worked with one's hands and to have a pleasant manner. The crowning glory of the Socialists was, however, accorded by M. Faure himself when he amnestied the various political offenders, thereby enabling M. Rochefort to celebrate his return by a characteristic display of his quality. By a curious coincidence he arrived in Paris on the day when the mortal remains of Canrobert, the last of the Marshals of France, were carried to their rest. It might have been expected that the voice of faction would have been silent over the grave of one who, whatever his mistakes, was a brave soldier and had added glory to the name of France. But the Socialists angrily dissented from the national honours paid by a grateful country to the illustrious dead, and M. Rochefort of course outdid all his rivals in this unseemly business. His journal, the *Intransigeant*, could find no better name for the man whom France was honouring than "the last of the flunkey murderers."

The Moderates and Extremists are in truth divided by a gulf which no compromise can bridge. First they are divided on questions of religion, the former being tolerant and clerical in sympathy, the latter possessed with a fanatical hatred of the Church; then they are at war on all questions arising over proprietary rights. The Extremists, wild with suspicion of corruption, smell a job in every act of State; the Moderates, on the other hand, tremble for their cherished rights of property, nor is their fear unreasonable. As things go no one can be sure what the Chamber will not do next. Quite recently a majority was almost found for a proposal to put a special tax upon the holders of French *rentes*; it was nothing more indeed than a piece of silly spite against investors, but none the less alarming. The proposal of an income-tax, again, is a question upon which the Republicans are hopelessly divided. The Moderates recoil from it with horror, believing, and with cause, that it might easily become a terrible engine of robbery and oppression; while the Extremists, who avow their determination to tax all unearned incomes to extinction, are furious with anger at delay. Certainly the millennium has not yet arrived in France.

The case of Belgium is in some ways even more important than that of France, for there the people have only just come into full possession of the franchise. Until 1893, when the Constitution was revised, the franchise was one of the narrowest in Europe. It is striking evidence of the instability of political institutions that King Leopold, in his speech to the Chamber in that year, was able to describe the Belgian as the oldest of the written constitutions of Europe. Dating from 1831 this old Constitution gave about forty-five thousand voters only for a population of something like four millions. In the year

1848 this proportion was very slightly extended by lowering the property qualification; but it was not till 1893 that any approach was made to a wide extension of the franchise. Now there is practically universal suffrage tempered by what is called the dual vote, a provision which appears to be unique. One vote is given to every man of the age of twenty-five who is not otherwise disqualified; but a second vote is given, first to every married man or widower of the age of thirty-five with legitimate children, who pays at least five francs in respect of the house or building which he occupies; secondly, to every man of twenty-five who possesses realty worth two thousand francs, or an income of one hundred francs from State investments; and thirdly to every man who has certain educational certificates, or who belongs to those professions or occupies those posts which afford a guarantee that his education has reached a certain standard. Nobody, however, can have more than three votes. The practical result is that nearly every man in Belgium has a vote, that almost as many have two votes, and a considerable number three. But the chief point of interest is this, that there democracy is absolutely new, and that what we have lately witnessed there constitutes the earliest acts of that democracy in the first enjoyment of its rights.

The first election under the provisions of the new Constitution took place in last October. Formerly there had existed two great parties in Belgium, the Clerical and the Liberal, which, much as the Conservatives and Liberals in England, had alternately held office; but at the last election the Socialists rose as one man, and almost effaced the Liberals. The Clerical party won by an immense majority, gaining no less than one hundred and four seats; but the Liberals only gained fifteen, while the Socialists actually succeeded in winning thirty-three. That this was due in some degree to divisions among the Liberals themselves, and to the fact that some of them voted for the Socialists, is probably true enough, but that does not alter the serious nature of the outlook. A strong Liberal party in the Chamber would have done something to soften and lubricate the conflicts between the contending Clericals and Socialists. As it is, there are drawn up in contending array two parties whose views on almost everything are violently opposed, and between whom there can be nothing but relentless war. It is not a state of things which can bring any good to Belgium; for the deeper the divisions, the more bitter the contest is likely to become. The moderate Liberals will merge with the Clericals, while those of more progressive views will throw in their lot with the Socialists. Where issues of fundamental principle are at stake; where there is a question of religion or its absence, and of private or collective ownership of property, there is no room for concession or for compromise. And it so happens that in Belgium these political divisions correspond in the main with two different portions of the country. The Flemish provinces in the North are chiefly agricultural and Catholic, and it is from these the Clericals draw the greater portion of their strength; the Walloon provinces in the South have a large industrial population, who are naturally more addicted to Socialist theories. To the certainty of a war of classes is added therefore the possibility of geographical dismemberment. There seems indeed every prospect that the Flemings of the North will, if the Socialists strongly press their claims, separate themselves in preference to surrender. These are the first-fruits of democracy in Belgium.

Such then, very briefly, is the present drift of democracy in France and Belgium, and the prospect is not one which even the man of most catholic sympathies can view with any satisfaction. If indeed Socialism be sound in theory and a practicable scheme, then our French and Belgian neighbours are much to be congratulated. Their eyes already meet the beams of a brighter day, while ours peer hopelessly through the enshrouding gloom. If on the other hand Socialism is, as most competent thinkers believe, radically false in theory and impossible in practice, a system utterly at variance with the wants of human nature, and a scheme which could only for a moment be built up on the ruins of society, then indeed what has recently happened in France and Belgium may well fill us with alarm. For it is evident that the more active portion of the people which congregates in cities is being increasingly allured by these wild idealists; that instead of fixing their attention upon the attainable, they are pursuing unsubstantial visions, and dreaming dreams as vain as any that ever issued from the ivory gate. If they continue in this course, only one result can ensue; there will be a horizontal cleavage in society and a desperate war of classes. Democracy may be now the only form of government to which the Western nations are likely to submit; but it is a perilous experiment. "A theory concerning government," said Burke, "may become as much a cause of fanaticism as a dogma in religion." The Socialists of France and Belgium have a theory concerning government, and they are pursuing it with an all-consuming zeal. They have as much a creed, a dogma, a religion, as ever had the priests of the Holy Inquisition. That is why the actions of our continental neighbours are of so much interest and importance to ourselves. For political theories, no less than religious systems, have their proselytes.

COLLINGWOOD.[1]

We have heard in the past, and we continue to hear in the present a great deal concerning Napoleon's Marshals. The glamour of the short Napoleonic period is strong, the fascination in the story of the Revolution that gave it birth yet stronger; above all the personality of the great Corsican himself, in fame as in life, is irresistible. Men gaze at his astonishing career and are lost in amazement first over the man himself, and next over the number of able lieutenants that he was able to rally round him. It is true that even before the fall of their master the Peninsular war had done somewhat to dim their glory; but none the less their reputation is and remains great. Their names are still dear to Frenchmen; their biographies and memoirs are devoured by all devotees (and what Frenchman is not a devotee?) of *la Gloire*; their history is not abandoned to the rank and file of the literary profession; their lives and works, as Marmont's for instance at the hands of Sainte Beuve, find appreciation from the Marshals of criticism. They are treated as a unique group of phenomena; and the only reply hitherto given, when explanation of their appearance is demanded, is the oracular sentence, "*La carrière ouverte aux talents*, the best place for the best man," a phrase which, like most of those coined during the Revolution, has ceased to ring true. For if the formula was reduced to practice in revolutionary France, most certainly it was not in reactionary England; and yet there came out of England in that terrible twenty years' war such an array of naval talent as has never been matched in the world's history. And this consideration leads us to ask why the Marshals of France are remembered and the Admirals and Captains of England forgotten? There are many Englishmen who can tell off the names of the Marshals, with their titles, glibly enough, and can discourse of Soult and Massena, of Lannes and Ney. But surely the names of the Englishmen are not less remarkable; Bridport, Cochrane, Collingwood, Duncan, Hood, Howe, Nelson, Saumarez, Sidney Smith, Troubridge, to say nothing of Blackwood, Brenton, Gardner, Keith, Martin and a dozen more that stand high in the second rank, for the time would fail us to enumerate them all. Surely the rise of so many giants of the sea is at least as notable as that of Napoleon's lieutenants ashore. Yet of how many of them have we any adequate knowledge? At most of two; of Cochrane, who as Earl of Dundonald wrote his own story, and of Nelson who found a fit biographer in Southey. Lives of many of the rest do indeed exist but are not easily to be found by the general public, nor, if the truth be told, are always worth reading when discovered. Take again the case of naval history; what had we but the laborious compilation of James until Captain Mahan (an American, be it observed,) came forward to show us the true quality of the officers and of the fleet that broke the power of Napoleon? The names of great naval heroes are forgotten, and their faces are un-

[1] 1. A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, interspersed with Memoirs of his Life; by G. L. Newnham Collingwood. Two vols.; London, 1828.

2. The Life of Admiral Lord Collingwood; by W. Clark Russell. London, 1895.

familiar. We can show in London statues in abundance of soldiers, Charles Napier, Robert Napier, Havelock, Gordon, Burgoyne; not one of St. Vincent, Hood, Collingwood, or Cochrane. Nelson stands aloft in Trafalgar Square surrounded by generals who never saw his face, not by the captains who fought his battles with him.

> ——————Illacrimabiles
> Urgentur ignotique longa
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

We have been led to these reflections by the perusal of Mr. Clark Russell's recently published LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD. There exists an earlier biography of Collingwood, published by his son-in-law in 1828, an excellent book, as Mr. Russell truly says, and we may add also a delightful book. It is however less a story of Collingwood's life than a collection of Collingwood's letters, strung together, with no lack of judgment, on a slender thread of narrative. Still even in this form it passed through at least four editions within the space of a year, and is consequently still purchasable in its original boards for a few shillings at many a bookstall. But a continuous history of Collingwood's life remained yet to be written; it has waited, in fact, to be written since the death of the great Admiral eighty-five years ago. One can hardly think on such neglect without shame. If, however, the task has remained unfulfilled for three generations, we can at any rate rejoice that it has at last been committed to the right hands. Mr. Clark Russell has not only discovered a number of Collingwood's hitherto unprinted letters, but has approached his subject with rare insight, knowledge, and sympathy. The life of a man who spent forty-four years of his three-score and two at sea, the greater part thereof in tedious and uninteresting operations, is not easily made palatable to landsmen; but here Mr. Russell's skill as a writer of sea-stories has stood him in good stead. By a hundred bright touches he reminds us perpetually that we are on blue water, and, while never suffering the thought to oppress us, enables us to realise the appalling discomfort, tedium, and anxiety of cruises which were reckoned not by weeks, but by months and even years. And on the blue water Mr. Clark Russell shows us the British fleet of a century ago, ships, officers, and men, lightly, but sufficiently and authentically drawn, and all subordinated to a grand central figure. A long intimacy with naval history and a profound and just reverence for his hero have helped his literary skill to display to us Collingwood in all his greatness; and we owe him thanks for a first, and withal an abiding, portrait of one of the noblest sailors who ever wore the king's uniform.

Cuthbert Collingwood was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 26th of September, 1748, that is to say two years before the date assigned for his birth by his own son-in-law, and still perpetuated on his monument in St. Paul's Cathedral; a curious discrepancy which, however, need not detain us here. Though his family was one of the most ancient in Northumberland, his father was of no greater station than a small, and, it must be added, an unsuccessful, tradesman, whose whole fortune at his death amounted to but nine hundred pounds. Cuthbert, however, received a cheap though excellent education at the grammar-school under a teacher of exceptional ability and sympathy, until in 1761 he went to sea in the Shannon under the protection of a relation, one Admiral Brathwaite. It was not until 1775 that he had experience of active service, being a spectator of the terrible conflict of Bunker's Hill. So few people remem-

ber Bunker's Hill as one of the bloodiest actions ever fought by the British, that we may mention that our losses amounted to over a thousand of the two thousand men engaged. From the American coast he passed to the West Indies, fortunately escaping Admiral Graves's unsuccessful action with the French off the Chesapeake, and there met, and began his memorable friendship with, Nelson. As fast as Nelson was promoted, Collingwood stepped into his place; and finally the two friends served together in the disastrous Central American campaign known as the San Juan expedition. Nelson fell dangerously ill; but Collingwood though he buried one hundred and eighty out of two hundred of his ship's company was strong enough to resist the climate; and, being relieved in command of the Hinchinbrooke in August, took over that of the Pelican in December, 1780. In the following year the Pelican was wrecked in the memorable hurricane of 1781, a storm still remembered by tradition in the West Indies, and Collingwood barely escaped with his life. Little appears to be known of his doings at this period, though it is that wherein Hood and Rodney made their names in naval history. We gather only that when peace was signed with France in 1783 he was in command of the Samson; and that shortly after he returned once more to the West Indies in the Mediator. Nelson was on the same station in the Boreas, and was so active in enforcing the Navigation Laws that he dared not go ashore for fear of the merchants. "Had it not been for Collingwood," he wrote, "this station would have been the most disagreeable that I ever saw." In 1786 Collingwood returned home and, to use his own words, made the acquaintance of his own family, to which he had hitherto been, as it were, a stranger. This, the quietest period of his life and his longest spell ashore, lasted until 1790, when the dispute with Spain, which is generally identified with the name of Nootka Sound, called him to the command of the Mermaid frigate. Once again he was sent to the West Indies; but, on the amicable settlement of the Spanish quarrel, soon returned home. Seeing no immediate chance of further employment he went back to Northumberland, and in June, 1791, married Miss Blackett, daughter of the reigning Mayor of Newcastle. He then settled down in a house at Morpeth where, in the two following years two daughters were born to him, to whom, as Fate ordained it, he was doomed to remain, except on paper, almost unknown. For on the 1st of February, 1793, the National Convention of France declared war against England, and the great death-struggle began that was only to be closed at Waterloo. Collingwood was appointed to the command of the Prince, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Bowyer in Lord Howe's fleet. Then came a season of weary and profitless cruising, "a series of vexations, disappointments, and bad weather." It was no fault of the Admiral, nor indeed of any one except the men who built British ships inferior to the French. The Prince was the worst sailer in the fleet, and was finally exchanged by Bowyer, in March, 1794, for the Barfleur.

On the 2nd of May Lord Howe's fleet of thirty-four ships of the line with smaller vessels and a large convoy, one hundred and forty-eight sail in all, got under way from St. Helen's; and on the 4th, the convoy having parted company with its protecting vessels, Howe was left with twenty-six sail of the line, seven frigates and other smaller craft. On the 16th he passed the French fleet in a fog, so near at hand as to hear the

noise of its signals on bell and drum; and finally on the 28th and 29th the two fleets brushed against each other, and there was hard fighting. On the 30th the fog again came down, but cleared away on the following day, leaving twenty-four hours wherein the British fleet could rally itself for the great battle of the 1st of June.

"The night (of the 31st)," writes Collingwood, "was spent in watching and preparation for the succeeding day; and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah lest I should never bless her more. At dawn we made our approach on the enemy, then drew up, dressed our ranks, and it was about eight when the Admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent and bring her to close action; and then down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart and struck terror into the most intrepid enemy. The ship we were to engage was two ahead of the French Admiral, so that we had to go through his fire and that of two ships next him, and received all their broadsides two or three times before we fired a gun. It was then near ten o'clock. I observed to the Admiral that about that time our wives were going to church, but that I thought the peal we should ring about the Frenchmen's ears would outdo their parish bells. Lord Howe began his fire some time before we did; and he is not in the habit of firing soon. We got very near indeed, and then began such a fire as would have done you good to have heard. During the whole action the most exact order was preserved, and no accident happened, but what was inevitable and the consequence of the enemy's shot. In ten minutes the Admiral (Bowyer) was wounded; I caught him in my arms as he fell; the First Lieutenant was slightly wounded by the same shot, and I thought I was in a fair way of being left on deck by myself; but the Lieutenant got his head dressed and came up again. Soon after they called from the forecastle that the ship was sinking, at which the men started up and gave three cheers. I saw the French ship dismasted and on her broadside, but in an instant she was clouded with smoke, and I do not know whether she sank or not. All the ships in our neighbourhood are dismasted and are taken, except the French Admiral who was driven out of the line by Lord Howe and saved himself by flight. At about twenty minutes past twelve the fire slackened, the French fled and left us seven of their fine ships . . . and Le Vengeur, which last sank the same evening, so that you see we have had as complete a victory as could be won. . . ."

Such, in what Mr. Clark Russell truly calls one of the most charming letters in the language, is Collingwood's account of this memorable action. Unfortunately his satisfaction was short-lived. When the news of the victory reached England a medal was granted to every captain mentioned in Lord Howe's despatch; but among them the name of Collingwood was not to be found, so that there was no medal for him. He was deeply hurt, and so likewise were many of his more fortunate comrades for his sake. "If Collingwood," said one, "has not deserved the medal, neither have I, for we were together the whole day." Lord Howe was taken to task for his despatch, and was soon heartily sorry that he had ever set his name to it. The fact was that, finding himself completely exhausted at the close of the action, he had left the writing thereof to his flag-captain, Sir Roger Curtis, an officer who has left an unenviable reputation behind him. Collingwood, with a warmth that is most unusual in him, calls Curtis in a

private letter "an artful sneaking creature," and the epithet is by no means too strong for the man who sat as president in the infamous court-martial on Lord Gambier. There however the matter for the present rested, and Collingwood was far too good an officer to allow neglect to sour him.

We find him next in the Excellent, taking a convoy of merchantmen to Leghorn. Marryat has given us a vivid picture of the troubles of convoying in those days, and has described to us the protecting frigate sailing round and round her troublesome charge, and actually firing into them to make them keep up. "Figure," says Mr. Russell, "figure seventy or eighty sail of ships, many of them heavy round-bowed old merchantmen so shaped in beam and length that they might have been built by the league and sawn off as customers required them. A dozen ships at a time would be lagging; the naval officer in command would signal them,—but to no purpose; the sour old merchant-skipper, wrapped up in pilot-cloth, eyed the epaulet askant and sulkily went to work to give as much trouble as possible." No less a man than Cochrane once started from Halifax with a large convoy, and arrived at Plymouth with a single vessel, and that vessel in tow. Collingwood, on this shorter voyage, records with relief that he has got his convoy safe off his hands, though at the cost of great exertion. "I seldom slept more than two hours at a time all the way out, and took such true care of my charge that not one was missing All the masters came on board my ship to thank me for my care and attention to their safety."

The Excellent then joined the fleet, under Sir John Jervis, that was occupied with the blockade of Toulon. It was weary work, and the British navy may bless the advent of steam for the summary end that it has set to all blockading. Collingwood, in the dearth of fresh provisions, pined even for the bad potatoes that his old gardener at Morpeth used to throw away as worthless; but with Jervis in command the fleet was kept in a healthy state even after twenty-eight weeks at sea. It is always worth while to note the care which our great naval commanders have taken of their men; Cook, Jervis, Nelson, Collingwood, Cochrane, to name a few out of many, are all equally remarkable in this respect. But all Jervis's pains could not save the fleet from terrible damage from storms. Two of his ships perished outright, and others were so far crippled that it was with but eleven sail of the line that he made for Cape St. Vincent to pick up a reinforcement of five ships, sent him by Lord Bridport in January, 1797. A month later, on St. Valentine's day, the great battle was fought which gave Jervis his title of Lord St. Vincent. Captain Mahan has brought vividly before us the story of the action: how Jervis with his fifteen ships flew upon the Spanish twenty-seven, to use Collingwood's words, "as a hawk to his prey," cut their line in two and then tacked upon the larger division; how Troubridge, who led the British line, answered St. Vincent's signal to tack before it was well blown out; how Nelson, taking the initiative, wore out of the line and attacked on his own account; and how Collingwood, after crushing two Spanish ships, "disdained the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies," and pushed on to the rescue of Nelson who was engaged with no fewer than three adversaries. But we must transcribe a few lines from Collingwood's own account of the action in a letter to his wife. Readers will note the similes

drawn for her benefit from "our garden" and a "bodkin."

"The first ship we engaged was the San Salvador del Mundo of 112 guns, a first-rate; we were not further from her when we began than the length of our garden. Her colours soon came down, and her fire ceased. I hailed and asked if they surrendered; and when by signs made by a man who stood by the colours, I understood that they had, I left her to be taken possession of by somebody behind, and made sail for the next, but was very much surprised on looking back to find her colours up again and her battle recommenced. We very soon came up with the next, the San Isidro, 74, and so close alongside that a man might jump from one ship to the other. Our fire carried all before it; and in ten minutes she hauled down her colours, but I had been deceived once and obliged this fellow to hoist English colours before I left him, and made a signal for somebody behind to board him, when the Admiral ordered the Lively frigate to take charge of him. Then making all sail, passing between our line and the enemy, we came up with the San Nicolas of 80 guns, which happened at the time to be abreast of the San Josef of 112 guns; we did not touch sides, but you could not put a bodkin between us, so that our shot passed through both ships, and in attempting to extricate themselves they got on board each other. My good friend the Commodore [Nelson] had been long engaged with these ships, and I came happily to his relief, for he was dreadfully mauled. Having engaged them until their fire ceased on me, though their colours were not down, I went on to the Santissima Trinidada, the Spanish Admiral's ship of 132 guns on four complete decks, such a ship as I never saw before. . . . We were engaged an hour with the ship and trimmed her well; she was a complete wreck. . . . God bless you, my dearest love! May you ever be happy."

The story is so simply and modestly told that one hardly realises that Collingwood had engaged five different ships, four of them of superior strength to his own. But the gunnery of the British fleet was superb, and that of Collingwood's ship always, if possible, ahead of the rest. This time his service did not want for recognition. Nelson thanked him in the warmest terms, treating his rescue not less as a personal than as a public matter; while Vice-Admiral Waldegrave and his captain Dacres likewise wrote to him with commendations hardly less flattering, and quoted the praise both of Nelson and St. Vincent. The medal for the action was awarded to him, but he, "with great feeling and firmness" refused it unless that for the 1st of June were granted to him also. "That is precisely the answer which I expected to have from Captain Collingwood," replied St. Vincent; and both medals were presently sent to him together.

For the next two years Collingwood remained with the fleet blockading Cadiz; but there was a more terrible enemy than French or Spaniards to be tackled at this time, for we now reach the outbreak of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore. It is difficult to appreciate in these days the full magnitude of this terrible crisis, and the superb coolness wherewith the English authorities, from Pitt downwards, confronted it. Not a man seems to have lost his head. The present writer has by chance examined the official correspondence of the Port-Admiral at Portsmouth (Sir Peter Parker) at this period; and but for occasional utterances, showing indeed deep anxiety but no sign of despair, one would hardly guess that the mutiny

was in full swing. St. Vincent likewise had to face the prevailing disaffection in his fleet, and did so with the magnificent masterfulness that has become a proverb. We need hardly recall the story of the ship's company that gave signs of refusing to hang some condemned mutineers of its own number; how the one-armed captain reported to St. Vincent that his men would not obey the order, how St. Vincent swore that they should, and how finally the doomed men were swung up by their messmates to the yard-arm, and St. Vincent, raising his hat, uttered the grim words, "Discipline is preserved, Sir."

Such was one of the Admiral's remedies for mutineers, but the other, though less violent, was quite as effective. "Send them to Collingwood," he used to say, "and he will bring them to order." and Collingwood did bring them to order, not by the "cat," but by simple firmness and justice. The man, in fact, was stronger than any weapon of punishment. The record of one year's punishment, that of 1793, is preserved, from which it appears that he flogged but twelve men in the twelve months, never inflicting more than twelve lashes and generally no more than six or seven. Such punishment was hardly to be reckoned a flogging in those days. But Collingwood hated the "cat"; and when we reflect that even Cochrane, who loved his men and was worshipped by them, pleaded hard against the abolition of flogging, we can only marvel that a man, with no magic of personality such as Nelson's or Cochrane's, could have found his own force of character sufficient to cope with the greatest ruffians in the service. He was unquestionably the finest disciplinarian in the navy, and for all his humanity a stern man. "I know your character well," he said to a dangerous mutineer who was sent to him to be tamed. "If you behave well in future I will treat you like the rest, nor notice here what happened in another ship; but if you endeavour to excite mutiny, mark me well, I will instantly head you up in a cask and throw you into the sea." There was no more trouble with that man. But as a rule Collingwood, like the best officers in both services, preferred punishments which would cause a man to be laughed at by his comrades, well knowing that this is the one thing that he cannot endure. Marryat has sketched for us such an officer in "Remedy Jack," the first lieutenant of Peter Simple's first ship. And Collingwood kept officers in as good order as men. "I have given you a commission into the Excellent," said St. Vincent, to a young officer, "but remember that you are going to a man who will take it away from you to-morrow if you behave ill." He also paid particular attention to his midshipmen, considering it a point of honour with himself that not one should leave him unfit to pass for promotion. Yet it was his inflexible rule to uphold the authority of every officer, whatever his rank, with the same severity as his own. If a midshipman made complaint against a man, that man was unfailingly ordered for punishment next day; but meanwhile Collingwood took the lad aside and suggested to him the propriety of asking grace for the culprit when he should be brought out. "In all probability the fault was yours," he would say; "but whether it was or not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father disgraced and punished on your account." So the midshipman interceded, the captain, with some show of reluctance, pardoned, and discipline was upheld. On the other hand, he would not even permit his officers to address a man as "you sir," (a form of appellation which lasted in the army until the Crimean war, but now survives,

so far as we know, only among the negroes in the West Indies,) on the ground that it was unnecessarily discourteous and contemptuous. "If you don't know a man's name," he said, rather implying that an officer ought to know his men by name, "call him sailor."

This troublesome period of mutiny passed, Collingwood, for all his good service, was destined to suffer another severe disappointment. His ship, though in every respect in perfect condition, was not one of those which sailed with Nelson to fight the battle of the Nile. His letters at this time are almost plaintive (though never unmanly) in their regret that he should not have taken part in his old friend's greatest victory. In the following year (1799) came the series of blunders whereby St. Vincent and Keith, between them, contrived to allow the French Admiral Bruix to make a raid into the Mediterranean, effect a junction with the Spanish fleet, and return in safety to Brest. This failure led to much bad blood in the fleet, and to an angry wrangle as to the man who should be held responsible. The public blamed Keith, Cochrane, who hated St. Vincent, acquits him; Collingwood, who was much saddened by the whole fiasco, shows pretty clearly that both were in fault. Seeing from the first that the whole plan of operations was mistaken, he predicted the issue some months before it was fulfilled with an accuracy that speaks volumes for his strategical insight.

Meanwhile he had in February, 1789, been promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the White, and on returning from Keith's fleet in the Mediterranean, was attached to the Channel fleet under St. Vincent and employed in the blockade of Brest. Under Lord Bridport's command a good deal of slackness had crept into the Channel squadron, and, in Nelson's words, it required a man of Collingwood's firmness to keep some of the captains up to their duty. But now the peace of Amiens gave him a little rest, and a last happy time at Morpeth with his beloved wife and his two little girls. He threw himself into the peace of domestic life with passionate enjoyment, reading extensively, superintending the education of his children, and, above all, gardening. It is curious to remark the fascination that the tilling of the soil possesses for fighting men; Marmont and Cochrane, for instance, turned to it with eagerness in their days of retirement. Then came the renewal of the war in 1803, and the close of the one year that Collingwood spent ashore in England from 1793 to his death in 1810. "Here comes Collingwood," said Admiral Cornwallis, when he assembled his fleet for the blockade of Brest, "the last to leave and the first to join me." His industry and vigilance in the prosecution of the blockade was stupendous. He never lay down but with his clothes on, and passed whole nights pacing the quarter-deck. His lieutenant would occasionally press him to take rest as he must be exhausted by fatigue. "I fear *you* are," the Admiral would answer; "so go to bed, Clavell, and I will watch by myself." Sometimes the pair would doze for a time on a gun, Collingwood starting up from time to time to sweep the horizon with his night-glass. Heavy gales and unseaworthy ships added to the misery of the life. His flagship on survey proved to be utterly rotten. "We have been sailing for two months with only a sheet of copper between us and eternity." Moreover there was the discomfort, to which the necessities of the blockade subjected him, of constantly shifting from ship to ship. Yet there he remained, vigilant

and careful as ever, recording with pride that even after eighteen weeks at sea he had not a sick man on board his vessel. Mr. Russell may well dwell on the wretchedness of blockading. We must, however, remark in passing that when, as occasionally happens, he calls in question the whole policy of blockade, and advocates Howe's system in preference to St. Vincent's, he raises points which are, to say the least, debateable.

About the middle of 1804 Collingwood was detached southward in pursuit of the French fleet, and in August, when cruising with but five ships under his command, was chased by the combined fleets of France and Spain, thirty-six vessels in all. Determined not to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar unless they followed him, he turned in the Gut and (to use the phrase of a contemporary writer) "smiled at them"; and when finally they abandoned the chase and returned to Cadiz, he pursued them and blockaded them therein with his little squadron. His boldness and skill on this occasion, perhaps only to be truly appreciated by seamen, were warmly praised by his brother officers, and especially by Nelson. Shortly after he was reinforced by eighteen sail of the line under Sir Robert Calder, and then the weary work of interminable cruising began again, first before Rochefort, and then before Brest. An occasional run to Torbay gave little relief and no change, for not a man from the fleet went ashore, and visitors from the land had to take the risk of an involuntary voyage. At last on the 21st of October the French and Spanish fleets were caught at Trafalgar. Every Englishman knows how Collingwood led the way into the fight far ahead of any other ship, made first for the Santa Anna, crushed her with a broadside which killed three hundred and fifty men, and was presently engaged with no fewer than five of the enemy. And in the midst of the contest the gallant old Admiral, in his best uniform, knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes, paced watchfully to and fro munching an apple. "You had better put on silk stockings as I have," he said to his first lieutenant on the morning of the fight; "for if one should get shot in the leg they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon." As the struggle went on he went down among the men, sighted several of the guns himself and encouraged all hands. At one moment, in the hottest of the fire, he gave way to his ruling passion of economy of the King's stores, solemnly rolled up, with the assistance of his first lieutenant, a topgallant studding-sail, which was hanging loose over the hammocks, and stowed it carefully away, observing that it would be wanted some other day.

After the action came the task of facing a furious gale with a fleet of disabled ships. Nelson's last orders had been for the fleet to anchor, and Collingwood has been repeatedly blamed for neglecting them; but Mr. Clark Russell shows conclusively that it was impracticable in the circumstances to obey them. All that Collingwood could do he did, which was to destroy the captured ships; and this in itself was a task so difficult that St. Vincent declared his conduct in accomplishing it to be above all praise. But still he kept the sea, "to show the enemy that it was not a battle or a storm which could remove a British squadron from the station which they were ordered to hold." The news of the victory at home procured for him a peerage and a pension of £2,000 a year for his life; but little consideration was paid to his wishes in respect to the fleet. He pleaded hard for some special

reward for officers and men, as the usual profits of victory had been lost through the destruction of the prizes, and he pressed for the promotion of deserving officers; but neither request was granted. Still he knew his duty and could do it, and that was enough for him. "The Admiralty have abandoned me," he wrote. "I never hear from them, but am labouring for everything that is to promote the interest of my country." He begged but one thing for himself, namely, that his title might descend to his daughter. "I believe your Lordship will allow that I have a sort of claim to be indulged," he wrote with pathetic humour, "when I tell you that but for my constant service at sea since the year 1793, I should probably ere now have had half-a-dozen sons to succeed me." It must have been a hard man that refused a plea so quaintly and yet tellingly put forward, but refused it was.

Our space is running out, and we must perforce abridge the closing years of Collingwood's life. He entered after Trafalgar upon a task of diplomacy no less than strategy that fairly wore him out. Complications in Sicily, in Calabria, in Turkey, in Portugal and in Spain (for we now approach the opening of the Peninsular war) kept him tied to his desk and worried by anxiety day and night. Bad luck also dogged his operations against the French, and it was not until late in 1809, six months after Cochrane had made his memorable attack on the fleet in Aix Roads, that he at last got among the fragments of the French navy and broke them up. His health by that time was hopelessly undermined; hard life at sea (he was actually twenty-two consecutive months afloat without dropping anchor in those last years), and still harder work as Commander-in-Chief had found out his weak point. By the opening of 1810 a stomachic complaint, which had long tortured him, became so severe that he could scarcely eat; and at last on the 3rd of March, 1810, he resigned his command and embarked on the Ville de Paris for England. To all subordinates he had willingly granted leave, but to himself never. With all his home-sickness, for never man yearned to return to his wife and daughters more earnestly than Collingwood, he stuck to his duty to the last, and died, but four days after the resignation of his command, on the 7th of March, 1810.

He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral by the side of Nelson on the 11th of May. One of the many unsightly masses of marble that cumber the eastern end of the south aisle records with no extraordinary felicity the services which he rendered; and the debt of honour thus discharged, the nation has conspired to forget him. Yet he was, as we have said, one of the noblest sailors who ever wore the King's uniform, the very finest example of an officer and a gentleman that can be held up to all ranks of the navy. In the three most dazzling naval commanders of that time, Nelson, Cochrane, and Sidney Smith, one has always a perception of some theatrical element. We feel sadly convinced that if they had lived in these days they would have suffered the reporter gladly, and submitted their early portraits to THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Brilliant as was the work that they did, they never quite forgot themselves therein. Collingwood was cast in a different mould. He always ignored himself and his own share in the work. No one could gather from his despatch a hint of his extraordinary gallantry at Trafalgar. Yet his was no cold, haughty, cynical nature, for he was as soft-hearted as a woman, and keenly sensitive to ill-treatment or neglect. His sense of duty was as high as Wellington's, yet without Welling-

ton's sternness and reserve. Wellington could win the confidence of his men, but Collingwood gained not only their confidence but their love. Hardly as he was used by the Admiralty he never turned upon it; to him there was something greater than the Admiralty, and that was his country. So while a brilliant genius like Cochrane dashed his head fruitlessly against corrupt Departments and peculating Admiralty Courts, old Collingwood though worn out with exile, over-work, and disease, stuck silently to his post, taking thought for nothing of his own affairs except the full payment of his income-tax. Always, in the heaviest press of his work, he was careful to transmit an exact account of his income, that he might pay to his country the uttermost farthing. One more service to England remains yet to be recorded, the gift, none the less valuable because unconscious, of some of the very best letters and despatches in the language. Collingwood's style was the admiration of all his contemporaries, and has been undeservedly neglected by the present generation. Whether in despatches describing the gale after Trafalgar, or in playful and tender letters to his wife, we find always the same strength, felicity, and grace. "Read, I charge you, read," was his advice to a young officer. May we not impress it upon some of our modern lieutenants, and ask them to write for us some naval biographies, taking his style for their model? There is many a fine subject still untreated, many a noble figure still unportrayed; and for a standard whereby to judge of them there is always the history of Cuthbert Collingwood, a great sailor, a great patriot, and a great man.

THE HERONS.[1]

CHAPTER XVIII.

The next time Mr. Heron saw Cosmo he was dismayed at the change in his looks. Hitherto the Squire had found his son cheery enough, in spite of aches and pains and the constraint that was the inevitable result of a forbidden subject of conversation present in both their minds. But now it was plain that he was terribly depressed, if so gentle a word can be applied to the anger and gloom that seemed to lie upon him like a weight; while the forbidden subject was as strictly forbidden as ever. Mr. Heron had his own thoughts, and asked himself many questions, but he asked them of no one else; and meanwhile the days went on and Cosmo's youth and strength asserted themselves in spite of all drawbacks, till at last there was talk of fixing the day for his leaving the hospital.

Then the Squire began tentatively to hint at change of air and so forth; and Cosmo, lifting eyes that in the last month had grown to look many years older, faced his father gravely and fully. "I will go back with you to Herne's Edge if you will have me, —for good," he said in an even, expressionless tone. Mr. Heron nodded and began to talk of arrangements for the journey, while to himself he said: "He knows then! My poor boy! I wonder it didn't kill him. I suppose Edmund told him; but if Edmund thinks I shall forgive him on that account he is much mistaken."

Not a word more was said on the subject between the strange pair who understood each other so well. Cosmo knew that, in so far as he had done his father injustice, he was forgiven already without words; and whatever regret he felt on that account he added to the long score against his brother that his thoughts were always reckoning up. He did not ask himself whether he could ever forgive Edmund. Forgiveness seemed to him to have nothing to do with the matter. As Althea had said to him on one memorable occasion: "You may forgive people for what they *do*, but who shall forgive them for what they *are?*"

Cosmo was too young and too sensitive not to feel acutely that he had been deceived, lied to, thrust into a false position, made to oppose and insult father, mother, and wife. His own wrongs however he might overlook, while as for the personal sacrifices he had made he would have scorned to take them into account. But nothing, no forgiveness, could alter the fact that Edmund had done what no Heron, no gentleman, should have found it possible to think of. He had not only lied and forged, he had committed a nameless, unpardonable sin in playing for his own purposes on his mother's unconfessed desire to be reconciled to her husband. He had said that he would have picked a pocket, had that been practicable, to escape from the strait in which he found himself; Cosmo would infinitely rather that he had picked a pocket than have done the thing he had found it in his heart to do. There could be no question now of

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putting him in his right place. His right place was not among gentlemen, or under the roof that had covered in its day many a sin and many a sorrow, but never baseness, never open shameless shame.

Cosmo had no heart to speak of it; if he thought of it all day long it was against his will; but he thoroughly and entirely agreed with his father. It was not for nothing that he had been brought up in the intensest, stateliest form of family pride, a pride that could see nothing derogatory in the lowliest poverty or the humblest toil, but to which the touch of shame was like the stain on the fur of the ermine,—a thing to die of. He was naturally more tender-hearted than his father, and he had known and loved Margaret and the children, which Mr. Heron had been too wise ever to permit himself to do; but not even for their sakes could he ever desire to see Edmund again. In his morbid misery he felt sometimes as though he could never live at Herne's Edge, any more than his brother; that what one had forfeited by shame the other would be shamed in taking; and that the only thing to do was to force Edmund to join in cutting off the entail, and then sell the old place, give him the proceeds, and let him do what he would with them. To be sure it would break the Squire's heart; and it seemed to Cosmo that it would break his own too, for young hearts break even more easily than old ones, though it is more possible to mend them; but after all it was but a choice of evils, and heartbreak was not the worst.

Meanwhile he was not strong enough to do anything, or even to feel sure of what ought to be done, and it was better to let his father take him home than to risk meeting Edmund again. There was nothing that they could say to one another; and though he thought that he had now no pity for his brother, it hurt him even to think of that unmistakable look of love in Edmund's eyes.

Geoffrey Pierce was another whom Cosmo had no wish to meet. He had had a warm letter from Geoffrey, full of inquiries and regrets that he himself was still tied to the bedside of his relative and could not come and see how things were with them all. This Cosmo answered as cordially; but he would not see Edmund's friend, the man who still tried to believe in and respect him, who did not know that he had forfeited all claim to respect years before they had ever met. "He ought to know," said Cosmo bitterly to himself; "but surely I am not bound to tell him. Neither am I bound to play the hypocrite, as I should have to do if we met and I did not tell him."

So he went home, or rather allowed himself to be taken home, in such a hopeless mood of bitterness and discouragement as naturally prevented his recovering his strength as he ought to have done, and kept his father anxious, in a taciturn fashion, about him. They said that the journey had been too much for him, and he did not care to exert himself to deny it. He let his father and the doctor and the old housekeeper have their will of him for the most part, while he spent his time in languidly pretending to read or write, and perpetually revolving the same round of gloomy thoughts which only his father could guess at.

Althea in the meantime had slipped into her old place at Number Fifteen, but with a difference. Her sister found her just as gentle a companion, and the children just as merry a playmate, as before; yet there was a change in her deeper than the mere

ripening and softening of her childish beauty, and the embellishment of dresses such as were not often seen in Burton Road.

She had grown a woman; she knew her fate, and no longer waited as girls do for an unknown mysterious future. And especially, since she had learned to compare her lot with that of Magdalen Anderson, she had accepted it with a sort of despair that was proud and even cheerful. It seemed to her to be the rule that women should not be happy. But most of the unhappiness she had seen,—at least its bitterest drop—had been the pain of love given to one who was not worthy of it. From that misfortune at any rate she was safe; whether her love, being so worthily given, was valued or returned, seemed to her sometimes a small matter. Only at times, in hours of discouragement, she thought of Mrs. Heron, wondering whether her own lot in life would be like that; whether years of hopeless hunger for love would leave her craving, scheming for power at least, and reckless as to how she strove to gain it. No one else had ever discovered that Mrs. Heron loved the husband from whom she was parted only second to the son who had always taken his father's side against her. But Althea was certain of it, though she knew not how she knew it; and sometimes it chilled her with fear to see what love might come to, "on this crooked hither side of the grave."

Now that she found herself once more in Burton Road it seemed her duty to stay as long as she could with Margaret and the children; to stay at least till Mr. or Mrs. Heron, or Cosmo, should signify what they wished her to do; and with a store of pocket-money with which she had been provided she could ease rather than burden the slender income of the little household. Nor did she find it so painful to be under Edmund's roof as she had expected. Whether he guessed that she knew too much, or whether he was merely depressed and moody, Edmund certainly made no attempt to go back to his old caressing, patronising, reproving manner with her. They saw as little of one another as two people could who had to live together within such narrow limits; and day by day her indignation, though it was still there, was more overlaid with pity.

Up at Herne's Edge all through February the days lengthened, and the cold strengthened, while the world lay very still under a fresh covering of snow. The dales were nearly full of drifts, and the road that wound upward to Ernston, deeply cleft between the hills, was all but impassable. None went out and none came in, and the tiny town, with its thin threads of smoke stealing up to the gray winter sky, seemed cut off from all the rest of the world.

Over at the Edge, away from even the small stir of Ernston, all was so still that the days went by like a dream, the Squire watching over his son, and Cosmo saying to himself, "When this snow melts I will wake up and face the inevitable."

Mrs. Heron wrote nearly every day, and when Cosmo did not feel inclined to answer, her husband relieved her anxiety by brief ceremonious notes such as any gentleman might write to a lady with whom he was slightly acquainted. But she had never been over since they came back from London. Putting things together, Mrs. Heron had perceived that Cosmo must now know the truth about his brother, and that Mr. Heron at least must know that she had broken her solemn word in revealing the secret to Althea. That being the case, she was in no hurry to face him; and she had sufficient excuse for not doing so, for a

lady seldom has her coachman so well in hand that she can oblige him to take her out in such a snow as that which now blocked every approach to Herne's Edge.

Nevertheless they had a visitor there even before the snow went. One sunny morning when the sky was dazzlingly blue above the white hill-tops, a smart little sleigh was drawn up with much jingling of bells before the curving steps of the gateway, and Mrs. Brotherton being helped out of it by her attentive husband, came with him up the clean-swept walk towards the house door.

Mr. Heron, who was sitting by the huge fire in the hall studying his morning paper, looked up at the sound of their voices, and through the broad low Tudor window saw who his visitors were. His face darkened somewhat; and though he rose to meet and bring them in, and installed his niece in his own chair that she might warm her chilled feet on the hearthstone, his brow hardly relaxed at her bright chatter or her husband's ponderous, good-natured greeting.

Emily Brotherton was not precisely afraid of the uncle who had brought her up and had been always good to her; but she had never asked him a question about himself in her life and was not likely to begin now, though she was quite quick enough to perceive that something was amiss. If she had known that Mr. Heron was thinking: "If this little fool had not taken it into her head to marry that great fool, she might have kept the boy content at home; he might never have bethought himself to go after Edmund, and everything would have been right!"—if she had known this, Emily might not have been displeased, so subtle a thing is vanity. A moment later she believed that she knew what was troubling the Squire, as Cosmo came slowly down the stairs, making what was evidently his first appearance that morning. He started as he saw the arrivals, and came forward cordially enough to greet them; but the small excitement could not conceal the langour of his movements, or the deep shadows under his eyes that seemed to have quite altered their expression.

"Why, Cosmo, how ill you look! I hoped you would have been better by this time," exclaimed Emily; for which speech she got such a look from her uncle as used to reward the occasional indiscretions of her girlhood, and that then used to make her wish to sink into the ground. She was not now so easily annihilated, but, perceiving that she was thought to have done amiss, she endeavoured to atone for it by leading away the conversation so as to put a stop to her husband's kindly pertinacious inquiries; in the midst of which she got a glance from Cosmo's tired blue eyes telling her that he perfectly understood what she was after, and asking audaciously, moreover, if she did not sometimes find "Jem" conversationally rather heavy.

"You ought not to be here, Cosmo," said Mr. Heron uneasily after a few moments. "There is a draught from those doors enough to cut you in two."

"If it doesn't hurt other people it won't hurt me," said Cosmo lazily, but Emily promptly started up.

"It is all very well for us, who are so muffled up," she said; "but I want to take off my cloak, and I would rather go into the library. Won't you come with me, Cosmo? I have hardly had ten minutes' talk with you since I was married."

There could be but one answer to such an appeal. Cosmo opened the library door for his cousin and followed her into the room, where she quickly threw off her furs and made

herself comfortable by the fire, insisting on his taking the easy chair opposite.

It seemed very natural, very like old times to see her there. Emily had always been addicted to flitting irresponsibly in and out, perching by the fireside with little idle hands in her lap, and chattering away until some one with work to do rose in rebellion and turned her out of the room. As Cosmo lay back in his chair dreamily listening to her prattle, he too was thinking, as his father had done, of that boyish fancy of his that had been born too late, wondering how things might have been if Jem Brotherton had not existed, and whether in that case he would himself have found out before long that he wanted to marry his cousin. If it had been so Emily might now have been his wife, sitting here in her own home; he might never have seen Edmund, never have grown to care for him and his; never have known what now he knew and could never forget. But the shame, always liable to come to light, would have been there just the same, and the helpless suffering of the innocent, and the wrong that must breed more wrong. As for the rest, his own experiences during the past year, did he truly wish them all undone? The word wife brought a name into his thoughts that was not Emily's, and for a moment his thoughts pictured another face and form than hers in that chair on the other side the hearth. Had he been wronging some one, as well as wronged himself; had the great shipwreck left him with a treasure that he had flung aside unconsidered, but that was still his own? He hardly knew. It had only just dawned upon him, with a sort of surprise, that he could not altogether wish that the past had never been. But meanwhile Emily was asking him a question, and courtesy demanded that he should come out of his reverie and answer her.

"Won't you come over to Ashurst and stay with us for a little while?" she was saying. "I am sure it is too dull for you here, and a little change will do you good. You haven't even a billiard table, and that is so nice in the winter."

"Thanks, you are very good," he said. "But I have promised to go down to Pennithorne as soon as I feel up to going anywhere."

"Ah, of course Aunt Janet will want you as soon as she can get you. Is Althea there now?"

"I—hardly know," said Cosmo, with a blush that would have been less vivid if he had been stronger.

"It will not be very lively for you there if she is not. You had better come to me, and I will take care that Aunt Janet doesn't hear of it."

"Thank you, no. I ought to go first to Pennithorne," repeated Cosmo half abstractedly. He was suddenly taking blame to himself, bitter blame and self-reproach, because he actually did not know where his young wife was at that moment. He had never written to her since Edmund's confession had made everything in the world seem not worth doing. He knew that she had been at Burton Road, and the mere thought of Burton Road had been bitterness to him. Now that he came to think of it, it was unlikely that his mother had let her stay there all this time; but if she was at Pennithorne, so near at hand, what must she think of the husband who had never taken the trouble to come or to write to her?

Emily was quick enough to perceive that her cousin was deep in disturbing thoughts, but not quite keen enough to guess their nature. Perhaps it was only natural vanity which suggested to her that he was resisting temptation, settling with himself that he

had better not visit his old love lest he should recall thoughts that it were wiser to banish, and that he ought instead to be by his wife's side at Pennithorne. And so, being a good woman in her own small way, Emily Brotherton went on to speak on the side of virtue and discretion. Whether she would have been magnanimous enough to do so if she had known how little occasion there was for it, is another matter into which there is no need to inquire. "Aunt Janet must have been very loth to part with your wife. I'm sure she would get her back as soon as she could. She is so sweet and gentle, we have all grown very fond of her. Is poor Edmund's wife really so like her?"

"Very like her, only older and graver, with much of her good looks worn away."

"Althea always struck me as being very grave for any one so young. But I dare say it was dull for her at Pennithorne with no one but Aunt Janet, and I never could get her to come to me as much as I wished." Emily had driven her little knife home. Cosmo winced, and did not answer, and she went on to give it a twist in the wound. "I think none of us could make up to her for your being away. The only thing she seemed to care about was making presents to her sister and the sister's children. I used to think, Cosmo, that it was hard upon her; that if she could not be with you she ought at least to have been with her sister, where she could have seen you every day. Men don't seem quite to understand how awkward it is for a woman to be away from her husband."

Cosmo felt much as if a pet bird had flown in his face and pecked him. He answered gravely: "I acted as I thought best for her. If you knew the discomforts of the home I brought her from you would not wonder that both she and I thought it better that she should stay here."

"Discomforts!" scornfully echoed Emily Brotherton, who had been sheltered and guarded all her life from the slightest breath of discomfort. "She and you! Oh, Cosmo, you used to be nearly as clever as a woman, but you are getting just as dull as the rest."

"What do you mean? I am too dull at least to guess that."

"Do you really believe she thought of discomforts when she might have been with you? Do you think any true woman ever really thought it better that she should stay away from those she loved that she might have a nicer dinner and sleep on a softer bed?"

"You put it rather coarsely; and you don't know by experience, which is the only possible way to learn, what a poverty-stricken home is like. I did not oblige her to stay at Pennithorne; she must have had some reason for doing so; and whatever it was, neither you nor I have any right to blame her."

Cosmo's temper was not so equable as formerly. Emily had never heard him speak in such a tone since the occasional squabbles of their childhood. She promptly mislaid her temper also, though not beyond easy recovery. "Perhaps you never asked her what her reason was; I think you had better do so. Not being a Heron by birth she *may* have some reason to show for her actions; and for the honour of womanhood you need not conclude that it must be what you say."

Emily rose with some stateliness, and took a turn or two about the room. Cosmo sat looking straight before him, with eyes that seemed to be seeing something in a new light and marvelling what to make of it.

After a moment or two she came towards him and stood smiling by his chair, a slight gracious figure. "Why are you cross, Cosmo?"

"Because I have a sore conscience, little Emily, and—a sore heart too! Perhaps you never had either, and don't know what a bad effect they have on the temper."

"You are very severe on my ignorance to-day. Suppose you take my advice all the same, and then if it fails you may decide that I don't know what I am talking about. Let us be friends now any way, for Jem will be angry if I keep the cob waiting any longer."

Cosmo smiled and kissed the hand she held out to him, but in rather a spiritless fashion, or as if he were thinking more of something else. And the little lady gathered up her furs and fluttered out to announce her readiness to depart, revolving in her mind an idea and a plan of her own.

That night she wrote to Mrs. Heron, taking upon herself to advise that stately dame as she had never in her life ventured to do before. In consequence whereof Mrs. Heron desired her coachman to be prepared to drive her up to Herne's Edge in such a manner that the worthy man perceived the wisdom of making no new difficulties but rather setting himself to overcome those that already existed.

It was not till the next day, however, that Mrs. Heron got her niece's letter, and in the meanwhile Cosmo had had another visitor; one who was not dependent on carriages or coachmen, but came on her own sturdy feet. "Mrs. Pearson is in the servants' hall and wants to see you, sir," announced the servant. Cosmo, who was in the library alone, answered by desiring her to be shown in.

The good woman, stout and rosy, with a pair of her husband's socks drawn over her own boots, and her skirts well tucked up out of the snow, came forward nothing abashed, and shook her head with affectionate criticism over the hand that Cosmo held out to her. "Well, sir, it didn't seem likely you'd be coming to me, so I just came to see you," she said, taking the chair he offered. "You're gone very thin, Mr. Cosmo. I don't know what they did to you in London town, but now you've come home you ought to be picking up a bit."

"So I am," he answered. "But we're none of us inclined to be fat, you know, at the best of times."

"I know! But your hand used to be as brown and as hard as mine, and now it's like a lady's."

She eyed the young man with motherly solicitude, and with something else behind it, a sort of doubt and shyness, as if she hardly knew how to approach the subject she had come to speak of.

"Well, Nurse Mary, you needn't wonder at that," he said smiling, and wondering what she wanted. "You know I've not long been able to use my right hand at all; it hasn't been much use to me for a month past."

"I dare say not, Mr. Cosmo. I haven't got over yet what I felt when I heard what had happened, and I'm sure it was a sore time for more than me."

"But wasn't it worth it?" he said, as if defending himself against her significant, almost reproving tone. "If I hadn't been there Mrs. Edmund and her little girls mightn't have got out—such dear little girls, Mary! you wouldn't be able to make enough of them if you could see them."

"Very likely, Mr. Cosmo. Now, if it isn't a liberty, can you tell me if Mr. Edmund is fond of his wife and bairns, and if he's good to them?"

"Very fond of them. If it were not for them he would have little enough to make his life worth having. And as good to them as he knows how to be; but I think sometimes, nurse, that no man knows how to be good to a woman."

"Maybe not, Mr. Cosmo. Men want very plain speaking before they can tell what a woman wants; that's certain."

"Just so; and they never get it."

"Well, there's one going to get it now. Mr. Cosmo, I and mine have known you and yours long enough, for I think my folks have been in Ernston pretty near as long as Herons. And if I say to you that Herons were never much like other folks, I'm not telling you anything that you don't know."

"Certainly not; but what then?"

"Why then, let one that loves you as your old nurse does beg and entreat of you not to be like the rest of them. As far as I can make out they could never forget, nor forgive, nor change their minds, nor turn back when once they get started on a wrong road."

"And what wrong road have I started on?"

"Nay, Mr. Cosmo, your father went that way before you. And now he's here, and she's yonder, and God only knows what there is between them,—but I doubt it's more than the seven miles betwixt here and Pennithorne. If those are gentlefolks' ways, to bow and smile, and pay visits and speak civil, and keep a grudge in the heart for eighteen years and more—why, a woman's better off amongst us, where she gets angry words, or even a blow maybe, and then kiss and be friends and all well again."

The pride of the Herons was not of the kind that takes offence at plain speaking, and it had never occurred to Cosmo that this woman was in any essential his inferior. "I won't pretend not to know what you mean," he answered, speaking very low. "But you are wrong, Mary; there is no grudge in my heart and never was. My wife was free to please herself,—to be with me or away from me."

"Begging your pardon, I can't think that, sir. A woman isn't free to come, even to her own man, unless he asks her,—and asks as if he meant it, too! Maybe you didn't think of that; for I notice that men never seem to understand a woman's pride, though they've got plenty of their own."

"I did not like to press her to come to me, because I had so little to offer her."

"You had plenty to offer her, Mr. Cosmo, if you had but known. Some gentlefolks' ways are beyond me; but when a young lady makes excuse again and again to come and sit in a house like mine, and to set a body like me on talking of nothing but a certain young gentleman, and what he was like when he was a boy, and all he ever did or said that I can call to mind; and when she must keep her pretty eyes turned away for the most part for fear I should see the tears and the shine in them, I don't need to be a witch to know that she'd be glad to go and live with him in a coal-cellar if he wanted her."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Pearson had spoken her mind, and was perhaps a little frightened at her own boldness. She sat silent, rigidly upright, with her hands folded in her lap. If Mr. Cosmo wanted to say anything to her she was there to hear it; but for her own part she had done.

Cosmo lay back in his chair, a little turned away from the failing light of the winter afternoon, so deep

in thought that he almost forgot his visitor's presence. It did not jar upon him, as it would upon some who think themselves not half so proud, that such a woman should speak to him on such a subject; he knew his world and her too well. Nor did it surprise him, for he had been thinking of nothing else ever since Emily had borne her small testimony to the same effect. His mind was free to view this matter in a new light; and it was more completely a new light to him than might have been supposed.

In his boyish simplicity he had asked Althea to be his wife, solely, as he thought, that she might help him in the purpose of his life; and he had been half surprised to find what brightness she had brought into the prospect. When she failed him in that purpose there seemed nothing more that they could have to do with one another; and how was he to know what part disappointed love had played in the general bitterness of disappointment?

Mrs. Pearson smiled to herself a kindly superior little smile when at last he broke silence, obviously unaware of the length of time that had passed since she had spoken. "All that may have been once, Mary. But by your own account I have behaved badly enough to have put an end to it long since."

"As to that, perhaps I oughtn't to speak. With us there is but one kind of behaviour that a woman can't forgive, and you'd never behave to any woman that way, Mr. Cosmo. But ladies may be different, though it's my own belief they're flesh and blood like us. All I know is, you've been married to your wife for less than a year and parted from her for more than nine months; and there's them in the family that might be a warning, after being parted for twice nine years. A woman can't speak first, be she a lady or a poor girl."

There was another long pause, while Nurse Mary looked straight before her, and the young man stared into the fire. He looked merely very thoughtful, and if he was surprised it was not at Mrs. Pearson's audacity.

"And now, sir," she went on after a moment, "I'll wish you good night, for it's time I was going. And I do hope and trust you'll look better next time I see you."

"You'll have some tea before you go, or I shall be offended," cried the young man, rousing himself and stretching out a hand to the bell. "I've had tea often enough with you."

"And will again, sir, I hope. But mine will be expecting me at home by this time."

"Then they may expect a little longer, or come to meet you if they like."

Evidently his visitor had done Cosmo good. He ordered tea, and did the honours when it came with a briskness that would have rejoiced the Squire's heart. And when Nurse Pearson had declined a third cup, and risen to go, he looked at her half askance, with a laugh in his eyes that had certainly not been there for many a day. "You never gave me such a scolding before since I tumbled through the old greenhouse roof, Mary."

"I doubt I never gave you scoldings enough, sir," she answered, prudently declining to re-open the subject. "But it wasn't your fault if I didn't, for you got into mischief and frightened my heart into my mouth many a time, and you always listened to me patiently after, as you've done this night. So now think on what I've said, and good night, and God bless you, my dear."

It is likely that Cosmo slept rather less than more that night after the

unusual excitements of the day, but he came down next morning looking more like himself than he had done since the accident. Mr. Heron asked himself if this was the result of a little change and stir, and whether he had been to blame in letting his son mope and brood in that quiet old house with no company but his own.

The doubt laid him open to conviction when, in the course of the day, his wife drove up from Pennithorne, to be horrified at Cosmo's looks, and to scold every one for not having done something sooner, and to announce her intention of carrying him off to her house to be properly nursed. It was very pleasant to the Squire to hear his son protest that he was better,—nearly well again—in a very different tone from that which had answered every inquiry to the same effect ever since their return home, and to hear him defend his nurses, collectively and individually, against his mother's aspersions. But Cosmo had his own reasons for not being unwilling to go to Pennithorne, and Mr. Heron for a wonder was anxious that he should go. More than once Cosmo would have asked if Althea were there or were expected, but the words refused to come, and he found himself colouring and hastily asking some other question. Well, at worst he could easily contrive that his mother should desire her to come back, and then—but time would show what then.

The upshot of it all was that Mrs. Heron had her way, and carried her son off with her in the close carriage, making as much fuss over him as she dared, but restrained by the certainty that he would rebel if not allowed what for an invalid seemed an unreasonable amount of liberty. She did not know how spiritlessly he had allowed himself to be tyrannised over of late, nor was she ever likely now to know, for Cosmo's courage had answered to the touch of the spur, and he had begun to admit the possibility of there being still something to do and to hope for.

It was somewhat of a disappointment on arriving at Pennithorne to find that his mother and he were to be alone there. Mrs. Heron had already written to Althea, desiring her to come back at once, but that was her secret, a surprise that she was preparing for her son. She knew perfectly well that Cosmo was thinking all the while of his wife, trying to lead the conversation round to her, trying to find out incidentally whether she might be expected soon. And Mrs. Heron hugged herself in satisfaction and kept her own counsel. Surely good days were coming for her now! Cosmo had evidently given up his brother, whatever it might have cost him to do so, and she had bound both the young folks to her side by giving Althea a home when she needed it. By degrees she might make them both hers, might teach them to look upon Pennithorne as a second home, might make them dependent upon what she could do for them in the present and on what she could leave them at her death. And to have those she loved dependent upon her was Mrs. Heron's idea of happiness.

In her letter to Althea she had said, what happened to be true at the time, that she was alone. She did not say that she was going that day to bring Cosmo home with her, but implied that she needed a companion to cheer her loneliness. It seemed to her that the surprise would be more effective if it was a surprise for both; and as regards truthfulness Mrs. Heron had often sailed nearer the wind than that.

On the second day came a little note

from Althea which Mrs. Heron was careful that her son should not get a glimpse of, simply promising to come back that day by the train which had been suggested to her, "for a short visit," added in a parenthesis, as if to show that the writer neither expected nor desired that the arrangement should be considered as permanent. "That is for others to settle," said Mrs. Heron to herself with a smile of triumph, and proceeded to ask Cosmo if she could do anything for him in the town. "Are you to be trusted to take care of yourself for three hours or so?" she asked fondly. "Most unfortunately I have to go over to see my dressmaker, and it is too far for you at present."

Cosmo did not press his company on his mother; the word dressmaker acted as a deterrent, as she had meant it should. But he did suggest that it was very cold and looked inclined to snow, and that the important business might wait; to which advice his mother turned a deaf ear. She wanted a little private talk with Althea before husband and wife should meet, and she could not afford to lose the opportunity that the long drive would give her.

So after an early lunch she started "to see her dressmaker," well provided with furs and hot-water tins, and vigorously scolding Cosmo for coming out bareheaded on to the steps to see that she was properly tucked in. But if Mrs. Heron had been looking out of the carriage-window instead of leaning back in the corner revolving her schemes, she might have recognised the face of a man whom she passed in the narrow lane not a quarter of a mile from Pennithorne. He started when he saw who was in the carriage, and hastily turned toward the hedge; but after it had passed by he went on his way towards the house she had just left.

CHAPTER XIX.

Cosmo was sitting in the morning-room, musing and pretending to read, when the butler with rather a troubled face announced: "A gentleman to see you, sir. He said he would prefer not to give his name."

Alas! the gentleman might prefer to go through the world without giving his name; but the man had been in Mrs. Heron's service for years, and knew well who this must be with the unmistakable Heron face. Cosmo also knew,—before he saw—before the butler's portly figure had removed itself from the doorway. He started to his feet, his face growing like an expressionless mask, and so stood, moving not a step forward.

Perhaps the impulse that had brought Edmund so far failed him now, or perhaps he had thought that the moment itself would teach him what to say and do, and now found it lacking in inspiration; for he too stood still and waited, in a pause that grew more terrible every moment.

"I—I am glad to see you so much better," he said at last, as if he would ignore the fact that they had not touched hands or spoken a word of greeting, the fact that he dared not put out a hand that might be refused, and that ordinary greetings had stuck in his throat.

"Thank you," said Cosmo, in exactly the tone which he might have used to a total stranger. "Will you not sit down?"

Edmund came a little nearer, but otherwise took no notice of the invitation, such as it was. "I have come here unasked," he said, "and I suppose unwelcome. I quite understood that you could not see me before you left London. I would not trouble you then; but surely there is something more to be said between you and me?"

He paused; there was neither assent nor denial upon Cosmo's part, but merely expectant silence. No reproaches, no scorn or invective, could have been so terrible to Edmund as this silent waiting for some excuse or explanation that he had not to give, this tacit assumption that as matters now stood his brother at least could have nothing to say to him. "Cosmo!" he said at last, coming one step nearer, and the word was so like a cry for mercy that it compelled an answer.

"What would you have me say?" asked the other slowly, as if each word cost an effort.

"What you choose! Blame me as you like; say every bitter thing you can think of! Anything is better than silence."

Cosmo's lips moved, but they uttered no word; and his eyes flashed with a meaning that his brother could not read. His features seemed to harden into rigid lines again, and for the first time since their first meeting Edmund realised how terribly like Cosmo was to his father,—this young gracious face that he had learned to love better almost than any other in the world,—to the face that had always been to him that of his stern and unrelenting judge. "Have I sinned past forgiveness?" he cried passionately.

"Not against me," was the answer in the same dull reluctant tone; but he hurried on, unheeding.

"I am willing to make atonement. I see now that I ought not to have deceived you, though I thought once that a man with all the world against him was justified in securing an ally by any means. But you were the only ally I wanted,—only you; my heart yearned after some one who was of my own flesh and blood, who might know nearly all and yet would care for me. Was it strange that I did not tell you all? Did I ever make it a secret that interest as well as love was at the bottom of it; that I wanted your help in my sore strait? If I had not loved you far better than ever I looked for, I would never have told you what would set you free from all obligation to me. My father and mother are both under oath to me to tell no living soul, on consideration of my agreeing to cut off the entail; and whether he had driven me to that or no, I could always have been a thorn in his side while I kept my hold over you."

"Am I to thank you for having spoken the truth,—such truth—at last? The—lies you told me first were more merciful; but I cannot thank you for those."

"I said something at the beginning of my confession which you put aside at the time. I think you can hardly have remembered it since, or given sufficient importance to it. I meant it for unconditional surrender, and I mean it still. I will do what my father wishes; let him triumph over my defeat. I will sign the papers, which I believe he has had waiting for me nine years and more, and resign my place in the entail. As to any allowance, and the rest of it, I will do as you and he wish; I will make no claim. And you will be master at the Edge, and reign there after my father long and happily I hope; so to have had a scapegrace brother will not have been in your case an unmixed evil."

Cosmo had laid his hand on the back of the chair by which he was standing, and now leaned a little forward, as if the dim light of the winter afternoon, darkening as it was to snow, did not suffer him to read Edmund's face as he would have wished. One would have said that a sort of surprise had come into his own, except that surprise is generally a softener of the expression, and his

did not soften one whit. "And that is really what you think?" he said, in a guarded musing tone through which the passion broke like fire as he went on. "You could think like that, and I could live so near to you for a year and more and not find you out? Truly I was a blind fool, and you may well take credit for having been kind enough to enlighten me at last!—Atonement? I will tell you the only atonement you could make. If you could persuade me that of the whole tissue of lies that confession of yours had been the greatest: if you could pledge your honour—*your* honour, good God! it is *our* honour, and you have dragged it in the dust!—if you could by any means make me believe that you had never done this thing! You say that no one but yourself could have told me. You were safe enough; for if any one had said and sworn it, I would not have believed them. That having done it you should stand there and offer me estate and position to make all right is not perhaps so strange as it seems."

He turned away, as if he would have left the room, but dropped into the chair instead and sat still, locking his hands together to hide how they trembled. He had not looked at his brother's face as he spoke, but if he had he would have seen a change in it,—have seen it gather a horror and surprise as of one who sees a vision, before which the thing that he has done takes shape at last and shows itself for what it is,—a ghost never to be laid again.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" asked Edmund, after a moment.

"All,—and too much!" answered Cosmo, resting his arms on the back of the chair and his face upon them. "Good Heavens, why should you torture us both by forcing me to speak?"

"Well, I have one thing more to say. I am sorry, but you must have patience with me; it will soon be over. I came up here to see my father, to signify to him that I was willing at last to fall in with his wishes. I had less courage to meet him for that purpose than I have often had to defy him,—but no matter. I heard that you were here, and came round here first, hoping that you would go with me to him,—hoping for—no matter what!" He paused an instant, but Cosmo neither spoke nor moved; and Edmund's face began to show that even its mobile lines could harden into a look of desperate resolve. "I did not understand that I had sinned past redemption. That was part of my moral density, I suppose; but I quite understand it now. Well, there is one way of wiping off all scores. I had thought of it before, even prepared for it; but one does not take that way except as a last resource. Now it is plain enough and easy enough! I am going, Cosmo. Do you care to say good-bye to me?"

Does real despair ever talk for effect? Perhaps, so complex a thing is man. But it is hard to do so in the presence of a despair more simple and absolute, with righteous wrath to back it; hard to protest to deaf ears, and a face turned away, and a head bowed down as if its owner would never care to lift it up again.

Edmund stopped abruptly, though perhaps he had not said all he had meant to say; but Cosmo moved no more than if he had been turned to stone. He was fighting out a battle in his own heart that made him deaf and blind, and though Edmund's words reached his brain and were registered there, he was not thinking of them any more than if they had gone unheard.

For a moment Edmund stood looking at him, then turned away with that unconscious gesture of the hands with which men fling away a hope

that is crushed and dead. He moved to the window, which was a French one opening to the ground, and slid back the bolt, deftly and noiselessly. "Never mind," he said. "There is but one thing I can do for you all, and I think you may trust me now to do it. Good-bye, and God bless you for ever and a day."

The window creaked as he opened it. Cosmo lifted his head with a dazed, bewildered look, to see Edmund standing there, looking back with a strange smile on his lips, while his hand was feeling after something in his breast. The next instant he had closed the window behind him, passed swiftly along the terrace, and round the corner of the house, and was out of sight.

Some men seem to live all their lives in a blindness that is half wilful and half natural; aware that their standard of morality is not the highest in the world, but comfortably certain also that it is not the lowest, and that so long as a man refrains from "sins he has no mind to" he has a right to a certain amount of self-respect. But surely these must have moments of clearer vision, albeit fruitless and never confessed, when they see themselves for what they are, and their lives as they have made them, in sharp, black contrast to the lives that might have been. When such an hour comes to a man, with circumstance to give it poignancy and drive it home, may it not account for such a story as we see often enough in the newspapers, when the suicide of some apparently prosperous citizen is detailed with the sage comment of the reporter that "no motive can be assigned for the rash act"? No motive! Well, none perhaps that the scribe would comprehend; and happily after all, hope that springs eternal, and physical cowardice which is nearly as ineradicable, and a thousand loves and fears and natural ties, usually hold men back from taking the one step that cannot be retraced, and so the dark moment passes by.

It was on Edmund Heron now, and was not likely soon to pass.

For a man who came of honourable blood he had gone through life singularly unshackled by what some people call prejudices and others principles. He would never have made a great criminal, because he was naturally kind-hearted and gentle and debonair, and would far rather have done good than harm to his neighbours. But he had never had any great respect for verbal accuracy; and to convey money from the pockets of the rich into those of the poor had seemed to him a good deed that might well be performed in any convenient manner. He would not willingly have robbed a poor man; and it had weighed upon him more when he had been compelled to keep some poor tradesman waiting for payment than when he had committed a double forgery and robbed his mother. He was aware of that, and the impression it had left with him was that he was really an honest man, and that only exceptional circumstances were to blame for the pass to which he had brought himself. When he looked forward to the birth of the son who was to make all well for them, he had really felt as though he could hand on to the boy an unstained name, so long as the unsympathetic world knew nothing of what he had done. He had no personal shame, and when he bargained with his father for secrecy it seemed to him that it was for fear of being misjudged, not dread of being known for what he was.

But perhaps Edmund was not so blind as he would have made himself; perhaps the instincts of an honourable nature were not utterly wanting, only

thrust aside and overlaid. If he could not speak the truth, he could love; and love is the revealing as well as the fulfilling of the law, giving the power of seeing with another man's eyes and feeling with his heart. Edmund had always been fond of his younger brother; he had no want of kindness to reproach himself with in their brief intercourse before he left his home for ever. Even the open partiality of both parents had not stirred up any jealousy in his sweet nature; when he sought out Cosmo again it had been in home-sick yearning after some natural tie as well as in scheming for his own interest. It was only characteristic of the man that he could cheat his brother and at the same time love him sincerely, trading upon his generous credulity and admiring it with unremorseful ardour; could drag him into poverty and untold difficulties, regarding him all the while with pitying tenderness instead of that hatred we generally feel for those whom we have injured.

But the end of all that had come. Nemesis had arrived by her own circuitous but unfailing route. He had loved his brother till he had even begun to see things from Cosmo's point of view; and now at last, as he realised what his confession meant to the other, he saw the thing that he had done as Cosmo saw it, in all its naked hideousness.

He had had his dark hours before, when he all but scorned himself; when life seemed not worth having, a lost battle to which one could but choose a speedy end. A man of such a temperament, who has often brought himself to a seemingly hopeless pass, does not arrive at Edmund's time of life without having contemplated more than once the last resource of beaten men; without having at least played wit the idea of escaping from all difficulties into a region where at least the same weary old problems cannot follow. But hitherto he had only played with the idea. His moods were none of them of long duration; never till now had he been bankrupt in love and honour and in self-respect; never had he felt quite sure that hope had said good-bye for ever.

Once, since Cosmo and his father had left London, after a visit and an ultimatum from Mr. Walsh, despair had so far got the upper hand with him that he had provided himself with the means to accomplish that to which he told himself he might be driven. He told himself too, in all honesty, that every one would be better without him; even Margaret and the children, since his mother would look to them when he was out of the way, and Cosmo would never allow them to suffer. But he waited, and presently, as time softened his recollection of their meeting in the hospital, he took a longing to see Cosmo again, to reiterate the offer that he thought his brother had perhaps overlooked and forgotten, to prove his repentance by a free surrender of all that he could give up. He had imagined how Cosmo would take this proof of his sincerity, and perhaps entreat him not to ruin himself after all. Sometimes he thought that he would see his father first and get it over, and be able to tell his brother that it was an accomplished fact. But when, inquiring how things were at a cottage on his way, Edmund found that Cosmo was gone down to Pennithorne, his courage suddenly failed him. The sort of shamelessness with which he used to face his father's stern condemnatory eyes had gone, and seemed to have left him naked and open to the other's scorn. He said to himself that he must see Cosmo first and possibly they might go together; at any rate he would have pledged himself and so gained a little courage.

Well, he had seen Cosmo, and had gained no courage but the courage of despair, and that beckoned a different way. No, he would not see his father, to offer an unavailing repentance to his scorn, and learn once more that his offer of atonement was only another offence. The other way was easier far and more effectual; and happily that door was open.

Edmund knew the country round Pennithorne well, and when he left the house his purpose seemed of itself to guide his feet, though he walked on blindly.

He had set out as if to go to Herne's Edge, but when he reached the parting of the ways he took the short cut that led across the moor. The track was four or five feet deep in snow where the wind had drifted it, and everywhere untrodden, for few came here from year's end to year's end but half-wild sheep and grouse and crested plover.

Edmund remembered well how, when he was a boy, an old man had lost his way up there in a November storm and been heard of no more until the keeper's dogs, ranging the heather one breezy day in March, came upon a heap of bones beside a great gray stone. A shorter time than that would make it impossible to say whether anything more deadly than frost and snow had lulled a tired wanderer to a sleep that had known no waking. It was a good plan, better than any that could have come to him in the turmoil of the London streets. After all, these snow-clad wilds were home; the look of them was interwoven with every fibre of his heart, and it was good to come home to them to die.

He quickened his pace as he climbed the long rough lane and came out at last on to the open moor. The loneliest cottage was left far behind now, and he knew where the track lay, though it was hidden so completely. He had only to follow it a little way, then strike off to the left over the rolling upland, and beyond it he would find a solitude as of a world yet unmade, and projecting through the drifts such a gray rock as that he had in his mind's eye, beside which the old pedlar had found a night's shelter and a five months' grave.

CHAPTER XX.

On the same day on which Edmund left London, another train by another line was bearing Geoffrey Pierce back to the world from which he had been absent so long,—a world which was emphatically the only one for him, and so different from that region to which Edmund was returning that it might well have belonged to another century or a different planet.

Geoffrey had had his own worries of late, and perhaps had found less time to think of Edmund than had ever been the case for many years. During the last few weeks he had been surrounded by a coterie of uncongenial relations, and carried back, as it were, into his repressed unhappy boyhood; blamed for what was no fault of his, disapproved of for following the bent of his own nature, treated altogether as a returning but unrepentant prodigal.

It was over now at any rate, this hopeless attempt to put back the clock and return to a time that had never been happy or profitable; a time when he and they had both missed opportunities that could not be given back, as they seemed to think, by the mere fact of being together again. Death, the great reconciler, had stepped between, making a renewal of love or a bitterer quarrel alike impossible; and had left him, with a heart half sore and half satisfied, to contemplate his life from a somewhat different standpoint.

When a man has known for years that the "modest competence" which must one day be his may not come till he himself is old, the chances are that he will have spoken little of his expectations and have thought of them no more than he could help,—that is, if he be such a man as Geoffrey Pierce. Nevertheless such a possibility affords just a little foundation for those castles which Fancy must build now and then, and makes the airy edifices a shade more substantial than they would otherwise be. Geoffrey could think of the time when his ship would come home with a little more expectation of the vessel's arrival than most men have, and he had not therefore been able to avoid sometimes picturing to himself what he should do when it was actually in port.

Many visions had taken shape before his half dreaming eyes in the rare moments when he let his mind wander from the hard realities of the present, but never this that actually came to pass. He was young still: he had a career before him; and now that he was no longer obliged to write for bread he might write for a name and a place in the world and incidentally earn more than when money was of the first importance to him; so true is it that "to him that hath shall more be given." And above and beyond all, the beautiful face of Evelyn Armitage smiled a distant proud encouragement like that of a tourney queen. "I am not for beaten men," it said. "I sit here for him who can win me; and I can wait."

This was something quite unlooked for, this hope that until lately had been more like a beautiful despair; but none the less it was now a reality, to be reckoned with among the other and harder realities of life. Fate had brought them together, after years that somehow had left them both somewhat lonely. By one bold step he had brought himself into intimate relations with her; and he had no reason to think that she liked him the less for having done so. Now an unlooked for turn of the wheel had placed him in a position in which it was not madness to hope one day to win her. Add to this that circumstances had given him a hint that at least she liked no one else too well, and a man must be less than a man who could not do the rest for himself. Geoffrey Pierce was not usually too sanguine, but in his mind's eye he saw each blissful step of the road he hoped to travel, as well as the goal to which it was to lead him.

So thinking or dreaming he arrived in Burton Road, to find Edmund gone, and Margaret more anxious and depressed on his account than she was willing to show or could easily hide from him.

Geoffrey Pierce had never been able to get on very far with Margaret, as two people will sometimes fail to get on for no reason that could be assigned by either. He had begun by treating her with punctilious courtesy just because he understood that she was not quite of her husband's rank in life, and owing to shyness on both sides they had never come to be on any easier footing. Geoffrey had been too much repressed all his life to find it easy to make advances, and Margaret on her part was afraid of him. Perhaps she had reason, of an unconscious, unreasoning kind; for a man who has been disappointed in the friend of his heart always finds it hard not to blame the woman that friend has married. Geoffrey quite acquitted Margaret of any shortcoming that might have been in her own power to remedy; he acknowledged her patience, her gentleness and unselfishness, and pitied her more than he could express. But he could not help thinking that

if Edmund had married a woman who was more his equal,—a woman perhaps less patient and loving and devoted, but who would have expected more of him, and even possibly have been able to compel him to live always at his highest level, the story of his life might have been very different.

He did not really sympathise on this occasion with Margaret's vague uneasiness. Having elicited that Edmund was gone to his home and had said little or nothing to his wife of his intentions or hopes in doing so, Geoffrey somewhat hastily concluded that this might mean a reconciliation, and so dismissed the matter from his thoughts.

He had plenty to do after his long absence, and had calculated on getting into harness immediately on his arrival. But after unpacking his scanty luggage, he could do no more than stroll restlessly out again, deluding himself with the idea that he must see some one on business. This business however only took him by train to the West End, and thence into Kensington Gardens.

Geoffrey Pierce no longer attempted to disguise from himself the fact that he was going, like any love-sick boy, to feast his eyes on the house where *she* lived. He had no intention of calling upon her or Mrs. Ingleby; he was not yet sufficiently accustomed to his new hopes to wish to meet her, unless by accident. But those hopes seemed to have put "a spirit in his feet" that drew him nearer to her, as it were involuntarily; they showed him the whole world in a new and transfiguring light, wherein that threshold where he had seen her once and might hope to see her again seemed a place to seek in devout pilgrimage.

The afternoon was very dark, even for London and winter. It might have been December rather than February, and a kind of smoky mist lay under those arcades of leafless branches that as yet showed no sign of the turn of the year. It was not St. Valentine's Day, and if it had been, under that grim gray sky the most sanguine bird would not have been minded to go a-wooing.

Geoffrey was just thinking, with unwonted cheeriness, that the sour looks of the weather made no difference to him, or rather made his thoughts brighter by contrast; when suddenly he stopped short, half turned upon his heel, and glanced back along the way by which he had just come, like one who remembers something or hears a voice call his name. He had heard nothing, remembered nothing; his muscles seemed to have arrested their action of their own accord, as they do sometimes when the senses telegraph to them something of which the brain has not as yet had time to take cognizance. He waited a moment, as if for some sound to be repeated, or as if to grasp the significance of something already heard; then sharply asked himself why he was standing there like a fool. But in his heart he knew why—knew that a sudden intimation had come to him, something in himself and yet apart from himself, clear and unmistakable as a voice that spoke. "Edmund wants you," it said; "and you are leaving him. After all these years, in his sorest need, you are going your own way and leaving him to shift for himself."

After that one indignant question to himself Geoffrey faced about again and went on, but more slowly. As is always the case in such circumstances the impression grew weaker as he thought about it; as though he had heard a friend's voice hailing him, and then,—looking round and seeing no one, and the call not being repeated—had naturally begun to think that

his ears had played him false. Nevertheless, so strong had been the impression that if Edmund had been at Burton Road, or anywhere in London, Geoffrey would have gone to him at once, even while abusing himself for so doing.

But Edmund was more than a hundred and fifty miles away, and presumably safe with his father and brother who were well able to look after him. And this was London and the nineteenth century, in which supernatural intimations seemed at least improbable and out of place. Somehow the muffled roar of wheels from beyond the leafless trees greatly helped Geoffrey to call himself a superstitious fool and to school himself to walk on as if nothing had happened. After all, what had happened? After having had Edmund and his affairs on his mind for years, some trick of memory had brought back the old feeling of responsibility which had so often made him needlessly unhappy, and which just now he had felt inclined to throw off for ever. That was all; and yet the whole look of the world had changed. Geoffrey walked on very soberly while the winter sky darkened all round the great city with snow that could not resolve to fall. He began to ask himself what reason he had for supposing that Edmund had gone north with any hope of being reconciled to his father. Now he came to consider it, he had none; and Margaret, who certainly ought to know more about the matter, plainly had no such expectation. But if he could make no better terms with his father, and if the grim old tyrant had, as it appeared, taken possession of Cosmo, what was to become of Edmund? It was strange that the problem always presented itself in that form to Geoffrey, while to Edmund's brother it chiefly occurred to ask himself what was to become of Margaret and the children; and yet Geoffrey knew Edmund's faults, all but one, better than Cosmo did.

He had heard nothing from Edmund of late, since one brief note in which he announced the birth and death of the little son; a note that had struck Geoffrey at the time as being wonderfully composed, but which he now began to understand otherwise and to read a breaking heart between the lines.

"There is nothing more that any man can do for Edmund," he said to himself presently, as if arguing the case with some one to whose side of the question he had been listening patiently. "I have given him, ever since I knew him, my time and thoughts, my career, all that I had to give; and what has he been the better for it? I have done for him what necessity might perhaps have driven him to do for himself; and for that I dare say he has been actually the worse. Is it not time that I took my own life for myself, and tasted a little comfort and happiness after as dreary a youth as ever fell to any man's lot? He is proud enough in his way; he would never contrast my happiness with his misery, or reproach me for having deserted him. I should be free from reproaches, unless I were fool enough to reproach myself. Some men would deceive themselves with the idea that they could still befriend him, but I will at least face facts. All that I could do for him, even in my present circumstances, would be little enough; and if I marry and leave Bohemia I must leave him behind for ever. *He that is married careth for the things of the world how he may please his wife;* and the woman does not live who would tolerate such a friend for her husband as Edmund has been to me. He will never have any money; he will never have any luck; and no one else will ever keep

even as much of a hold over him as I have kept. But I owe him nothing, God knows! It is a question rather of the long debt I owe myself; and having stood between him and ruin for all these years is no reason for continuing to do so to the end of the chapter."

Slowly as Geoffrey Pierce had been walking since he fell so deeply into thought, he had crossed the Gardens at last and traversed almost by instinct two or three streets beyond. He was in the street now where Mrs. Ingleby lived, but somehow his desire to pass her door had waned, though it was none the less a sacred locality to his thoughts. He had wished to see it before in hope, he might wish to see it many a time in a kind of despair, but not now. And yet he moved onward, spiritlessly and for lack of determination enough to turn back, till just before he reached the door a light firm step came down the street and overtook him. Before he turned he knew well who it was, and hardly knew whether to bless or curse the fate that had given him more than he desired.

"It is a long time since I saw you," said Evelyn Armitage as their hands met. "I thought you would have come to bring me news of our—friends."

"I have been away," he answered. "A relation of mine, my stepfather, was dying and sent for me to go to him. His illness lasted longer than was expected; but he died last week, and to-day I came back to town."

"You have had a sad time then lately; I am sorry."

"Yes, sad enough. And all the sadder, if you can understand what I mean, because I had not more to lose, because he and I had not been on very good terms with one another."

"I think I understand you. And you must have been anxious too about—your friends."

For the second time a shade of hesitation in her speech made Geoffrey glance keenly at her for an instant. "Yes, I have been anxious too; and I have not been favoured with many letters. Did you see Cosmo before he went home?"

"No; his father carried him away as soon as ever he was fit to travel. I was going to ask if you knew how he was."

"I have heard nothing lately. Of course he could not use his right hand for a good while. His father wrote once at his dictation, but since they got home I have heard nothing. And now Edmund is away,—gone north too—and I cannot make out that he had had any very recent accounts."

They were standing now on the pavement just before Mrs. Ingleby's house, and Miss Armitage looked before and behind her before she spoke again. "Do you know if Mr. Edmund Heron has gone to be reconciled to his father or mother, or both?"

"I don't know; I fear not." Geoffrey hardly knew how he came to speak so decidedly, since he had left home that afternoon with the idea that such a reconciliation might be probable enough. But he spoke out of a present firm conviction.

"I wish he could! It seems to me that that would be the only way out of the difficulty for—anybody. Can no one do anything to bring that queer disunited family together again?"

"I don't know," said Geoffrey again. "I have never dared to try. I have never known any of them but Edmund, and latterly Cosmo; but I fancy none of them are like other people."

"And Cosmo has gone home! Has he given up and grown tired of trying? That doesn't seem quite like him."

Geoffrey bit his lip and did not answer. It was not like Cosmo, and there must be some reason for it; but what that reason was he dared not think. Looking up he met Miss Armitage's keen kindly eyes with the wistful doglike appeal of his own, and the mutual look was longer than either knew.

Three things were suddenly clear to him, though he could have given reasons for none of the three. The first, that Miss Armitage was interested in him, as well as in the Herons,—nothing much, a mere touch, a shade of feeling, but enough for an ardent, hopeful love to have built upon. The second, that there was something more wrong in Edmund's affairs than he had ever known, that Cosmo knew it and had given his brother up, and that none of his own people would ever do anything more for him. And the third, that Geoffrey Pierce would never give him up, would not or could not, it was all the same. No new call of love could drown the old voice; nothing could reconcile him to his own safe path while the gulfing quicksand closed over his friend's head.

"Will you not come in and see Mrs. Ingleby?" Evelyn was saying; and with a start he seemed to come back out of a dream to answer her. "I think not, thank you. I—must say good-bye." He held out his hand, and when she laid hers in it he detained it in his grasp for a moment, while he seemed to be searching for words that were hard to find. "Our acquaintance has been very brief, Miss Armitage, and I think,—I have a kind of presentiment that we may not often meet again. I think you have been generous enough to forgive my bold interference; will you be kind enough also to try not to forget one who can never forget you?"

Evelyn laughed a little nervously. "Since I don't know why we should not meet again, you must forgive me if I am unsympathetic enough to wonder what good my remembrance can do you."

"You may know, if you will. There are some thoughts and feelings so hopeless and useless that they are better not put into words; but they still claim some recognition. As for meeting again,—if I am wrong, and our paths in life do not lie too far apart—so much the better for me! But good-bye now, at least; and as much as that word can convey I mean."

"I prefer to say *au revoir*," she answered, with a somewhat forced lightness, and so turned smiling away. Geoffrey watched her mount the steps, and the door close behind her, before he went on his way. He was feeling, as men often do after talking to the woman they most desire to please, that he had made a fool of himself,—longing to have the conversation over again, to take back all that he had said, or to say it otherwise.

And then he suddenly bethought himself that it was not of the slightest consequence after all; that, pleased or not pleased, he was going to let this woman pass out of his life for ever, because there was not room in it for friendship and for love. Friendship had been there long before Love knocked at the door; and no one knew if he sighed as he shut the door on Love's winsome face and turned the key in the lock.

It was late that night before Geoffrey Pierce reached home. He had walked many miles in pure aimlessness, not caring, and hardly knowing, where he went. But as he sauntered along within hearing of the roar of the Strand, the name of a street caught his eye, and he paused a moment to consider why it seemed familiar, what

association it had for him. In a moment more he remembered. At a certain number, on a certain floor in that street, Mr. Henry Walsh was to be found, when he was visible anywhere. And with that Geoffrey began to wonder whether Mr. Walsh might have anything to do with Edmund's visit to the north, and with the crisis that he could not help feeling had arrived in his friend's affairs.

He was still in that exalted mood when men come to swift decisions, when they snap the thousand and one slender threads that ordinarily hold us back from prompt speech and action. "I will see if I can find him," he said to himself. "If I can, I will take it for a sign. I am in a position now to treat with him, and to save Edmund from this danger at least. And if I regret it afterwards, I shall not be able to go back,—as Cosmo said when I urged him not to make a fool of himself."

Mr. Walsh was to be found in a curious little bare room, elaborately arranged to look as though a great deal of business was done in it. He and Geoffrey eyed each other as men do who take a great interest in each other without either mutual liking or respect.

"You sell a great many things, I believe," began Geoffrey abruptly; "stocks, and shares, and notes of hand, and so forth. Now, I want you to sell me something that many people would regard as of no value,—your character."

"It is of great value to me," said Mr. Walsh, apparently no more surprised than if he had been in the habit of receiving such a proposal every day.

"Well, of some value, no doubt, and therefore I propose to trade. I know well enough that you have some hold on my friend, Edmund Heron,—some hold, I mean, beyond the bill of sale which he has given you on his furniture. I know that whenever he has had any money you have come down upon him, and obliged him to join you in speculations that have never brought him in anything, whatever they may have done for you. Now, I am prepared to pay off the bill of sale, and to settle any other accounts that Edmund may have with you. But before doing so I want some guarantee that you will set him at liberty when I have paid his ransom."

"You may have my word, if it seems worth my while to give it you," said the other calmly.

"Possibly; but let us talk business. I must have more than your bare word before I make myself responsible for Edmund's liabilities. I must know the whole affair from beginning to end, that I may hold the same weapon over you that you hold over him."

"You had better ask Edmund Heron to give you his account of the matter."

"No; I want more than he could tell me. You need not fear my using my power unless I am compelled to do so. I fully understand that I cannot ruin you without your doing your worst against Edmund; and I am prepared to show you how keen I am to save him from exposure. Only,—I would see him exposed, or in jail, sooner than go on as things are now! You see now how we stand. Name your price for putting yourself in my power, and if possible I will pay it. If you decline, I will advise Edmund to defy you. I believe he will take my advice as things are now with him; and all you will get will be the proceeds of the sale of his furniture."

There was a pause, while Mr. Walsh eyed his visitor in deep and serious thought. There are villains in the

world who overreach themselves because they do not know an honest man when they see one; because they do not know when it would be to their advantage to trust another's word,—or rather because they are morally incapable of trust. Mr. Walsh was not of that order. He had intellect enough to realise that there were men who would do what he would not have done himself, who held themselves bound by pledges that he would have quietly disregarded. It was rather as a matter of form that he said: "And what guarantee have I that you will pay the price agreed upon when you have got the information?"

"None whatever,—but my word, if you like to take that," said Geoffrey Pierce grimly. Mr. Walsh smiled slightly, and seemed once more to muse.

At last he rose, and taking out of the recesses of a large escritoire a small bundle of papers, drew a chair to Geoffrey Pierce's side and began to give a succinct and apparently candid account of his connection and dealings with Edmund from the time of their first acquaintance. It was a long and tangled record, a monument of folly upon Edmund's part, and upon Mr. Walsh's part of folly more acute and self-seeking but hardly less foolish. Mr. Walsh was not so good a man of business as he thought himself, and there was some truth in his representation that the shady transactions in which they had been involved had been forced upon him by circumstances before he forced them upon Edmund Heron.

Far into the evening Geoffrey Pierce sat with him, reading, making notes, hearing explanations, arranging the terms of their compact. When at last the bargain was concluded, Geoffrey was some hundreds of pounds the poorer; but Mr. Walsh was to a great extent in his power, and Edmund was a free man. By way of security for future good behaviour Mr. Walsh placed in his visitor's hands, with cynical indifference, proofs of a most discreditable transaction of three years before; and Geoffrey, with a sort of wonder at himself, made the first use of his new riches. They were not great riches, and this was not the use he had thought to make of them; but he did not regret. A man, as he had said once, must pay for his fancy, and a fancy for constancy can never be indulged for nothing.

"What a night it is!" he said to himself with a shudder, as he came out at last into the street, into the howling wind and driving snow that had almost emptied the streets. "I wonder if Edmund was thinking of coming back to-night?"

With the thought of Edmund and his home he seemed to see for a moment that country of which he had so often heard the brothers speak—the wild bare uplands, white with snow and black with midnight, echoing in their hollows the fury of the winter wind. But his fancy showed him no human figure in all that bleak expanse; and with another shiver he brought back his thoughts to the Strand, which by comparison looked quite light and cheerful; and so, hailing a hansom, he drove home to Burton Road.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

II.

When we were boys we used to find that each season of the year was defined by its appropriate pursuits and duties just as clearly as if we had been farmers.

In the spring a boy's time is so occupied with bird-nesting in all its branches, such as finding the nests, climbing the trees, taking the nestlings, blowing the eggs and classifying them, that he is left little leisure for other things. In the high summer he will be occupied in pursuing—whether it be butterflies with a net, or, failing that, a cap, or the immature fledglings of the year, escaped from the nests which he has spared, and giving him reasonable hopes of a successful issue to expeditions with catapult or other missile engines. The long autumn evenings will be his opportunity for practising his taxidermy, for skinning and stuffing the birds which have lately fallen to his snares or weapons.

Surely a very special providence watches over the boy, and above all over the boy who occupies his business with bird-stuffing. In the first place, and before more subtle dangers come to be enumerated, he will of necessity have to work with a very sharp cutting tool. If one spoke of the knife, with which we skinned our birds, by that monosyllabic name we were virtuously indignant; it was a *scalpel.* Then, if a boy escaped the risk of lockjaw, or other serious results of a cut from the knife when it was clean, by how many times was his danger from incisions multiplied when that knife had become encrusted with the blood of a succession of victims, cleaned from it according to a boy's idea of cleansing? And if the operator were miraculously preserved, and survived this danger from the microbes of decomposition, there remained the yet more positive peril incurred in the handling of the poisons which must necessarily be used in curing the skins. At the first, it is true, we had to do all our curing with pepper and camphor; poisons were strictly prohibited. Once, in a pepper famine, we tried salt as an alternative. It was to a starling's skin that we applied it; that starling's skin kept moist, as the day it was stripped, all through the summer and to the following winter, when we threw it away; if any fragment of it be yet in existence we are morally certain that it is moist still. Salt is useless. Pepper, on the other hand, if it be well rubbed in, is good for a long while; but in the end its effect wears off and the moth will corrupt the skin notwithstanding. After a month or two of the practice of taxidermy with the assistance of pepper, the vigilance of the authorities began to tire, and we began with poisons in the shape of corrosive sublimate. We do not recommend it; it is so liquid that its use is attended with inconvenience. Arsenical soap is far better for a boy; it does not spill, and if a thing can be spilled, a boy with spill it.

As good luck would have it, our house was far larger than our needs; so when once we had settled on a scantily furnished room down a little

used passage, and had made it our own by garnishing it with the skins of the birds and the peculiar flavour of taxidermy and preservatives, no one cared to dispute such an excellent title. It was left in our undisturbed possession, scarcely troubled even by a housemaid. Indeed we had so far won over the housemaid whose duty it was to keep this room in the order which is duty's ideal, that far from combating our messes she even aided and abetted them by bringing us raw meat from the kitchen for the young birds, or hard-boiled eggs to chop up for those who needed more delicate diet. This room was a perpetual joy, for here we could keep all the live creatures and dead trophies banished by Authority from our bedroom, such as the skins of the bigger birds, which boyish fingers had not scraped with sufficient care in the nooks and crannies—rather gruesome objects, in the eye of any but a boy, but which, according to his verdict "will be all right in a day or two, when they have dried." These tyrannical Authority, acting on a specious plea of regard for health, forbade from remaining in a bed-chamber. The same Power, on a similar plea, fixed a limit to the number of live birds which were permitted to share the bed-chamber of boyhood. It was necessary that sundry of them should be consigned at nightfall, in company with the uncertain skins, to the less honourable room on the ground floor. Here, too, lived a family of white mice, in constant apprehensions at the spasmodic movements of a young thrush who, piping juvenilely and fed from time to time on oatmeal, inhabited a wicker cage at their side. From a packing-case, on the floor, fronted with lathes nailed so as to leave inch-wide interstices, two young jackdaws said "Jack!" all day long and most of the night; an exclamation only to be appeased by oatmeal thrust so far down the gaping throat that there seemed a danger of the finger being lost irrecoverably. Unvaried oatmeal was the food of the nursling jackdaw, which perhaps accounts for the monotony of its note; whereas the thrush's food might from time to time, on Joe's permission (Joe was the coachman's boy), be relieved by small junks of raw meat. There is a comfort, however, about the solid merit of a jackdaw which contrasts favourably with the more pretentious manners of the young thrush. The jackdaw sits and says "Jack," and does not pretend to say anything else, consumes its simple food with gratitude, and is contented with one perch through a whole summer's day. We used to put them out in a great elm tree by the gate of the stable-yard, and there they would sit all through the afternoon in perfect happiness. The young thrushes were always restless, dissatisfied, their tails draggly, jumping about as if they had hysterics, pining, getting caught by cats,—a perpetual thorn in a boy's flesh. There is nothing so analogous to the care of them, in the experience of later life, as colouring a meerschaum pipe. Moreover the rearing of a songster is a constant tax on a boy's faith. Its infantile notes give little promise, and he has to believe that this creature which constantly declines its food, which has to be tempted and cherished like a *malade imaginaire*, will reward all these cares by glorious song in the ensuing spring. But the jackdaw makes him no promises, raises no false hopes, begins on the note which will last him all his life through for expressing his gladness in living and the joy of oatmeal.

It was neither in the garden nor in the wood that we found our jackdaws. When one has left the low-lying marshy house of the moor-hen, and the lane with its crumbly wall beloved of the

blue-tits, one may proceed to climb up through the alternate shades and sunshines of the wood which was our great bird-nesting preserve. The wood-argus will flit before us across the sunlit spaces, the fritillary glance over the flashing bracken, and finally we may arrive panting and perspiring at the head of the hill-side. Here is a bank, with a wonderful tangle of bramble and honeysuckle over which the bees are humming and the little blue butterflies coming and going, like gems, from the field of lucerne beyond it. But when one climbs up the gap in the bank one looks forth over a scene which at once takes the eye from all the nearer objects. At two miles' distance twinkle the waves of the Bristol Channel, and the bay over which Mrs. Leigh looked so long for the coming of the good ship Rose. The cliffs on which the waves of that sea thundered were the jackdaws' home; they were two miles from our home, and every bush and every turn of the road in that two mile ramble was full of its own associations. At the angle of the lane which led from our house to the high road a little stream creeps out on to the great thoroughfare, moist even in the driest weather. Once, in a dry spring, peeping cautiously round the corner, we had seen a little covey of house-martins settled in the oozy mud which that tiny rivulet afforded, an oasis in the midst of surrounding dryness. They were busy collecting mud for the nests which they built beneath the eaves. We stole back, for a stone; the martins saw the quick movement of the arm, and rose as the stone came to them, but it glanced from the ground at an angle beyond the calculation of any house-martin, and, on its ricochet, caught one of the birds from beneath. It fell dead, and we rushed out in triumph to secure it, with a joy which no rocketing pheasant, cleanly killed, can bring to a grown sportsman's heart. It was so beautiful with its dark steel-blue back and snowy patch over the tail and white under parts! Then the way led on past the home of a great friend of ours who owned a single-barrelled gun, and under the shade of great elm trees, where once, for a whole summer, we had been in the habit of seeing a chaffinch with three or four white feathers in his tail, but had never been able to secure him. Thereafter the road led off to the left, and we were soon on high ground, whence we could see the sea sparkling on our right, and where we scarcely ever failed to put up a yellow-hammer whose habit was to go on along the hedge before us in a succession of short flights, perching continually on the top of some low bush, and sending to us his plaintive song on two notes. We could rely on him to furnish us sport in this fashion for a quarter of a mile of our road; then he would tire of our persecutions and turn back, low-flying, towards the place from which we had started him. Thence the way began to bend downwards. We had left all houses behind us, and went between steep gorse-clad banks with little in them that made sport for us. Occasionally we would see a wren creeping so close in the thick golden-blossomed bushes as to be almost invisible; or a yellow-hammer would perch on their tops, utter his notes once, and then away whither we did not care to follow him through the prickly thicket; or a thrush would rise from grubbing at the foot of a bush and elude us in like manner. Presently we reached the lower ground where, from a little grove of small roadside elms, a red-backed shrike would fly out and go before us, much as the yellow-hammer had done, but with longer flights and greater shyness, now and again rattling out his

anger at our intrusion. The hedges here were a very high and thick tangle of brambles and wild-growing things. Somewhere among them was the shrike's nest, doubtless, but it never happened to us to find it, though we searched often and long. After this all road and hedges ceased, and we seemed to be coming to the world's end, for there were no houses nor any sign of cultivation—only, on our left, a high rising hill-side of gorse and, on the right, the sea whose cliffs rose ever more steeply as we went on. At two fields' distance or so we would see rabbits sitting out on the short-nibbled grass which grew on the narrowing level stretch between the furzy hill-side and the cliffs; but before we came within measurable distance of them they were gone, into the gorse or to their holes in the cliff-side. But by this time we would have seen many jackdaws passing us overhead, going to or from their nests in the cliffs; the clamour of many voices, joining in the simple chorus of "Jack!", would be reaching us, and soon, peering over the edge of the cliff, we would see them coming and going like bees round a hive.

By this time, too, they would be growing aware of our approach, and the clamour would increase by way of protest, a protest which broke forth ten times more clamorous when we rolled a stone down rattling among their homes; then their cries would grow deafening. From among them a dark thing would sometimes sweep out like an arrow over the sea, as our stone went down the cliff; and at the same moment a shrill piercing cry would come from high above our heads. The dark arrow would slant upwards towards the cry, and as the light of the sun caught it we would see it to be a hen kestrel who had darted out from her cliff-home and gone aloft to remonstrate, together with her spouse, on this invasion of their domesticity.

The kestrel's nest was rather beyond our hopes. We could see it, a bigger heap of sticks than any that the jackdaws had gathered, perched on a pinnacle of cliff inaccessible equally from above or from below. The sole means of getting to it appeared to be by a rope from the top; but though we often discussed the project of lowering each other over we never put it into effect by reason of the providential absence of a suitable rope. So at the kestrels we could only look and wonder as at something beyond our best ambitions. In the meantime we found sufficient danger and delight in scrambling about the shaly cliff in search of the more accessible jackdaws' nests. One would be on a niche or platform of the cliff's face, another in the mouth of a hole which a rabbit had deserted for a more convenient dwelling. We found them in all ages and stages; youngsters almost able to fly, newly-hatched nakednesses with hardly the rudiments of tails, eggs hard set and eggs newly laid. And all the while that we were taking this census of the younger population the old ones would be sweeping around us, almost brushing us with their wings and threatening, with exclamations of "Jack!" in the most menacing key, to send us hurtling down into the waters beneath. Indeed it would have taken but a little impetus to do this, for the cliff was of slaty shillet, bound here and there by tussocks and platforms of grass or by tufts of the sea-pink. The shillet slipped from beneath our feet and gave a very insecure hold, but our nerve was perfect and the schoolboy's special providence protected us, —in which saying likely enough there is some tautology. Above, the shillet still cropped up from the yellow grass, and was the well-beloved

basking place of grayling butterflies who would rest invisible on the gray lichen-grown boulders. But we recked little of them when our hands, our pockets, our caps were full of young jackdaws crying piteously "Jack!"; to which cries the parents responded with deeper notes in the same sense, pursuing us and beating around our heads as the furies pursued and hunted Orestes. But our hard little hearts were deaf to the pathos of the mutual cries, and delightedly we bore off the youngsters who, sooth to say, soon accepted their orphanhood and their foster parents with something like Oriental philosophy. They would sit all day on the bough of the great elm tree on which we had put them, outside the doors of the stable yard, contented so long as they might intermittently say "Jack!" and have frequent globules of pasty oatmeal thrust down their gullets.

We have said that we never succeeded in taking the kestrels from these cliffs; but, for all that, we had more than one young kestrel as a pet, the gift of a connection by marriage of Joe's brother, who was "summat in the gaming way,"—a phrase which might mean a gambler or a gamekeeper, but, in its real sense, as we have reason to believe, signified a poacher. They were wild-eyed captives, these beautiful creatures, with the richest chestnut plumage melting into the most delicate pearl-ash gray. They were not always thus. When they came to us they were little balls of gray fluff, but even then with an eye that was a thing to wonder at and a beak which cleft chasms out of our small fingers. Their demeanour alternated between passionate struggles for freedom and an air of sullen indifference, but they always in either mood showed a healthy appetite for their raw meat. We have heard that the experience of others has been more fortunate; but, so far as our knowledge of them went, we had no joy of kestrels in captivity.

Of all birds which we tried in captivity ("as pets," we used to call it, for euphony,) none were so successful as members of the corvine family, jackdaws, magpies, and that small relation of the crows, the starling. None of them ever talked, though their education was the passion of our young lives. We had been told that starlings would talk only when their tongues had been cleft by a sharp sixpence; but we could never bring ourselves to the point of performing the operation, and moreover sixpences were rare. But the starling, though he did not talk with the tongues of men, was for ever chattering, invincibly cheerful though he lived in a cage. The jackdaws did not live in a cage, yet their cheerfulness was not in proportion to their wider liberty,—the liberty of the clipped wing. They, however, we were pleased to think, did talk. True they said but the one word "Jack!" but they said it very often; there could be no mistake about their mastery of it, and we longed for the time when the years, bringing the philosophic mind, should add wisdom and variety to their tones. In youth they were a monotonous rusty black, as monotonous as their language and as their manners, for, after all, the jackdaw is deficient in social talent; his virtues are sterling and respectable, but he does not charm.

Of all pets that ever we kept, the most charming, certainly, was the magpie. It was full of varying moods and humours, truly; but none of them in the least akin to melancholy, whereas the normal disposition of the jackdaws was undoubtedly sombre. At times the magpie was as gay as the starling himself; but

he did not exhibit the same unreasonable and wearisome cheerfulness. If he had been shut up in a cage which wore out his tail-feathers, he would have bitten the wicker bars to splinters. He was capable of very genuine anger, and inexhaustible in his ingenuity for mischief. His shape and movement, and the bright motley of his plumage, were a joy to the eye; he was a Cavalier to the jackdaw's Puritan. The starling was handsome enough, with the sheen of his green and purple-mottled back, but you had to come close to his cage to appreciate him. The magpie attracted you from afar, only gaining added grace on a closer view which revealed a gloss of gayer colours on what afar off had looked like black; a near view was required, too, to recognise the unspeakable spirit of mischief which abode in his wicked gray eye. For months he was to us a pure joy,—to the gardeners a joy not altogether unmixed, for he was for ever playing harlequin to their pantaloon. Like most practical jokers, he erred in going too far. One day he amused himself most excellently in uprooting a clump of geraniums just bedded out. He was quite fearless, and it did not occur to his free spirit to obliterate his three-pronged footmarks on the newly-turned earth. Clipped in the wing as he was, he was always a little too fleet for the best of human pursuers. It was a strange shambling, side-long progress, aided by short flights of a few yards at a time, when his wing had not been lately pruned; but it generally served him well enough to take him to some low-branched tree, and once there no man had a chance of catching him. It needed extraordinary ingenuity to capture him for his periodical clipping, for his cunning was greater even than his agility. Altogether he had fared far better than most of our pets, and we looked on him quite as a permanent fixture and a perpetual joy, but two days after his little joke with the geraniums he was missing. We called for him and sought him high and low, in all his favourite haunts, but we never heard again the chuckling response with which he was wont to greet us. To this day his fate remains veiled in the deepest mystery, only,—we make no specific charge against any one—but it is significant that his disappearance should have followed so closely on his exploit with the geraniums. After all it was but a little matter. What would they have said if we had had for a pet Charles Dickens's raven which ate up a grand piano and the greater part of the front staircase?

We never had a raven. We used to see ravens sometimes flying high above those cliffs in which we found the jackdaws' nests. We knew,—as boys do know things, of their inner consciousness or some other unimpeachable testimony (as a matter of fact we think Joe had said so)—that ravens actually did nest further along in those cliffs, where they rose higher and more sheer from the sea. But we never went so far afield as those great precipices, and even if we had reached their feet or summits we could no more have arrived at the ravens' nests than if they had been in another planet. The few ravens we have seen in captivity behaved themselves rather after the staid manner of the jackdaws; they had none of the engaging social qualities of the magpie.

Long after we had left boyhood behind us we met the most amusing pet of our acquaintance. He too was of the corvine tribe, but he came from Australia, was called, in fact, an Australian magpie, though he looked rather more like a saddle-backed crow. We were staying in the house of his owner when he arrived. A large plate

of meat was set for him on the terrace in front of the house; but he paid a dilettante attention to the victuals, occupying himself chiefly with a scrutiny of the house and his new surroundings, while on his side he was the cynosure of the eyes of all the family gazing at the new pet from the drawing-room windows. Other pets of the house were three very large black cats, great favourites, immensely spoiled, and very dignified and lazy. As we regarded the antipodean somewhat scornfully dallying with his dinner, we saw one of these solemn black monsters advancing at its usual dignified pace towards him. A cry arose from the assembled family, "Oh, Tigris will kill the magpie!" The head of the family desired to await developments. There was a painful suspense of breath, as we watched the shaggy black Persian advancing on the plate and the magpie with a steady, unhurried step. The magpie stood aside from the plate, and, with head well on one side, watched the on-coming robber. There was a world of meaning in the glance of that wicked gray eye, but it was all lost on the dignified composure of the Persian who, without deigning to look at the magpie, proceeded to sniff at the contents of the plate. The bird, motionless as a statue, waited till the black whiskers came inquiringly over the edge of the plate; then he made one sudden hop, lunged once, with a lightning stroke of his beak, at the beautiful glossy black muzzle, and was back again in his watchful attitude so quickly that one almost felt disposed to doubt if he had ever left it. There was no doubt in the mind of the cat. That lightning stroke of the beak had much the same effect on the Persian as if a bomb had burst somewhere in its middle. It leaped with a yell five paces backward, its legs extended, every separate hair of its long fur standing off it at full length. When it reached the ground it hesitated not for one moment; no fleeting notion of vengeance crossed its mind; with head and tail depressed, in manner as unlike as possible to its dignified approach, it retreated at a good round trot to the shrubbery whence it had come. The magpie slowly relaxed its attentive aspect, and as it addressed itself once more to the plate of viands there were those among the spectators at the window who were ready to aver most solemnly that they saw it wink. The comedy was not yet finished. Before our laughter at the discomfiture of Tigris had died away, a second Persian, Darius, emerged from the shrubbery in the same stately fashion. The bird at once resumed the statuesque pose. In the same manner as before, the cat advanced; the bird repeated its tactics with the same triumphant results; and within two minutes of its first advance the cat was retreating with undignified haste to recover its composure in the haven of the shrubbery. There was yet another act. The third cat came on the scene, approached the plate, met with a like reception; and he too rejoined his stricken companions in the laurels. It was evident that the cats had played the game in the spirit of those who go into a "Hoax Exhibition" at a charitable bazaar, the first comers revealing nothing to those who follow them of the nature of the entertainment which they will find within.

From this day forth, however, the Australian magpie was headman of all the pets on the premises, and none dared interfere with him any more. His first success encouraged him to further triumphs. He used to lie in wait, screwed up in a corner, on the stone steps by which the nursemaids, with the children, descended the terrace. As they stepped past him he would dash out, with a bark like a

dog (though we believe the native Australian dingo is voiceless) and, with a dab of his vicious beak on the unprotected ankles of the maids, so frighten them that they almost dropped the babies. This was his favourite pastime, until he had established so complete a reign of terror that this part at least of his occupation was gone. His crowning impudence, however, was exhibited when the regimental band of the neighbouring garrison came over to play at a garden-party. The soldiers, arranged in the usual circle, were discoursing popular airs under the conduct of a glorious individual who beat time very impressively in the centre. The display of martial bravery should have been sufficient to inspire reverence in any one, most of all, as might have been thought, in a colonist. The magpie, however, utterly unimpressed, crept between the legs of the *cornet-à-piston*, and, taking a position within the circle opposite to the bandmaster, began mimicking his rather pompous gestures with so ludicrously successful a caricature that the gallant tune came to an untimely end in the uncontrollable laughter of the performers. This was his last great effort. His talent for practical joking brought him into so much disfavour that, chiefly through the petticoated influence of the nursery, he was expelled as remorselessly as any other anarchist; and his genius now finds fewer opportunities in the less congenial atmosphere of the Zoological Gardens.

A FORGOTTEN VIRTUE.

When Charles Lamb dismissed the dictionary as *biblion a-biblion*, he perhaps forgot how to read it aright. For the long rows of words defiling in order by the letter under which they enlisted, have to a more curious or sympathetic eye not the mere majesty of procession alone, but an interest as individuals in society, with all their resulting incongruities and amenities. There is something strangely human in these regiments of the line; and it needs no very elastic fancy to imagine them composed of living beings, with thoughts and feelings of their own. Given the fancy, imagination runs riot. Pride of caste, heart-burnings of self-manufacture, ambition for social success—to win the *entrée* of a poem of Tennyson, for instance, in the days when he held open house,—might not these be with words even as they are with men? And a little apart from the hurrying, struggling throng, with its jostlings and its jealousies, where words are really, as Archbishop Trench called them, "living forces," may we not see some lonelier and more leisurely figures, doing homely work for a modest wage, but wearing, in the quiet dignity and self-sufficiency of their retirement, the legible memory of better days? Such a word in such a world is Piety.

Piety, holiest Piety, as one votary hails her, comes of an honourable Roman stock, so ancient that its beginning is hidden in obscurity. A genealogist, with his pedantry kindled to enthusiasm and his ingenuity touched with rashness, might find in the old Greek letter π (pi) the primitive father of its derivative *pius*, tracing from the two-legged firmness and uprightness of the parent letter the qualities which the word denotes. But leaving these curious speculations to the Heralds' Office department of philology, let us rather confine ourselves to historic times and deeds. Here Piety, nurtured on Roman soil, appears as the national virtue of the Romans. What "the Beautiful in the Good" was to the Greece of Plato, such was Piety to Virgil's Rome, and as an ideal of conduct it may still be studied.

It was a tangible enough ideal to the dissolute Augustus Cæsar, nephew of the Cæsar, eponym of emperors, though never Emperor himself, and to his vain premier, Mæcenas, eponym of patrons to this day. For in the evil times upon which Rome fell after Brutus and Cassius had assassinated the man who was too great for them, times when wild-beast shows and public butcheries were the pastimes of the populace, when disbanded armies took their Capuan ease within the city, and eastern favourites with eastern manners ruled the court, the Emperor, who was a debauchee, and his minister, who was a fop, deliberately set themselves, by precept, if not by example, to reinstate the old religion in the new Rome. They made a calculated effort to restore Piety to her oblivious votaries, to realise the forgotten ideal of the simple, upright life which they had called *pius*. Such had been the life of that earlier generation, who had handled alternately the ploughshare and the sword. By "Piety and arms,"[1] they had made Rome great,

[1] . . . Tantum ferro quantum pietate potentes Stamus.—Propertius, iv. 22.

but neither weapon could bear use in excess. So long as the use of arms did not unlearn the use of piety, which meant the "pure religion breathing household laws," and making the householder's common routine a succession of holy acts, so long Rome's greatness was secure. But when, as had happened now, Cincinnatus went out to the war, and died there, and bred a new race of soldiers far from his father's fields, then the use of piety was overborne by too much use of arms. And it is to this lapsed habit and balance of husbandry and fighting that we owe the attempt, unique in history, to restore the prestige of an abstract virtue.

Failure was a foregone conclusion. Rome had changed too much for any such act of restitution to succeed. Neither the fiat of an Emperor, nor the fashion of a patron, backed though they were by the most earnest sermon ever fashioned in poetic form, availed to arrest the course of history. Time, in its revolution, had pronounced the doom of Rome as inevitably as Roman Cato had pronounced the doom of Carthage. In the euphemism of the poet, "God had other thoughts;" but the poems remain a unique monument to a lost cause. The ÆNEID of Virgil is the epic of Piety, written, as all literary epics must be, when the epoch which it reflected had passed. Æneas, *pius Æneas*, is the concrete presentment of an abstract virtue, a disused practice; and his epithet is less an epithet than part and parcel of his name. Virgil was recommended by Mæcenas to the notice of Augustus as a possible means to the great end of renewing the youth of Rome; and with this condition his imperial employer gave him a free hand. The ÆNEID stands as his executed commission, a poem deliberately designed to bring Rome back to her former religion, incorporating to this end, with antiquarian lovingness, any old and loyal tradition which might rekindle the waning enthusiasms of a forgetful generation. In it may best be seen Piety at its best,—the piety which had made Rome great, but survived, when she was great only as a memory and a hope.

Few characters and few poems have suffered so much from misinterpretation as have Æneas and the ÆNEID. The circumstances of its origin are often neglected; for sufficient emphasis is not always laid upon the fact that the ÆNEID was a government manifesto, a state document, an authoritative ukase. It was part of the imperial scheme for the regeneration of Rome. The other reforms of Augustus were directed to the same end. One poet, whose armour of cynicism the flatteries of court and circle took long to penetrate, voluntarily calls him "Religion's founder and refunder," so true it was that he applied himself less to innovate than to renovate. With this, too, in view, Virgil introduced into his picture of pious times those references to former customs and fond superstitions, which strike us as cold, if not pedantic, but which sought to arrest them in their passage, and to quicken the fires which had once fomented them. What, then, was the nature of the pious man, and how was this Piety conceived, from whose restoration poet, patron, and emperor dated the moral salvation of the Roman world?

It was, to begin with, a wide virtue, giving laws to every relation of the patriarchal life. It expressed the obligation of man to God, of subject to state, of child to father. And it was further a reciprocal virtue, defining the relation of God to man, of state to subject, of father to child. There might be a conflict of pieties, a lesser contending with a greater, with perhaps a bias of love, or pity, or

desire, weighting the scale of the slighter duty. So the man of exact piety would have to balance and discriminate, to recognise, in fact, a rigid etiquette and right of precedence determining his action. The perfect man of Rome's ideal was heroic before he was human, grand before he was gracious. We miss in the picture designed by Virgil as a prototype of the makers of Rome, and an example to their degenerate descendants, that touch of amiable weakness which, albeit a declension from the standard of perfection, is at least a concession to the demands of flesh. Piety was a quality of sterling gold, without small change, and "pious Æneas" has, to modern eyes, the defects of his quality. He is chill, where love might have fired him; statuesque, where tenderness might have bent him; deaf, where he might have yielded to desire. This is the first point at which Piety clashes with later laws of conduct. We give our respect, but we withhold our admiration; we withhold even our consent to that conception of duty incarnate which confronts us in the Æneid. It is magnificent, but it is not life: and herein lay its failure to convince in its own day. The starlike aloofness from human passion, the devoted pursuit of a far-off ideal, these may have been the qualities of that remote and consecrated pilgrim who brought the Latin gods from Ilium to Rome, but they were as impossible and mythological to the civilised Roman of the first centuries, before and after Christ, as were those vagrant gods themselves. Æneas is a hero, and no man; but the complexities of modern life cannot be resolved by the simple standard of heroism. The epic of Piety was also its epitaph, and day by day its light faded and its meaning failed.

How false, for instance, is our appreciation of the fourth book of the Æneid, if we misinterpret the gravity of this virtue and under-estimate its scope. It has been said that here Virgil misses true greatness by failing to reconcile us to the conduct of Æneas. More discreetly seen, it is here that Virgil surpasses himself, and carries us with him beyond the limits of the drama of individual passion to a personal sympathy with a State moving across the stage, and a transcendent enthusiasm for a national idea. Rome herself moves in procession as the weighty lines of his narrative wind along. Let us consider this in more detail. The path of the perfect man, even on paper, was not always smooth. Piety was a religion, but the religion might be a yoke. Obedience and loyalty to a statuesque ideal could not proceed without some sacrifices by the way, as when Æneas, after the ghost of Hector had committed to him Troy and her gods, had to save his son, the future repository of that trust, and his aged father, before his wife. The romantic tale of suffering Dido, the loveliest widow whom any age has seen, is too well known to be repeated here; but one point is too often missed for us not to emphasise it. Romance and pathos and sentiment take the part of the deserted bride in the horror of her "waking dream" of endless journeying through an empty land, and in her desolate cry from the margin of the unkind sea which was bearing her lover away. "Go," she cried; "follow thine Italy before the wind, and seek thy kingdom through the waters. I only pray, if the perfect [pious] gods have power in aught, mayst thou drain thy punishment on some mid-ocean rock, calling again and again upon the name of Dido." And what is the answer to this appeal? Do the perfect gods exact the retribution due from broken vows and unhallowed pledges, or, if not, does the poet apologise in any way for the

triumph of unrighteousness, and the oppression of the weaker vessel? Or, to re-write this according to a view of *pietas* which has been coloured by its derivative pity, do the gentle gods exercise their prerogative of mercy, and rebuke the cruelty of the fugitive lover? This is the reply:

At pius Æneas, quamquam lenire dolentem
Solando cupit et dictis avertere curas,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore,
Iussa tamen divum exsequitur—

which may thus be Englished:

Perfect Æneas, though he sore doth long,
With consolation trembling on his tongue,
To soothe her grief and charm away her cares,
Groaning, and faint for the great love he bears,
Yet wreaks the gods' command.

Love, and pity, and desire, and all the weaker impulses are conquered, and Æneas is perfect still, and the perfect gods approve. *Impius*, Dido may hail him, but he is *pius* throughout, illustrating to the letter Tennyson's stately lines,

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Truth prevails. He is a nobler Antony, preferring Rome to Cleopatra; an earlier Lovelace, preferring duty to love; though in all ages Altheas have not been wanting who, unconsciously holding with Herbert Spencer that patriotism is a "reflex egoism," would have counted the greater sacrifice the lesser sin. This is the apology of Piety, no waterish term of pitiful soft-heartedness, but the

Stern daughter of the voice of God,
......a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;

and a sure deliverance from present doubt and temptation. A quality great as this, lying dormant in the excessive activity of the sword, Virgil, Mæcenas, and Augustus did wisely to endeavour to restore.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous Spirit—

. . . . .

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train,
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

. . . . .

More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
Who if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim.

The quotation might pause only with the limits of the poem; for the ideal character whom Wordsworth portrays, drawing partly from his sailor-brother John, partly from his sailor-hero Nelson, corresponds by a more than accidental likeness to the Roman of Virgil's ideal. There was much in common between the aims of these laureates, something between their language, something between their lives. "The Prude," as Virgil was fondly nicknamed by the less immaculate youth of Naples, and the simple recluse whom we meet in Miss Wordsworth's diary, were affected by the same reaction to pastoral scenes and rustic virtues. Wordsworth was not more anxious to recall his country from the idolatry of "rapine, avarice, expense," to "the homely beauty of the good old cause," than was Virgil to renew in Rome the traditions of her ancient faith. Piety was the patriarchal religion, concerned with the worship of gods, country and father. But the age of the patriarchs had passed, and piety sufficed no longer for the whole conduct of civil life.

The demands of empire, the obligations of culture, the various and complex responsibilities of expansion, had as inevitably weaned Rome from her older habits as Puritanism relinquished its too literal application of Biblical precepts in face of the realities of practical politics. Rome had outgrown her swaddling-clothes. Piety had been the steady light set on a hill to guide the simple, illiterate warrior-ploughmen of the early Republic. But the lights had multiplied. Conquest requires armies, and armies have to be fed, kept, and humoured. A city-state cannot become an empire without grave political dissensions, and professional politicians are partisans before they are patriots. An unlettered community does not assimilate its arts without creating the arrogance of monopoly and the jealousy of exclusion. So in the imperial Rome which Augustus received at the hands of his illustrious uncle, there was on the one side a circle of rich young patricians, with a veneer of Greek culture and a basis of Greek vice; and on the other, a race of soldiers luxuriating in idleness, with an appetite, which grew by indulgence, for the red dust of the arena. It was in vain that he endeavoured to undo the past and recall these parties to the peace of a common ideal, long outgrown and outworn. There were to be no more "happy warriors" of Rome, no more leaders like unto Æneas,

> Sans compare
> In perfect duty, and in valorous war.

So far we have chiefly considered Piety in its loftiest bearing, as the serene religion of the gods' missionary to Rome. But inasmuch as Rome's message was a message to every Roman, it was in its daily operation on the minds of ordinary men that it seemed so valuable to the imperial patriots. When every man does what is right, without question of convenience or complication of desire, the world, though it may be duller, will at any rate be better. But further, the Romans, who were essentially a nation of affairs, apt to exact what we still call a *quid pro quo*, were perhaps less reverent and business-like in their piety. The quality of perfection was binding in heaven no less than on earth, and men who rendered due service to the gods could command due recompense in return. By the recognition of this simple equation in the arithmetic of Piety, several passages in the ÆNEID are rescued from misinterpretation. In the terrible lines of the second book which precede the death of Priam an excellent instance is obtained. Troy has been taken, and the palace is thrown open to promiscuous fugitives from the slaughter without. The old king has just yielded to the representations of Hecuba, his wife,

> Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget—

and has consented to stay with her for life or death, when Polites, one of his sons, comes rushing through the corridor, flying before Pyrrhus, mortally wounded. Just as he reaches his father's sight, he stumbles, falls, and breathes his last. Then Priam turns to Pyrrhus, and exclaims: "For this outrage, that thou hast made the father look upon the death of the son,

> Di, si qua est cœlo pietas, quæ talia curet,
> Persolvant grates dignas et præmia reddant
> Debita—

may the gods, if there yet be righteousness [piety] in heaven to take count of this, return thee thanks deserved, and render the payment due." What was this *pietas* of the gods to which he appeals? Note the language which expands its operation:

return, *deserved*, *render*, *due*. The words all express the attributes of a right which has been earned; it is no suppliant's cry, but a claimant's. For the demand of Priam is no old man's prayer for pity, but the appeal from duty outraged to duty retributive. Priam is in the gods' debt, and his vindication is secure, provided only that the gods are pious indeed, have indeed the sense of justice.

And here is a fitting place whence to descry the path of Piety's degeneration. In the confusion of caste which overtook so many words at the imposition of Christianity upon Paganism, Piety was one that fared badly. The introduction of a more spiritual element, of a remoteness and an aloofness into the conception of Deity, which was so alien to Greek or Roman, disturbed the relations of God and man. Gods could no longer be regarded as human beings raised to a higher power, a little wayward, a little untractable, but quite transparent. Hebraism, which taught the inscrutability of the divine ways, and the profoundness of the divine wisdom, proportionally belittled man in his own estimation. With this view there could be no question of merit and desert, of debt and payment between God and man. The bewildered cry of conscious mortality, "Lord, what is man that Thou takest knowledge of him, the son of man that Thou makest account of him!" was a point of view precisely antithetical to that reciprocity of obligation which *Pietas* denoted. Equal justice is the last right men would now demand from God, for the divine standard has become incommensurate with the human. Therefore the expression of God's perfection to man is in deeds of mercy, of pardon, and of pity. We may still exclaim in moments of doubt, "*Di, si qua est cœlo Pietas!* God, if Thou art perfect indeed"; but by piety we mean pity. Knowing, even in our darkest distress, that our wrongs can but be a degree worse than our wrong-doing, we hesitate to challenge that omniscient justice. Our appeal is rather to His universal tenderness. And side by side with its new rendering of the relations of the human and divine, ecclesiasticism gave birth to the age of chivalry and its repaired ideal. Respect for women and pity for weakness became virtues more knightly, because more Christ-like, than the undeviating duty of the patriarchal code. The grandest Pagan was never more than a man; he lacked the touch which makes it man's chief glory to be gentle. So on twin lines arose, and widened as time went on, the distinction (which it is a too common anachronism to read into the ÆNEID) between these two forms of the same word; and pity and piety, God's boon to man and man's homage to God, though once reciprocal and synonymous, have long ago parted ways. Spirituality has gained; but Piety, its sphere contracted and itself attenuated, may well look back with sorrow to the days when its name inspired a national poem, and its significance was not misunderstood.

THE EDITOR OF "THE CUADRILLA."

"My dear Esteban, if I could only persuade you to yield. *El Presidente* will not."

It was insufferably hot outside Belem jail, in the city of Mexico, and almost hotter inside, even in the dark corner where the editor of The Cuadrilla sat, fanning himself slowly with a crumpled piece of paper while he talked to his friend Tio Juarez, a tall handsome man with Indian features and the brown velvet eyes of Spain. The editor laughed lightly and shook his head. "It is for *El Presidente* to yield, dear Tio, not for me. If he keeps me here for a year,—well, what then? I am as stubborn as he, I think." He turned his head and looked round the crowded room, packed with men of every nationality and of every rank; half-breeds arrested in a tipsy brawl, highway robbers, horse-thieves, petty swindlers, and here and there a group of *peons* drinking and dicing the long hours away. The editor of The Cuadrilla smiled as he looked, though the scene was not a pleasant one. "What was it my article said? Oh—that the President was a liar! Do you know, Tio, I am beginning to think he is a coward, too."

"He will tire you out, as surely as your name is Esteban Diaz."

"Eh, then," Esteban Diaz retorted quickly, "but I will forswear my name, my Tio. I will not tire just yet. But you will be tired of this airless room. You had better go, *amigo*; there is much sickness about, and you must think of Teresita. Coming, my friend," he went on, turning quickly to answer a whispered call from another corner of the room.

Tio Juarez looked sharply round. "Who is it, Esteban? It sounded like a woman's voice."

Esteban shook his head. "There are no women here, thank God," he said. "No, it is a boy—a *peon* in a fever, and I must go and see to him. Farewell."

"But stay, Esteban; is there nothing I can bring with me next time?"

"No; except some cigarettes,—and perhaps some fruit, if Teresita's garden can spare it."

"It can spare its best for you."

"I desire the fruit only for my *peon* yonder," Esteban said rather haughtily. "Tell Teresita so,—not ungraciously, Tio—and farewell."

As his friend went away down the long room, dispirited with his fruitless appeal, Esteban Diaz threaded his way among the groups of prisoners towards the corner where the young *peon* lay on his bright coloured cloak, a bundle of straw, covered with a blue cotton wrapper, for his pillow.

"Are you easier, now, Juan?" Esteban asked. "Is there anything that you need?"

The *peon* lifted a pair of fever-bright eyes and shook his head wearily "No, I need nothing,—but sweet air. *Santa Maria*, the sweet air!"

Esteban smiled rather grimly. "That is not for the foolish people who offend *El Presidente*," he said. "The air of the jail is the air for *their* lungs, Juan."

The lad's face flushed darkly. "*El Presidente*,—curse him!"

"And why?"

"My mother cursed him with her last breath," Juan answered hoarsely.

"Look!" He sat up and struck his lips with his clenched hand. "Do you know these, *Señor?*"

Esteban looked at the sensual yet delicate lips and shrugged his shoulders. "*El Presidente's* mouth is not to be mistaken. And so he sends his son to prison as well as his enemies. Well, at least he is impartial."

"I am his enemy because I am his son," Juan said fiercely. "*Ay de mi,* if I were out of this hole, and in *El Presidente's* garden with a knife in my hand—*Madre de Dios,* I would not waste my time in cutting oranges."

"It is just as well you are here, my friend," Esteban said quietly "Eh, you will think so soon,—not now when you are angry; but by and by you will see that nothing greatly matters."

"So?"

"No," Esteban smiled a little; "except to have walked as straight as lay in one's strength."

"*Ay de mi!* my way has been crooked," the boy said with a sparkle in his eyes that did not look like repentance. "I have beaten the dogs of Indians over the cards, and I have robbed that fat Jew Israel Morra, and,—and many more sins I remember; but I have never made any woman cry cold tears for me in my life. Never, *Señor.*"

"Ah! the hot tears do not count; it is the cold tears that weigh heavy on a man," Esteban said gravely. "And for the rest—"

"For the rest, I have been a great sinner," Juan said, with a half laugh; "but I do not feel afraid. Fray Bartolomé told me I was lost; but Fray Agostino said I was not so far astray as,—as Dolores, my mother. But where Dolores my mother is, I would rather be, than with the saints. What should a *peon* do in their company, *Señor?* The priests do not understand that what one knows one likes best. *Ay de mi,* that is so with us poor devils of *peons!*"

"Perhaps the priests are all wrong, and the *peons* all right," Esteban said thoughtfully. "If one put a blind man in a garden and bade him keep to the middle of the path, straying neither right nor left, that one were a fool. And since the *peons* are put in a crooked path, how can any man expect them to walk straight? Do you know, Juan, the priests have a good deal to learn yet?"

"These are new words," Juan said, moving restlessly on his bed. "Where did you learn them, *Señor?*"

"From the Vert Louis."

"A priest?"

"No; a river in the north. Very cold, and very deep, and very green it is, and very swift, and there are tall cliffs on each side, and the fish in its pools are stone-blind."

"*Virge!* and you were bred beside it, *Señor?*"

"Yes; I and three others; Tio, Teresita, Manuela and I." Esteban was looking into the sunlight, with eyes that saw only the green water of the Vert Louis, and ears that heard only the swing of the wind in the pines of the *cañon,* and the song of the men on the timber-rafts coming down from Aray. "And now, Tio and Teresita are man and wife, and Manuela is—*ay de mi,* only God and Vert Louis know where, and I am here in Belem jail."

"She was drowned, your Manuela?"

"Not *my* Manuela!" Esteban corrected him sharply. "She was drowned at fourteen, the poor pretty child!"

"The *peons* have a song of another Manuela, that they sing about the streets," Juan interrupted. "'La Manuela' they call it; do you know it, *Señor?*"

Esteban nodded. "I know it; I used to sing it once to tease the other Manuela."

"Sing something," Juan said wearily. "My ears are full of ugly noises. Sing, *Señor*, what you will—one of the songs of Belem, if you choose."

"They also are full of ugly noises," Esteban said, moistening one end of Juan's cloak in the jar which stood near, half full of ice-cold water, and laying it over the boy's hot forehead. "I will sing you something Manuela used to sing to us when we sat round the fire in the long cold winter evenings; it is the song of the Old Red Rock." He waited a moment to recall the almost forgotten melody, and then began to sing, very softly:

"From the Old Red Rock we came,
Our feet as a child's were light;
Our hearts held God as a flame;
Now in our hearts there is night.
Our borders stand fast and strong,
Our foes crouch low and are dumb;
But the old old way of the song,
To our chill lips will not come.
From the Old Red Rock we came,
We came, and our feet were light;
Our feet are weary and lame,
And heavy as lead to-night.
Our priests have forgot the way,
The path that was once so plain.
Kind Death, lead us back some day
To the Old Red Rock again!"

Esteban's voice died away into a whisper, for Juan's eyelids were weighed down with sleep, and his restless hands were still.

"*Señor!*" whispered a voice beside him. Esteban looked round and saw an Indian woman crouched at his side, her bright black beads of eyes fixed on his face. "*Señor*, you sang just now a song I had never dreamed to hear again; a song of my own people."

"Are you of Aztec blood then, good mother?" Esteban asked, also in a whisper, and with no particular interest in the answer.

The woman nodded slowly and impressively. "Ay, am I, *Señor*, old and ugly and poor as I be, I am of the blood of the kings of Mexico. *Señor*," she spoke in a yet lower whisper, "I have stood on the Hunters' Hill, and seen that stirring which was underneath its grass and flowers; and I have walked among the cypresses and seen Montezuma the last king walking there with the woman who betrayed Cuzco,—Marina, ten thousand curses on her pale blood, say I! *Señor*, because you have sung my own song, shall I do you a kindness?"

"Can you, good mother?" Esteban said, rather bitterly.

The Indian smiled. "I can give you what dreams you will, or *I* will," she said, scornfully. "*Señor*, it is the fashion of our blood to repay gift for gift. I will give you to see and speak with the woman you love best.

"Teresa!" Esteban stopped short his face flaming.

"I do not deal in names," the Indian said coolly. "There, there—go to sleep, foolish one!" She put her cold brown fingers on Esteban's eyes, and closed them gently. They were so cold that the light touch sent a shiver through him, and he opened his eyes with a start to find himself standing on a rock in the middle of a swift river, with a great wind sweeping up the *cañon* into his face, and bringing sounds of distant music with it. "Vert Louis!" he said, as he knelt down and plunged his arm elbow-deep in the cold green water. "Manuela, are you glad to see me back again?" He had not expected to see her, though he had addressed her, but somehow he was not in the least surprised to find her standing beside him, in her old dress, something dark blue and thin that was not too long to hide the slender ankles and pretty bare feet.

"I thought you were dead," he said, speaking without the faintest trace of surprise, as dreamers do. "I thought you—"

"Wrong, you see," Manuela broke

in, with her soft laugh. "Feel my hand; is it warm, Esteban?"

Esteban took it in his, and let it drop again quickly. "Very warm," he said; "but—but it does not feel like flesh and blood, Manuela."

Manuela laughed again. "Suppose I am not flesh and blood, Esteban," she said lightly. "I have gained more than I have lost. See here, Teresita is always with me."

"But Teresita is alive."

"So she is; but the Teresita I have for my companion is the Teresita of ten years old. I have you, too, Esteban. No use straining your eyes; you cannot see yourself or Teresita either. You could not see even me, unless—unless I pleased. How you have altered, Esteban!"

"Yes?"

"Poor boy!" Manuela laughed once more. "Poor foolish boy! Are you tired, Esteban?"

"Tired to death, Manuela."

"Poor foolish boy," Manuela said again. "The dead are not tired at all. Then you would have known me again,—anywhere?"

"Anywhere; you are just the same Manuela."

"That is good," she said with a satisfied sigh. "I was afraid I might have changed to you. Are you thirsty as well as tired, poor Esteban?" She stooped down, and making a cup of her hollowed palm, filled it with the cold sparkling water and held it to Esteban's lips. "Is it good?" she said, smiling, as he drank thirstily. "Is it sweet?"

"It is the sweetest water in the world," Esteban said with a long sigh of content.

"Well," Manuela went on, "and so Teresita is unhappy, and you love her, and Tio has left off loving her, and it is all a weary puzzle. I am very sorry for you three poor children."

"Yes, Teresita is unhappy," Esteban said slowly; "and I thought I loved her, but,—I am not so sure now."

"No; that is the worst of you who are alive," Manuela said compassionately; "you are never sure of anything in the world,—from beginning to end. And Tio and Teresita must keep on trying to straighten out their puzzle, and never will succeed; but you have the threads in your hand now, Esteban, and the puzzle is simpler than you think."

"Do you mean——? Manuela, I am so tired of my life."

"You poor foolish children," Manuela said, with the smile that was so curious a contrast in its stillness and security to the slender girlish figure and sweet girlish face, whose lines were just as delicate and indefinite as they were when the Vert Louis sealed them with death years before. "You poor foolish children, I am so sorry for you; and yet your troubles are very laughable. You know, after all, there is nothing in your world that greatly matters,—except to have walked as straight as lay in one's strength."

With the sound of his own words ringing in his ears Esteban woke, and found the Indian woman crouched beside him, watching him with her bright black eyes. "Did I keep my word?" she said. "Did you dream of your heart's dearest, *Señor*?"

Esteban nodded. "Well, Juan," he said, as the boy stirred restlessly, and sighed; "did you sleep as sweetly as I? Why—" He bent down hastily; there was something in the *peon's* face that struck him with a sudden fear. "Juan, poor fellow, what is it?"

"Do not trouble him," said the Indian woman unconcernedly. "He is nearly dead, *Señor*. Go to sleep, my son, and dream well." She bent forward and signed the cross on his

breast and forehead; and even as she did so, Juan the *peon* died.

"So the fever is in the prison," Esteban heard the Indian woman saying to a countryman of hers, a determined and desperate horse-thief. "It comes in alone, but it will go out with a great company, brother."

"If it gives me a free pass to the happy hunting-grounds I do not care," the man retorted. The woman only laughed, and went noiselessly back to her seat beside Esteban.

"Mother," he said feebly, "the fever is here, you say. It has stricken Juan,—and me. How many more?"

"There are only two sick. But you are not one of them, *Señor*," the woman cried sharply. "No, no, not you."

"Feel my hands," Esteban answered. The woman did so, and hid her wrinkled brown face, moved for the moment out of her wonted Indian stoicism. "Listen, if my friend or his wife should come, tell them I—I am dead and buried."

"They are here," the woman said composedly. "They shall not see you, trust me, *Señor*; the pretty one shall run no risks. Cover up your face only, with this." It was poor Juan's cloak. Esteban drew it over his face silently, and lay listening to the monotonous tones of the Indian's voice, broken in upon by ejaculations of grief and surprise from Tio, and the quiet sobbing of a woman. Presently he heard Teresita's little light feet go reluctantly towards the doorway, and the echo of her sobs grew fainter; but even then he kept the cloak swathed round his head, lest she should hear his panting breath, and understand, and come back to him even then. He heard their voices still from the doorway; would they never go, he wondered? Would Tio's voice never have done booming in his ears, and Teresita's—was it Teresita's voice, after all, or was it the sound of a bell,—the *angelus* ringing down from the chapel of St. Paul; and were these the waters of the Vert Louis sweeping him away with them, deafening him and blinding and stifling him with their noise and foam?

"Manuela," he gasped; and then some one tore the covering from his face, and called on those that stood round him to keep back and give him air. But the Indian woman was too late; not all the winds of Vert Louis could have put breath in Esteban Diaz's lips again.

A SOLDIER'S JOURNAL.

NEVER did man keep a diary more sedulously than the gallant Major Knox of King George the Second's Forty-Third Regiment of Infantry. The two bulky volumes which, with the assistance of those numerous friends whose names, as they deserve to be, are immortalised upon the fly-leaves, he has left for our exceeding pleasure and profit, are not in a physical sense light reading. They are not volumes which you can enjoy lolling at ease, as you would wish to enjoy the confidences of so cheery a gossip. The Major has to be taken seriously upon a table of no mean calibre whose legs are above suspicion; but he is well worth the effort. His pages are stained and yellow, at any rate the ones in our possession are, with the wear of nearly a century and a half, for it was immediately after the close of the Seven Years' War that they came fresh from the press.

They open with the month of June, 1757, when Pitt's mind is beginning to turn definitely towards America as the battle-ground whereon the great struggle between France and England must be ultimately decided, and British sea-ports are all astir with mustering troops. They close at the same period of 1760, when the last blow had been struck at the French power in Canada and the colony was finally handed over to Great Britain. Their author, in fact, tells us of those three glorious years during which Pitt lifted England from gloom and despondency to the first place among the nations of the world.

Knox does not profess to write history. He was merely a humble actor in the stirring scenes which made it, who wrote down with unflagging diligence the details of his daily life and surroundings, and wrote them with much intelligence and some little humour. Every historian of the period has in fact been glad enough to consult Knox for facts, and even for figures, so accurate and painstaking was this Major of Infantry; but Knox tells us innumerable things which are beneath the dignity of history, no doubt, but are none the less interesting, and to some of us, perhaps, even more so.

The Major's journal opens in Galway, where he has been for some time quartered. He is now under orders for Cork, where seven or eight British regiments are awaiting the arrival of a fleet of transports and line-of-battle ships that are to take them to America. Five or six thousand men have been thus suddenly thrown into the capital of south-western Ireland. Knox, who is an Irishman himself, if not actually a native of the district, cannot withhold his admiration of the cordiality, kindness, and hospitality with which the citizens treated the troops. He compares it to the dishonesty, greed, and imposition soldiers were accustomed to meet with in other cities of the kingdom, and is hugely pleased with and proud of his compatriots.

What a business it was to get an army across the seas in those days is brought forcibly home to the reader of these pages. One is apt to forget what a vast fleet of ships, even so late as Wolfe's day, was required for the transport and protection of what

would now be but the fraction of a single army-corps. Four or five troopships would nowadays carry to the ends of the earth the five thousand men who sailed from Cork in the summer of 1757; but on that occasion no less than sixty transports and twenty line-of-battle ships sailed out of Queenstown harbour.

The transport of those days averaged about two hundred and fifty tons burthen, and the privateering instincts of the rough sea-dogs who often commanded them is amusingly illustrated by Knox's own experience. The fleet had sailed under sealed orders, only knowing that America was its destination. A fierce gale scattered the ships almost as soon as they had cleared the Irish coasts, and when the wind fell Knox and the hundred soldiers he had with him found themselves alone upon the waste of waters without a sail in sight. The seals were then broken, and the skipper learned that, in case of emergencies such as the present one, he was to make the best of his way to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The course he proceeded to steer, however, aroused the suspicions of the keen-eyed Major to such an extent that, landsman though he was, he proceeded to remonstrate. The skipper, with much superfluous heat of language, declared that he knew well what he was about, and so indeed he did. Knox's suspicions, still further quickened by finding his nautical friend's cabin stuffed full of cutlasses and muskets, proved correct; and indeed the latter frankly acknowledged that he was sailing north to get upon the track of prizes. It appeared that he carried unknown to his present commanders, letters of marque, and thought the opportunity which provided him with a fighting force of nearly a hundred soldiers too good a one to be lost. Knox seems to have been powerless in the matter, and nothing loth perhaps, resigned himself to the situation. Several sails were sighted; twice the decks were cleared for action; but to the disgust of all, Knox included, the supposed enemy on each occasion turned out to be a friend.

It seems to have been a custom in those days for the troops to wear their uniforms inside out on board ship for the sake of economy; and the linings of the Forty-Third being white gave rise to a rather amusing incident at the expense of a heavily armed Massachusetts privateer. The latter, supposing the troops to be Frenchmen, bore boldly down upon the transport in hot haste for a fight; when the mistake was discovered, the two ships fraternised together so cordially that their spars and ropes became entangled and the American for a few minutes was in great peril. The Yankee skipper, says Knox, instead of taking prompt action, fell down on his knees upon the deck, and proceeded to pray in a loud and dolorous voice. The rugged, foul-mouthed old British tar, however, jumped into the rigging of his own ship, and, trumpet in hand, did the shouting and swearing for both crews so efficiently that the danger was soon overcome.

One other incident of the voyage the Major recounts with great gusto. Divine service seems to have been held punctually every Sunday morning upon deck. One of the ship's officers, a most devout individual, was in the habit of officiating, but had at the same time to keep an eye on the hands that were actually engaged in the navigation of the vessel. Some error on their part would from time to time distract him from his pious exercise, and call forth a torrent of the vigorous language in which the British tar of old time was wont to issue his orders; but the explosion over, this versatile seaman would meekly return

to his prayer-book as if nothing had happened. When such an outburst, Knox quaintly remarks, was followed by the familiar response of the Litany, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," the effect was grotesque; the sailors indeed seemed to take these unseemly interruptions as a matter of course, but Knox and his soldiers "were greatly moved to smile."

The Major seems upon the whole to have been pleased at reaching the Acadian coast in eight weeks, and there they found the rest of the flotilla gathering in Halifax harbour. This, it should be said, was the expedition which Pitt had planned for the capture of Louisbourg on Cape Breton island, "the Dunkirk of America." But the attempt after all was not made this year. Pitt had not yet shaken himself free of the Incapables who were in charge of the British forces, and the capture of Louisbourg was reserved to crown with their first laurels Amherst and Wolfe in the succeeding year.

Great, however, was the disgust of the soldiers and sailors who thronged the half-built streets of the infant settlement of Halifax, when they heard that the enterprise was to be abandoned. Instinct told them there was bungling somewhere, and a sense of failure and disgrace disturbed the whole community. The clerk of the parish church of Halifax, says Knox, took the matter into his own hands, and on the following Sunday gave out several significant verses of the forty-fourth psalm (metrical version) and led the singing of them himself with great vigour.

O Lord, our fathers oft have told
  In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
  And elder times than theirs.

But thou hast cast us off, and now
  Most shamefully we yield,
For thou no more vouchsafes to lead
  Our armies in the field.

Since when to every upstart foe
  We turn our backs in fight,
And with our spoil their malice feast
  Who bears us ancient spite.

This picture of the Halifax clerk, lustily joined no doubt by his congregation and the troops, singing at the General and his staff, who could neither remonstrate nor retire with dignity, is delightful. Few of our village Trojans, great as they were, ever had such an opening for their traditional quaintness and audacity as this.

The removal of the Acadians, best remembered by Longfellow's EVANGELINE (fanciful in fact, whatever its poetical quality may be), had only recently taken place. The Nova Scotian forests were full of outlawed refugees and hostile Indians. The French Acadian settlements, as Knox saw them, were fast relapsing into the wilderness from which they had been reclaimed, all save their orchards, whose ungarnered fruit was highly relished by the British troops, sickening in their backwoods forts on a diet of salt pork. For the Forty-Third plunged almost at once into the wilderness, charged with the task of watching the French who, from beyond the Bay of Fundy, never ceased from troubling that part of Acadia which, though for fifty years a British province, had always remained French in population. A chain of isolated forts broke at long intervals that vast solitude of forests which was washed on one side by the Bay of Fundy, and on the other by the surf of the Atlantic. Here, for nearly two years, the regiment in scattered detachments dragged out a weary exile. It was a unique and an unpleasant experience to both officers and men; for the Nova Scotian forests then were very different from the friendly and comparatively accessible solitudes of later times. Sport, the only resource of

the wilderness, was in Knox's day out of the question, for the scalp-hunter, both red and white, roamed the woods with a zeal stimulated not only by race-hatred, but by the greed of gain in the shape of large rewards. Many soldiers fell victims to their own rashness at the hands of these ruffians, and indeed bloody incidents of such a kind were about the only ones that broke the awful monotony of the life. Knox, however, plods along with his journal day after day, week after week, and he certainly gives us a vivid picture of the backwoods of America as they were in the days of the old wars. A backwoods' clearing, to be sure, is pretty much the same now as it was then in physical features. Instead of the hairy-faced, horny-handed agriculturist in his homespun suit, who is now the sole figure in the foreground, Knox fills it in for us with the long-skirted red coats, the three-cornered hats, and white leggings of King George's infantry. The surrounding forests in these days suggest nothing more formidable than a black squirrel, or a spruce-partridge, or possibly some over venturesome deer; but in those men moved beneath that endless canopy of rustling leaves or snow-laden branches with a consciousness that they carried their lives in their hands; that at any moment, swift, sure, and silent as the spring of the panther or the dart of the hawk, the pitiless savage might be upon them.

Reduced to rations of salt pork and beans with a scanty supply even of flour, without books, or any amusements but a little skating, and with no occupation but woodcutting in the forests under strong escorts, one can imagine the dreariness of those two long winters, to say nothing of the summers which were a ceaseless torture from mosquitoes. It would be odd, however, if British officers, particularly when more than half of them were of Irish birth, did not contrive to put a cheery face on things. So in spite of the grim surroundings, noble efforts at festivity were made from time to time; on St. Patrick's Day, for instance, the Irish officers entertained their Scotch and English comrades at a grand supper. Knox gives the bill of fare, and as this was the result of an extraordinary demand on every possible source of supply, its simplicity is significant of what the officers' mess must have been on ordinary days.

The welcome release came at last, in the early spring of 1759. Louisbourg had fallen in the previous year, and the Forty-Third was ordered there to join Wolfe's memorable expedition against Quebec. The regiment had been cruelly baulked in the business for which they been sent from England. Indeed, it was long after the bells had done pealing in London over that auspicious event that Knox and his friends, though comparatively close to the scene of it, heard the news of the victory. A Yankee sloop came drifting one day past their solitary port upon the Bay of Fundy, and the whole garrison crowded down to the shore eager for news. When they shouted to the skipper for tidings from Louisbourg, "our poor, simply honest New England man," as the Major (who had evidently not as yet much experience of those innocents) calls him, thought he was being jeered at, such ancient history had the affair by now become, and refused to answer. "D—n you, pumpkin, can't you speak?" shouted out an excited sergeant. Then, when the Yankee realised the situation and told the troops that Louisbourg had fallen weeks ago, every hat was flung into the air, says Knox, and the entire garrison shouted for joy.

When the Forty-Third reached

Louisbourg after their long banishment they found a busy and animated scene. Regiments were gathering there from all quarters. The shattered masonry of the French walls and bastions bore evidence to the terrific hammering of the English guns in the preceding summer. Wolfe was already there, and amid the scenes of his late triumph was busily preparing for another and a greater one. Knox, eager and delighted to be once more amid the bustle of life, found Wolfe inspecting the regiments one by one in the new exercises. The commanding officers of corps that had been rusticating in the backwoods of Nova Scotia and New York looked with dismay on these elaborate movements, and dreading the moment when their turn should come anticipated Wolfe's criticism by privately requesting his indulgence for shortcomings which would be no fault of theirs. "New exercise?" said the most rigid disciplinarian in the British army. "New, fiddlestick! As long as your men are well disciplined and will fight, that's all I shall require of them."

It was with the end, however, rather than the beginning of Knox's journal that we proposed to deal in this paper, or at least to use as a pretext for some few notes on an episode in British history that is very generally forgotten. The capture of Quebec and the death of Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham make such a glorious landmark in our annals, that it has practically obscured the twelve months of by no means bloodless warfare that followed it. People are apt to forget that, though Wolfe's victory decided the fate of Canada, and indeed of America, for all time, it was not the end of the struggle. The final siege of Quebec, when the English were the defenders and the French with numbers infinitely superior were the assailants, was an exploit in no way unworthy of the fierce and picturesque war of which it formed the closing scene. We must pass over, therefore, the old pages which tell of Knox's daily doings, as he lay with Wolfe before Quebec through the stirring summer of 1759, and follow him on to the Plains of Abraham, fighting with his own regiment in the centre of the front line in that decisive struggle. He is writing now in the later days of autumn, and a great quiet has fallen upon the scene of the recent victory. The French armies in Canada have not only suffered defeat but humiliation. They had been beaten before; but on the Plains of Abraham they had lost for a brief space their very wits, many of them indeed, to all seeming, the courage and devotion which had never before in any circumstances failed them.

The British fleet, carrying with it the dead body of their victorious general, had left Quebec in October. The city was little more than a mass of ruins; roofless buildings and crumbling walls everywhere told the tale of Wolfe's terrible artillery. The warning voice of the northern winter was already heard moaning in the almost naked forests, and whistling through the battered streets. The waves of the St. Lawrence were tumbling in farewell frolic upon the Isle of Orleans; the chill breath of November was already crisping the shallow backwaters and woodland brooks; flurries of snow were whirling fitfully from gray skies; and within the ruined city over six thousand soldiers, and as many citizens, had to find shelter somewhere, and to face not only the winter, but a siege as well. For neither by land nor sea could relief now reach the British garrison. The enemy, smarting under a keen sense of disgrace, and burning to retrieve it, were gathering under the brave and skilful Levis at Jacques Cartier, some eighteen miles

only up the river. The militia, it is true, were scattered, and demoralised, but a formidable fraction of them still remained under arms and more would join. "Who the deuce was thinking of Quebec?" says Horace Walpole, when a few weeks later critical news arrived in London; "It is like the page of a book one has turned over and done with." Walpole's remark might be that of most of us to-day, as we turn over the pages of history and come upon the last chapter of Anglo-Canadian warfare.

The position of the garrison in November was one of hardship and discomfort, but not in a military sense of more than normal anxiety. By the end of the winter, however, disease and death had materially altered its situation. Knox had considered himself fortunate in finding a stable to live in, and still more so in his removal to the command of the general hospital a mile out of the town. Here large numbers of French and English wounded were being devotedly nursed by the Sisters, for whose behaviour the English Major expresses unbounded admiration. He spends quite a pleasant time in the society of French officers, directors, and ladies of the religious orders, who keep up their spirits in a wonderful fashion till the war is mentioned, and then "mirth changes to sighs and piteous exclamations of *oh mon Dieu!*" Knox could understand French, so, when his Gallic friends discovered this, they would exchange confidences in Latin, till the humorous Major threw consternation among them one day in the shape of a long and apt quotation from Virgil. He finally and entirely won their hearts by producing some most excellent port. The Mother Superior was so taken by her foreign commandant that she asked him to an English breakfast, where the Major, solemnly seated at a small table by himself in the middle of a large bare room, ate thick bread and butter and drank tea, while the pious ladies waited on him.

Within Quebec strict order was kept by Murray who was in command. Shelter of some sort was gradually provided both for garrison and citizens. The latter began to recover their spirits and were wonderfully civil towards their conquerors, reserving their anathemas for the Marquis de Vaudreuil. Murray published a manifesto to the Canadians urging them to keep their oath of fealty to King George, and promising them equal treatment with British citizens. All insults to Canadians were at the same time promptly punished, and among other things officers were ordered to take off their hats to religious processions. On the other hand, strict law was enforced in the city; and its impartiality was forcibly illustrated by the hanging upon the same day of an Englishman for robbing a Frenchman and of a Frenchman for inciting British soldiers to desert. With December the fierce Canadian winter set in with full severity. The garrison, ill provided with suitable clothing, suffered greatly from exposure and frost-bite; food was short, and with neither fresh meat nor vegetables beyond what were required for the sick and wounded, scurvy and dysentery soon began to make inroads on the small British garrison. There was a great deal of liquor, too, in the town which, though useful in one sense, in another added greatly to Murray's difficulties. The making of snow-shoes and the training of soldiers to use them were a conspicuous part of the daily routine; but the most important and difficult work of all was the cutting and hauling of firewood from the neighbouring forests. The latter was still full of Indian and Canadian scalp-hunters. No wood-cutting or foraging party could venture

two miles from the walls except in force and strongly armed. There were no horses left, and long trains of soldiers harnessed to loaded sleighs could be seen continually crossing and recrossing the Plains of Abraham. Levis, with a force that rumour placed as high as fourteen thousand, was constantly skirmishing with Murray's troops in the neighbourhood of the city; on one occasion he attacked Point Levis with a thousand men, but was repulsed by a body of British troops and New England rangers that were despatched over the frozen waters of the St. Lawrence. He had made up his mind to defy the winter and attempt to carry the city by storm; he could send against it at least ten thousand men, while the garrison had shrunk by sickness to five thousand and was yet to shrink still more. But Levis's troops were enduring even greater hardships than Murray's and were still worse off for provisions; as a matter of fact they were on half-rations the whole winter, and that they kept the field at all does their courage and patriotism the greatest credit.

The only vulnerable side of Quebec was on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe had attacked it. Its defences here were very weak, and the frozen ground had prevented Murray from using either pick or spade in their improvement. Levis indeed had declared he would eat his Christmas dinner in the city; but Christmas had come and gone and all January, and he had not yet ventured to attack even those indifferent fortifications, while Wolfe's veterans lay behind them. He now, however, caused walls of snow to be built and scaling-ladders made with which he practised his men; an experiment which proved somewhat costly in broken limbs. The regulars were eager for a general attack; but Levis, mistrusting his militia, postponed the attempt till the opening of spring, contenting himself with hemming the British into the immediate neighbourhood of the city and harassing them throughout the winter. "Wonderful reports," says Knox, "were industriously circulated by the French leaders to keep up the spirits of their army; and of that part of Canada above Quebec which was still in French hands. The Grand Monarque had sunk or burned the greatest fleet England had ever sent out. He had conquered Ireland, and put all troops and natives found in arms to the sword. The next mail would certainly bring news of peace, and the restoration of Canada to France",—and much more to the same effect. The credulity and vanity of the French Canadian were boundless, shaken though they had been by Wolfe's smashing blow. The light-hearted French commander sent a message to Murray offering to bet five hundred louis that a French fleet would be up the river in the spring before an English one. "I have no wish," replied Murray, "to win your money, for I have not the slightest doubt but that I shall have the pleasure of embarking your Excellency, and the remains of your half-starved army, in British bottoms before the end of the season."

Sickness still continued to play fearful havoc, and Murray's effective numbers sank so low that his position became perilous, especially if a French fleet should make its appearance on the first opening of the river. Early in April the winter began to break, the air to soften, and the burial of hundreds of soldiers, who had died during the siege, and whose bodies had been temporarily laid in the snow, became a necessary operation, though a difficult one, for the ground was still hard frozen beneath the surface. On the 19th some of the garrison saw what

they thought to be the corpse of a man floating down the river on an ice-floe. A boat was launched, and the body proved to be that of a French gunner, whose pulse, however, was still beating. On being brought into Quebec the rescued man was soon able to explain how he had been upset in a boat up the river, and had managed to scramble on to the drifting ice, where he had lain for some hours unconscious from cold and exposure; but what was more important he gave Murray particulars of Levis's strength and of his plans. The former with some exaggeration he quoted at twelve thousand; in the latter he was correct, and they were to the effect that the French army was in full march on the city. Murray now prepared for action. Out of his original force of six thousand five hundred only three thousand were available for the field, and some of these volunteered from the hospitals; the rest were either dead or sick. Every man rose to the occasion; invalids, who could barely crawl about, begged for arms, and even women and children worked hard at filling the sandbags. On the 28th the French army appeared in sight of Murray's outposts beyond the Plains of Abraham, and on the same day the English general marched out to meet them with his small but yet confident army. The Forty-Eighth, the Fifteenth, and the second battalion of the Sixtieth were upon the right under Colonel Barton, while with Frazer on the left went his own Highlanders (the Seventy-Eighth), the Twenty-Eighth, and the Forty-Seventh. In the centre of the front line was our friend the Major with the Forty-Third, and by their side marched the Fifty-Eighth. Behind came the Thirty-Fifth and the third battalion of the Sixtieth; while on either flank were Dalling's Light Infantry, the New England Rangers, and some volunteers.

"Thus," says Knox, "did our little army advance, weak in point of numbers with that of the French, but powerful in every other respect, and having an enemy to encounter, who by frequent experience and repeated trials were unaccustomed to stand long before us." Twenty cannon were dragged by five hundred men, and as the wet dawn cleared into the damp chill of an April morning, the British troops found themselves in front of the enemy. If these indomitable soldiers had needed inspiration, they should have found it where they stood; they were treading upon the very ground from which they had driven this same foe in headlong rout but seven months earlier. And indeed they needed all their courage; for Levis had in all with him over nine thousand men, and he brought nearly seven thousand into action. The French were thirsting for revenge, and a great victory might yet save Canada. Murray was young and courageous, but not too prudent; the glory of Wolfe had dazzled him, and the scene upon which he found himself stirred him to a rash emulation. He had an admirable position; his left rested on the precipice up which Wolfe had climbed, his right touched the thickets which lined the slope down to the St. Charles; but he was not content to remain in it. The French, not yet formed, were still filing in columns out of the woods of Sillery. The English guns opened on them, and occasioning some confusion Murray took it for a retreat, and, ordering a general advance, abandoned a position whose strength could alone have offered him any chance of success against such overwhelming odds. The ground over which his veterans pushed forward, with many misgivings of a tactical nature but without a moment's hesitation, was naturally uneven, and at this time heavy with melting snow and standing water. Long stretches

of dreary dripping woods faced them, and thickets began to flank them as they advanced towards the enemy. The guns stuck in the slush, and the right wing soon found themselves floundering in a swamp, while the French in front of them had occupied a strong position known as the Mill of Dumont. Here some buildings were held by the French Grenadiers, and against these the British Light Infantry threw themselves with magnificent impetuosity. After a fierce struggle the French gave way, and the English dashing out in pursuit, were carried by their ardour into the very jaws of a fresh force which instantly charged them with courage and spirit. The broken ranks of the Light Infantry were hurled back upon the English lines with so severe a loss that they were thenceforward practically out of the fight. In the meantime the rest of the British right pushed on to the Mill of Dumont, and another desperate struggle for the possession of the buildings took place in which the French were the victors. Yet it was only for a brief time. The Forty-Eighth, the Fifteenth, and the Royal Americans, making a grand effort against overwhelming odds, once more carried the position. Ammunition however failing, owing to the waggons sticking fast in the swampy ground, the whole right wing had at last to fall back, though when the order was given the pride of Wolfe's veterans burst out in bitter curses; "D—— it, what is falling back but retreating!" they called out, as amid a hot fire from the woods in front and flank they sullenly executed a manœuvre that was new to them.

The left wing had fared no better. Pushed rashly on to the edge of the woods by Murray, they soon found themselves the object of a murderous and steadily increasing fire, which the French poured in on their front and flanks. The men were in a false position; to attempt the woods against odds that were already nearly two to one, and shortly became as five to two, was madness; yet retreat they would not. It was only when the French, with a fury that coupled with their numerical superiority made resistance hopeless, attacked them on three sides that the Highlanders and Infantry of the left wing fell back. The whole British army was now in full retreat. Levis thought at first it was a rout, and that another chase might take place over the Plains of Abraham under reversed conditions; but he soon saw his mistake, and prudently recalled his victorious troops from further conflict with an enemy that though beaten was still dangerous. The battle, which is known as St. Foy from the spot on which it took place, lasted two hours. The British lost a thousand men, or one third of the number they took into action. Their cannon, which Murray's tactics had rendered useless for the latter part of the fight, were hopelessly bogged, and had to be spiked and abandoned. A considerable portion of the English wounded was also left on the field; and upon these unfortunate men those precious products of the Catholic Church, the Mission Indians, swooped down with tomahawk and scalping-knife. If the French closed their Canadian record by a display of spirit worthy of their ancient renown, they sullied the exploit by the cruel indifference to the barbarities of their Indian allies which had so often disgraced them. They themselves had lost nearly a thousand men. Their militia this time had not only fought well in their native element, the woodlands, but had behaved with spirit in the open. In addition to their militia, however, the French had three thousand regulars, a number

equal to the whole of Murray's army, and than these old veterans of Montcalm there were no better troops in the world; unless it were those incomparable battalions of the dead Wolfe, whose remnants were now sullenly preparing to stand at bay behind the weak defences of Quebec.

There is something eminently dramatic in this closing struggle between the survivors of the brave men who had fought and bled under two such captains as Wolfe and Montcalm, and this too upon the very spot where both had fallen. The former had lain for five months in his tomb beneath the flagstones of Greenwich church; the latter was resting within musket-shot beneath the floor of the chapel of the Ursulines. If ever the silence of the grave could be reached by the sounds of human rapture or human woe, the triumphant shouts of Montcalm's soldiers should have surely pierced the shell-riven cavity where their dead general lay. It was indeed a different scene from that gray morning in the previous September when the troops of France were being chased in headlong rout over the same bloodstained ground; but the sequel, too, was widely different. A large French army, paralysed by Wolfe's audacity, had then abandoned Quebec to a greatly inferior enemy; now the beaten army that retired into Quebec was a British one, and as before vastly outnumbered by its opponents. So far, however, from any thoughts of surrender, the small garrison which now lined the weak western defences of the city only expressed the hope, in quaint and forcible language, that the French would attack them. Murray had now two thousand men fit for duty; the French had three times that number before the city, and further supports from up the river to draw upon. The English general's position was critical, but he had no thought of despair. Murray indeed atoned nobly for the rashness of St. Foy. Men and officers toiled night and day at the defences; the women filled sandbags and the invalids crawled from their sick beds to aid them. The city was well supplied with heavy guns, and these by great exertions were dragged into position. But Levis shrank from an immediate assault and began to fortify himself upon the Plains of Abraham; he was very short of cannon, and the few he possessed had to be hauled up the Anse du Foulon. In a fortnight the indefatigable garrison had one hundred and fifty heavy guns mounted, and were plunging shot and shell into the enemy's trenches. But the British were failing both in health and supplies; the arrival of a French fleet would be fatal to them, and a French fleet was expected. An English fleet, however, and perhaps with more reason, was believed also to be on the way.

The flag which first fluttered over the woods of Orleans would indicate to a certainty the fate of Quebec. The shores of the river, as may be supposed, were alive with rumours. First it was French ships that had been descried off the Saguenay; then it was an English frigate beating up the gulf; now the spirits of the beleaguered Britons, now those of the besieging French, were stirred to fever heat. At last, on the 9th of May, a ship of war, that had been preceded by no rumours false or true, sailed right into the basin of Quebec. Crowds of men and officers, invalids and citizens, thronged the ramparts in anxious suspense as to her nationality. They had not long to wait; so soon as she was abreast of the city, the British ensign was run up to her peak, and she opened a salute of twenty-one guns. "The gladness of the worn and half-famished troops," says Knox, "was not to be expressed. Both officers and

soldiers mounted the parapet in face of the enemy and huzza'd with their hats in the air for the space of nearly an hour." The ship was the Lowestoft, and she brought the news that a British squadron was beating up the St. Lawrence. Quebec was saved; for Levis depended wholly upon his own small fleet up the river for his scanty supplies, and the English war-ships would destroy these at the first contact. It was now the 15th of May; Levis's guns had been knocked out of position by the British artillery as fast as he mounted them, and three British battle-ships were already in the harbour. He had six thousand men with him, and he might yet attempt to carry the city by assault. It was now or never! But the longer the militia looked at it, the less they liked it, though the regulars were eager to attack. The French ships were destroyed on the 16th, after a brave but hopeless resistance, and almost before the garrison of Quebec was aware of it, the French army had vanished. The English batteries, says Knox, in a transport of joy and triumph rather than with serious intent, opened with a deafening roar and sent hundreds of cannon-balls bounding through the darkness over the Plains of Abraham on the heels of the retreating French, who left their sick and wounded and all their baggage behind them.

The last crisis in the conquest of Canada was over. Montreal now remained the final rallying-point of French dominion, and thither English forces were already concentrating. The final blow was only a question of time, and it was delivered in September, when Amherst with seventeen thousand men sat down before what then existed of the modern metropolis of British North America. The militia of Canada was now scattered to the four winds. Amid a motley crowd of panic-stricken non-combatants and a cynical concourse of Indian spectators were two thousand five hundred regulars, who still called on Levis to fight to the last. Such futile valour was perhaps not quite serious; at any rate it succumbed to the blunt ultimatum of Amherst. Within a day or two of a year since Wolfe died on the Plains of Abraham, Vaudrueil signed those conditions by which Canada was finally surrendered to Great Britain; and the worthy Knox, having done his duty alike with sword and pen, laid down at the same time both one and the other.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE NOVELIST.

BY AN INDOLENT REVIEWER.

THERE is a popular, but on the whole an erroneous, notion that hostile criticism proceeds of personal malice. The severest criticisms probably are written by conscientious young persons with high literary ideals and little acquaintance with the world. A late French critic, M. Désiré Nisard, put on record his own dolorous experience, which no doubt has been the experience of many. As a beginner, alone in the proverbial garret, he devoted to his criticisms earnest study and a jealous regard for the honour of letters. By degrees he made a name, became known, began to receive invitations. The books he had criticised he had regarded simply as books. To his surprise and chagrin he met them now in society as angry and unforgiving men and women. Authors he had censured were constrained in his presence; their wives would not meet him at dinner. Few classes surely are so unhappy as to incur on grounds so impersonal such strong personal resentments.

The perils amid which the reviewer plies his harmless, if unnecessary, trade are vividly illustrated by an amusing story in a recent book by Dr. Wright on THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND. Charlotte Brontë sent an early copy of JANE EYRE to her Irish uncle Hugh. The book was received in the family circle with misgiving; the instinct of the blood-relation suggested that niece Charlotte had probably made a fool of herself. To know the worst Hugh Brontë set off to the Ballynaskeagh Manse to take the opinion of the Rev. David McKee, an old friend of the family and the literary oracle of the neighbourhood. For once the oracle was neither dumb nor doubtful. "Hughey," thus it spake, "the book bears the Brontë stamp on every sentence and idea, and it is the grandest novel that has been produced in my time." Hugh Brontë wrung the parson's hand and departed, no longer despondent but elated. Charlotte's book was something for the relations to boast of, and not to be ashamed of. And boast they did, you may depend upon it, until no doubt the name of Currer Bell became the bugbear of the place. At length, at the zenith of the family triumph, came the notorious article on JANE EYRE in THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. The neighbours naturally relieved their feelings in gossip. So this wonderful niece of Hugh Brontë was after all, it seemed, a "bad woman,"—that was the popular version at Ballynaskeagh of the critic's judgment. You conceive the wrath of the relations. Uncle Hugh, with something of WUTHERING HEIGHTS in his Brontë blood, felt himself called to be the avenger of the outraged family honour. Of the solemnities with which he prepared his blackthorn, and therewith set forth on his mission of vengeance, you may read a spirited account in Dr. Wright's pages. He called at Haworth for a blessing on his undertaking. Charlotte, like a sensible girl, endeavoured to dissuade him, and so did her father as befitted a Christian clergyman. Gentle sister Anne, however, blessed the Avenger and bade him good speed. So up to London he went, and raged round the metropolis

with his blackthorn in quest of the reviewer. He never succeeded in unearthing him, and had to return to Ballynaskeagh with a blackthorn unbaptized in the enemy's blood. At Murray's he saw more than once a personage said to be the editor. If it was Lockhart, it was probably the man he was in search of; but Hugh Brontë, clutching his blackthorn, would deliver his private message to none but the declared reviewer. Well-informed literary persons naturally were forward with the desired information. Some knew the reviewer to be Thackeray, others were sure that it was Dickens, George Henry Lewes, Harriet Martineau. Happily the Avenger mistrusted the information. It would have been an unfortunate exhibition of the workings of anonymity had Dickens or Thackeray got his crown cracked by the frantic Irish relative of an anonymous novelist for the sins of an anonymous reviewer. The secret of the authorship of the review has been loyally kept by the house of Murray to this day, but there is little doubt that it was the work of Lady Eastlake, then Miss Rigby. The current theory, however, is that the offending passages were editorial interpolations, which may be recognised as out of harmony with the general tenor of the article. This theory was first put forward some three years ago in The Daily News; and Dr. Wright has come independently to the same conclusion. If, as would be probable, the interpolations were Lockhart's, the apparition of Hugh Brontë and his blackthorn may have served him for a salutary reminder of the just bounds of criticism.

For I am not here to apologise for this reviewer. His offence has stirred the bile of the urbane Mr. Birrell, and may justly be left to the torment of Mr. Swinburne's alliterative damnation. Nor indeed am I so rash as to hold a brief for the reviewer in general, whose case is of course past pleading. Yet if the story of Hugh Brontë illustrates vividly the risks of the reviewer, Jane Eyre illustrates, on the other hand, the license of the novelist. If it comes to a question of hurting folks' feelings, Charlotte Brontë had herself a great deal to answer for. No reader of Jane Eyre is likely to forget the Lowood Institution; well, no sooner did the novel reach Yorkshire than Lowood was identified with the Cowan Bridge School for the children of the clergy, and its founder, the Rev. Mr. Brocklehurst, with the real founder of the real school, the Rev. William Carus Wilson. And very pleasant reading the novel made for this philanthropic clergyman in his old age and years of declining health. The school for the children of the clergy had been the darling scheme of his life. He had sympathised deeply with the extreme difficulty experienced by clergymen, with their limited incomes, in providing for the education of their children; and had devised this scheme of a school to be supported partly by subscriptions, where girls might receive a sound education for £14 a year. For more than a quarter of a century he worked for it and watched over it with unremitting zeal and self-denial, to find in the end himself and his school represented in a romance, read from one end of the country to the other, as something akin to Squeers and his Dotheboys' Hall. That Mr. Wilson was guilty of any fault of omission or commission in the management of the school, there is, so far as I can make out, no evidence to prove and a good deal to contradict. Mr. Wilson, though taking upon him the chief management, was only one of twelve trustees, and none of these gentlemen throughout Mr. Wilson's twenty-seven years' management ap-

pears to have received any complaint. Indeed, apart from the misdeeds of one dirty cook (whom he dismissed), and of one cross governess, Miss Brontë herself had nothing to allege; and it was admitted by all witnesses that, in an uphill work of charity, Mr. Wilson's management was both generous and watchful. The intensity of Charlotte Brontë's bitterness it is quite easy to understand; her sister Maria died at the school, and to watch a dying sister sickening over unpalatable food or subjected to the nagging of a governess, is a cruel experience for a child of eight or nine. The recollection of it bit into her intensely personal and brooding imagination; and nearly a quarter of a century later the philanthropic clergyman was punished for having entertained unawares that dangerous angel, a future novelist. Miss Brontë told Mrs. Gaskell more than once that she would not have written what she did of Lowood in JANE EYRE if she had thought the place would have been so immediately identified with Cowan Bridge. She added that she had not considered it necessary, in a work of fiction, to state every particular with the impartiality that might be required in a court of justice, nor to seek out motives and make allowances for human failings, as she might have done if dispassionately analysing the conduct of those who had the superintendence of the institution. Here precisely lies the danger of this license of the novelist. It is this absolute irresponsibility of the romancer, this privilege of selecting the facts and imputing the motives, which, added to the artistic gift for deepening the shadows and heightening the effect, makes the novel so far-reaching and so irresistible a libel.

One would perhaps attach more weight to Miss Brontë's expression of regret for the wrong done to Mr. Wilson if she had shown herself more scrupulous in her handling of living people in her subsequent novels. But what is one to say of the treatment of the curates in SHIRLEY, or of Madame Héger in VILLETTE? Curates, like many other amiable and useful servants of the community, have long dwelt in the cold shadow of romance; and when, as in this case, the romancer was doubled with the rector's daughter, these unfortunate young men naturally stood scant chance of humane treatment. Yet when Miss Brontë was not sharpening her pen for a biting portrait, she had eyes for merits outweighing manners even in a curate of Haworth. The militant Puseyism of these curates had provoked, you may remember, a quarrel in the parish over Church rates. The undaunted Puseyites defied the schismatics to come to church to hear them preach. The challenge, oddly enough, was accepted; the chapels were closed, and "a keener, cleverer, bolder, and more heart-stirring harangue" than that which one of these Anglican champions delivered from Haworth pulpit that Sunday evening, Miss Brontë had never heard. "He did not rant," she wrote to a friend, "he did not cant, he did not whine, he did not sniggle; he just got up and spoke with the boldness of a man impressed with the truth of what he was saying, who has no fear of his enemies and no dread of consequences." Nevertheless their heroism in the pulpit availed the curates nothing when their characters were required by the novelist for "copy."

A review of SHIRLEY appeared in THE TIMES when Miss Brontë was staying in London with her publishers. It was severe, and the paper was hidden lest it should spoil the day's enjoyment. Miss Brontë guessed the truth and persisted in her request to be shown the criticism. She tried to hide her face between the large sheets,

but her companion could not help becoming aware of tears stealing down the face and dropping on the lap. I suppose nobody who has read the incident would like to have been the reviewer; yet the reviewer at least was severe only on what had deliberately challenged a public judgment. The novelist, on the other hand, had deliberately pilloried the failings of private persons, which were not public property at all, and had exposed them to the derision of their friends and the world. When one remembers Mrs. Ritchie's half ludicrous, half pathetic account of Miss Brontë's own behaviour as a lioness at Thackeray's party, one is tempted, quite apart from considerations of good taste and good feeling, to question her right to be satirical in the matter of manners even at the expense of her father's curates. She was quite aware how badly she had treated them. "Even the curates, poor fellows," she wrote, "show no resentment; each characteristically finds solace for his own wounds in crowing over his brethren." Not a hint of remorse or repentance, I am afraid; on the contrary, when these good fellows took it laughing instead of crying, she is in her superior way quite scornful of their insensibility. Because "Mr. Donne" forgave her, she wrote: "Some people's natures are veritable enigmas: I quite expected to have had one good scene at least with him; but as yet nothing of the sort has occurred."

Does not after all the impersonal and responsible reviewer compare favourably with the personal and irresponsible novelist? The writer in THE QUARTERLY REVIEW did not know the anonymous author of JANE EYRE from the man in the moon. If Lockhart interpolated the offending observations, he did so at least merely in mistaken loyalty to the traditions of the Review and from an honest dislike of revolutionary sentiment in the relations of the sexes. After all, apart from one unwarrantable personal insinuation, he only said publicly and curtly what Harriet Martineau said privately and with management when Charlotte Brontë adjured her as a friend to speak frankly. We now know that Charlotte Brontë was the most old-maidenly of Revolting Women; yet strange as it may seem to a generation privileged to peruse the productions of the Pioneer Club, our parents and grandparents did actually consider Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe indelicate.

Of course a certain usage of their friends by novelists is legitimate in fiction and indeed inevitable. Sir Walter Scott borrowed from his father for old Fairford, and for the young one from William Clerk, and he made use of Laidlaw more than once; but Scott was a great gentleman as well as a great writer; his unerring tact and kindly heart kept him always on the safe side and void of all offence. Charlotte Brontë drew her heroine Shirley from her sister Emily whom she idolised. So long indeed as the painter but adds an aureole, nobody is aggrieved; the trouble begins when the portrait is unamiable as well as recognisable. The aunt of George Eliot, who was the original of Dinah Morris, had no ground of complaint, and Caleb Garth might be accepted by the novelist's father with tolerable equanimity; but it will be agreed on the other hand, that however disagreeable a young gentleman Master Isaac Evans may have been, his sister was more than even with him when she presented him to the world as Tom Tulliver. Where novels are autobiographical (and probably half the novels written are more or less autobiographical) there is necessarily with the self-portraiture some portraiture

of relations and friends. In DAVID COPPERFIELD, which is frankly autobiographical, we have it on the authority of the minute German critic, that even "die Schwester von Mealy Potatoes, who did imps in the pantomime, ist ebenfalls historisch." To the self-portraiture in PENDENNIS Thackeray pleaded guilty by sketching his own features in an illustration of his not too heroic hero. It was Thackeray's usage of his friends, as subjects for both pen and pencil, which led Edmund Yates to consider himself justified in making Thackeray himself the subject of an early essay in personal journalism. The story is familiar, and has so recently been recalled to the public recollection, that it is unnecessary to repeat it here, pertinent as it is to the matter in hand. When Thackeray resented Yates's "pen-and-ink portrait," the latter's impulse was to retort with a *tu quoque*; but his purpose was overruled by Charles Dickens, whose advice he asked and followed.

If indeed Dickens had consented to be accessory to Yates's retort, it certainly would have been curious, considering his own license in this particular line. Probably the most famous case in the record is the case of Harold Skimpole and Leigh Hunt. Nor was that by any means Dickens's first offence. I pass over the unfortunate Yorkshire schoolmasters who were ruined or made wretched by Dickens's delineations of Squeers and Dotheboys' Hall, because no doubt where a guilty class has to be exposed the innocent must sometimes suffer. But take the case of Fang in OLIVER TWIST, and read this letter which the novelist wrote to a Mr. Haines who at that time superintended the police-reports for the Press: "In my next number of OLIVER TWIST," wrote Dickens, "I must have a magistrate; and casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be *shown up*, I have, as a necessary consequence, stumbled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well; but as it would be necessary to describe his personal appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be), I have never done. In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might under your auspices be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning."

Let the police-magistrate have been what you will, I call that rather an ugly letter. Nor is it reassuring to be told that after the magistrate had been "brought up" before the novelist, the Home Secretary found it an easy and "popular" step to remove Mr. Laing from the Bench. If there is a public evil, it should be the business of some more responsible authority to look to it than the popular novelist. The novelist is under too great temptations to make his characters dramatic and telling. Dickens confessed the temptation, when he had no excuse of public zeal to offer. After the twenty-second chapter of DAVID COPPERFIELD had appeared in the serial form, Dickens received by post a piteous protest from the poor little Miss Mowcher of real life. The novelist had to confess he had enjoyed the fun of copying closely peculiarities of figure and face amounting to physical deformity of a grotesque little oddity among his acquaintance. He did not stop to consider that it was cruel fun for the victim. When her cry reached him he was shocked, and made some amends for the pain he had inflicted. But the most notorious case, as I have said, was Skimpole. Leigh Hunt was cruelly hurt by the caricature. Dickens knew perfectly well he was

doing wrong, and confessed that again he had succumbed to the novelist's temptation. He said that he often grieved afterwards to think he had yielded to the inducement of making the character speak like an old friend, for the pleasure it afforded him to find a delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand. Leigh Hunt himself did not at first recognise the portrait, and very much enjoyed the picture; but when good-natured friends explained things, as good-natured friends do, he suffered keenly. Dickens was his good friend, who had done this thing. In vain Dickens tried to comfort him: "Separate," he said to him, "in your own mind, what you see of yourself in Skimpole, from what other people tell you they see." Cold comfort this! Hunt's grievance was that the public did, and posterity would, take Skimpole's character for his own, trait for trait. "Every one in writing," Dickens went on to plead, "must speak from points of his experience, and so I of mine with you; but when I felt it was going too close, I stopped myself, and the most blotted parts of my manuscript are those in which I have been striving hard to make the impression I was writing from *un*like you." Here surely is even more confession than defence. Of course what Dicken says is perfectly true. He was but doing what all the novelists have done; and the testimony of the great novelists is unanimous, that genius never merely copies from life, but always idealises and combines.

What Dickens said, Charlotte Brontë said likewise. "You are not to suppose any of the characters in SHIRLEY intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art nor of my own feelings to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to dictate." And as it was back to the days of Fielding, so we are told is it down to the days of DODO. Even the misguided manufacturer of *romans à clef* trims and twists. M. Daudet assured Gambetta that had he really meant Numa Roumestan for him, he would have made him so like that there should have been no possibility of mistake. The mischief is that genius has a knack of making the borrowed traits twice as natural as life, till the average man recognises the likeness a mile off. And then the differences which the author emphasises in order to prove that the picture is no portrait serve only to aggravate the libel. It is easy enough for criticism to discriminate how much in Skimpole is Leigh Hunt, and how much not; but unfortunately the general public is not critical, and the result has been that Dickens did his friend a more lasting injury than did all his enemies from the "fat Adonis of forty" downwards. Seeing that Micawber was drawn from Dickens's own father, and Mrs. Nickleby from his mother, it is little wonder that the novelist could not restrain himself to spare his friends.

These libels of genius are doubly embarrassing to the victim. The author vexes him from a high sense of literary obligation; and the victim is in no position to complain, for a complaint serves only to publish his shame, and is taken for an admission that the dramatic villain or picturesque fool of the author's imagination is a recognisable portrait. If the real Parson Adams had been so foolish as to take Fielding's portrait in bad part, a charitable world would certainly have assumed that there was much discreditable truth behind that queer story of his being found in Mrs. Slipslop's bedroom. I pass over the flagrant case of Disraeli, for indeed the calendar of the novelist's offences in this kind is inexhaustible, and I

have quoted enough examples for my purpose. I have cited familiar examples, just because they are familiar, and because if I attacked later and lesser cases (of which there is assuredly no lack) these precedents would be quoted against me. Besides, familiar as these cases are, we have for the most part heard the stories from one side only. Only the novelist's advocate has his say, and the jury is packed with delighted and grateful readers. The reader is tempted to think it expedient that one little cripple should wince and smart in order that the world may crack its sides in laughter over Dickens's caricature. Well, we have been admonished not to blend our pleasure or our pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels; and even the obscurest victim of the most brilliant novelist deserves some sympathetic consideration. Not all the brilliant things in BLEAK HOUSE atone for the wrong done to Leigh Hunt; and the world, to speak frankly, could have got along a good deal better without JANE EYRE and SHIRLEY than without the self-denying work of such humble persons as were food for Miss Brontë's genius.

The examples are old, but the moral is not. Unless I am mistaken there is a notable tendency to personality in the fiction of the day. A smart young writer gave us the other day a smart young novel about a South African politician who emerged into the ken of the British public, offering in one closed hand a new empire, and asking with the other hand opened for three millions sterling for his South African Company. When other details are added, such as personal negotiations with German statesmen and a fixed choice of celibate lieutenants, is it the fault of a guileless public if it imagines that in the story of Mrs. Dennison it is reading the secret of the obstinate bachelorhood of perhaps the most conspicuous Englishman alive on the globe? Another novel that I read soon after this one was about a famous African traveller and explorer who got into trouble about his treatment of the Blacks, married a lady well known for her independent spirit and her sketches of street Arabs, and on his marriage abandoned travel for politics. It would not be easy to indicate a well-known couple much more closely. Any tolerably wide reader of current novels could lengthen the list at will.

For the present prevalence of the fashion there can be no doubt that the success of Mr. Benson's DODO is largely responsible. We all know that Dodo was not the lady that she was supposed to be; but we all know also that everybody said that she was, and that this rumour had a great deal to do with the success of the book. To some extent again the fashion is part of a general drift, and of a growth of personal curiosity and a relaxation of the sense of respect due to privacy, which is possibly a concession to the democratic sentiment, "'Tis right," as Tennyson sang with angry irony, "the many-headed beast should know." In fiction another influence has been the not overwise talk about "documents" and "naturalism" mimicked from our neighbours across the Channel. Was it the solemn talk about "documents" among the literary set that met at the Magny dinners, or was it indulgence in native malice which degraded M. Daudet's originally pretty talent to the level of the license of his long list of *romans à clef?* L'IMMORTEL certainly seems to point to original sin. M. Zola himself has taken to writing what may be called contemporary historical novels, which seem to me to have all the disadvantages of the old historical romance and none of its advantages. It is impossible

not to feel commiseration for the real personages who have figured in them. Professed historians may make mistakes; indeed, one need feel no superstitious belief in the absolute accuracy of any of them, even those of the latest and most approved scientific brand. But at least the historian errs at the risk of his reputation. The novelist is quite irresponsible (for nobody now, I suppose, takes very seriously the realism of the Realist), and he leads his uncritical public by the nose.

It is not the eminent personages, however, who are so deserving of pity as humbler private folk. Public characters must take their chance of public comment; and if they are wronged they have at all events a hope of rehabilitation. Or when literary persons prey on each other, when for example George Sand (that emancimatress of men, as Heine called her) told tales of Alfred de Musset in ELLE ET LUI, and Paul de Musset told tales of her in LUI ET ELLE, the honest Philistine may feel it is small concern of his. But the ordinary private person who finds himself caricatured or traduced, has no such compensation and no such means of retaliation or self-defence. And his risk is increasing as the mob of novelists multiplies. When every second woman and every third man one meets is a writer of novels, it is time that the remnant of us copyrighted our characters, and took measures to protect ourselves from unauthorised representation. It may happen to any man nowadays to wake up in the morning and find himself infamous. The young lady next door will copy his costume and mimic his manners, and then out of her own virgin imagination impute to him a "past," which throws no very pleasant light on the virgin imagination. Our young novelists have so comfortable a conviction of the importance of what they are pleased to call their "creations," that one may perhaps venture to hint that the boon of their psychology is no adequate compensation for their trespasses, without any risk of being classed for blood-guiltiness with the critic who killed Keats. And, in truth, so far as literature is concerned, few of our novelists are indispensable, even the youngest of them.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1895.

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

(BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A MIDSHIPMAN ON BOARD H.M.S. "MONARCH," TOLD BY HIMSELF.)

[THE following narrative was written by my father, William Salter Millard, born June 26th, 1783, being the son of the Rev. Charles Millard, Precentor and Chancellor of Norwich Cathedral and Chaplain to Bishop Horne. It was written about the year 1807, when he seems to have had the intention (never carried out) of publishing an account of some of the incidents of his life; but, from the minuteness of the details given, it is plainly founded on notes made at the time. It makes no pretence to be an exact historical account of the whole action, but is presented as an authentic description of what one midshipman saw and did on board a ship which perhaps suffered more severely than any other in the fleet. The criticisms passed on the Admiral's conduct must, similarly, be taken as merely representing so much of the current gossip in Lord Nelson's division as was likely to reach a midshipman's ears.

I may add that my father left the Navy (not, I venture to say, from any want of aptitude or liking for the service) soon after the Peace of Amiens; and therefore was not present at Trafalgar.

FREDERICK M. MILLARD,
Rector of Otham, near Maidstone.]

IN the afternoon of the 12th of March, 1801, the Admiral made the signal for the fleet to unmoor at midnight. From the moment this was hoisted all was hurry and apparent confusion; the officers were ignorant of the day, or even week, that we were to sail, and had laid in no stock of provisions for the voyage. As a proof of their want of intelligence, the commanding officer gave me leave to go on shore but half an hour before the signal; and I had just cleared the ship in time to avoid a recall. I mention this merely to show the secrecy with which the expedition was conducted. The scene upon Yarmouth jetty, this evening, was highly interesting, and in the hand of Hogarth might have made a good companion to the "March to Finchley," but that the importance of the event left no room in the mind for levity or ridicule. Besides the provisions of all sorts which hurried down to the boats, a considerable body of troops, consisting of a battalion of the Forty-Ninth and a detachment from the Ninety-Fifth, or Rifle Corps, were embarking with their baggage and stores. . . . When it is considered that each vessel, of about fifty, stood in need of these preparations, that they were all to be furnished from this pier, and in the space of a very few hours, any one may fairly conclude that the picture need not want life. I never witnessed such a complete *buzz*. Many officers were, like myself, on shore upon liberty, and were hastening to secure their passage; I do not know that any were left from their own negligence.

The next morning (13th) at daylight, which was about six o'clock, the

squadron got under way per signal, and proceeded out at the St. Nicholas's Gat, leaving a small squadron in the roads under the command of Vice-Admiral Dickson to continue the occasional blockade of the Dutch ports; that is, to put to sea at the full and change of the moon, look into the Texel, run along the coast to the Island of Walcheren and Helvoetsluys, and then return to take their old station, Yarmouth jetty W.N.W., distance two miles. When the whole fleet had gotten well out, the signal was made to form the order of sailing in three columns; the frigates, bombs, &c. forming a sort of flying squadron to windward. Even at this time we did not know the place of our destination: the course given out by signal was N.E. by N. this being a due course for the Naze of Norway; and this was the first assurance we had of being bound towards the Baltic.

At sea we were joined by Rear-Admiral Graves in the *Defiance*, and by Captain Foley in the *Elephant*. We had now an Admiral to each column or division; weather division, Sir H. Parker, centre, Lord Nelson, and the lee, Rear-Admiral Graves. We passed the Scaw on the 19th: the weather had hitherto been very fine, notwithstanding a heavy swell from the W.N.W.; but no sooner had we entered that disastrous Cattegat, than the wind came right ahead, and blew so hard on the 20th that any attempt to work so large a fleet against it was in vain. At seven in the evening we anchored per signal, (Anhalt Lighthouse W.S.W. five leagues), and in the course of the night were obliged to strike top-gallant masts and veer away to two cables [distance] in consequence of the heavy sea. On the 22nd, we anchored again off the Koll, struck the lower yards and top-gallant masts, and reefed the courses in the midst of a storm of hail, snow, and rain, assisted by large pieces of half-frozen ice from the rigging. The Koll, or Kull, is a very high promontory on the Swedish shore, extending to the N.W. with a bold and majestic appearance. The Admiral and Commander-in-Chief sent a flag of truce into Elsinore roads, and we in the meantime prepared for action, and exercised the men in the use of the great guns and small arms. When the weather moderated, we hoisted out the flat-bottomed boat and the launch, and practised them with a carronade and a party of soldiers in each. Several flags of truce passed and repassed between our Commander-in-Chief and the Governor of Cronberg Castle. The Admiral desired to know whether he should pass as a friend or an enemy: the Governor, probably to gain time, pretended to wait for an answer from his court at Copenhagen, a distance of twenty or thirty miles; but as they had a telegraphic communication, one might suppose a few minutes could have decided the question. When, however, prevarication was of no further use, the Governor sent a very polite message, stating his extreme concern at the orders he had received, which were "to sink the first ship that should presume to pass the Sound." In consequence of this heroic answer the fleet anchored on the evening of the 29th about three miles to the northward of Cronberg Castle. We came to about sunset; the weather was calm and the air clear; the sun retiring behind the Castle illuminated all that part of the horizon which was a bright crimson; the Castle itself, and neighbouring shores, being in shade and opposed to the brightness behind were a fine purple: the picture could not be seen to better advantage. The neck of land upon which the Castle stands is very low for some way, and then

rising suddenly forms a ridge of hills at the back of Elsinore and along the coast to the northward, so that the Castle appears from a distance to stand in the water between the two shores.

Orders were given out that we should pass the Castle the next morning, and the evening was employed in making what farther preparation was deemed necessary. The *Monarch* was honoured with the first place in the line. All hands were in motion early on the morning of the 30th; we got under way about half-past four, and hove to for the rest of the fleet; soon afterwards the signal was made to make sail. So alert were the men, that before the answering pendant was hauled down the jib was up, and all filled. We ran along under the three top-sails and foresail, with a pleasant breeze on the starboard quarter. About six, being abreast of the Castle, the Captain ordered the colours to be hoisted; this appears to have been the signal they waited for; before the ensign was half-way to the peak, a shot was fired from the Castle, and with such precision as to drive the water into the lower deck-ports, though it fell short of the ship; this I had from the officer quartered there. We immediately commenced firing, and a tremendous cannonade was kept up till all the fleet were passed. When abreast of the Castle we set top-gallant sails. In the meantime the bombs were throwing shells, having taken up their station for that purpose to the northward of the Castle. After all that has been said of Cronberg Castle, the reader will be somewhat surprised to hear that not one of their shot reached us; such however was the fact. We expected to be saluted from both shores, and were prepared accordingly; but when the succeeding ships found that the batteries on the Swedish side were silent, they hauled over to that shore; and many of them, finding that the shot fell short, would not condescend to fire at all. We did not, however, entirely escape danger. The Captain of Marines, observing from the poop that none of our shot reached the shore, came down to my quarters in the cabin and took the bed of the gun entirely out, to give a greater elevation, and undertook to fire himself, that he might see the effect. Not being much used to the great guns he kept the lanyard in his hand while the gun was run out, which pulled down the lock before the muzzle was out at the port. The man being priming at the time, the fire communicated with the contents in the powderhorn, and it burst in the man's hand, carrying away the tips of his fingers. One man, being *green*, contrived to have his leg in the way of the tackle when the gun recoiled, by which means the leg was broken.

About ten the fleet anchored in the form of a crescent, with springs on the cables, Copenhagen S.W. about five miles.

Before our passing the Sound Lord Nelson had shifted his flag from the *St. George* to the *Elephant* (74 guns), and a squadron was selected to act under his immediate orders; it consisted of the following two-decked ships:

Elephant (74)	Vice-Admiral Nelson, Captain Foley.
Defiance (74)	Rear-Admiral Graves, Captain Retalick.
Monarch (74)	Captain Mosse.
Ganges (74)	Captain Fremantle.
Bellona (74)	Captain Thompson.
Russell (74)	[Captain Cuming].
Edgar (74)	Captain Murray.
Ardent (64)	Captain Bertie.
Polyphemus (64)	Captain Lawford.
Agamemnon (64)	Captain Fancourt.
Glatton (54)	Captain Bligh.[1]
Isis (50)	Captain Walker.

[1] This was Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*.

To these were added several frigates bomb-vessels, &c. The appearance of the enemy was not a little terrific. A long line, consisting of eighteen ships of all descriptions, several of them line-of-battle ships, was moored on a flat before the town, flanked on their right by a battery upon the Isle of Amak, and on their left by two large batteries on artificial islands mounting eighty-eight pieces of cannon (24-pounders); these are called the Crown Islands, and are very formidable from their strength and situation. Between these and the shore was moored a second line of hulks and men-of-war to protect that approach to the town.

The British fleet continued in its position, gazing on the enemy, till the 1st of April, when Lord Nelson's squadron got under way and ran to the southward, past the Middle Ground. We then anchored, Copenhagen N.W. by W. five or six miles. The enemy had removed all the buoys; and to supply this deficiency soundings were taken by order of the Vice-Admiral, and small vessels placed to serve the purpose. During the evening a few shells were thrown from the Island of Amak, but without any mischievous consequence. One of them fell not very far from the boat in which I was returning from on board the Vice-Admiral with Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson of the Forty-Ninth.

Early on the afternoon of this day (April 1st) I observed a light gig pulling towards us, though at a great distance. On directing my spying-glass towards her, I observed several officers in her, but at the end of the boat was a cocked hat put on square, and much lower than others. I immediately ran to the officer of the watch and assured him Lord Nelson was coming on board, "for I had seen his hat." My information did not receive much credit, till in process of time the old checked surtout was discovered; and soon after a squeaking little voice hailed the *Monarch*, and desired us, in the true Norfolk drawl, to prepare to weigh. When I went on board the *Elephant* at night, I found the quarter-deck full of officers, and heard Lord Nelson giving his orders to a party which was going to take soundings along the enemy's line. The last direction his Lordship gave in my hearing was as follows: "Are your oars muffled?" "Yes, my Lord." "Very well; should the Danish guard boat discover you, you must pull like devils, and get out of his way as fast as you can."

On our way to the *Monarch*, Colonel Hutchinson informed me that Lord Nelson intended to attack the enemy in the morning; and that he was himself to storm the Crown Batteries at the head of a division of the Forty-Ninth Regiment, provided the men-of-war could succeed in capturing the shipping, and act with any effect against the batteries previous to the assault. As soon as we came on board, I hastened to communicate the intelligence to the two midshipmen's berths, where it was received with three cheers, and the bearer rewarded with grog he would gladly have refused, being already kept up beyond his usual time, and having to turn out again at midnight to walk the deck till four in the morning. The joy expressed on this occasion was unfeigned, which may be easily believed when it is remembered that we had been in sight of our opponents three days, and knew that sooner or later the bloody day must come.

The next morning the hammocks were piped up at six; but having had the middle watch I indulged myself with another nap, from which I was roused by the drum beating to quarters. I bustled on deck, examined the guns under my directions, saw them provided with handspikes, spare

breechings, tackles, &c. and reported accordingly. About seven the Vice-Admiral made the signal for all Captains, when he delivered to each a card containing a copy of his instructions, his situation in the line, &c. Few as these instructions were, they were amply sufficient, and no general signal was made during the action except No. 16—"to engage the enemy as close as possible;" this the Vice-Admiral kept at his mast-head the whole time.

As soon as reports had been delivered from all parts of the ship that every thing was prepared for action, the men were ordered to breakfast. As the gunners' cabin, where I usually messed, was all cleared away, I went into the starboard cockpit berth, where I found one of the pilots that had been sounding the night before; he told us that they had pulled so near the enemy's ships as to hear the sentinels conversing, but returned without being discovered. Our repast, it may fairly be supposed, under these circumstances, was a slight one. When we left the berth, we had to pass all the dreadful preparations of the surgeons. One table was covered with instruments of all shapes and sizes; another, of more than usual strength, was placed in the middle of the cockpit: as I had never seen this produced before, I could not help asking the use of it, and received for answer "that it was to cut off legs and wings upon." One of the surgeon's men (called Loblolly Boys) was spreading yards and yards of bandages about six inches wide, which he told me was to clap on to my back. My reader will be surprised and perhaps a little shocked at the conversation, or more properly dialogues, which passed between the surgeons' mates and the midshipmen as the latter went on deck to quarters. "D—n you, Doctor," said one, "if you don't handle me tenderly, I will never forgive you;" to which the mate answered, "By George, sir, you had better keep out of my clutches, or depend on it I will pay you off all old scores." Some such compliments as these were passed with almost every one.

Soon after breakfast the Vice-Admiral made signal to weigh and prepare for battle, anchoring with the sheet-cable out at the stern port. As this manœuvre must be unintelligible to most people without some assistance, I shall briefly explain it. When a ship is anchored in the usual way, the cables are passed through certain holes near the stem or headmost part of the ship; these are called hawse-holes. It follows, therefore, that when a ship is moving with some velocity, and the anchor is let go, the head of the vessel receives a check; but as the impetus is not spent, the stern of the ship, being still at liberty, swings round, and the position of the vessel becomes reversed. This is, I think, too obvious to require further illustration. I must show next the propriety of departing from the usual method in this instance; though this indeed may easily occur to the mind of any one. For if, when you are abreast of your enemy, the ship swing round, she must of necessity present one end or other to them during her evolution; in which period you must submit to a raking fire (which traversing the whole length of the ship is terribly destructive) and not be able to fire a shot in return, till your broadside is brought to bear. But in anchoring by the stern or hindmost part of the ship, the propelling and restricting powers counteract each other, and the ship retains her original position.

The ships nearest the enemy were ordered to lead in and anchor abreast of the southernmost of the enemy's line; the others to follow and pass them in succession, so that our line

became reversed or inverted. The *Monarch* being the last but two or three in the line, we had a good opportunity of seeing the other ships approach the enemy to commence the action. A more beautiful and solemn spectacle I never witnessed. The *Edgar* led the van, and on her approach the battery on the Isle of Amak and three or four of the southernmost vessels opened their fire upon her. A man-of-war under sail is at all times a beautiful object, but at such a time the scene is heightened beyond the powers of description. We saw her pressing on through the enemy's fire, and manœuvring in the midst of it to gain her station; our minds were deeply impressed with awe, and not a word was spoken throughout the ship but by the pilot and helmsmen; and their communications being chanted very much in the same manner as the responses in our cathedral service, and repeated at intervals, added very much to the solemnity. The *Edgar* was followed by the *Isis* and *Russell*, accompanied by the *Desirée* frigate. As our line extended to the northward, more of the enemy's ships opened their fire; and so on down their line till lastly the Crown batteries got to work, and the action became general along the whole line. The bombs, with their tenders (which are small vessels to supply them with ammunition), were ordered to anchor on the outside of the line-of-battle ships to throw shells into the town; and the frigates, under the command of Captain Riou of the *Amazon*, proceeded along our line to the northward to attack the enemy's ships moored between the Crown batteries and the shore. The smaller vessels, such as gun-brigs, luggers, &c., continued under way, to act as occasion might require, and cover the boats should a landing be attempted. The *Desirée* frigate was ordered to rake the southernmost ship of the enemy's line, and then join the other frigates in their attack to the northward. This service was performed by Captain Inman in a masterly style at the instant we were passing; he ran down under his three topsails, came to the wind on the larboard tack about half-cable's length ahead of her, hove all back, gave her his broadside, filled and made sail, then tacked and ran down to his station.

The *Desirée* was a beautiful French frigate of 48 guns, which this gallant officer had himself cut out of a bay on the French coast when he commanded the *Andromeda*.[1] The *Russell*, in running down to her station, grounded. Observing her awkward predicament, we reserved our fire till we came abreast of her opponents, and honoured them with our first broadside. The crew of the *Russell* gave us three cheers, to thank us for our assistance, and to let us know they were not disheartened by their accident. We continued firing all the way down between our own ships; and when abreast of the Vice-Admiral gave him three hearty cheers, which compliment was returned by his men at their guns. We anchored about ten, but not precisely in the station originally intended, for this reason, that two of the ships stationed by Lord Nelson ahead of us never made their appearance. One of them, the *Bellona*, ran aground; the *Polyphemus*, which was the other, took the place of the *Agamemnon* per signal, who remained

[1] One of the officers employed in that exploit gave me the following anecdote. The *Andromeda* anchored in the offing, and he was sent in shore in a little schooner they had taken on the coast. In the midst of the action he discovered a small open boat very busy near him, and hailed her with a threat of firing into her. To his great surprise he discovered his own captain, who, not being able to remain on board while active service was to be carried on, had left his ship, and pulled all the way in his cutter to assist in the enterprise. W. S. M.

at her anchorage "being unable [says Lord Nelson's letter] to weather the shoal." This brought us much nearer the Crown Islands, and last but one, (the *Defiance*) in the line.

When the ship came to, I was on the quarter-deck, and saw Captain Mosse on the poop; his card of instructions was in his left hand, and his right was raised to his mouth with the speaking-trumpet, through which he gave the word, "Cut away the anchor." I returned to my station at the aftermost guns; and in a few minutes the Captain was brought aft perfectly dead. Colonel Hutchinson was with me, and was asked if he thought it right that the Captain should be carried below; he answered that he saw no sign of life, and it might only damp the spirits of the men. He was then laid in the stern walk, and a flag thrown over him. Colonel Hutchinson turned round and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Poor man! he has left a wife and family to lament him." I did not see the Captain fall, but I understood afterwards from the quartermaster at the gun (Edward Kilgore) that he had left the poop, and fell on the quarter-deck in the very spot where I stood when the anchor was cut away.

I was conscious that employment was the surest mode to escape those unpleasant sensations which must arise in every one's breast that has time for reflection in such a situation. I therefore pulled off my coat, helped to run out the gun, handed the powder, and literally worked as hard as a dray-horse. Every gun is supplied at first with a portion of shot, wadding, &c., close by it; but when these were expended, we applied to a reserve placed by the mainmast. It immediately occurred to me that I could not be more usefully employed than in conveying this supply, which would enable the stronger ones to remain at the guns; for the men wanted no stimulus to keep them to their duty, nor any directions how to perform it. The only cautions I remember to have given were hinted to me by the gunner before the action, viz. to worm the guns frequently, that no fire might remain from the old cartridge, to fire two round-shot in each gun, and to use nothing else while round-shot could be had. The men remained at the wheel for a very considerable time after the ship was anchored, in order to steady her; for the shock of bringing up so suddenly occasioned a very considerable "oscillation" (if I may apply that term). As I was returning from the mainmast, and was abreast of the little binnacle, a shot came in at the port under the poop-ladder and carried away the wheel; and three out of the four men stationed at it were either killed or wounded, besides one or two at the gun. Lieutenant Dennis, of the Forty-Ninth grenadiers [company] had just come up the companion-ladder, and was going aft; the splinters shattered his sword, which was in the sheath, into three pieces, and tore off the finger-ends of his left hand. This, however, he scarcely seemed aware of, for, lifting up the sheath with his bloody fingers, he called out, "Look here, Colonel!" On being reminded by Colonel Hutchinson of his wounded hand, he twisted his handkerchief round it, and set up a huzza, which was soon repeated throughout the ship. This brave officer had, strictly speaking, no particular duty to do; those soldiers who were intended to assist in the projected assault were dressed in full uniform and stationed upon the poop and on the gangway where they kept up a fire of musketry, till they were mowed down so fast that they were ordered below to wait further orders. The remainder, in their working-jackets without accoutre-

ments, were attached to the great guns; so that some of the officers, being unacquainted with ship's duty, thought it prudent to retire. Dennis, though he could not act against the enemy, found means to make himself useful; he flew through every part of the ship, and when he found any of his men wounded carried him in his arms down to the cockpit. When the carnage was greatest he encouraged his men by applauding their conduct, and frequently began a huzza, which is of more importance than might generally be imagined; for the men have no other communication throughout the ship; but when a shout is set up, it runs from deck to deck, and they know that their comrades are, some of them, alive and in good spirits.

Lieutenant - Colonel Hutchinson, being commanding officer of this detachment, did not leave the quarter-deck, but walked backward and forward with coolness and composure; till at length, seeing the improbability of being ordered away, he begged I would employ him if I thought he could do any good. I was at this time seated on the deck, cutting the wads asunder for the guns; and the Colonel, notwithstanding the danger attending his uniform breeches, sat himself down and went to work very busily. Indeed, afterwards, I was often obliged to leave the charge of my guns to the Colonel, for I was now the only midshipman left on the quarter-deck; and was therefore employed by Mr. Yelland, the commanding officer, as his aide-de-camp, and despatched occasionally into all parts of the ship. On my return, the Colonel made his report of what had passed in my absence.

Our signal-midshipman (the Honourable William Bowes) was bruised from head to foot with splinters in such a manner as compelled him to leave the deck; Mr. Levescombe, another midshipman, who was my companion on the quarter-deck, and who was as cool and apparently unconcerned as usual, shared the same fate. I attended him to the lower deck, but could not prevail upon myself to set foot on the cockpit-ladder; so there I left him to make the best of his way. As the splinters were so plentiful, it may be wondered how I escaped; the fact is I did not escape entirely. When the wheel was shot away, I was in a cloud; but being some little distance before the wheel I did not receive any of the larger pieces. When I passed backwards and forwards between my quarters and the mainmast, I went on the opposite side to that which was engaged, and by that means probably escaped a severe wound; for as I was returning with two shot in one hand and a cheese (or packet) of wads in the other, I received a pretty smart blow on my right cheek. I dropped my shot, just as a monkey does a hot potato, and clapped my hand to the place, which I found rather bloody, and immediately ran aft to get my handkerchief out of the coat-pocket. My friend Colonel Hutchinson came to me immediately, to return the compliment I had paid him when passing the Castle,[1] and seemed really afraid lest my jaw was broken; however after having felt it and found all right, he let me return for my burthen.

Towards the close of the action the Colonel reported to me that the guns wanted quill or tin tubes (which are used as more safe and expeditious than loose priming), and wanted me to send some one, adding, "his own men were too ignorant of the ship, or he would have sent one before my re-

[1] What this was, the writer has not explained. In a previous page it is stated that "not one of their shot [from Cronberg Castle] reached us."

turn." I told him, "I knew no one that could so well be spared as myself." He, however, objected to my going, and as I was aware of the dreadful slaughter which had taken place in the centre of the ship, I was not very fond of the jaunt; but my conscience would not let me send another on an errand I was afraid to undertake myself, and away I posted towards the fore magazine. When I arrived on the maindeck, along which I had to pass, there was *not a single man standing* the whole way from the mainmast forward, a district containing eight guns on a side, some of which were run out ready for firing; others lay dismounted; and others remained as they were after recoiling. In this dreary scene I shall be excused for shuddering as I walked across the body of a dead soldier. I hastened down the fore-ladder to the lower deck, and felt really relieved to find somebody alive; from thence I reached the fore-cockpit, where I was obliged to wait a few minutes for my cargo; and after this pause I own I felt something like regret, if not fear, as I remounted the ladder on my return. This, however, entirely subsided when I saw the sun shining and the old blue ensign flying as lofty as ever. I never felt the genuine sense of glory so completely as at that moment; and if I had seen any one attempt to haul that ensign down, I could have run aft and shot him dead in as determined a manner as the celebrated Paul Jones. I took off my hat by an involuntary motion, and gave three cheers as I jumped on to the quarterdeck: Colonel Hutchinson welcomed me at my quarters as if I had been on a hazardous enterprise and had returned in triumph; Mr. Yelland also expressed great satisfaction at seeing me in such high spirits and so active. This brave veteran had taken care to have the decks swept, and everything clean and nice before we went into action. He had dressed himself in full uniform, with his cocked-hat set on square, his shirt-frill stiff starched, and his cravat tied tight under his chin as usual. After the fall of our poor Captain, he sent me down to desire the lieutenants from the different quarters to come on deck, when he informed them of the Captain's death, and appointed himself, of course, commanding officer; the remaining officers, having, as it were, sworn fealty to him, returned to their different stations. How he escaped unhurt seems wonderful: several times I lost sight of him in a cloud of splinters; as they subsided I saw first his cocked-hat emerging, then by degrees the rest of his person, his face smiling, so that altogether one might imagine him dressed for his wedding-day. Soon after my return from the magazine Mr. Ponsonby (midshipman), who had been quartered on the forecastle, came on to the quarter-deck, his face and the collar of his coat partly covered with a coagulated compost of human blood and brains. He presented himself and three of his men to Mr. Yelland as all that were left, and requested he would apply them where he thought proper, as they were no longer of service by themselves. There were two other officers quartered on the forecastle, the boatswain, who was very dangerously wounded in the body, and Mr. Morgan (midshipman), who had both feet shot off, and I suppose twenty men, of whom only three remained with poor Ponsonby. Mr. Yelland shook his head at Ponsonby's relation, and begged, as he had fought so gallantly, that he would attach himself and men to whatever quarters he thought proper; so they remained where they were on the quarter-deck.

The fire about one grew very slack on both sides.

War wearied hath performed what war
can do.

Most of the enemy's vessels had struck their colours, in consequence of which I was desired to send Mr. Home (lieutenant), who commanded the flat-bottomed boat and launch which were both manned and armed alongside, to board the prizes opposed to us. He accordingly set off for that purpose; when almost half way he saw a boat which was probably sent on the same errand knocked to pieces, the crew of which he picked up; but as the other ships and batteries still continued firing, he thought it in vain to attempt boarding the prizes, which were moreover prepared to resist, notwithstanding they had struck their colours. Mr. Home then pulled on board the *Elephant* to know if Lord Nelson would cease firing. His Lordship desired him not to think of the prizes, but return to his own ship, and keep a look-out on the Rear-Admiral ahead of us, for that he had sent in a flag of truce, and if it was accepted, he should remove from the scene of action as soon as possible. Shortly after we saw two boats each carrying a white flag forward, and abaft one had an English the other a Danish Jack. The fact is, that during the contest Lord Nelson wrote a letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark, beginning in the following manner, "The brave English to their brethren the brave Danes"; he concluded by saying that if a truce was not consented to, he should be compelled to destroy not only the vessels he had captured, but also the brave men who had defended them. The truce was agreed to, and by degrees the firing ceased.

About two the Rear-Admiral Graves hailed our ship as he passed by from the *Elephant* to the *Defiance*, and desired us to cut our cable and follow him out. But we had very near been beforehand with him. A little before all this passed I saw Mr. Yelland storming and raving, stamping and swearing, as if he had been in a high state of delirium;

Horrid confusion heaped
Upon confusion rose.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson, Lieutentant Bateman, Jack Ponsonby, the Master, Mr. Grey, and my old friend Dennis were standing round and endeavouring to quiet him. I could not conceive what all this meant; till at length, when the storm subsided, Colonel Hutchinson told me that Mr. Bateman, who was quartered in the after part of the lower deck, had discovered a man with an axe just about to cut the cable by which the ship rode. The man declared he had been called to from above to do it; but Mr. Bateman chose to have better authority upon so serious a point, and for this purpose came on deck with the Master, &c. to inquire of Mr. Yelland. The very mention of it nearly upset the old gentleman; for some time he could only say "Where is the rascal? Who is the rascal?" &c., and had he fallen in with the poor man he would most certainly have run him through the body without much further inquiry. When they had quieted him a little, they had some trouble to convince him that the mischief was not actually done. "Are you sure, Mr. Bateman, you stopped the villain in time? Mr. Grey, go down yourself and see all fast." "Sir, I come from thence." "Go again, sir." The origin of all this confusion was this. The small bower-anchor was shot from the bows, and the spring hawser which was fixed to it prevented the ship's head from being sheered off from the Crown batteries upon which they wanted the guns to bear; when this was discovered, some one called out "Cut it away." This being repeated from one

to the other reached the poor fellow, who had caused all this uproar. by mistaking the cable for the hawser.

About half-past two the Rear-Admiral made our signal to cut, which I answered by holding the pendant in the mizen rigging. The *Ganges*, which was next astern of us, and had received but little damage, having but six men killed and wounded, was under way before we could well look about us. Our decks were choked with disabled guns; near half our complement were either killed or wounded; and there was not fore and aft one single brace or bowline that was not shot away, so that the sails could not possibly be directed one way or the other, but hung on the caps as when we first anchored. The consequence was that the *Ganges* came directly on board us, upon the larboard quarter, her jibboom passing over the quarter-deck, and her sprit-sail yard grappling with our main and mizen rigging. Both ships were now alike ungovernable, and both were drifting fast towards the Crown Islands. To their perpetual shame be it spoken, they took advantage of our distress, and opened their fire again upon us. While we were busy in cutting away such parts of the rigging as held the two ships together, the *Ganges* let fall another anchor, and we drifted clear of her, leaving one of our mizen-topmen (named John Town) upon her bowsprit; the lad had leaped on to it to assist more effectually in clearing away. When he found himself left on board the *Ganges* he began to swear most unmercifully; and at length came down into the head and plunged from the bumpkin into the water. The *Monarch* was still perfectly ungovernable, and we continued to drift towards the Crown Islands. Mr. Yelland desired me to fetch the signal-book and make the signal for boats to tow. Recollecting that the book had been deposited in the stern-walk, I ran thither for it; and as I skipped along over the rubbish that lay about I set my foot directly on the body of our dead Captain, which, as I before observed, was covered with a flag. When I discovered it, I felt a sensation of horror that chilled my blood, and apparently arrested its course. Fortunately I had not much time to pause and reflect, but hastened out at the other end of the gallery, and ran on to the poop, to make the signal. When I got there, I was obliged to call for some help, for not a man was left on the poop; the signal-midshipman, as I observed, was wounded, his assistant, a fine young man about twenty or twenty-one years old, had his leg shot off, and went down without assistance into the cockpit, where, from the number of persons the surgeons had to attend, he actually bled to death. What few soldiers remained alive were, as before stated, sent down below. I found a musket, the barrel of which was bent into a semicircle; this I apprehended must have been struck on the muzzle at the very instant the man was presenting it; it could not otherwise have been driven into that form. There was a barrel of water placed on the poop, which was knocked to pieces, and a basket, or skep, of pistols were scattered about.

While I was making the signal, I discovered the lad I mentioned swimming in the water; when some of the boats approached the ship I hailed them to go and pick him up; but he had swum to a bit of wreck that was floating by, and desired them to go and tow the ship without minding him; he was, however, brought on board. When the boats had succeeded in pulling the ship's head round, we steered her out by hand, having no wheel.

Having now time to stand still, I found those powerful sensations arising from too long abstinence no longer to be resisted. I had but little appetite for breakfast at seven o'clock; our usual dinner hour was twelve; it was now three, and I had been during the interval very hard at work. Accordingly down I sallied to the gunroom, and without much ceremony broke open the gunner's locker, where I found half a cheese and some cold potatoes; but, what was most valuable, a can of fresh water. Having well drenched my inside with repeated draughts, I had so much thought about me as to send it to poor Mr. Yelland, who I knew could not leave the deck. The remainder I served indiscriminately among the seamen; and having on further examination discovered a bag of biscuit, I was enabled to distribute bread and cheese to several, as far as it would go; we left nothing eatable behind.

While I was thus employed, I heard a most tremendous explosion, and looking out at the port saw an immense mass of black smoke in the air, with sparks of fire and rafters scarce discernible from the thickness of the cloud. This proved to be the ship of the Danish Commodore, which I had before observed to be on fire, and which now blew up. Some of the crew were saved by our boats, but many lost their lives; fortunately our men had not yet taken possession of her. She is supposed to have been set on fire by some carcases fired from the carronades of the *Ardent.*

Before we quitted our station abreast of the enemy, the whole line to the southward of the Crown Islands had struck their colours, except one frigate which made her escape. The principal defence of the town being thus removed, the bomb-vessels moved close in, and had the articles of the subsequent treaty not been agreed to, the whole would have been a heap of ruins in a few hours.

The principal articles of the treaty were, that Denmark should withdraw from the confederacy; that the prisoners should be landed as soon as convenient; and that our wounded should be supplied with fresh provisions, vegetables, &c. from the shore, for which a fair price should be paid.

Having now, I trust, given a pretty correct narrative of the proceedings of Lord Nelson's squadron, I must return to the reserve under Sir Hyde Parker. But before I make any assertion respecting that officer's conduct, I wish it to be understood that I speak only from report, though I believe my report to be a just one. I was much too busily engaged to pay any attention to that division during the action; but it appears that they got under way, nearly at the same time we did, from their anchorage off the northern entrance to Copenhagen. Having the wind and tide nearly ahead we must suppose they were unable to work against them; for it seems they anchored again. And Sir Hyde Parker seeing two of our line aground, viz. the *Bellona* and *Russell,* and a third, the *Agamemnon* lying at her original anchorage, made the signal to discontinue the action, which signal was, I understand, repeated by the *Agamemnon.* But Lord Nelson (so the story goes) had but one eye, which he was of necessity obliged to keep upon the enemy, so that he saw nothing of it. Rear-Admiral Graves was under the immediate orders of Lord Nelson, so that he repeated the signal No. 16, "Engage the enemy as close as possible," and no other.

Towards the close of the action, from the tide changing, or from some other unknown cause, the reserve made a second attempt to come into action; and after the truce was settled, two of his headmost ships were sufficiently

advanced to return the fire we had received from the Crown batteries by a few broadsides; the whole of that division then anchored in the station we had quitted. I really do not know that it was in the power of Sir Hyde Parker's division to come up before they did; but we certainly know that, if they could, the two three-decked ships, *London* and *St. George*, would soon have silenced the Crown batteries, and have saved torrents of English blood. We also know that Sir Hyde Parker was soon after recalled, and has not since been heard of. Laying these things together we cannot wonder at the insinuations made by those of our division who suffered so severely.

But I have a charge against Sir Hyde Parker which I can substantiate, and which ought not readily to be forgiven. Mr. Yelland fought our ship like a lion through the whole action, as we have seen; he had been twenty years in the service, and, according to established usage, had an undoubted claim upon the Commander-in-Chief for immediate promotion. He applied, and Lord Nelson applied for him, but a stranger was sent on board us, who had "borne none of the burthen and heat of the day;" and Mr. Yelland was told he might take the place of Sir Hyde's first lieutenant, who was promoted, and wait another opportunity: he very properly considered this an insult, and preferred being first lieutenant in the ship he had fought, and trusting to his country for reward, rather than receive it from Sir H. Parker when he might think proper to grant it as a favour. On his arrival in England Mr. Yelland was made master and commander; but having no recommendation from the Commander-in-Chief he remained some time out of employment. I understand he is since made post-captain; where he is I know not.

I am sorry to add Mr. Yelland's is not a singular instance; many officers from Sir Hyde Parker's division were promoted to the detriment of those who had fought so bravely. I cannot be thought to say this from envy or disappointment; I had nothing to expect nor to wish. On my joining the *Blenheim* Admiral Dickson had me rated master's mate, a reward as unexpected as it was in some respects unmerited, for I certainly was not qualified for the situation. It was however impossible to be otherwise than flattered by this mark of approbation.

[The end of the next paragraph is unfortunately lost beyond recovery. So far as it goes, it is to the following effect.]

It is now necessary to pay some little regard to my own ship, the *Monarch*, which we left under sail standing from the enemy, and as she was not in a state to go far without repair, it is very necessary to bring her to an anchor again as soon as we can; but this is not to be done speedily, for we had not a cable in the ship that was not shot through and through. The rest of the squadron all anchored at a short distance from the scene of action; and it must have been a curious sight to those unacquainted with the cause to see the old *Monarch* paying away by herself at such a rate. The Admiral. . . . .

(*Cetera desunt.* F. M. M.)

ON A DEVONSHIRE TROUT-STREAM.

A COLD wind is blowing from a gray sky; a wind that shifts restlessly from south-east to west and north of west, and cannot make up its mind from what quarter it shall blow, whether it shall bring rain or snow, cloud or sunshine. All around us are hills covered with yellow grass and brown trees, laurels and rhododendrons hardly less brown than the trees, and the very gorse, which one had imagined to be hardy, brown and dead after terrible weeks of frost. The ewes with their lambs to leeward of them look bored and puzzled, as though their calculations as to the time for addition to the flock had been unexpectedly upset; the lambs themselves seem hardly to have the energy to wag their tails when the time for refreshment comes. In sunny New Zealand we have seen them wag their tails over an india-rubber spout set in a troughful of milk with an energy at least equal to that which they consecrate to the founts of nature; but here at this moment they seem to have lost all heart for it. And yet the month is April and the place North Devon. The very rooks are silent and preoccupied, oppressed perhaps by the recollection that during many bitter weeks they demeaned themselves to accept dog-biscuit from human hands in a human backyard, and were glad even on such terms to escape starvation. Yet in December we saw them as busy over affairs of courtship as though the spring were already come. As to blackbirds and thrushes, they can have no song left to sing except a dirge for the hundreds of their kind that have perished in the hedgerows. The very pigeons flap away with a guilty suspicious rapidity as though the guns had not been laid to rest two whole months ago; whereas they ought to be announcing to the world in voluptuous coos that they could, if they would, tell an interesting story about two little white eggs on a certain rude bundle of twigs in a certain *pinus insignis*. And yet though not a green leaf is to be seen, it is really April and not December, for we have nine feet of greenheart in our hand and are going a-fishing.

The sky is unpromising; is the water any better? Alas, no! though the clouds are dark the water contrives somehow to be bright; it is running low, and frets and shivers under the cross contradictory gusts of wind as though for once it took no pleasure in hurrying to the sea; pale also and clear is it, showing no trace of the rich peaty tint that we love to see. Looking up towards its source twelve or fourteen miles away, we can mark the great round hills of Exmoor dry and yellow as the fields around us, as much as to say, no water to be expected from here. It is the worst conceivable day for fishing, but we are not on that account to be baulked of the pleasure of throwing a fly. We have not stolen one extra day from the streets of London for the sake of keeping the rod in its case; so let us put on a March brown and a blue-upright, the only two flies that one wants in North Devon, and let them float down the water in their most appetising fashion. Cast and cast and cast again; it is all to no purpose. We know every stone in this little stream and are perfectly certain that there is a trout under that stump,

behind that rock, at the head of that stickle; but though we present the blue upright in its most seductive attitude not one of them will move. No matter, let us flog on, for the river is good company, and following its course is like turning over the pages of an old journal. Though no trout come up from under the root of that overhanging oak tree, yet there comes at any rate a reminiscence. Ten years ago, one fine September evening, we saw turn to bay under that very tree the most gallant stag that ever we had the luck to follow. Twenty miles away on the cliffs overhanging the Bristol Channel we roused him; and we can see him now as he jumped out of the heather, his coat as bright as a thoroughbred's, and made his point straight across the forest of Exmoor. Then came a desperate gallop of miles without a check over the heather that skirts the forest, over the grass of the forest itself, across the detestable wet ground where the Exmoor rivers rise, and at last down into the wooded valley of this very river. How the pack raced, and, alas, how they tailed, and how many miles separated the first horse in the race from the last! But as we plunged into the valley we noted that the leading hound was not the young one that had led the way over the forest but a veteran who had kept himself for the last; and thereby we knew that our deer was sinking. Sinking, yes! but not beaten yet. For seven more miles did he travel down the valley, now in the covert, now in the water, constantly seeking the stream to refresh himself, but unable for long to keep himself away from it; until at last he could leave it no longer, and the veteran leading hound casting himself rapidly down the bank, caught view of his quarry under the oak tree and lifted up a great gruff voice to tell us of his triumph. People who know the bay of hounds in the mass only do not realise that the voice of a single hound is hardly distinguishable from the voice of a sheep-dog; but it was not many seconds before the veteran's solo was increased to a chorus, and presently there was a little group of weary men, horses, and hounds gathered round a motionless brown body, and we knew that a historic run was over and that we must get our horses home somehow.

Cast and cast and cast; the wind for the moment is less cold, the river winds in close under a covert, and here is a pool where we have caught many a trout, though it is an awkward place. Suddenly there is a wild clucking at our feet, and a water-hen squatters across the pool with all possible uproar. Apparently we have intruded on her domestic arrangements, for there in the hollow of an old alder-stump are seven little dirty-coloured eggs, and in revenge she has spoiled the pool for us. Now the river clears itself from under the covert and flows under a railway-viaduct; on that viaduct too, most unexpected of places, we have seen a red deer turn to bay and breathe his last. We pass under it and through a high iron fence into a deer-park; a park for fallow-deer, be it understood, for a red deer makes nothing of eight feet of iron rails. We have a favourite pool under some dark yew trees a little further down; a quiet, sequestered spot where fish may be hungry. No, not a sign of a trout! A heron rises and flaps slowly away two hundred yards ahead, aware of our presence long before we were aware of his. Fifty years ago there was a heronry among these very beech trees, which was destroyed by some enthusiastic anglers on account of the havoc wrought by the birds among the trout; but the herons still seem to cherish an affection for it and visit it, two, three, and four pairs of them together. Surely though they must have left a

trout or two to take our fly; let us creep in under the low branches for a cast into the innermost recesses of the pool. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What is it that we have stumbled on, which makes off with such a flounder and crash? Only a fallow buck, lean and ragged, limping painfully away up the hill. He was injured in a battle for a wife in October and has been an outcast ever since, according to the inexorable law of his kind. He will recover now that he has passed through the winter, and, though the growth of his horns will almost certainly suffer, will probably be as uxorious as ever next October and will be killed outright for his pains.

Cast and cast and cast! We are now on a long straight reach where no boughs lie in wait to catch the carelessly thrown fly, and where for that very reason many a small boy has been brought to make his first essay with the rod. It is a bit of vandalism, this same straight reach, being part of an elaborate plan carried out by the reigning squire at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Looking about us we see avenues and remains of avenues, beech, oak, lime, and Scotch fir stretching in every direction; and on the hill above the bank of the stream a few hundred yards below us is a sort of parody on a Grecian temple. A century ago there were three or four dozen of such temples scattered about on various eminent sites, with the idea apparently of presenting to the spectator a landscape after the classical manner wherever he may turn his eyes. Obelisks, pyramids, a triumphal arch, a sham castle and a sham village served to provide an interesting object at the end of every avenue, and still furnish a puzzle to the rustic stranger; though time and westerly gales have destroyed many of the avenues, and reduced others to isolated clumps. Did ever quainter fashion than this pseudo-classical formalism invade rural England? The surprising thing too is that these toys were for the most part uncommonly well built, and easily converted, when the fashion passed away, into habitable dwellings, so that the sham church has become a real cottage, and the Grecian temple a home for the British gamekeeper.

Now the river passes out of the deer-park and swings itself freely under the oak-coppice woods once more. And see, there is some one fishing before us, the miller, the instructor of our youth in the gentle art and the best trout-fisherman in North Devon. His rod is made out of half-a-dozen scraps of rods with a joint of unmistakable ashplant in the middle; but he will take more trout with it than other men with the finest creation from the Strand. "Can't move a fish," he answers to our interested inquiry. "'Tis a surprising thing" he adds reflectively in his richest Devon, "that all the beggars should be of the same mind;" and undoubtedly if human beings could occasionally show the same unanimity as trout, the world would be governed far more easily than it is.

And now the river buries itself under overhanging beech trees; there is covert on one side and an orchard on the other, so that it is useless to attempt it with a rod. Still this hidden reach is, we blush to confess, singularly well known to us, for there is a weir at the head of it, and consequently, when the water is low in the autumn, a good many salmon are sometimes compelled to wait for a flood in the lower pools. Now the sight of a salmon lying for weeks under the same rock, and refusing, very naturally, to be beguiled by any lure that may be offered him is more than a boy can bear; and so it came

about that one fine day, many years ago, two boys came down stealthily through the beech trees armed with a trolling-rod and sixty yards of strong line, with a large cod-hook attached to the end thereof. Arrived at the scene of action, one of them cut a hazel wand and made that also fast to the cod-hook, and therewith stepped into the water, leaving his companion on the bank with the rod. We seem still to see him as he peered into the pool, and then quietly lay down on his side in the water and thrust the fateful wand gently down; we can remember his face growing redder and redder as his arm disappeared deeper and deeper into the pool, till the water lapped first to his lips and then to his nose, when with a convulsive jerk he struck his blow and left hold of the wand. Before we knew what had happened a great fourteen-pound salmon came tearing down the pool like a flash of light, making a wave like a torpedo-boat down the shallows. Frantic exhortations to hold him up and give him the butt were utterly thrown away, for it was all that we could do, between the strength of the fish and our own uncontrollable laughter, to hold the rod at all. Away went the whole sixty yards of line with a dismal scream; the fish disappeared from sight; and then the strain on the rod ceased and the first salmon was gone. No matter; there were still two more of them under the same rock. The process was repeated over a second fish, which frightened us out of our wits by jumping straight into the overhanging boughs, from whence, after a brief but desperate struggle, in which we took an active share, he soon managed to kick himself free. The third fish, like the first, went down stream at express speed, completely overpowering the tenant of the rod, and would probably have made his escape also had not the other sinner in desperation seized the line in the water and hauled him in hand over hand. Having captured our fish, there arose the awkward question what we should do with him, for we knew that no one would believe us if we said that we had caught him fairly; so we put him into a shallow from which he could not escape, and studied him attentively for an hour or so, poking him up when he seemed to be feeble and stroking him down when he showed signs of irritation; finally we decided to let him go. That fish was not in his former place under the rock when we came to look for him next day.

In truth the salmon in these upper waters are a sad nuisance. Under stress of agricultural improvement, drainage, and the like, these little streams have lost their former even flow; they are either in high flood or else reduced to a mere trickle. The rain on the hills, instead of oozing down to the rivers drop by drop, is hurried into them by a thousand artificial channels, and causes them to rise and fall with almost mercurial rapidity. A salmon starts up from the sea on the top of a flood and finds, before he has travelled very far, that the water is too low to allow him to travel further. So there he remains in the pool of his choice, refusing any lure offered to him by man, devouring all the young trout within reach, and steadily losing condition. When winter comes with constant heavy rain he makes his way up almost to the peat-beds where the waters rise; but he does not come back. No matter how red and lank and miserable he be, he is picked out of the shallows with net or gaff or spear, and makes a meal for the labourer on the moor,—small blame to the labourer. It may be asked what about the law? Well, without hinting at the name of the watershed to which we refer, we may

say that from the tidal water to the peat-bog the Fishery Acts are a dead letter, for the very simple reason that there is not the will in the one case nor the power in the other to enforce them. In the estuary the net-fishermen capture and sell salmon during the close season with hardly even a show of concealment. Why? Because they are Conservatives and the borough magistrates Radicals; and the Radicals hope to gain their votes in municipal and general elections by allowing the Conservatives to break the law. Considering the extreme timidity of small borough magistrates, the result would probably be the same if the parties were to exchange opinions. The fishermen, too, are a lawless lot, and would make no great matter of killing an obnoxious water-bailiff. A very few years ago, when a courageous magistrate ventured to impose a heavy penalty on one of them, his companions in the court there and then stormed the bench and drove the occupants to fly for their lives. Even so, it was difficult to find more than one magistrate who would give evidence against them. Such are among the unrecognised beauties of local government.

But we have wandered far away from the river, though we can never throw a fly in it without reflecting, not without sadness, on the old days when we never flogged patiently over two miles of water without catching at least a dozen if not two dozen little trout. Let us cast on, though with faint hope, yet with all our old attention to favourite spots. What is this? Actually a fish tugging hard at the blue upright. He fights well, this absurd little six-ounce creature, as hard as though he were a five-pound grilse, so different from the heavier but more torpid trout in more celebrated streams. He is soon on the bank and has ceased his fighting for ever; but probably there is another in the same rock basin waiting for what heaven will send him. Yes, there is another, and a third and a fourth and a fifth; this is more like old days. Small they are, like all the fish in these moor streams; but our tackle is light enough to give them plenty of play, and they certainly make the most of it. Why, we wonder, do these same brook-trout when turned into an equally small and rapid stream in New Zealand grow to average a pound in weight, and in the case of individual monsters to scale even eight pounds? But we are not in New Zealand now, and must be content with home and its humble six-ounce fish. We have fished the rock basin till it will yield us no more, and go on down the stream with better hope. Not a fish moves for the next six hundred yards, and we settle down to dreaming and despair once more. A tiny tributary with a mere trickle of water, flowing into a miniature pool little bigger than a portmanteau and overhung with laurels, distracts us for a moment from the river. Let us shorten our line for just one cast at the tail of the pool. Ah, we were right! Up comes a little fellow with savage energy, and tries hard to make away up stream, which, however, must by no means be permitted lest he disturb his neighbours. Another cast, so soon as he is disposed of, just a foot above the last, brings another to the bank; and a third cast, a little higher again, attracts two more, one to each fly, so that we have the satisfaction of playing them together within a space the size of a hip-bath, and ultimately landing them both. Now why should there be four hungry trout in that cupful of water and not one in the river ten yards away?

The river-bank becomes high now, and we scramble down to fish from the foot of it. A wild flutter of

wings and a diabolical sound of crowing sends our heart into our mouth, and away sails a great pied cock-pheasant in a panic of haste. Well we know that bird; he is the only pied pheasant in the place, and he has managed to survive through four seasons, so that his spurs must be at least an inch long. Year after year he has given us a chance of killing him; and year after year, needless to say, owing to an unprecedented combination of adverse circumstances, we have failed to bring him to bag. The result is that he is always associated with our own name by beaters and gamekeepers, and has become, in fact, a perpetual reproach to us. Moreover, he has always taken care to show himself exactly when a gallery of spectators has been present to witness our failure. The ill-omened bird is hardly out of sight, and we have not resumed our work with the rod, when, as usual, a keeper suddenly appears on the scene. We are delighted to see him, for we have been friends since boyhood, but we wish he would smother his smile more successfully. Even if the pied cock be still in the land of the living, the shooting-season is at any rate over, and bygones should be bygones.

What a miserable creature one feels with one's pasty London face alongside a fresh-looking rustic; and yet we are as truly countrybred as even this man, and might be such as he is but for our fate. He too was taken up to London, and might have been a rich and portly butler by this time, but that, being a gamekeeper's son, he threw up high wages and soft living, and preferred the much severer but freer calling of his father. He is full of news, which he imparts as he follows us down the bank. He supposes we have heard that poor John M. is dead. Yes, with sorrow we have; how was it? Well, no one very well knows; but they found his pony-cart smashed up in the hedge-trough, the pony grazing a few hundred yards further on, and poor John insensible in the road. They took him home and all the neighbours came in and holloaed down the ear of him, but he never spoke again and was dead in a couple of hours. "Did you holloa down the ear of him too?" we ask. "Oh yes, sir, holloaed so loud as I could, but I couldn't make 'un hear, nor no one else, though we all tried." Poor John's death-bed rises before us as a strange mixture of tragedy and comedy, and we are fain to change the subject. What other news? "Well, Philip H. is dead too. He shot himself accidental in the head with a revolver years agone when he was a marine, and the doctor considers it was the bullet a-moving; but Philip went to chapel Sunday and prayed violent against Jimmy Smith as a 'biter and slanderer; and after that he was took with fits. Doctor said he was to be kept quiet; but all the chapel folks went up and prayed, and cried, and screamed over him, and I forget how many fits it was he had, more than a hundred I think they said, Monday and Tuesday; and Wednesday he died. And Jimmy saith he sha'n't go to chapel no more to be called 'biter and slanderer, for he never spoke no harm of Philip; and he was in church last Sunday and Sunday before; and they do tell me he means to join the choir, though I never heard tell that he could sing." Poor Philip! So a bullet in your head (and even before the advent of the bullet, that head was not a very clear one,) has added a recruit to the ranks of Anglicanism, and the chapel knows your rather gruesome eloquence no more.

Well, what else? Why, of course we have heard that old Mary is dead; she was a hundred and two years old

for certain. Yes, we remember old Mary well, and her stories of the terrible years of the great war when the people lived on black bread and had not too much of that. To this day not a poor man in the district will eat brown bread, owing to the memories that have survived from those days. We have heard her tell too of the time when she was a parish 'prentice, and every market-day went up to that awkward corner in the old pack-road, lest her master returning drunk to the farm should miss the turning and break his neck. "The parson preached a beautiful sermon on a long and blameless life," continues the keeper; "but old Charlotte up to the almshouse, who's ninety-two you know, sir, *she* saith that, when she was a maid, old Mary wasn't no better than she should have been." Charitable old Charlotte! but there is in this reminiscence no malicious intention, but simply desire to add to her own importance. For what profit is it to remember the village scandals of the year of Waterloo and not repeat them eighty years after?

But the budget of news is not exhausted yet. A forest-deer has come down off the moor into those very coverts around us. Harry saw him one evening and saith he was a regular monster, as big as a bullock; but Harry was coming back from market, so one can't depend on what he saith. Foxes there be in plenty; he bolted one out of a rabbit-burrow not three weeks agone when ferreting. "Do you mind the time, sir, when we found one the same way some years back?" he adds. Indeed we do, for it was a curious sight. The terriers barked at every hole in the burrow with unusual keenness; but for some reason the ferret soon came back to us, and could not be induced to try again. So we then put in another ferret, a very large one, with a line, in order to see what he could do. He stayed in for some time, and could only be drawn back with great difficulty an inch at a time; but at last, after digging towards him for some way, we brought him to the light, and there to our amazement we found his teeth closed fast in the throat of a vixen, in such sort that she could neither hurt him nor shake him off. We released her, and away she went little the worse, leaving six little cubs behind her, every one of which, however, she transported on the very same night to an earth three miles away. The ferret also was none the worse, though so savage after his desperate encounter that it was awkward work to handle him.

It is lucky for us that we have had a companion all this time, for not a trout will look at our flies. The river now bends under overhanging woods again for a short distance, and the keeper, unable to follow us further, wishes us good-day. We really must have a fish out of the pool at the entrance to the covert, where the water pours so merrily over the shallow gravel ridge into the rock bed. Yes, they are hungry here, though why hungrier than elsewhere is a mystery. Five are brought to the bank in quick succession, and a sixth, whom we judge to have been a half-pounder, after a desperate tussle manages to beat us. And now we must go through the covert for a time before we can fish again. Never have we seen it look so wintry before in April; not a tuft of green on the larches, not a sign of resurrection in the brown lifeless bracken; a few primroses, it is true, here and there, but not the carpet that there should be. For all that one can judge from the appearance of things, there might well be a woodcock lying by that holly tree where the warm spring bubbles out of the moss to join the river. Let us see at

any rate. No; we can hear a scampering of tiny feet over dead leaves, but not the bright flip-flap of the brown, long-billed bird. He is gone back to Norway, presumably, and is flying three gun-shots high across the fiords in a sober straightforward fashion, instead of ducking and diving among the trees as is his habit in England. The rustle of feet ceases, and we catch a glimpse of a little bushy brush disappearing round the bole of a great beech tree. Look out for the appearance of two little bright eyes on the other side in a second or two. There they are; are all the squirrels that we see of the female sex that they are so curious, or is there something in the diet of nuts and young pine-shoots that makes them inveterate sight-seers? Let us get back to the shooting-path and out of the covert. Stay, what is this print on the soft clay? Surely the slot of a deer, and not only of a deer but of a stag. Let us follow it up and make sure. Yes, a stag beyond all doubt; the footprint will hold all four fingers of our hand, and must be three inches wide at the heel,—a good stag. Here on deeper ground we can trace the mark of his dew-claws, blunt and divergent; the claws of the hind-feet are uneven too, and the slot of each hind-foot falls little in advance of the fore-foot,—in all cervine probability a very good stag. Here he has left the path and wandered up into the covert, we think we know whither, to a snug corner in a little hollow that is beloved of all wild animals, sunny and windless, a dry spot in wet ground. Seventy years ago the red-deer made it a favourite lair, and now that, after having first narrowly escaped extermination, they again resort to these coverts, they have returned to it once more. If there be a fox in the covert he will be found not very far from the same spot; and if there be no fox there will be two or three wild cock-pheasants, for they all love that same corner, presumably for the same reason, and community of taste, like misfortune, makes strange bed-fellows. We once saw a hare, a fox, and a brace of hinds emerge in quick succession one after another along the same track, from the head of a combe on Exmoor.

The afternoon is wearing on, and we have two dozen trout, so we must fish down one last favourite reach and turn homeward. One little fellow we secure at the first cast, and then not a fish will move. With an honest and unselfish desire to do justice to the river we flog down the reach a second time, but without result, and turning round find a small boy, with a broad grin and a telegram, standing at our elbow. He has apparently been so deeply interested in our efforts as to forget the object of his mission. "I zeed a sight of fish as I come down," he says without attempting to present the telegram. "Did you, boy? Then don't get going in after them, or you'll get drowned." He grins broader than ever, the young rogue; and we shrewdly suspect that he is a past master of the noble art of groping trout; but we can make allowance for him, for we know by experience how delightful the pursuit can be in the hot summer days when the water is low. No need to open the telegram, for we know too well what is in it. "Here, boy, here's some fish for you. Run home and tell your mother to cook them for your supper." Pray Heaven he may stay in the country, and not become a pale-faced counter-skipper in a town. A last look at his chubby cheeks and a final glance at the water; and good-bye to running streams and healthy faces until September.

POETRY AND MUSIC.

No one can study the present state of music in England without being struck by an apparent paradox. We have, in the record of our literature, some of the finest and noblest of lyric poets: we have a school of living composers which can hold its own against all contemporaries; and yet song is our weak place. When we look to our highest achievements in this form we are too frequently conscious of disappointment; of effort that just misses the true success; of eloquence that somehow is not wholly convincing. Now and again one of our greater artists offers us a lyric masterpiece, but such gifts are as yet too rare to form a tradition. And for the rest, our poetry goes its own way, claiming entire independence for its best work, and only tossing to music its weaker stanzas, while our music either joins unequal alliance with verse that was never meant for it, or, if it be of lesser mould, parts with its courage and sinks to the companionship of some mechanical librettist.

At a time when English music is beginning once more to attract the ears of Europe, this incongruity is a matter of serious importance. We cannot present ourselves to the countrymen of Goethe and Beethoven, of Schumann and Heine, with an art which is manifestly one-sided and imperfect. Indeed there are already signs that our position is growing untenable. The old drawing-room ballad is as dead as Thomas Haynes Bayly. The festival cantata is becoming a byword. And, as a climax, a popular man of letttes enters into the fray and tells us that "like most poets he himself detests the sister art and knows nothing about it;" and that the natural explanation of the breach between the two "is not flattering to musical people." So, while the attack is preparing upon every side, it may be of service to inquire into the history of the quarrel, and to see whether some admissible terms of peace can be suggested.

This is not the place for any discussion as to the relative artistic value of vocal and instrumental music, even if such a discussion were profitable or possible. But it is essential to notice at the outset that vocal music is by its very nature a composite art made up of two disparate factors, and that its success is attained not only by the perfection of its constituent elements, but in an even higher degree by their proper balance and interrelation. Again, the two arts that have been so conjoined are widely different in condition and character. Poetry, as compared with music, is definite and precise in meaning: it appeals to the reason first, to the emotions afterwards; and the proof, if proof were needed, may be found in that disastrous heresy preached by Edgar Poe and sedulously maintained by his French followers. Once let the poet lose his grip upon rational significance, once let him find his ideal in vague indeterminate emotion, or, worse still, in mere collocation of sound, and he has started upon a downward path at the end of which he will find M. Stéphane Mallarmé lamenting because "La Pénultième est morte." On the other hand music, however suggestive, is essentially inarticulate, and it finds its true artistic function in a supre-

macy of pure form which the highest verse can never hope to rival. Not all the melody of Tennyson or Heine or Alfred de Musset, not all the native wood-notes of Shakespeare or the stately measures of Milton, can charm us with such consummate mastery of tone and rhythm as we find in the tunes of Schubert and Brahms and Beethoven. As a natural consequence, when the two arts are brought together they must each be content to counterbalance gain with loss. The one will retain its sweetness and significance, but will sacrifice a little of its precision; the other will give full rein to its emotional force, but will thereby lose something of its formal perfection. In a word, the laws of both will be modified by an equitable compromise, and will so grant its own territory and its own legislation to the border-kingdom of song.

Of this kingdom, during the earliest times into which it is pertinent to inquire, the poet seems to have held the government. In the few examples of Greek song which have been preserved to us the music appears to follow the verse with entire subordination; it hardly does more than emphasise and intensify the rise and fall of the reciting voice. No doubt our instances are not of the best period; no doubt there are many passages in Plato and Aristotle which still await an explanation; but all the evidence that we possess points to the belief that music had not as yet risen to the full dignity of comradeship, and that poetry had still the predominating influence. Indeed the very imperfection of the record is itself an important piece of testimony. If we compare our knowledge of the Greek poets with our knowledge of the Greek musicians we shall feel but little uncertainty as to their respective places in the history of art.

After Greece came one of Bacon's *eremi et vastitates*, barely occupied by a few anecdotes and some half score of theoretical tracts and commentaries. Under the rule of the medieval Church the story is resumed with an entire change of condition. The practice of music followed from the time of Dunstable to that of Palestrina was altogether different from that which we attribute to the Greeks: it disregarded dramatic expression; it left the growth of lyric melody to the profane and unauthorised efforts of troubadours and *trouvères;* it concentrated its whole attention upon the elaboration and development of vocal counterpoint. Possibly this movement originated in a feeling of reverence. The ecclesiastical composers had to deal, in the first instance, with the sublimest and most sacred of all texts, and they may have thought that it was in some sense irreligious to deck the words with any noticeable display of human emotion. In any case the tradition soon began to degenerate. Sobriety passed into indifference, indifference into total apathy; until at last the voice was treated merely as an instrument and the meaning of its speech was almost obliterated. If the tune of a popular song offered some opening for contrapuntal ingenuity, the song was borrowed, words and all, to serve as the *canto fermo* for a Mass: and thus one member of the choir would be rousing the cathedral echoes with a tavern-catch while his fellows were engaged upon their devotions. No doubt the practice became too great a scandal for even apathy to endure, and church-music, threatened by a Papal prohibition, was only saved by the reforms of Palestrina; but the very existence of such a system is

conclusive testimony. The words of the Mass service must have lost their significance altogether before the public opinion of a religious age could have tolerated such desecration. And in Palestrina, though the gravity and dignity of the service were restored, there is very little attempt to adapt the melodies to the various requirements of the text. It is still a disputed question how far his work may be regarded as expressive, and how far it may be summed up as a magnificent edifice of pure beauty in sound; but at least any decision on the matter must take account of the famous Lamentations, in which the words *Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiæ Prophetæ*, and the names of the Hebrew initial letters, *Aleph*, *Beth*, *Gimel* and so on, are treated in precisely the same manner as the most impassioned utterances of the chapters which follow. A composer who can bring tears to our eyes with the word *Vau* is certainly not bound by any precise limitations on the score of meaning.

Meantime the same plan was adopted in the madrigal. At first there seems to have been some equality of collaboration, but before long the poet began to find that his most delicate fancies were being crushed out of all recognition by contrapuntal uniformity, and so gave up the partnership in disgust and left the task of libretto-making to the humbler and less exacting members of the craft. So, as the music of the madrigals improved, the verse steadily declined, until the climax of absurdity was reached in the following example preserved, for the admiration of posterity, in Percy's Reliques of Ancient British Poetry:

Thule, the period of Cosmographie,
 Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the skie,
 Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant that returnes
 Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine how strangely Fogo burnes
 Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

Imagine a party of sane human beings standing up to sing about "Thule the period of Cosmographie." Assuredly it is sometimes true that *ce qui est trop sot pour être dit on le chante*.

In 1600 came the Florentine revolution, the ostensible aim of which was to restore the Greek ideal of dramatic expression. On such a quest it was necessary that poet and musician should again join hands, and thus the movement, apart from its technical interest in the history of the modern scale, is specially important as the peace-maker of a much needed reconciliation. Monteverde in Italy, Lulli in France, began once more to give adequate recognition to the poetic claims; and England, though she wrote little music for the theatre, offered her own contribution in that superb array of lyric song which lasts from Ford and Dowland to Henry Lawes and Purcell. Yet during this period the balance was not always maintained. There were still some illiterate composers, with no mind for poetry and no ear for verse, barbarians in the art, who overran the country in mere wantonness of ravage; and when opera itself degenerated the breach was once more established, and the quarrel broke out with renewed vigour. Addison tried libretto-writing and failed; Goldoni tried it and gave it up in despair; music began to devote more attention to instrumental forms; poetry left off singing and took to

criticising life; once more the border-kingdom fell in danger of a double secession and saw its government passing into the hands of the undistinguished multitude.

From this it was partly rescued by the accession of Handel. But Handel, though, when he took the trouble, he was strong enough to maintain an equal administration, yet even in oratorio had his occasional moments of laxity, and throughout his long reign did very little for the lyric. Sometimes he transferred to one text music that had been originally composed for another, and so refuted in his own case any doctrine of a pre-established harmony. Sometimes he constructed a whole song,—first part, second part, and the inevitable *da capo*,—out of a single quatrain, repeating the words till their very sound was wearisome and their meaning lost in a tangle of reiterated clauses. In short, for all his power of vivid and picturesque expression, a power unsurpassed, perhaps, by any of his contemporaries, he was yet content to rule by conventional method, and only conceded as an occasional act of grace what, in the ideal commonwealth, poetry ought to claim as an inalienable right.

So there grew up in England a hopelessly inartistic fashion of regarding the tune as paramount and the words as of no importance. Our public listened complacently to foreign languages which it did not even pretend that it understood, or followed them in translations which it would have found itself wholly incompetent to parse. And the fashion has not yet entirely passed away. We still accept inarticulate singers and unknown tongues without any thought that the value of the song is thereby impaired to us. We still accept translations which it would be flattery to describe as doggerel, not because they are the best that we can get, but because we do not realise that there is anything amiss with them. Take Haydn's CREATION for example. During the better part of a century England has been tolerating a libretto of which the following may be given as a specimen:

> The Heavens are telling the glory of God,
> The wonder of His work displays the firmament.
> To day that is coming speaks it the day,
> The night that is gone to following night.
> In all the lands resounds the word,
> Never unperceived, ever understood.

This is bad enough in oratorio and opera, when the attention is divided among several points of interest; it is a thousand times worse when it appears, as it soon began to appear, in the closer concentration of lyric song. No wonder if our poets came away dissatisfied; no wonder if they concluded that anything was good enough for musical treatment. And when our dark age came and music itself was looked upon as a foreign import, both elements alike began to decay and to infect each other with a fatal taint of corruption.

On the Continent a better state of things was inaugurated by Gluck and carried on by the great masters of Germany and Austria. In some of Haydn's canzonets the balance is adequately maintained: then came Mozart's VEILCHEN, then Beethoven, then the Romantic school which gave due equality to the poet and brought song to the highest consummation that it has yet attained. But meanwhile the tide ebbed away from England, and its flood is but now returning. During the most active and strenuous period in all musical history our own art was virtually in abeyance; we held aloof from the struggle, we looked upon the leaders of advance with an unintelligent suspicion, and we paid the penalty not only by loss of repute, but by the heavier loss of power and

opportunity. And now that our musicians are once more resuming the place which they held before the death of Purcell, it is only to find that the poets have forgotten the old terms of agreement, and have begun to set up new customs of their own. There is probably no lyric verse in the world so difficult to set to music as that of our English contemporaries; it has been written without thought of the composer, without regard to his special claims and requirements; it is too individual, too self-centred, to ask or admit the aid of the collaborator. In a word, though much must be allowed for particular conditions of character and temperament, one proximate reason of our failure in song is the present divergence between English music and English poetry; and of this one ultimate reason may be found in our fathers' maintenance of a bad musical tradition.

Now it is clearly best, as a matter of ideal, that the two elements in song should both be of the same age and of the same country. For in the first place art depends in some degree upon national characteristics, and is itself the purer for the purity of its lineage; and in the second place there have been successive stages in musical as in poetic expression, and it undoubtedly makes for unity that the two should pass through these stages together. Schubert, no doubt, occurs as an exception, but Schubert's whole position in music is exceptional. Schumann, Franz and Brahms are at their highest as song-writers when they are setting the poets of their own people; so are Grieg and Dvoràk, so are Gounod and Jensen and Hans Sommer. It is therefore only a partial solution of the problem if we bid our composers seek alliance from France and Germany, or even from our own lyric masters of the Stuart period. In the former case the music, to be congruous, will take a foreign tinge: in the latter it will be touched with archaism; and both alike will give us a sense of unreality that is fatal to art as a living force. With the Bible, with Shakespeare, the case is different; they have both grown up afresh in each successive generation and are as much a part of our own life as of our forefathers'. But the Bible lies beyond the limits of the present question; with much of Shakespeare we have been already forestalled, and our music has learned a different language from that known to Herrick and Suckling. It is to our own contemporaries, to Tennyson and Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne, that we should look for aid, and it is here, by the irony of circumstance, that aid is most unattainable.

In illustrating this point it is important not to confuse the issue by reference to our great choral compositions. Choral writing has its own special laws and characteristics, its own special qualities of mass and volume, and no inference can be drawn from it to the purely personal feeling of the lyric. It is no answer, therefore, to quote the magnificent work which Dr. Parry has done with Pope and Milton, or even such examples of noble achievement as THE LOTOS-EATERS, or THE REVENGE, or the ODE TO ETON. It is of lyric song that we are speaking; it is in lyric song that our art is, on the whole, most deficient. Every one remembers the sense of expectation which heralded the Tennyson volume a few years ago, and the bitter disappointment which ran through England on its appearance. Here were a score of poems written by Tennyson set by some of the greatest of our composers, and there was hardly a true song among them. Μία ἐκ πολλῶν οὐκ ἀπόμουσος; the rest were either preoccupied with some technical problem, or clearly over-

weighted by an unequal partnership. It would be hardly possible to find a more striking instance of our national disability.

On the causes, so far as they spring from the melodic side, we have already touched. They arise partly from a tradition of indifference, partly from its natural complement, a divergence of musical energy into directions other than lyric. But poetry itself has laid obstacles in the way of return. Allowed too little by a past generation, it is now claiming too much, and challenging the composer with difficulties which even the highest genius is not always adequate to surmount. In the first place the best English verse has come to exhibit a peculiar kind of flexibility to which no exact parallel can be found in the art of other nations. It relies mainly upon great variety of stress and accent, upon an extremely free treatment of the laws of scansion, upon a balance of rhythm in which there is as little as possible of exact recurrence. An extreme instance may be seen in those exquisite lines of Keats which were selected by a writer in THE QUARTERLY REVIEW as examples of bad prosody; and though the stupidity of the criticism has passed into a proverb, there still remains the fact which it illustrates. But music, though within certain limits it is more flexible than any verse, yet prefers, and indeed almost requires, that its lyric stanza should be marked by some definite recurrences of beat, particularly at the end of the clause where our verse is least inclined to grant them. A poet. for example, will rhyme the word *sky* with the word *silently*, and deliberately choose the rhyme because of its variety of stress. The musician can hardly follow him without breaking the entire design of the melody. Of course in declamatory song this difficulty does not appear, and even in lyric song it is not always insuperable, but none the less it exists, and it is particularly noticeable in our own country. Again the frequent *enjambement* of the lines, which gives to English verse a special characteristic of beauty, itself affords a new problem to the composer. Shelley's poem "When passion's trance is overpast" would require very deft handling before it could be fitted to the exigencies of the musical stanza.

So far, however, the solution is merely a matter of skill. But a more serious question remains. It must be remembered that song is a combination of two arts, in which each must exercise its own function and must respect the office of the other. In the ideal lyric, such as those of Heine and Schumann, the poet draws an outline which the musician colours; and where they are in perfect sympathy there will be perfect unity of result. But if the one goes on to complete the picture, if he prescribes every *nuance* and every detail, there is no collaboration possible, for nothing is left to the other but complete subservience. There will never be an adequate setting of the "Bugle Song" in THE PRINCESS, not because the verse is too musical, for such a plea is a contradiction in terms, but because the poem is too full. What is the composer to do with such a consummate line as,

> Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying—?

Shall he follow the suggestion of the words? He is but echoing the echoes. Shall he disregard it? He has missed the poet's meaning. The whole field has been occupied already, and if he claim a share of the tillage he must take station as a serf.

It is not pretended that this is true of all our best lyric poetry. If it were we should not have the few masterpieces of song that have been

given us, to name two examples, by Dr. Parry and Dr. Stanford. But it is true in a large number of cases, and wherever it is true, song in any real sense of the term is almost impossible. When CROSSING THE BAR was published, more than one of our composers took the poem in hand, and produced a set of *tours de force* of which some were brilliant and some were creditable, and not one was wholly satisfactory. The four stanzas have already attained finality and there is nothing left to add. The same holds good, though in varying degree, with our other great poets of the present age. Browning may almost be put out of consideration, he is no more a singer than his own Pacchiarotto: Rossetti often presents insuperable difficulties of phrase; and though Mr. William Morris and Mr. Swinburne come nearer to the musician's ideal, since they love those broad lines of emotion which it is the function of his art to follow and illustrate, yet the former occasionally forgets that he is writing in the nineteenth century, while the latter, like Keats and Shelley, will only respond to certain musical moods. It is a far cry from even the most adaptable of our lyrics to WIDMUNG or FRÜHLINGSNACHT or DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.

This bare statement of cause and effect should not be pressed to the extremity of a hostile criticism. Song, in spite of M. de Banville, no more covers the whole of poetry than the whole of music; it is but a province of march-land, ceded from the territory of two separate empires, and governed by the representatives of a joint administration. On either hand lie wide expanses that spread from the near frontiers of romance and elegy and dance-measure to the remoter regions of drama and epic, of sonata and symphony. In them the artist has free choice to take up his habitation: one may devote himself to the service of pure tone, another to the methods and ideals of pure literature; and, if a man does the best work for which his genius fits him, it is idle that we should complain because he has wrought it on this or that side of a particular border-line. There is no more reason for demanding that every lyric should be a song than for demanding that every play should be an opera; indeed the poet will often speak with a fuller meaning if he be bound by no restrictions but those of his own art. At the same time song is a possession that we would not willingly forego; and song is neither music nor poetry, but both together. The two elements are combined as gold and silver were fused in the electrum, each, it may be, losing some feature of its own beauty, each bearing its part in a result that is worth the sacrifice. And the whole contention of the present paper is that in our English song we should require true gold and true silver, and that we should not rest satisfied with the substitution of a baser metal.

Yet recently our choice has lain, for the most part, between base metal and imperfect fusion. In many forms of expression we have learned to rival Germany, in song we are still far behind her; and the reason is to be found less in the weakness of our music than in the alienation of our poetry. If we have no Heine we can have no Schumann; the future of our song is a matter in which both arts are equally concerned. It only remains that each should more fully recognise the requirements of the other, and should so join in a common cause, of which there already stands over sea a living example and illustration.

A GARDEN OF DREAMS.

Ghosts—ghosts—the sapphirine air
Teams with them even to the gleaming ends
Of the wild day-spring! Ghosts,
Everywhere—everywhere!

I THINK there is nothing fraught with so pathetic a burden as the atmosphere of a college which has gown gray with years and memories. Other remnants of antiquity, other links to bind us to a far distant past, have all a less penetrating influence, and seem to hold us by a shadowy and attenuated claim. We look on the domestic architecture of our ancestors with only a vague wonder what manner of men they were who built those houses and dwelt in them. The footprints left in these places are very faint; the vicissitudes that have been at work here, to sever the connection between us and the generations whose impressions we would fain gather up, have been so many, can only be so imperfectly traced, that we seem to be looking on some stranded survival of an epoch wholly forgotten, about which we can only wonder, with which we are not in the slightest degree in touch. A castle, which is perhaps become a mere show-place, can at most be put to any vital use by sheer anachronism that is not very potent to kindle our imaginations. Great cathedrals, historic churches, though we still make a shift to worship in them, strike us with a chill sense of incongruity. We might as well be bowing down in a heathen temple. They were reared by men of another spirit than ours, of other hopes and fears and beliefs, for another ceremonial and worship. Changes, too numerous almost to allow of a bare record, have intervened between us and the traditions which hallowed them. Such a feeling, more than a neglectful temper or pure bad taste, has been the prompter in our crude and fatal restorations.

But it is far otherwise within the college's austere pale. There the primitive traditions have struck in their roots with a tenacity which seems to promise that both shall be coeval in duration. Dynasties have been set up and fallen; Masters and Deans have come and gone, as transiently as the forest leaves or a season's snows; Charity Commissioners have done their worst; and we still hold by a manner of life intelligibly akin to that of the earliest members of our body. The most practical, utilitarian student who passes carelessly through the time-worn court, between, perhaps, the laboratories and the sports of the river, is still bound to a past (of which he may know or reck nothing) by simple usages of hall and chapel and a discipline which he despises or revolts from.

Collegiate life thus naturally is fuller of memories, vibrates with keener sympathies as between us and the silent centuries. Yet, in recalling this, we exhaust not one half of its significance. The generations of a college are so much more numerous than any other generations; a mere score of years there must leave behind them a voluminous history. How much more, then, the years that are to be counted by hundreds? And these are generations of youth, for the

old gray walls, like granite rocks washed by summer seas, are ever being bathed, as it were, by the ebb and flow of a perpetually rejuvenated life. Nowhere can so many splendid dreams have been dreamed, so many ideals have shaped themselves, so many romances been acted, in thought, at least, as at a great university. The very airs of antiquity in its precincts come rustling down to us with prophetic intimations; every hint of the past is implicated with the future, a future, alas, never to fulfil itself upon this earth! For the organic nature, one might almost say of the atmosphere, is compacted of the enthusiastic purposes and vaticinations of young and ardent natures perished so long ago.

It is doubtless a salutary and wholesome thing that the strenuous exercises of the body and a constant preoccupation blind the undergraduate to the secret presences among which he moves. The Paddock, when it is full of flannel-clad tennis-players, noisily demonstrative, is not the most likely spot for dreaming dreams or seeing visions in. When the courts re-echo with the tramp of men returning from the football-fields, he would be a most impracticable visionary, whose thoughts could detach themselves, for a backward excursion, from the so concrete, urgent present. But in the very depth and midmost solitude of a vacation, when every window with blinds drawn down has presented a blank and meaningless face, or a single shame-faced lamp has twinkled from some casemate in some high-shouldered gable that loses itself in the roof, then, as I have stood idle under some archway, or paced listlessly along, half unconsciously noting, in the "shining, sensitive silver" of the moon, the silhouettes of towers and vanes and twisted chimneys upon the grass, then could I swear that the unsubstantial form of reverend doctor or painful scholar, in robes of a long-passed fashion, with hushed and meditative step, and countenance averted, downcast, has brushed by me, intent on keeping some mysterious tryst.

But I think it is rather in the gardens and avenues and unfrequented walks that one is most awake to these influences. Cloisters and courts and towers have about them a certain solidity and power of resistance which render them slow to give or take impressions. We think of the founder, of the architect who planned and the builder who wrought, of those others, perhaps, who cautiously or too hastily repaired. Yes, we are led to think of those who raised the theatre; but of all those actors, so young and impressionable, and therefore so impressive, who here played their best, and some of them their only parts, of these we are but faintly reminded.

Nature is so much more plastic than the works of men's hands. She takes something from every contact to which she is exposed. Impression follows impression, but the first that was sealed is as whole and secure as the last. Surely it is not a misleading fancifulness that bids us feel in the character of a landscape some subtle intimation of those who used to love to look upon it? Is it mere credulity to believe that something of the spiritual being of the master lurks in the music others draw from the *Amati* with which, in his lifetime, he held great audiences entranced?

I have haunted the Backs on many a morning in autumn, when there was nothing to disturb the tenor of my solitary broodings. The dew lay bright and sparkling with a hundred prismatic colours on the grass. The yellow leaves, crisp and crackling under my feet, sent up a pungent, wholesome smell. The river lapped lazily among the alders, slid

gracefully under the bridges. There was a rosy flush on the gray pinnacles of King's College chapel. The freshness of the morning and the chilly breath of the waning season together wrought on me with such an effect as to seem to recall, with a kind of intimate connection between themselves and the thing which they suggested, the most appropriate memories of the place, the perpetual springtime of life that is ever burgeoning here, yet ever fading; and half conjuring life into the shapes of the light and wavering mist, half turning my eyes inwards, and furnishing forth my imagination with material drawn from my own heart, I have lived again an infinite number of the lives that made these old colleges bright. The heroic friendships, to be shipwrecked, almost before the cloister was exchanged for the world, on the sunken reef of self-interest; the dreams of love, so much more brilliant than the brightest reality; the bold reforms, the artist's dream, sacrifices all on the world's high places, yet not without a certain rare efficacy in the contemplation. Surely it was well with the lads who had these dreams, though every one had to perish unfulfilled. Surely it is good for any one to dream them over again.

And in the steady downpour of a February afternoon, when the river and all the Backs are overspread with a pall of heavy, almost impenetrable mist, so that you can scarce see twenty yards before you, and you may listen for half an hour, yet hear no sound but the monotonous splash of the rain; then I have stood and gazed, vacant as the prospect has seemed; and at last a light wind springs up in the tops of the elms, and I vainly struggle to convince myself that there is no other meaning of the sounds which now disturb that oppressive silence, that I am not the frightened witness of a mysterious Drive of the Dead; till it is an unspeakable relief to be interrupted by the noisy advent of men who have spent the rainy afternoon in playing racquets, and are returning homeward through the Backs.

THE FIFTH PICTURE.

Lady Tamworth felt unutterably bored. The sensation of lassitude, even in its less acute degrees, was rare with her; for she possessed a nature of so fresh a buoyancy that she was able, as a rule, to extract diversion from any environment. Her mind took impressions with the vivid clearness of a mirror, and also, it should be owned, with a mirror's transient objectivity. To-day, however, the mirror was clouded. She looked out of the window; a level row of gray houses frowned at her across the street. She looked upwards; a gray pall of cloud swung over the roof-tops. The interior of the room appeared to her even less inviting than the street. It was the afternoon of the first drawing-room, and a *debutante* was exhibiting herself to her friends. She stood in the centre, a figure from a Twelfth-Night cake, amidst a babble of congratulations, and was plainly occupied in a perpetual struggle to conceal her moments of enthusiasm beneath a crust of deprecatory languor.

The spectacle would have afforded choice entertainment to Lady Tamworth, had she viewed it in the company of a sympathetic companion. Solitary appreciation of the humorous, however, only induced in her a yet more despondent mood. The tea seemed tepid; the conversation matched the tea. Epigrams without point, sallies void of wit, and cynicisms innocent of the sting of an apt application floated about her on a ripple of unintelligent laughter. A phrase of Mr. Dale's recurred to her mind, "Hock and seltzer with the sparkle out of it;" so he had stigmatised the style and she sadly thanked him for the metaphor.

There was, moreover, a particular reason for her discontent. Nobody realised the presence of Lady Tamworth, and this unaccustomed neglect shot a barbed question at her breast. "After all why should they?" She was useless, she reflected; she did nothing, exercised no influence. The thought however was too painful for lengthened endurance; the very humiliation of it produced the antidote. She remembered that she had at last persuaded her lazy Sir John to stand for Parliament. Only wait until he was elected! She would exercise an influence then. The vision of a *salon* was miraged before her, with herself in the middle deftly manipulating the destinies of a nation.

"Lady Tamworth!" a voice sounded at her elbow.

"Mr. Dale!" She turned with a sudden sprightliness. "My guardian angel sent you."

"So bad as that?"

"I have an intuition." She paused impressively upon the word.

"Never mind!" said he soothingly. "It will go away."

Lady Tamworth glared, that is, as well as she could; nature had not really adapted her for glaring. "I have an intuition," she resumed, "that this is what the suburbs mean." And she waved her hand comprehensively.

"They are perhaps a trifle excessive," he returned. "But then you needn't have come."

"Oh yes! Clients of Sir John." Lady Tamworth sighed and sank with a weary elegance into a chair. Mr.

Dale interpreted the sigh. "Ah! A wife's duties," he began.

"No man can know," she interrupted, and she spread out her hands in pathetic forgiveness of an over-exacting world. Her companion laughed brutally. "You *are* rude!" she said and laughed too. And then, "Tell me something new!"

"I met an admirer of yours today."

"But that's nothing new." She looked up at him with a plaintive reproach.

"I will begin again," he replied submissively. "I walked down the Mile-End road this morning to Sir John's jute-factory."

"You fail to interest me," she said with some emphasis.

"I am so sorry. Good-bye!"

"Mr. Dale!"

"Yes!"

"You may, if you like, go on with the first story."

"There is only one. It was in the Mile-End road I met the admirer—Julian Fairholm."

"Oh!" Lady Tamworth sat up and blushed. However, Lady Tamworth blushed very readily.

"It was a queer incident," Mr. Dale continued. "I caught sight of a neck-tie in a little dusty shop-window near the Pavilion Theatre. I had never seen anything like it in my life; it fairly fascinated me, seemed to dare me to buy it."

The lady's foot began to tap upon the carpet. Mr. Dale stopped and leaned critically forward.

"Well! Why don't you go on?" she asked impatiently.

"It's pretty," he reflected aloud.

The foot disappeared demurely into the seclusion of petticoats. "You exasperate me," she remarked. But her face hardly guaranteed her words. "We were speaking of ties."

"Ah, the tie wasn't pretty. It was of satin, bright yellow with blue spots. And an idea struck me; yes, an idea! Sir John's election colours are yellow, his opponent's blue. So I thought the tie would make a tactful present, symbolical (do you see?) of the state of parties in the constituency."

He paused a second time.

"Well?"

"I went in and bought it."

"Well?"

"Julian Fairholm sold it to me."

Lady Tamworth stared at the speaker in pure perplexity. Then all at once she understood and the blood eddied into her cheeks. "I don't believe it!" she exclaimed.

"His face would be difficult to mistake," Mr. Dale objected. "Besides I had time to assure myself, for I had to wait my turn. When I entered the shop, he was serving a woman with baby-linen. Oh yes! Julian Fairholm sold me the tie."

Lady Tamworth kept her eyes upon the ground. Then she looked up. She struck the arm of her chair with her closed fist and cried in a quick petulance, "How dare he?"

"Exactly what I thought," answered her companion smoothly. "The colours were crude by themselves, the combination was detestable. And he an artist too!" Mr. Dale laughed pleasantly.

"Did he speak to you?"

"He asked me whether I would take a packet of pins instead of a farthing."

"Ah, don't," she entreated, and rose from her chair. It might have been her own degradation of which Mr. Dale was speaking.

"By the way," he added, "I was so taken aback that I forgot to present the tie. Would you?"

"No! No!" she said decisively and turned away. But a sudden notion checked her. "On second thoughts

I will; but I can't promise to make him wear it."

The smile which sped the words flickered strangely upon quivering lips and her eyes shone with anger. However the tie changed hands, and Lady Tamworth tripped down stairs and stepped into her brougham. The packet lay upon her lap and she unfolded it. A round ticket was enclosed, and the bill. On the ticket was printed, *A Present from Zedediah Moss.* With a convulsion of disgust she swept the parcel on to the floor. "How dare he?" she cried again, and her thoughts flew back to the brief period of their engagement. She had been just Kitty Arlton in those days, the daughter of a poor sea-captain but dowered with the compensating grace of personal attractions. Providence had indisputably designed her for the establishment of the family fortunes; such at all events was the family creed, and the girl herself felt no inclination to doubt a faith which was backed by the evidence of her looking-glass. Julian Fairholm at that time shared a studio with her brother, and the acquaintance thus begun ripened into an attachment and ended in a betrothal. For Julian, in the common prediction, possessed that vague blessing, a future. It is true the common prediction was always protected by a saving clause: "If he could struggle free from his mysticism." But none the less his pictures were beginning to sell, and the family displayed a moderate content. The discomposing appearance of Sir John Tamworth, however, gave a different complexion to the matter. Sir John was rich, and had besides the confident pertinacity of success. In a word, Kitty Arlton married Sir John.

Lady Tamworth's recollections of the episode were characteristically vague; they came back to her in pieces like disconnected sections of a wooden puzzle. She remembered that she had written an exquisitely pathetic letter to Fairholm "when the end came," as she expressed it; and she recalled queer scraps of the artist's talk about the danger of forming ties. "New ties," he would say, "mean new duties, and they hamper and clog the will." Ah yes, the will; he was always holding forth about that and here was the lecture finally exemplified! He was selling baby-linen in the Mile-End road. She had borne her disappointment, she reflected, without any talk about will. The thought of her self-sacrifice even now brought the tears to her eyes; she saw herself wearing her orange-blossoms in the spirit of an Iphigeneia.

Sections of the puzzle, however, were missing to Lady Tamworth's perceptions. For, in fact, her sense of sacrifice had been mainly artificial, and fostered by a vanity which made the possession of a broken romance seem to pose her on a notable pedestal of duty. What had really attracted her to Julian was the evidence of her power shown in the subjugation of a being intellectually higher than his compeers. It was not so much the man she had cared for, as the sight of herself in a superior setting; a sure proof whereof might have been found in a certain wilful pleasure which she had drawn from constantly impelling him to acts and admissions which she knew to be alien to his nature.

It was some revival of this idea which explained her exclamation, "How dare he?" For his conduct appeared more in the light of an outrage and insult to her than of a degradation of himself. He must be rescued from his position, she determined.

She stooped to pick up the bill from the floor as the brougham swung sharply round a corner. She looked out of the window; the coachman had turned into Berkeley Square; in

another hundred yards she would reach home. She hastily pulled the check-string, and the footman came to the door. "Drive down the Mile End-road," she said; "I will fetch Sir John home." Lady Tamworth read the address on the bill. "Near the Pavilion Theatre," Mr. Dale had explained. She would just see the place this evening, she determined, and then reflect on the practical course to be pursued.

The decision relieved her of her sense of humiliation, and she nestled back among her furs with a sigh of content. There was a pleasurable excitement about her present impulse which contrasted very brightly with her recent *ennui*. She felt that her wish to do something, to exert an influence, had been providentially answered. The task, besides, seemed to her to have a flavour of antique chivalry; it smacked of the princess undoing enchantments, and reminded her vaguely of Camelot. She determined to stop at the house and begin the work at once; so she summoned the footman a second time and gave him the address. So great indeed was the charm which her conception exercised over her, that her very indignation against Julian changed to pity. He had to be fitted to the chivalric pattern, and consequently refashioned. Her harlequin fancy straightway transformed him into the romantic lover who, having lost his mistress, had lost the world and therefore, naturally, held the sale of baby-linen on a par with the painting of pictures. "Poor Julian!" she thought.

The carriage stopped suddenly in front of a shuttered window. A neighbouring gas-lamp lit up the letters on the board above it, *Z. Moss*. This unexpected check in the full flight of ardour dropped her to earth like a plummet. And as if to accentuate her disappointment the surrounding shops were aglare with light; customers pressed busily in and out of them, and even on the roadway naphtha-jets waved flauntingly over barrows of sweet-stuff and fruit. Only this sordid little house was dark. "They can't afford to close at this hour," she murmured reproachfully.

The footman came to the carriage door, disdain perceptibly struggling through his mask of impassivity.

"Why is the shop closed?" Lady Tamworth asked.

"The name, perhaps, my lady," he suggested. "It is Friday."

Lady Tamworth had forgotten the day. "Very well," she said sullenly. "Home at once!" However, she corrected herself adroitly: "I mean, of course, fetch Sir John first."

Sir John was duly fetched and carried home jubilant at so rare an attention. The tie was presented to him on the way, and he bellowed his merriment at its shape and colour. To her surprise Lady Tamworth found herself defending the style, and inveighing against the monotony of the fashions of the West End. Nor was this the only occasion on which she disagreed with her husband that evening. He launched an aphorism across the dinner-table which he had cogitated from the report of a divorce-suit in the evening papers. "It is a strange thing," he said, "that the woman who knows her influence over a man usually employs it to hurt him; the woman who doesn't, employs it unconsciously for his good."

"You don't mean that?" she asked earnestly.

"I have noticed it more than once," he replied.

For a moment Lady Tamworth's chivalric edifice showed cracks and rents; it threatened to crumble like a house of cards; but only for a moment. For she merely considered the remark in reference to the future;

she applied it to her present wish to exercise an influence over Julian. The issue of that, however, lay still in the dark, and was consequently imaginable as inclination prompted. A glance at Sir Julian sufficed to finally reassure her. He was rosy and modern, and so plainly incapable of appreciating chivalric impulses. To estimate them rightly one must have an insight into their nature, and therefore an actual experience of their fire; but such fire left traces on the person. Chivalric people were hollow-cheeked with luminous eyes; at least chivalric men were hollow-cheeked, she corrected herself with a look at the mirror. At all events Sir John and his aphorism were beneath serious reflection; and she determined to repeat her journey upon the first opportunity.

The opportunity, however, was delayed for a week and occasioned Lady Tamworth no small amount of self-pity. Here was noble work waiting for her hand, and duty kept her chained to the social oar!

On the afternoon, then, of the following Friday she dressed with what even for her was unusual care, aiming at a complex effect of daintiness and severity, and drove down in a hansom to Whitechapel. She stopped the cab some yards from the shop and walked up to the window. Through the glass she could see Julian standing behind the counter. His hands (she noticed them particularly because he was displaying some cheap skeins of coloured wool) seemed perhaps a trifle thinner and more nervous, his features a little sharpened, and there was a sprinkling of gray in the black of his hair. For the first time since the conception of her scheme Lady Tamworth experienced a feeling of irresolution. With Fairholm in the flesh before her eyes, the task appeared difficult; its reality pressed in upon her, driving a breach through the flimsy wall of her fancies. She resolved to wait until the shop should be empty, and to that end took a few steps slowly up the street and returned yet more slowly. She looked into the window again; Julian was alone now, and still she hesitated. The admiring comments of two loungers on the kerb concerning her appearance at last determined her, and she brusquely thrust open the door. A little bell jangled shrilly above it and Julian looked up.

"Lady Tamworth!" he said after the merest pause and with no more than a natural start of surprise. Lady Tamworth, however, was too taken aback by the cool manner of his greeting to respond at once. She had forecast the commencement of the interview upon such wholly different lines that she felt lost and bewildered. An abashed confusion was the least that she expected from him, and she was prepared to increase it with a nicely-tempered indignation. Now the positions seemed actually reversed; he was looking at her with a composed attention, while she was filled with embarrassment.

A suspicion flashed through her mind that she had come upon a fool's errand. "Julian!" she said with something of humility in her voice, and she timidly reached out her little gloved hand towards him. Julian took it into the palm of his own and gazed at it with a sort of wondering tenderness, as though he had lighted upon a toy which he remembered to have prized dearly in an almost forgotten childhood. This second blow to her pride quickened in her a feeling of exasperation. She drew her fingers quickly out of his grasp. "What brought you down to this!" She snapped out the words at him; she had not come to Whitechapel to be slighted at all events.

"I have risen," he answered quietly.

"Risen? And you sell baby-linen!"

Julian laughed in pure contentment. "You don't understand," he said. For a moment he looked at her as one debating with himself and then: "You have a right to understand. I will tell you." He leaned across the counter, and as he spoke the eager passion of a devotee began to kindle in his eyes and vibrate through the tones of his voice. "The knowledge of a truth worked into your heart will lift you, eh, must lift you high? But base your life upon that truth, centre yourself about it, till your thoughts become instincts born from it! It must lift you still higher then; ah, how much higher! Well, I have done that. Yes, that's why I am here. And I owe it all to you."

Lady Tamworth repeated his words in sheer bewilderment. "You owe it all to me?"

"Yes," he nodded, "all to you." And with genuine gratitude he added, "You didn't know the good that you had done."

"Ah, don't say that!" she cried.

The bell tinkled over the shop-door and a woman entered. Lady Tamworth bent forward and said hastily, "I must speak to you."

"Then you must buy something; what shall it be?" Fairholm had already recovered his self-possession and was drawing out one of the shelves in the wall behind him.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, "not here; I can't speak to you here. Come and call on me; what day will you come?"

Julian shook his head. "Not at all, I am afraid. I have not the time."

A boy came out from the inner room and began to get ready the shutters. "Ah, it's Friday," she said. "You will be closing soon."

"In five minutes."

"Then I will wait for you. Yes, I will wait for you."

She paused at the door and looked at Julian. He was deferentially waiting on his customer, and Lady Tamworth noticed with a queer feeling of repugnance that he had even acquired the shopman's trick of rubbing the hands. Those five minutes proved for her a most unenviable period. Julian's sentence,—"I owe it all to you"—pressed heavily upon her conscience. Spoken bitterly, she would have given little heed to it; but there had been a convincing sincerity in the ring of his voice. The words, besides, brought back to her Sir John's uncomfortable aphorism and freighted it with an accusation. She applied it now as a search-light upon her jumbled recollections of Julian's courtship, and began to realise that her efforts during that time had been directed thoughtlessly towards enlarging her influence over him. If, indeed, Julian owed this change in his condition to her, then Sir John was right, and she had employed her influence to his hurt. And it only made her fault the greater that Julian was himself unconscious of his degradation. She commenced to feel a personal responsibility commanding her to rescue him from his slough, which was increased moreover by a fear that her persuasions might prove ineffectual. For Julian's manner pointed now to an utter absence of feeling so far as she was concerned.

At last Julian came out to her. "You will leave here," she cried impulsively. "You will come back to us, to your friends!"

"Never," he answered firmly.

"You must," she pleaded; "you said you owed it all to me."

"Yes."

"Well, don't you see? If you stay here, I can never forgive myself; I shall have ruined your life"

"Ruined it?" Julian asked in a tone of wonder. "You have made it." He stopped and looked at Lady Tamworth in perplexity. The same perplexity was stamped upon her face. "We are at cross-purposes, I think," he continued. "My rooms are close here. Let me give you some tea, and explain to you that you have no cause to blame yourself."

Lady Tamworth assented with some relief. The speech had an odd civilised flavour which contrasted pleasantly with what she had imagined of his mode of life.

They crossed the road and turned into a narrow side-street. Julian halted before a house of a slovenly exterior, and opened the door. A bare rickety staircase rose upwards from their feet. Fairholm closed the door behind Lady Tamworth, struck a match (for it was quite dark within this passage), and they mounted to the fourth and topmost floor. They stopped again upon a little landing in front of a second door. A wall-paper of a cheap and offensive pattern, which had here and there peeled from the plaster, added, Lady Tamworth observed, a paltry air of tawdriness to the poverty of the place. Julian fumbled in his pocket for a key, unlocked the door, and stepped aside for his companion to enter. Following her in, he lit a pair of wax candles on the mantelpiece and a brass lamp in the corner of the room. Lady Tamworth fancied that unawares she had slipped into fairyland; so great was the contrast between this retreat and the sordid surroundings amidst which it was perched. It was furnished with a dainty, and almost a feminine luxury. The room, she could see, was no more than an oblong garret; but along one side mouse-coloured curtains fell to the ground in folds from the angle where the sloping roof met the wall; on the other a cheerful fire glowed from a hearth of white tiles and a kettle sang merrily upon the hob. A broad couch, piled with silk cushions, occupied the far end beneath the window, and the feet sank with a delicate pleasure into a thick velvety carpet. In the centre a small inlaid table of cedar wood held a silver tea-service. The candlesticks were of silver also, and cast in a light and fantastic fashion. The solitary discord was a black easel funereally draped.

Julian prepared the tea, and talked while he prepared it. "It is this way," he began quietly. "You know what I have always believed; that the will was the man, his soul, his life, everything. Well, in the old days thoughts and ideas commenced to make themselves felt in me, to crop up in my work. I would start on a picture with a clear settled design; when it was finished, I would notice that by some unconscious freak I had introduced a figure, an arabesque, always something which made the whole incongruous and bizarre. I discovered the cause during the week after I received your last letter. The thoughts, the ideas were yours; better than mine perhaps, but none the less death to me."

Lady Tamworth stirred uneasily under a sense of guilt, and murmured a faint objection. Julian shook off the occupation of his theme and handed her some cake, and began again, standing over her with the cake in his hand, and to all seeming unconscious that there was a strain of cruelty in his words. "I found out what that meant. My emotions were mastering me, drowning the will in me. You see, I cared for you so much—then."

A frank contempt stressing the last word cut into his hearer with the keenness of a knife. "You are unkind," she said weakly.

'There's no reproach to you. I have got over it long ago," he replied cheerily. "And you showed me how to get over it; that's why I am grateful. For I began to wonder after that, why I, who had always been on my guard against the emotions, should become so thoroughly their slave. And at last I found out the reason; it was the work I was doing."

"Your work?" she exclaimed.

"Exactly! You remember what Plato remarked about the actor?"

"How should I?" asked poor Lady Tamworth.

"Well, he wouldn't have him in his ideal State because acting developes the emotions, the shifty unstable part of a man. But that's true of art as well; to do good work in art you must feel your work as an emotion. So I cut myself clear from it all. I furnished these rooms and came down here,—to live." And Julian drew a long breath, like a man escaped from danger.

"But why come here?" Lady Tamworth urged. "You might have gone into the country—anywhere."

"No, no, no!" he answered, setting down the cake and pacing about the room. "Wherever else I went, I must have formed new ties, created new duties. I didn't want that; one's feelings form the ties, one's soul pays the duties. No, London is the only place where a man can disappear. Besides I had to do something, and I chose this work, because it didn't touch me. I could throw it off the moment it was done. In the shop I earn the means to live; I live here."

"But what kind of a life is it?" she asked in despair.

"I will tell you," he replied, sinking his tone to an eager whisper; "but you mustn't repeat it, you must keep it a secret. When I am in this room alone at night, the walls widen and widen away until at last they vanish," and he nodded mysteriously at her. "The roof curls up like a roll of parchment, and I am left on an open platform.

"What do you mean?" gasped Lady Tamworth.

"Yes, on an open platform underneath the stars. And do you know," he sank his voice yet lower, "I hear them at times; very faintly of course,—their songs have so far to travel; but I hear them,—yes, I hear the stars."

Lady Tamworth rose in a whirl of alarm. Before this crazy exaltation, her very desire to pursue her purpose vanished. For Julian's manner even more than his words contributed to her fears. In spite of his homily, emotion was dominant in his expression, swaying his body, burning on his face and lighting his eyes with a fire of changing colours. And every note in his voice was struck within the scale of passion.

She glanced about the room; her eyes fell on the easel. "Don't you ever paint?" she asked hurriedly.

He dropped his head and stood shifting from one foot to the other, as if he was ashamed. "At times," he said hesitatingly; "at times I have to,—I can't help it,—I have to express myself. Look!" He stepped suddenly across the room and slid the curtains back along the rail. The wall was frescoed from floor to ceiling.

"Julian!" Lady Tamworth cried. She forgot all her fears in face of this splendid revelation of his skill. Here was the fulfilment of his promise.

In the centre four pictures were ranged, the stages in the progress of an allegory, but executed with such masterful craft and of so vivid an intention that they read their message straightway into the heart of one's understanding. Round about

this group, were smaller sketches, miniatures of pure fancy. It seemed as if the artist had sought relief in painting these from the pressure of his chief design. Here, for instance, Day and Night were chasing one another through the rings of Saturn; there a swarm of silver stars was settling down through the darkness to the earth.

"Julian, you must come back. You can't stay here."

"I don't mean to stay here long. It is merely a halting-place."

"But for how long?"

"I have one more picture to complete."

They turned again to the wall. Suddenly something caught Lady Tamworth's eye. She bent forward and examined the four pictures with a close scrutiny. Then she looked back again to Julian with a happy smile upon her face. "You have done these lately?"

"Quite lately; they are the stages of a man's life, of the struggle between his passions and his will."

He began to describe them. In the first picture a brutish god was seated on a throne of clay; before the god a man of coarse heavy features lay grovelling; but from his shoulders sprang a white figure, weak as yet and shadowy, but pointing against the god the shadow of a spear; and underneath was written, "At last he knoweth what he made." In the second, the figure which grovelled and that which sprang from its shoulders were plodding along a high-road at night, chained together by the wrist. The white figure halted behind, the other pressed on; and underneath was written, "They know each other not." In the third the figures marched level, that which had grovelled scowling at its companion; but the white figure had grown tall and strong and watched its companion with contempt. Above the sky had brightened with the gleam of stars; and underneath was written, "They know each other." In the fourth, the white figure pressed on ahead and dragged the other by the chain impatiently. Before them the sun was rising over the edge of a heath and the road ran straight towards it in a golden line; and underneath was written, "He knoweth his burden."

Lady Tamworth waited when he had finished, in a laughing expectancy. "And is that all?" she asked. "Is that all?"

"No," he replied slowly; "there is yet a further stage. It is unfinished." And he pointed to the easel.

"I don't mean that. Is that all you have to say of these?"

"I think so. Yes."

"Look at me!"

Julian turned wonderingly to Lady Tamworth. She watched him with a dancing sparkle of her eyes. "Now look at the pictures!" Julian obeyed her. "Well," she said after a pause, with a touch of anxiety. "What do you see now?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" she asked. "Do you mean that?"

"Yes! What should I see?" She caught him by the arm and stared intently into his eyes in a horror of disbelief. He met her gaze with a frank astonishment. She dropped his arm and turned away.

"What should I see?" he repeated.

"Nothing," she echoed with a quivering sadness in her voice. "It is late, I must go."

The white figure in each of those four pictures wore her face, idealised and illumined, but still unmistakably her face; and he did not know it, could not perceive it though she stood by his side! The futility of her errand was proved to her. She drew on her gloves and looking towards the

easel inquired dully, "What stage is that?"

"The last; and it is the last picture I shall paint. As soon as it is completed I shall leave here."

"You will leave?" she asked, paying little heed to his words.

"Yes! The experiment has not succeeded," and he waved a hand towards the wall. "I shall take better means next time."

"How much remains to be done?" Lady Tamworth stepped over to the easel. With a quick spring Julian placed himself in front of it.

"No!" he cried vehemently, raising a hand to warn her off. "No!"

Lady Tamworth's curiosity began to reawaken. "You have shown me the rest."

"I know; you had a right to see them."

"Then why not that?"

"I have told you," he said stubbornly. "It is not finished."

"But when it is finished?" she insisted.

Julian looked at her strangely. "Well, why not?" he said reasoning with himself. "Why not? It is the masterpiece."

"You will let me know when it's ready?"

"I will send it to you; for I shall leave here the day I finish it."

They went down stairs and back into the Mile-End-road. Julian hailed a passing hansom, and Lady Tamworth drove westwards to Berkeley Square.

The fifth picture arrived a week later in the dusk of the afternoon. Lady Tamworth unpacked it herself with an odd foreboding.

It represented an orchard glowing in the noontide sun. From the branches of a tree with lolling tongue and swollen twisted face swung the figure which had grovelled before the god. A broken chain dangled on its wrist, a few links of the chain lay on the grass beneath, and above the white figure winged and triumphant faded into the blue of the sky; and underneath was written, "He freeth himself from his burden."

Lady Tamworth rushed to the bell and pealed loudly for her maid. "Quick!" she cried, "I am going out." But the shrill screech of a newsboy pierced into the room. With a cry she flung open the window. She could hear his voice plainly at the corner of the square. For a while she clung to the sash in a dumb sickness. Then she said quietly: "Never mind! I will not go out after all! I did not know I was so late."

A FORGOTTEN SATIRE.

An old lady of much vivacity and great literary knowledge was asked, not long ago, whether she had read Chrysal. The question was put during one of the interludes in a hand at whist, and her answer was brief, but to the point: "Oh, dear, yes, thousands of years ago!" This statement was, to say the least, hyperbolical, as she was only in her eighty-first year. Another, to whom the same question was put, asked whether it were a book on Entomology, from some hazy connection of ideas, as for example, *male* Chrysal, *female* Chrysalis. Indeed the inquiries made of cultured people resembled the questions put in Parliament, and only served to show a more than ministerial ignorance. Yet the story is a good one told with much point and no little force, was extremely popular in its day, and is just as completely forgotten now as if it had truly been written thousands of years ago. Such is the brevity of literary fame.

Of Charles Johnston, the author of Chrysal, little is known; even the dates of his birth and death are uncertain. An Irishman by birth he is said to have been descended from the Johnstons of Annandale, and Sir Walter Scott, not without a touch of pride, claims him as a fellow-countryman. He had a classical education at Trinity College, Dublin, and on being called to the Bar he came over to practise in England. His deafness, in which as in some other respects he resembled Le Sage, hindered his success, so he turned to the Muse of Literature, and by her kindness he found a subsistence. He was a lively and sociable man, whose circle of friends included many deeply versed in the mysteries of current politics, which are mysterious only so long as they are current, and when passed are usually found to be purely selfish.

In 1760 Chrysal was announced in the newspapers as "a dispassionate account of the most remarkable transactions of the present time all over Europe." The book, consisting originally of two volumes, was written for amusement while the author was paying a visit to Lord Mount-Edgcumbe; and it doubtless afforded much more amusement to the author and to his noble host than to the persons whom it describes. Its popularity was instantaneous, and so great that a second and enlarged edition appeared in the same year, and a third in four volumes in 1761. Since that date it has been several times reprinted, till to-day it has almost passed from recollection. Encouraged by his success Johnston published four more works, which are as completely forgotten as they deserve to be. Soon afterwards, in 1782, he sailed for India in the Brilliant commanded by Captain Mears, and was shipwrecked off the Joanna Islands. With the captain and a few others he was saved after prolonged hardship, and made his way to Bengal. There he wrote much as "Oneiropolos" for the newspapers, of one of which he became joint-proprietor. By investments in property he grew comparatively wealthy, and died about 1800. So much for our author's life.

Nothing need be said of the last four of Johnston's works; *ex nihilo*

nihil fit, and they are less than nothing. With dust, and in the cheerful company of bookworms, let them moulder till they too are dust. But with CHRYSAL the case is different. No historian of the period in which it was written can afford to neglect its spicy pages; no student of the manners of the eighteenth century can pass it by with comfortable scorn. One of the most remarkable works of Le Sage is LE DIABLE BOITEUX, which has been irreverently rendered THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS. The Fiend in this guise is a tricksy and disagreeable personage, whose habit was to look in through the roof of a house and see what its inhabitants were doing. But so far from keeping his discoveries to himself, he revealed them to somebody not in the least concerned therein,—a method of secrecy much practised by others besides his Satanic Majesty. Whether Johnston had read this book or not is uncertain; but he must have read Dr. Bathurst's ADVENTURES OF A HALFPENNY, which appeared in the forty-third number of THE ADVENTURER. The idea of CHRYSAL appears to be based upon this lively little paper, but the realisation is naturally much more complicated and much longer.

An adept in a state of deep poverty, came to lodge at a chandler's shop in Whitechapel. The garret was the scene of his mephytic sanctuary, and he busied himself in making evil odours as chemists or adepts habitually do. In searching for the Philosopher's Stone he often almost starved himself, till one morning he was found dead in his bed by his anxious landlady to whom he owed a quarter's rent and almost twenty shillings in the shop. He left behind him a manuscript, which the author represents himself as buying and editing, and which contained the narrative of CHRYSAL, or THE ADVENTURES OF A GUINEA. After much abstinence the adept had been gratified with the apparition of a beautiful figure of golden colour, who proved to be Chrysal or the Spirit of Gold. Very amusing is the Spirit's account of himself in quotations from John Locke and Bishop Berkeley and Clayton's ESSAY ON SPIRIT, which he applies to himself with much serious fooling. He tells the adept that all spirits are bisexual, or monœcious as the botanists would say, but adopt the female as the nobler characteristic, and having described his essence in the exact words of the Berkeleyan School of Philosophers, he proceeds to narrate his adventures.

He was first sent to animate a mass of gold lying beneath the ground in Peru. When he was brought to the light he possessed the power of entering into the heart, and of analysing the motives of him, or her, who had his outward and tangible sign. Hence it will easily be seen what a terrible whip the author held in his hand under the character of Chrysal, and he laid it on to good purpose. No attempt will be made here to trace all the Spirit's wanderings, for the very sufficient reason that they occupy more than six hundred closely printed pages. Just so much of the cream will be skimmed as to give the reader a fair idea of the whole work. Chrysal, as has been said, first animated a lump of gold in Peru, and after several wanderings in which he did much mischief, he was framed into a guinea. One of the most terrible narratives in the book is that of the Peruvian officer, who ravishes his brother's wife, robs him and murders her, and is yet forgiven and protected by the Jesuit priest on the payment of a large sum of money. The casuistry by which the priest argues is represented with a lurid fidelity, and every crime is condoned

by a series of arguments which would not have disgraced Peter Dens.

Johnston apparently knew much about the military and naval services, and he exposed the chicanery of the chiefs in command and their friends in office with pitiless force. It is true that he named no names; but his descriptions were so exact that the culprits could not fail to recognise their portraits, and he was good enough to present his less discerning friends with a key to the work. When we reflect that Lord Chesterfield, George Whitefield, Samuel Foote, the King, the elder Pitt, General Wolfe, the Duke of Cumberland, Admiral Byng, and John Wilkes are among the persons described, we can easily see how interesting the description of each must have been to the others, and with few exceptions how disagreeable to himself. Lord Chesterfield, for example, Chrysal found in the height, or depth, of gambling, a philosopher in resistance to all passions but this. George Whitefield is mercilessly satirised, and no doubt slandered. He is described as drinking in the society of a well-known pimp and a celebrated procuress, the infamous Mother Douglas, who is rightly called Mother Brimstone. They are waiting for Samuel Foote, or Momus, who satirised Whitefield in his play THE MINOR under the name of Squintum, in playful allusion to the obliquity of his vision. Foote is admirably sketched as mimicking each to his or her face, to the huge delight of the rest. The account then becomes libellous. Whitefield so irritated Mother Brimstone that she hurled her glass at his head, wounding his by no means too prepossessing countenance. He bound up his wound, and announced on the following Sunday morning that he would give an account of its origin in the evening, when he naturally had an overflowing congregation, from whom he took a most satisfactory collection. This is of course a wholly untrue picture of a good man; but the vehemence and earnestness of the preacher had no doubt the appearance of cant to the author.

It is refreshing to turn to a pleasanter picture, and to follow Chrysal into the possession of Frederick the Great. Johnston gives one portrait and Thackeray another of the "little great man." It is not ours to decide which is the truer artist. This much may be said, that our author lived nearer to the times of which he wrote than the immeasurably greater author of BARRY LYNDON, and his portraiture, if not so forcible, is infinitely the more attractive of the two. Chrysal found the King despotic but just, tender in his care of his wounded soldiers but inflexibly stern to offenders. To see the busiest King in Europe ready to listen to any appeals to his justice, and to find him generous and swift to redress every wrong, is to recognise a truly great character. "Temperance, exercise, and serenity of conscience insured his repose; he fell asleep the moment his head touched the pillow, nor awoke till his usually early time of rising next morning, when he returned to the fatigue and perplexity of such a multiplicity of affairs with a clear head and undismayed heart, and soon reduced the confusion of them into such order, as made their execution easy." Such is the description of a clear head and a serene conscience, that may well make the reader pause ere he accepts the account of the ingenious Barry, who appears to be colouring his statements with the luxuriance of an Irish imagination.

A merciless, but not undeserved attack is made on Lord George Sackville, who prevented a victory at Minden by jealousy of his German colleague, if not by a defect still more

unbecoming a soldier. Chrysal speaks with much force of the despicable motives of the English captain, and doubtless represents contemporary public opinion. Soon after this the guinea fell into the hands of a Jesuit. The description of the trickery and untruthfulness of the Order, though caricatured, had some foundation in fact, and one of the first principles of many of its members is thus announced in very bald fashion. "Man is thrown into this world by nature, to obtain his own happiness by every means within his power; this is too sublime a truth for vulgar knowledge, as it would put an end to the delusion by which the wise few keep the herd of mankind in ignorance and subjection." A more unvarnished announcement of the policy of the Order than is contained in this "sublime truth" could not well be desired, though the policy itself is by no means confined to the Jesuits. It is not our business to defend the Society of eminent casuists, who hold that "the end justifies the means," and whose conduct in obedience to this honourable maxim is quite consistent. Suffice it to say that the satire is pointed, and that its point is exceedingly sharp.

Chrysal also passed some time in the service of the Countess of Yarmouth, and a more hateful description of the great Court favourite it would be hard to find. Gold was her passion, and so long as that was fully satisfied, she cared for nothing and for nobody. Her method of prostituting her influence to secure posts for characters worthy or unworthy, and gold for herself, is described in a manner too revolting to be wholly untrue. The reader is delighted to find that this royal ewe-lamb is fleeced to her hide by her agent Abinadab the Jew and his hopeful son.

Passing into the possession of Sir William Johnson, Chrysal gives a curious description of the North American Indian Commonwealth, over which that eccentric genius presided. It appears to have been a sort of Platonic community in which goods, liberties, and wives were enjoyed in common. The chief set the example in his own person to the increase of his subjects and their devotion to him. Indeed he resembled Béranger's ROI D'YVETOT as he appears in Thackeray's version—

> To all the ladies of the land
> A courteous king, and kind, was he;
> The reason why, you'll understand,
> They named him Pater Patriæ.

We cannot determine how far this description is exaggerated; but Sir William's honest plan of dealing with the Indians is told with fine irony. He is made to answer, when bidden to use diplomacy by Lord Howe: "Really, sir, not I! I never was good at devising reasons destitute of truth, in my life; and have entirely forgot the practice since I have conversed with the Americans, who are far from being such fools as they are generally thought to be. Though they have not the advantage of learning, they see by the light of natural reason through all the boasted wiles of policy, and, as they never mean deceit themselves, detest it in others, however speciously disguised; nor ever place confidence a second time, where it has been once abused." Would that all diplomatists could see and be guided by the delicate irony of this plain statement. The lesson is worth learning, though it is perhaps somewhat late in the day to begin to recognise so transparent a fact, that policy need not be synonymous with shuffling.

Chrysal, next in possession of a purser, had a peep into the law-courts, in which a sailor, who had been punished within sight of his shore sued his captain. Mr. Pratt, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, had spoken eloquently

on behalf of his client, when Lord Colville, an "old salt," answered him by the following apposite story. "I have read in a book (for I perceive that common sense signifies nothing here, if not supported by a quotation, it matters not whether to the purpose, or not,) that a certain philosopher having declaimed one day for a considerable length of time before Alexander the Great, at the head of his army, on the duties of a general, the Emperor turned to Parmenio, one of his generals who stood near him, and asked him what he thought of his speech. 'Sire,' answered Parmenio, 'my opinion is, that I never heard a fool talk so learnedly.' I make no application." It was a great rebuff to a man who knew nothing of the subject of his harangue, whether application were made or not. For once the cause of right prevailed, and the great lawyer had nothing to say. About the same time Chrysal passed a harsh judgment on Admiral Byng, and on Henry Fox (the first Lord Holland), whom he accused of giving that unfortunate commander secret instructions. However that may be, Byng met his death by following either the dark lantern of nature or a private commission.

Next the elder Pitt received the guinea, and of him a very noble account is given. David Garrick was soon afterwards introspected by our Spirit, who describes that admirable actor with much force. He tells of the battle of the managers of the theatre against the half-price movement of the mob, which resulted in the wrecking of the scenery and effects, and in the defeat of Beard and Garrick. Little Davy's mode of getting rid of troublesome poets next engaged Chrysal's attention. One tragedy violated the rules of the drama, another was choked by the self-same rules; the plot of a third was laid too much in high life, while that of a fourth descended too low; this one had too much incident, and the next too little. And so he rid himself of a crowd of poetical nonentities, who were all vain enough to imagine that they could win and wear the dramatic laurel.

The guinea did not, despite Foote's famous joke, remain long in the great actor's posssession, but passed soon into the hands of Sir Francis Dashwood, which gives occasion for an account of the notorious orgies at Medenham Abbey, which are sufficiently familiar to all readers versed in the scandalous chronicle of those days to need no recapitulation here.

One of the most pathetic stories of Chrysal's possessors is that of the poor beau whose "belly mourned for the finery of his back," as the Spirit not too delicately puts it. This unhappy wretch covered his outside at the expense of his inside, and for his pains (and the pangs of internal emptiness are unspeakable) was everywhere derided. The Spirit did not stay long with him, and after various adventures fell into the hands of a herald who occupied his leisure in cheating an antiquary. Of his forged inscription and manuscript he says with much triumph: "Upon my life, they look very well. The canker upon this copper, and the smoke upon this parchment are as natural as if they were the work of a thousand years." It is needless to say that his customer added one more to the long list of deluded antiquaries, and paid fifty pounds for what was not worth fifty pence. Sir Walter Scott had read CHRYSAL, and perhaps unconsciously reproduced a few of the traits of the gulled one in THE ANTIQUARY. Edie Ochiltree's answer to Mr. Oldbuck about the Pretorium of which he "minded the bigging," will never be forgotten. When Monkbarns read the mystic letters A. D. L. L. as *Agricola Dicavit*

Libens Lubens, his disgust can better be imagined than described at the gaberlunzie's interpretation of "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle." This scene in its turn appears to have given Dickens the idea of the stone which immortalised Mr. Pickwick. Suffice it to say that Johnston's antiquary entered the manuscript in his collection as, "A very ancient manuscript written by Thomas à Becket in the second century, and found in his tomb at the restoration, proving that Joseph of Arimathæa was an English bishop."

Churchill and Wilkes next figure as Chrysal's masters. An attractive picture is painted of the poet, so weak and so strong, so amiable too in his weakness as in his strength. One splendid and characteristic instance of his generosity is narrated, which is too long to be set down in detail here, but its intrinsic probability almost guarantees its truth. The poet relieved a whole family at the expense of half the profit of one of his poems, showing in his liberality a strong difference from his niggardly namesake the first Duke of Marlborough. The whole story of Wilkes and THE NORTH BRITON is told with some humour, and severe condemnation, not of what the so-called patriot did, but of the meanness of his motives. The character of Wilkes in all its shallow vivacity and sparkling wit is described with the vigour of Hogarth's well-known portrait; but the author is perhaps less just than the painter to that "inglorious John," who has, however, doubtless won more reputation than he deserved from those patriots who think any stick good enough wherewith to beat a royal whelp,—not that we would suggest any other resemblance between the kingly Guelph and the canine quadruped, save a dogged determination to pursue the wrong course.

Passing often through the fingers of politicians Chrysal, had time and occasion to observe their trickery. His condemnation of politics is epigrammatic and uncompromising: "They are alike a jumble of villany and blunders." There certainly was truth in this statement at the time in which it was uttered; some cynics are apt to suspect that there is at least a homœopathic dose of truth in it even now. Johnston had had some experience of the party conspirators of his period, and these use similar methods in every age.

Finally the guinea, much clipped, came into the possession of the adept. The Spirit was just on the point of revealing the great secret, when his listener dismissed him by a natural but uncontrollable indiscretion for which the reader must consult the book; and with the death of the adept THE ADVENTURES OF A GUINEA come to an end. Such is always the fate of those who are on the point of solving a mystery; something unforeseen is sure to occur, and the secret remains unrevealed. The end comes very suddenly, and so great is the power of the book, that the reader lays it down like Oliver Twist, only for very different reasons, hungering for more. The Spirit of Gold has proved himself an admirable story-teller, with just that spice of exaggeration which is useful to set off a good story. The book has no plot; just as money circulates so does, or did, CHRYSAL, and

> Full of wise saws and modern instances,

he "took up his parable." Sometimes his satire degenerates into fierce declamation, sometimes he is distinguished by rare gleams of polished irony; but all his narratives are interesting, and not the less piquant because in many cases they deal with real persons.

CHRYSAL is the only work of Johnston's which deserved to live, though its life appears to be gasping out its last breath. It is the Scandalous

Chronicle of its time, and is only the more interesting from that highly improper circumstance. The idea is excellent and the purpose unimpeachable. Whether all the persons attacked could see the merits of the work may well be doubted; that the public were keener-sighted is evident from its bygone popularity. That it did present a tolerably accurate picture of the habits of the time is abundantly proved by contemporary caricatures, and Scott was evidently well within the mark when he wrote, in 1825: "When all exaggeration has been deducted from this singular work, enough of truth still remains in CHRYSAL to incline the reader to congratulate himself that the scenes have passed more than half a century before his time." Dr. Johnson's judgment will appeal to all who have read both LE DIABLE BOITEUX and CHRYSAL. "If," says the learned Doctor, "Le Sage was a prose Horace, Johnston was a prose Juvenal."

Johnston spreads before the reader a panorama of varied and highly coloured scenes. Gentle and simple, cleric and layman, statesman and harlot, preacher and pimp, all pass in front of him, and each is depicted by a few bold strokes of description. The author uses the Spirit to represent his own views of the iniquities of the time, sometimes, no doubt, distorted, but often painted with painful exactness and merciless vigour. Satires of the past often give truer ideas of history than the narrative of events. The backstairs, by which politicians and others climb to pre-eminence, are always a matter of tender interest to their successors; there is further a reprehensible tendency in mankind to love to see others mauled so long as they are spectators of the play Those, too, who have the pluck to take up the whip, and to lay it on where the cuts will tell, deserve much respect for their bravery. Among these the author of CHRYSAL merits no mean place. Some of his judgments are, as we have said, unjust; but his hatred for triumphant wickedness, and his sympathy for the sufferings of hapless virtue, are beyond all question genuine. Let him not be quite forgotten, kindly son of an era which is at least outwardly purer, give him your tribute of applause in that far-off country whither he has gone. He was a brave true man, who loved justice and honesty, and who did his duty well. His message was fearlessly uttered to the men of his day; and until the social millennium has arrived, some at least of his strictures will apply with as much force to our times as they did to his. He spoke out without fear and favour, and it is only fitting that he should have his niche in the temple of the worthies who have fallen asleep.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SMALLER GENTRY (1660-1800).

"The old Hall is now converted into a farmhouse"—"The Grange has now been unoccupied for many years"—"In dry summers the foundations of the Manor-house can be clearly traced upon the turf"—"The estate in 1795 passed with other neighbouring properties into the hands of Alderman Indigo, the celebrated East India merchant"—"By a series of judicious purchases, his lordship has now become the owner of almost the whole parish." And so on, chapter after chapter, runs the guide-book. In themselves there is nothing very striking in such phrases. Yet we wonder how many who read them realise that in these commonplaces lies the record of one of the most serious revolutions in English social history, of the silent destruction and disappearance from English society of a whole class, a class, moreover, which for at least two centuries had played no small part in the making of England.

At the close of the seventeenth century the "little squire" with his patrimony of two or three hundred a year was a familiar figure in English country life. Within a hundred years he was practically extinct, "a character now quite worn out and gone," says a writer in 1792. To-day, with the modern squire and his surroundings before one's eyes, the broad estates swollen with the wreckage of the agrarian revolution, the trim lawns and rebuilt country-seats and town-houses, it is difficult to recall even in outline the figure of one of the smaller gentry of the seventeenth century. He stood apart from the yeoman in all the obstinate pride of the owner of a coat of arms, the representative of an honourable line, a member, albeit often a threadbare member, of the governing class. In social standing, in habits, in ideas, there was no barrier between him and his wealthier neighbours. He dined with them, rode to market with them, and cursed the Whigs with them on a footing of perfect equality. Poor as he might be, he was of gentle blood, and they could be no more. His house with its one keeping-room, and possibly a withdrawing-room for the womenfolk, its sleeping accommodation of the roughest, and the farm-midden hard upon the kitchen-door, was certainly no better than, often by no means so good as a second-rate modern farmhouse, and its comfort was infinitely less. His furniture and belongings,—the settle-forms and stools of his parlour, his chests and clothes-presses and his half-dozen chairs, the pewter flagons and dishes, and the row of old books, were such as a decent estate-bailiff of our own day might legitimately aspire to own. He himself was untravelled, ignorant, bigoted, coarse, with less knowledge of the world than the drover to whom he sold his bullocks, and no ideas of pleasure or recreation beyond a drinking-bout or a coursing-match. Yet such as he was, he filled an important place in rural society.

One does not, indeed, readily realise without figures the tremendous gaps which have been made in the ranks of the country gentry during the last two centuries by the disappearance of the small squires. Speaking roughly

(and all estimates upon the subject must necessarily be rough, owing to the absence of precise statistics), two hundred years ago there were at least four times as many gentry residing in the country as there are to-day. Allowing for the increase of population there ought to have been four times as many resident gentry to-day as there were two hundred years ago. Villages, which now have their one or two country-houses, could then count their dozen or score of "bonnet lairds." The very monuments of the village church, above all its registers, are eloquent witnesses to the extent of the disaster, for a disaster it assuredly is. "In the sixteenth century," writes Mr. Baring Gould, in his OLD COUNTRY LIFE, of the parish of Ugborough in South Devon, "we find in them [the parish registers] the names of the following families all of gentle blood, occupying good houses,—The Spealts, the Prideaux, the Stures, the Fowels, the Drakes, the Glass family, the Wolcombes, the Fountaynes, the Heles, the Crokers, the Percivals. In the seventeenth century occur the Edgcumbes, the Spoores, the Stures, the Glass family again, the Hillerdens, Crokers, Coolings, Heles, Collings, Kempthornes, the Fowells, Williams, Strodes, Fords, Prideaux, Stures, Furlongs, Reynolds, Hurrells, Fownes, Copplestones, and Saverys. In the eighteenth century there are only the Saverys and Prideaux; by the middle of the nineteenth these are gone. The grand old mansion of the Fowells, that passed to the Savery family, is in Chancery, deserted save by a caretaker, falling to ruins. What other mansions there were in the place are now farmhouses." At the present day indeed the vicar writes that there is not a single family of resident gentlefolk in the parish; and Ugborough is, in the opinion of Mr. Baring Gould, only an example, though perhaps a striking example, of a universal change.

The records of the heralds' visitations, according to the same authority, tell the same tale. Of one hundred and twenty-four Devonshire families of gentle blood entered on the visitation of 1620, one hundred and thirteen are extinct in the male line; a few are represented through a daughter's descendants. One hundred and ninety-five families were entered in Ashmole's visitation of Berkshire in 1664; "but few survive," writes Mr. Cooper King, the latest historian of that county. Of the list of knights, gentlemen, and freeholders in the county of Chester drawn up in 1579, eight alone of the eighty-one from East Cheshire are still represented on their old estates.[1] In 1601 there were ninety gentlemen on the Commission of the Peace for Berkshire; by 1824 eighty-seven out of the ninety houses were extinct or had parted with their lands.[2] Of forty-three estates in the valley of the Ribble in Lancashire and Yorkshire, six and no more are still owned by the families who held them under Elizabeth. Fifty years ago, in his RURAL RIDES, Cobbett noted the same phenomena in southern England. On the road from Warminster to Devizes within a hundred years of the time he wrote there were twenty-two mansion-houses of sufficient note to be marked on the county map; in 1826 there were only seven. Upon his map of thirty miles of the valley of the Avon above Salisbury he marks the sites of fifty mansion-houses; forty-two of them were, when he wrote, mansion-houses no longer. A host of similar instances confront one in any county-history.

The evidence indeed is overwhelming, not only as to the strange way in which the number of the country

[1] Earwaker's EAST CHESHIRE, i. 17.

[2] Clarke's HUNDRED OF WANTING, p. 14.

gentry has crumbled and mouldered away, but that it was at the latter end of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth centuries that the change took place. The causes are no doubt complex. In part they were economical. The Civil War was responsible for much. Apart from its direct losses, the "slighted" houses, the destroyed woods, the bare farms, hundreds of squires had to face the fact, when the shouting was over for the return of his most Sacred Majesty, that their estates were saddled with legacies of the struggle in the shape of debts, the payment of which was hopeless, or which at best would cripple the family fortunes for a generation. What with the free gifts and loans to the King, and the exactions of the Parliament, many an honest gentleman, who had fought hard for the one and been correspondingly fined by the other, found himself in the position of Colonel Kirkby of Kirkby Ireleth, who "so encumbered his estate that neither he nor his descendants ever succeeded in clearing it of debt";[1] or like Sir John Danvers of Danby found himself forced to sell his estate to his own tenants. And it must be remembered that with a land-tax of four shillings in the pound on the gross value, and mortgage-interest at seven or eight per cent., he who went borrowing in Restoration days had a fair chance of fulfilling the old adage. Redress from the King was hopeless. The low prices of corn from 1666 to 1671 must have been the last straw to many an ancient house, already tottering on the verge of disaster. "They did talk much," noted Pepys on New Year's Day 166⅞, "of the present cheapness of corn, even to a miracle; so as their farmers can pay no rent but do fling up their lands." Many estates went staggering on under the load of debt until the end of the century. The list of Private Acts for the sale of lands,—one hundred and twenty-four in the thirty-one years of Charles the Second, two hundred and ten in the twelve years of William and Mary, two hundred and fifty-one in the short reign of Anne—is an instructive commentary. Well might Evelyn remark in 1795 that there were never "so many private bills passed for the sale of estates, showing the wonderful prodigality and decay of families."

There was always, too, before the eyes of the needy squire, who was naturally reluctant to part with his battered house and starved patrimony, the prospect, almost the certainty, that his family acres or their proceeds would yield him a far better return in trade than he could ever expect from farming. To trade indeed the smaller gentry had nothing of the modern aversion. The courtly mind of Chamberlayne was shocked to see "the sons of Baronets, Knights, and Gentlemen sitting in Shops and sometimes of Pedling Trades;"[2] no such scruples troubled the poorer squires. They married traders' daughters; it was nothing strange for their younger sons to become clothiers or merchants. Many a one, even of those who had no need to turn trader, was like Squire Blundell of Crosby not above "going £40" with his sister and cousin "in an adventure to the Barbadoes."[3] And the profits were enormous. Squire Blundell in his adventure cleared a hundred per cent.; something better this than trying to find a purchaser for a granary of unsaleable wheat.

If the squire did desire to sell, there were a host of purchasers ready to hand. The same influences which induce men now to invest in broad acres the fortunes made in the City or

[1] ANNALS OF CARTMEL, p. 77.

[2] PRESENT STATE OF ENGLAND, 1695, p. 261.

[3] A CAVALIER'S NOTEBOOK p. 248.

at the Bar were at work, but with tenfold force. The political value of land was far higher than it is to-day. To purchase land was not only to obtain a safe investment in days when trustees' stocks, Government securities, and railway debentures were still in the far future, nor only, thanks to Orlando Bridgman, the surest method of securing the stability of a family against the caprices of fortune or the wastefulness of one's descendants; it was the sole method by which in politics the weight of one's money could be felt. And as the eighteenth century wore on and the profits to be derived from the new agriculture became apparent, the habit of buying up the smaller estates became a settled policy. Wealthier squires who had saved money, noble houses that had repaired their fortunes by a "marriage into the City," East India nabobs, soldiers, chancellors, merchants, bankers, sinecurists, all were jostling each other in their anxiety to help the little squire out of his difficulties by taking over his acres. The Scotts, the Addingtons, the Finches, the Duncombes, the Clives, the Somers, the Pratts, the Yorkes, the Churchills, are a few and only a few of the great fortunes which during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were turned into land.

Social causes hastened the downfall. A drinking-bout was looked upon as the fitting close to a day's pleasure, and drunkenness as the most venal of peccadilloes. One of Mr. Spectator's correspondents in his 474th number found himself compelled to protest against the forced tippling at these gatherings. Nor was drinking the only form of extravagance. Sir Jeffrey Notch, the gentleman of an ancient family "that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cockfighting," was not without his imitators among the smaller squires. There had come over country life a new scale and a new extravagance, which was viewed with undisguised dislike by such old-fashioned cavaliers as Squire Blundell. The habit of visits to London or a watering-place grew rapidly in the closing years of the seventeenth century. By 1710 the London season and the town-house were an accomplished fact, and Hanover and Grosvenor Squares, New Bond Street, the upper part of Piccadilly, and a host of adjoining streets, had sprung into being within seventy years of the death of Charles the Second for the housing of the gentry during the season.

The earthen pot comes off worst in the race down stream. In the struggle for survival it was naturally the smaller squires who went to the wall. Their position tended to grow more and more untenable. With the greater gentry who could afford a town-house, who were versed in the affairs of the day, wore the latest fashion in perruques, and could quote the new plays, the smaller squires must have fallen further and further out of touch; the pressure to sell must have proved stronger and stronger. Once the ranks were broken the process of destruction went on with increased and increasing speed, for the survivors found themselves more and more isolated.[1] Some of them, we know, by judicious marriages, or by thrift and consequent purchasing out their neighbours, rose into the higher ranks of the squirearchy. Many without doubt simply dropped back into the yeomanry, and shared in the yeomanry's destruction. The great bulk were bought out; and upon the ruins of their order grew up the modern squire, with ten times their acreage and twenty times their rental.

[1] See on the whole subject Toynbee's Lectures on the Industrial Revolution in England.

It may be doubted whether any of the great agrarian changes of the eighteenth century was a more serious disaster to rural society. No doubt the "bonnet laird" in his habits and ideas resembled, as Macaulay puts it, the village miller or ale-house keeper of our own day. Probably, as Cobbett says, he was a bigoted Tory, an obstinate opponent of all improvement, and a hard master. But his function in rural society was not a trivial one. He was a link, and a link the need of which we are sorely feeling to-day, between the great proprietor and his tenants, attached to the one by the ties of tradition and status, to the other by community of interest. Uncourtly, rough, almost brutal as he was, his influence was a factor to be considered, and must have made the rule of one man impossible in rural society. He made for rural independence, even if that independence were only of a stolid and limited character. With all his faults and shortcomings, his destruction blotted an important feature out of country life. And occurring, as it did, as part and parcel, with the destruction of the yeoman and the peasant-farmer, of the agrarian revolution of the eighteenth century, it was the leading incident in a process which drained the rural districts of the very elements of rural life.

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS.

The two wide glass doors that form the end of the little dining-room are thrown open, and the breakfast-table is set in the midst of the inrushing sunshine. Outside, beyond the steep edge of the descending garden, there is a luminous width of air and dimpled water, freckled with sunshine and with a multitude of boats, and streaked by the busy paddles of frequent ferry-steamers. The further shore recedes into an azure shadow, and the islands float uncertainly amid the shining stretches of water; the world for the nonce is ceiled and floored with a changing radiance of amethyst and silver, and there is no beauty of material things that can measure itself to-day against the large splendour of sunlight.

Below, at the foot of the cliff, one can hear the plash of water tumbling upon the rocks, and lapping against the edge of the steps that run steeply down from the garden to the beach, starting at the top between a clump of aloes and a scarlet trail of Virginia creeper, and fragrant on its way with overhanging heliotrope; the sound of plashing water, cool and softly restless, lapping the stone stair with an infinity of little noises and the deeper overtone of the incoming tide. But that is only one note of the chord that makes the music of the silence.

It is ten o'clock in the morning, and it is *Toussaint;* all the bells across the bay and behind us are ringing, and their voices fill the air with the crossing of many songs. There is one that is deep and sonorous that sings to us from over the water; and another, more ancient, that chimes in with the broken voice of age; it is tremulous, one thinks, with the weight of many memories and the long vision of tears. Yet to-day it rings out with the rest of its neighbours, and it is only in a plaintive querulous undertone that one may hear sometimes the bitterness of its age, the touch of the forgotten, yet unforgotten past. "*Combien je regrette . . . le temps perdu*——"

For all the world is *en fête* to-day, and hungry moreover, for yesterday was *maigre.* There is not a cloud in the sky, nor a shadow across the golden sun; and though it is barely ten o'clock in the morning, and the 1st of November, it is as radiantly hot and serene as a July day at home should be. Yet we are not on the Riviera,—not at all, only in a French village on the gray Breton coast, that wakes up into a short mad jollity in summer, and dozes peacefully through the rest of the uneventful year; and we shall have cold days yet, I doubt not, though it is a sheltered and a sunny corner, and keeps winter well at bay. But it is something to sit in the sunshine this November day, drowsily watching the boats on the bay below, and listening to the clash of bells pealing across the water; something to be pleasantly aware of the merry chatter in the street, and the pattering *sabots* of the happy children free from school; something to be lazily warm and sunlapped, while yonder, at home, it is winter already and cold even beside the fire.

It is a day for idle thought and idle speech, when one's fancy strays in the wake of every sunbeam, or is

caught by a dancing mote in the enveloping glory of sky and sun and sea. Across the bay there is a wooded cliff, and the flight of birds above it draws one's eyes thither for a moment. It is good to be there on such a day as this; when its shady walks are walled with amber foliage, and the small herbs of the banks are illumined in russet and crimson; it is good, too, to be there in spring, when the young buds are variously purple, or green, or silver, and the yellow daffodils nod above a brown carpet of rustling leaves, or amid a tangle of fresh grass. But to get there, one has to pass through the sleepy town behind us, built on the narrow point between the sheltered bay and the purple island-dotted sea, where half the shops are closed and the rest have relapsed contentedly into a cheerful idleness. There is a swarm of empty villas, white and red and fancifully bedecked with tiles, looking out blankly seaward with shuttered windows, beside the deserted casino and the solitary *plage*, where only the surf beats loudly on the yellow sand and flings itself in leaping foam upon the rocks. Yes, it sounds melancholy; and in truth, for those who need a small incessant torment of frivolity, one cannot call it gay. But for those who only love a crowd when they can be solitary in it; as in a great city, where, if one so choose, one may live the lonelier for being in the midst of a swarming life; for such a one, it is pleasant beyond comparison in the long autumn sunshine which dapples the world with gold and pearl, and flickers merrily between the poplars on the wide white roads; one has space and the leisure to be alone with one's self, and to find one's self infinite good company.

There are, moreover, the people of the place, who now have time to amuse themselves, and the wherewithal, it is to be supposed, having taken in the stranger and entertained him, for a consideration; there are even a few English, who look at one suspiciously, as they pass by, with the flicker of a critical smile. And for distractions, if one have the mind thereto, they are not lacking; but they are such as need a humble spirit and a discerning eye. There is, for instance, always the church, where one may betake one's self, and find reflected one's every mood even to the unvirtuous. There is a particular *curé*, who has stepped down to us from the happy days when Gargantua was king and Rabelais his chronicler; for though he may be actually, as I must not doubt, a very saintly person, he has a moist eye and a personal contour that seem to clash with a proper asceticism. So one casts him mentally as the jovial monk, in one's peripatetic romances wherein he must dance to all manner of tunes; though it is a grievous liberty to take with a worthy dignitary of the Church, who, moreover, wears ermine and lace, and who doubtless cannot help his comfortable figure.

The church, one finds, is here a very live thing in the midst of the life about it. It is never empty; it is full of the faint smell of incense, and the pungency of continual occupation; *sabots* clatter in and out, children come and go with sudden, hasty genuflections; old women sit in the corners, or tell their beads before the altars; the lights flicker and the tall plaster figures look down graciously smiling, or gaze upward in a rapturous adoration. They are conventionally young, and round-fleshed, and radiant in their tenderly coloured robes, and quaint contrasting gauds of crown and necklet and pendent votive hearts; conventional symbols of conventions, and stiffly beautiful with a

beauty that is itself a tradition, a beauty that is a rubric and an article of the Faith, and a lingering small acceptance from the far days of a facile content in things religious.

Then the church fills with a swarm of white caps which lift themselves strangely into snowy wings and crests, so that one may pick out the women of the different *pays;* and men's voices chant sonorously, and the full-rigged model ships, hanging in the chancel and before the Mary-altar, vibrate and swing softly to and fro at the opening and shutting of doors. Those who have hung them there have long been dead; but there are faces in the crowd beneath that are raised towards them, and eyes that grow dim,—too dim to see the dust of years that blackens the rigging, too dim to see anything but that more distant ship that is away at the Banks or at Iceland, in the fear of storms and the strange confusion of the fogs, and that will surely come back, unless—"*Étoile de la Mer*, send us our men home from the sea!"

And in the lady-chapel, amid the rosaries and the trinkets and the gilded hearts, are hung a string of tiny boats, roughly carved from common wood and shaped by rude fingers; but the prayer and the thanksgiving are as strong about them as about the stately ships hanging high overhead. One looks at them and remembers the greed of the engulfing waters; the gray enveloping bewilderment of the mists; the fathers and husbands and sons who are amid them; the long summers when there is no word of the absent, and the autumn, when the women wait day by day for the first dim sight of the homecoming boat. And there are those who must wait, and wait, for the boat that never comes back—"*Étoile de la Mer*, send us our men home from the sea!"

And now there is a movement in the church, and as if a wind swept in from the west the white caps sway before it, and the quaint white heads stoop and bow to the ground, with a quick rustle and an after silence——

But it is hot to-day, too hot to make one of the crowd; it is incomparably better in the full breadth of the sunshine, where the gold and blue of the sky stretches to its large horizons; where one can fancy for a moment that this is verily the South, and a land where winter may not come. And yet one has only to walk along the white road yonder, towards that young grove of palms (as at least one imagines them to be) from here, with the children running beneath and the bright sea glittering between the tapering stems; a little closer, and one will see that they are not palms, any more than that is the iridescent water of the Mediterranean. They are but cabbages, and we are still in Brittany.

In this country, cabbages certainly play a great part in the landscape, and not a wholly unpicturesque one, either; with their loose gray-green leaves springing in tufts atop of five-foot stalks, and the sun dancing in checkers along the alleys between them, where the children come and go. But indeed this is the paradise of vegetables; one lingers in the market and before the shops, marvelling at the clean perfection of the things and the excellence of them in form and colour. What beauty is there of blossom that is not modestly shared by these cauliflowers, creamy and globular in their encircling fringe of tender green, the smooth golden rind and warmer flesh of the pumpkins, the scarlet carrots, and the angry crimson of the aubergines? But the cabbages are not to be seen as they should be, either in market or shop; but in groves on the hillsides, with the sun full on their loose frilled leaves, and the sea glittering

between and beyond their long pale stems. One no longer wonders that a thing so stately in its homeliness should have lent itself to coaxing and cajoling lips; as when Mathurine, the pretty bold-eyed shrimp-seller, would have one buy the leaping transparent brown things in her basket at an unheard-of price: "But then, *mon petit chou*," she laughs, "it is Mathurine who must live!"

Last night, no longer, it sounded in one's ears with an odd tenderness, that foolish little word; it was only a child that said it, a thin wan woman-child in a tattered gown and *sabots* on her bare feet, leading a ragged boy bigger than herself by a motherly hand. I do not know whence they came, but they had ravenous eyes and pinched blue lips, and they looked about them strangely; till presently the girl caught sight of a scrap of sweet cake that had fallen amid the rubbish in the gutter, dropped in passing, perhaps, or indifferently thrown away. She seized it eagerly and wiped it on her gown; for one instant her hand hesitated and her eyes glittered uncertainly; then, with a quick movement, she held it to the boy's mouth and smiled superior. "But no," she said, as he offered reluctantly to share it; "keep it, *mon chou!* I am too old, you know, for sweet things." But she was old enough, poor little soul, to be hungry; and old enough, too, to lie with a wonderfully saving grace, in spite of the longing in her eyes.

And *à propos* of cabbages, one has an intimate acquaintance with many, of the human sort; the men and women that are born and live and die in an apathy miscalled life, and who transmute the tragedy of existence into a sort of brassicaceous melodrama. There is a small town in the north of England, sinking nowadays fast into a village,—one of many similar, no better and no worse, it is to be supposed—where one may pass from house to house, and find a history in each; where one may ring the changes on every combination of possession and desire; and where the sordid commonplaces of death are as little dignified as the daily needs of living.

But among these people every passion and emotion is worn with an unreserve which is never enthusiastic; they are born cynical and unresponsive, and, unbelieving, are indifferent in their unbelief. "No, I don't think much on church," said a little servant-girl of fourteen; "I don't set no store by it. But there is the choir teas an' things—an' the priest he come a botherin'—" So she had been confirmed, indifferently as she did everything else; and chuckled a little over the foolishness of it. And amid the tragedies which are not tragic, and the sorrows which stop short of tears, they live through life indifferently; they "set no store by it"; but they take it as it is, and amuse themselves as they can, with or without benefit of clergy. One may pick up the plots of a dozen dramas; till presently one finds that the dramatic element has been left out, and there is only a futile episode or two which lead inconsequently to nothing.

There was a love-affair, for instance; a youth, the son of a respectable man in the village, who fell in love with one of the girls of the place, deeply in love, one supposes, as these things go, to judge from the continuation. They were seventeen or thereabouts. He was "not over clever," as they said there, short, and broad-shouldered and silent; she was a white-faced long-limbed slip of a girl, with a swinging walk and a pair of roving black eyes; she had gipsy blood in her, and carried its mark in her shapely hands

and upheld head. Not a likely pair to take to each other, one would think; but after "sweethearting" during a few summer weeks, they electrified the village by going off together to Newcastle, leaving word behind that they meant to be married. This was all wrong; they might have stayed at home and amused themselves, as others did; that was the ordinary behaviour of young men and women, and no one would have questioned it. But to run off together, when there was no need, and to get married before there was any necessity, a thing no one ever thought of thereabouts; this was strictly unnatural and improper; the culprits must be followed, and the thing prevented.

So some of his brothers went off after him and brought him back; he was not at all put about, and took the matter calmly, as he had taken the elopement, as an incident of but small importance; and the girl came back too, while there was another incident a few months after, that was accepted in the same matter-of-course way. The years went on, without very much change of any kind. Ben was a little older and more bearded, as silent as ever and not much wiser; he spoke to the girl sometimes at the street-corners, and never seemed aware of the small object in knickerbockers that was already old enough to go to school. It was eight years after the elopement, and when the object above mentioned was fully seven years old, that Ben slouched one evening into the room where the girl lived with her people. I do not know how he found words enough in which to explain himself, but he made them understand that the banns were out, and that he meant to marry her in three weeks. "I couldn't do't afore," he added, "but they've give me a rise at last." All the eight years he had been waiting for this; and Janey persuaded herself that she had been as faithful, and did her best, one supposes, to revive a dutiful affection, with an astonished delight that marriage should have come her way.

Well; it was soon over. The preparations, and the service, and the pride of being well-dressed, and in the vestry, the vicar's hesitating congratulations. He said, with a glance at them both, that he hoped they had not taken this step without thinking it over carefully; and Ben replied, with the air of saying a neat thing, that he had been thinking of it for eight years. Then the return home, to Janey's home, where there was little space, scant furniture, and less of privacy or ventilation; but there was food in plenty and rather more than enough to drink; so that presently, the neighbours first protesting and then ejecting, Ben was picked up by the police upon the sidewalk, where he had fallen down the stairs, and finished his long courtship by a night (his marriage-night) in the cells.

I wish I could carry the idyll a little further, but the romance, such as it was, soon dropped out of it; for some weeks later, when they took a little outing to Newcastle, Ben came back alone and seemed to have no answer ready for intrusive questioners. He looked like a dog that had been beaten; but he had neither then, nor since, anything to tell; only he lives alone in his one-room cottage and works for Janey's boy, to whom he has attached himself limpet-like and wordlessly, as he did to his mother, and with small chance of better result. I saw them lately, the boy an idle rascal with a vicious brow and sullen furtive eyes, loafing about the streets and spending the pence that he steals from his father,

or from any one else when occasion offers; while Ben looks at him with the same obstinate fidelity which he gave to Janey. There should be a tragedy somewhere here, but there is nothing so convincing; only a small incessant wretchedness, the sight of which tastes bitter in the mouth and salt as tears; a wretchedness which, with love and life, and death, is but an episode of an incidental existence.

Yet this dulness of emotion is not at all confined to that district, or to that class; there are many of us, that are by choice, or by inheritance, cabbages. It was but the other day that a marriage at the last moment was broken off because the man, on thinking it over, could not face the change, the unsettling of all the habits which he had built up about himself. This he told her, not softening the thing, being well convinced of its reasonableness, and having his eyes turned in upon himself; and then he retired happily to his daily routine and the encroaching rigours of the small things he made into his masters. They said she was foolish enough to be unhappy over it; but it is to be inferred that she had no consoling habitudes to absorb her thoughts. At least he was honest, he went to her with the truth in his mouth; only honesty is so terribly naked by contrast with this world of underclothing, that one wonders if he had not better have lied; unless the cabbage would verily not have withstood the uprooting.

It is fortunate that we have, most of us, the power of living through things; for if we were all to die when we are broken-hearted, we should too often be despatched into another world in an early state of unfitness. But the night passes and the blackness of it, and the morning is fair; it is good to be alive and a cabbage and wholesomely indifferent to the big passions that torture men.

We all, I suppose, have some sort of a private and particular "lake and a fairy boat" in which we may sail upon a magic sea, and dream dreams; or we watch for its coming, laden with fortune, fame, or love; or it will spread, at our will, its silver wings and carry us to the strange bright lands that sit beside the further seas. There is little doubt that one paints Bangkok, or Mandalay, or Soûl in a beauty that is not theirs, when one dreams of walking in their streets and living in the midst of their life; but there are some of us, cabbages though we be, that yet are born with the wander-need within us; the roads that our feet have not trodden call to us, and sooner or later, we come. Some day, I, too, shall go to Siam. And when that day arrives, I do not hope that electricity will project us to our destinations, or even that that ancient delight, the flying-carpet, will be trained to daily use; I do not ask for anything better than the promiscuousness of a railway-carriage, the bustle of coming and going at the stations, the crossing, changing, jostling, hurrying life that flashes past, the faces that look in upon us, the words we recall afterwards, the infinitely small things of which memory is made. Only the other day,—it was in France—we travelled eight in a compartment, not to speak of bags and bundles; the racks above us were laden, and we sat in stiff-necked expectancy, in the shadow of impending catastrophes. We were eight: three young and small soldiers, an English couple, two women, and myself; moreover, one of the women was large and unslender, overlapping her neighbours and incommoding the soldier sitting opposite to her, who was sleepy, and slipped presently into a comfortable sprawl. "But, *Monsieur le Militaire*,"

she broke out at last, startling us all into wakefulness, "assuredly you have the legs of a giraffe, you! Observe only that I am *entouré de soldats*, and retire yourself then, that I may expand!" And she did so, apparently; but I don't quite know what became of the rest of us.

And I recall another travelling companion, an English soldier, a sergeant, who wore the colours of the Queen with a smartness that became them. He had been all through the Egyptian and the Soudanese wars, and told much of what he had seen, telling it well. We were in the night-express; the others in the carriage slept, in various stages of *déshabillé* and discomfort; the rain beat on the windows and the train roared and rocked and jangled as it rushed southwards. But I only heard the strong voice of my neighbour, as he poured out story after story of the two campaigns; and now we laughed, and now we fell to silence for a space, as he turned from the wild jollity of a camp to its queer sudden pathos, and spoke of the bravery that went unrewarded and the great deeds that could never be recompensed. "For it ain't the best of us that's decorated," he said; "and, after all, if a fellow drops behind in a rush, and has all his wounds in front, what better medal could he have than that?" But I glanced at his breast, and, smiling, shook my head; he was willing to tell story after story of what his chums had done, and what he had heard of others; but he did not say how he had gained that plain little cross, and he only reddened and grew taciturn when I asked about it. "'Twas nothing," he said awkwardly, and there was no further word of it to be got from him; "'twas of no consequence. Now, if they had given it to—" and he plunged into another story which ended in such a manner that we had both to stare hard out of window.

Not long after that I was travelling in France, hurrying southward, too, but at a very different rate of speed, and with the hot southern sun beating implacably upon us, and filling the train with a stifling heat and dust, instead of dashing through rain and storm and the night. In the opposite corner was an apple-cheeked old woman, in a wonderful cap, with a bundle on her knee, and a trickle of tears lying in the wrinkles that seamed her face. "I go," she explained to us at intervals, "to meet my boy; he is a soldier, you understand; and he is coming home from overseas—oh! he has been incredibly far away. And he is ill—very ill; it is those terrible hot countries. He wanted so much to be a soldier, my André; he said he would come back to me in a beautiful uniform and with a medal on his breast; but now he is ill—very ill." And after a little silence, she added, "But perhaps the good air of France—" We drew near to Marseilles, and she looked round at us anxiously, with an open need of reassurance. "*Voyons!* I do not care about the medal; but he is ill, very ill, and he has been so far away—" Then she went off to meet her André, who had no wounds to wear in front, and who, perhaps, would not even be there to meet her.

Somebody once, I think, spoke of mankind as "Kings of opportunity"; and indeed it would be a very admirable thing even but once to command fate. But we have lost the trick and the mantle of conscious royalty; we wear the Emperor of China's invisible robe, and there is always some one ready to perceive our nakedness. It is all very well to order the tide to stand still, but it has a grievous manner of disobedience; and truly, when one comes to think of

it, it is not so much that royalty is lessened as that we think less fit to obey it. It was worth while being royal when power was a tangible thing and a crown lay actually upon one's temples. One can envy that princess who graved in stone her motto, "Grumble who will, thus shall it be, for it is my good pleasure"; one would even like to say as much one's self, but for a lurking conviction that no one would pay any particular attention to it. No; we have lost the habit of obedience, except perhaps to an oriental potentate in jewelled robes, or a barbaric autocrat in none, —when it must be difficult to look royal, one thinks, though there are those that succeed.

There is a monarch of my acquaintance who is amiable in his manners and a fatherly despot in his government; his lately-learned civilisation still sits strangely on him, and he doffs it sometimes, to take a luxurious plunge-bath into his former barbarism, though solely, as he assures his conscience and the nearest missionary, out of necessity. He was discovered recently superintending the happy despatch, by several refined modes of torture, of a considerable number of persons connected with his court, and was remonstrated with accordingly. "But consider," he returned, with conviction, "if I do not kill my people sometimes, how will they know that I am the King?" And there was really a great deal to be said for it from his point of view. For he was a shrewd as well as an enlightened person, in spite of an immense desire to be a white man and a brother; and when he was told that he should not cut off the ears and noses of his wives when they plagued him, he said that civilisation gave him a stomach-ache.

But it is a mere necessity nowadays to be either oriental or barbaric, if one would know what a fine manner of thing it is to be set up over other men; unless, indeed, sleeping, one could dream oneself into an old-time tale, when constitutions were not and princes were a law unto themselves; when the king's daughter was all beautiful within, and his sons declared their birthright in purple and fine linen; when the king's face gave grace indeed, and he was free to pardon as to punish; when the king's sword was unconquerable as the king's word was unbroken. In those far days, if you were born to the burden of it, it was worth while to be royal and something other than the rest of men, though it must sometimes have been hard to live up to it even in the world of old romance.

I seem to have read a story once in some old book, a foolish fantastic thing which yet lingers oddly in my mind, of a King and his judgment. For he had a wife that was beautiful and frail; and after a long drama of temptation and sin and shame, learning her secret he went to her, and showed her what was in his mind. And she, appalled at his pitifulness, yearned for punishment and thereby expiation; and fetching her child, laid it before him with tears. "Lord, I am not worthy," she sobbed. "It is but right you should take it from me." But the King looked down upon her and upon the child, and mused awhile in silence, and then returned it to her arms. "Keep it," he said; "it will comfort you for the burden of a crown." And, the chronicler adds, the Queen wept, and sinned no more. Yet she would, perhaps, have better understood the bearing of a penance and the absolution thereby gained.

But that was in the foolish old times, and all the world is wiser now, and cultivates its little sins kindly: it is even the fashion to seem worse than we really are and to look on

virtue as plebeian and underbred; and we prefer to play the king of operetta, rather than to strut the tragic scene and round our mouths to great emotions. So we yawn over the passions of Phèdre (some of us), and crowd to watch the evident feet of Nini Patte en l'Air.

There was lately a foreign prince in Paris, travelling for his education; he was simple in his tastes and of a discerning intelligence, and they took him to see a great tragedian play her greatest *rôle* of sin and suffering. The next night he went to the Folies-Bergères. "Now this," he said, "is reasonable; this is serious. The other was *pour rire;* people do not speak like that at all, and if they did such things, they would be put in prison. So I have been taught, and that it is wrong to do things for which you will be put in prison. But this—is reasonable. *J'aime à voir des femmes, et même d'en voir beaucoup.*" And we are all reasonable nowadays, even those of us who are kings.

But, nevertheless, I think we have the best of it, we happy folk who are not born in the trammels of the purple, and who can drowse or drudge through life as we please, without convulsing a nation by our small caprices; who can wear old clothes and enjoy the comfort of our loose and easy-fitting peccadilloes; who can sit down hungry to meat and rise up satisfied; and who can feel as intimate a satisfaction in the beauty of sky and sea, of the many-coloured hills, and the admirable sunshine. It is a sufficing thing for one of a humble spirit to be warm and indolent and full of wandering fancies; to be soothed and tickled by the sound of lapping waters and the various pealing of bells; to hear the high voices of women and the laughter of children, and to catch the holiday note in the clatter of the hurrying feet. And, like the deeper undertone that creeps into the plashing waters of the bay from the deep seas outside, one remembers, now and then, that if to-day is All Saints, to-morrow is All Souls, and the priest will go down to the shore and pray for all those that sleep in all the waters of the world, at the Banks and at the Iceland fishings; and there will be some around him who listen and remember, and some who listen and fear. There will be eyes dim with the long habit of tears, and others weary with watching for the boats that have not yet returned; not yet, and it is November. There will be singing and chanting, and the incense will mingle with the salt smell of the seaweed; but the deepest and the longest prayer will be an unspoken one—"*Étoile de la Mer*, send us our men home from the sea!"

THE HERONS.[1]

CHAPTER XXI.

When Cosmo answered Edmund's passionate farewell by blank, irresponsive silence he had no intention of being cruel, no wish to steel his heart against his brother. His heart had been long since involuntarily steeled; and across a great gulf he seemed dimly to hear Edmund protest and plead, "like a tale of little meaning, though the words were strong." But all the while he was pleading with himself on Edmund's behalf, and his own words too seemed meaningless. "After all, he is my brother, and I loved him once. Ought I to pity him and stand by him still? What did I ever do for him at best? And what can any man do for him now?"

The look of Edmund's face, the sound of his voice, had brought back for a moment the feelings of their last meeting, the doubt and confusion and horror, the irrepressible shrinking, the agonising struggle between outraged love and just contempt. If Cosmo seemed stony and impassive, it was because he was torn with conflicting emotions, some harsh, some tender, but all seeming to him equally useless and equally painful. And then he raised his head and saw Edmund's look of farewell, and his gesture,—as of one who carries something secret in his breast, just touching it to assure himself that it is there. Then the window opened and closed behind him, and he was gone; while his face was still printed upon Cosmo's eyes and his words yet lingered in the air.

Half mechanically Cosmo rose and went to the window to look after his brother, but the angle of the house hid him instantly from view. He must see which way Edmund went. There was an upper window from which one could see all the winding ways that converged at Pennithorne,—the road to the town, and the turning towards Herne's Edge, and two or three byways beside. Without asking himself what he meant, he ran up stairs and flung the window open, leaning out into the raw misty air and scanning the wide snowy landscape, where the dark hedgerows just indicated the innumerable little fields and the long lanes winding between them. There was the road to the town, bare as far as eye could trace it, with the snow beaten down and sullied by cart-wheels and horses' feet. There was the narrower, less trodden way that led up into the hills, and so to Herne's Edge; and—yes! there was a dark figure moving along it, far off already, but not too far to be recognised. Branching out of the lane, just before it turned a shoulder of the hill and disappeared from view, was the rough cart-track that between two dry stone walls led up and out on to the moor. As the watcher looked, with eyes sharpened by a nameless fear, that figure reached it, opened the gate and passed up between the walls, seeming at that distance to move slowly over the snow, but growing dimmer every moment through the gathering dimness of the winter afternoon.

Cosmo drew back and shut the window. For a moment he stood still,

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his breath coming quick, his heart throbbing fast. That glimpse of the world outside, that breath of keen air from off the snowy moorland, seemed to have blown away the clouds that hung over him, to have left him free to see things as they were, to understand, and to remember. His brother's words came back to him, and the look and tone that went with them. He began to realise what he had done; that he had sent a desperate man out alone into that awful solitude, to meet whatever the suggestion of his own despair or the instigation of the devil might bring to face him there.

The next moment Cosmo was down stairs, searching almost instinctively for his hat and overcoat, and a stout stick that stood in a corner he knew of. As he opened the door and stepped out into the snow it did occur to him that he was not very fit for such a task as lay before him; but in the same instant he said to himself that it could not be helped. No one but himself must follow Edmund now; to no living creature could he breathe the fear that he would not name even to his own soul. Far or near, he must follow Edmund alone, and find him, if God had mercy on them both, before the darkness fell; and then let the moment's need teach him what to say. He dreaded lest a meeting with his mother or any of her people should entail remonstrances, questions, explanations, and delay though it could not stop him. As he left the house he ran almost into the arms of the butler, who looked at him as if half believing him to have taken leave of his senses. Cosmo paused an instant. "Tell my mother that my brother has been here, and that I have gone with him to Herne's Edge. I may not be able to get back to-night, but I will explain everything to-morrow."

The man looked at him in dubious silence, but before he could frame his lips to a remonstrance Cosmo was gone, across the untrodden snow of the garden and out by the door in the wall, where he had taken Evelyn Armitage and where Moloch had waited for him on that summer morning, so long ago it seemed. He thought of Moloch now and wished for him; but that good dog was safely chained up at the Edge, because at Pennithorne he was not a welcome guest.

He had often trodden those lanes when they were wrapped in the great winding-sheet that covered all the country side. It was some time since the snow had fallen, and it lay now in a solid mass rather than in white powdery flakes; even in the lonely lane the middle of the path was somewhat beaten, though still it was what the country folks would have called heavy weary travelling. He did not think, he hardly felt, what kind of travelling it was, but pressed on, looking neither to right nor left, till the short cut to the Lechfield was reached. As he expected, only one pair of footprints turned that way. Edmund had left the gate ajar, and Cosmo leaned upon it a minute, drawing two or three deep breaths, then quickened his pace and went on and up between the low broken walls, following those footprints.

Dark gray sky over white world,—little tracks of beast and bird beside the road,—curling drifts like sculptured marble where the wind had caught the whirling flakes and swept them off the upland to fall in the shelter of the wall,—all these he saw and saw not. Two things alone he saw and perceived: with his outward eyes, those solitary footprints, leading on and on into the trackless waste, footprints of a desolate man going out alone into "a land forgotten of God"; and with the eyes of his soul a little room in a little house in Canonbury,

and Margaret with her children about her knee. As he struggled on, and those pictures came and went before his eyes, it seemed to Cosmo that if he was too late it would be easier to die there with Edmund than to face the innocent, pleading eyes of that little group in Canonbury.

But he walked down his excitement as he began to grow weary, and then he began to think; to ask himself how it was that he could not say, when his brother pleaded for them, the words that now he would give all he was worth for the chance of saying.

He looked back over all that he could remember of Edmund, from his earliest childish recollection of the elder brother who was always kind, and always in disgrace with the parents who were so good to the younger. For the first time he saw the other as he was, not as a banished prince who could do no wrong, or as a hardened shameless deceiver, but as a loving, faulty, erring man, born with some defect of nature, some fault of blood, from whence drawn Cosmo could guess, but blushed to say even to himself. How far he was to blame, how far he might have fought against his doom and overcome it, whether he might have had more help from a father to whom his sin was less evidently loathsome—who could say? At any rate, his sin had cost him dear enough, and the price was not all paid yet.

For his own part Cosmo felt that he could more easily have excused Edmund for committing any or all of the sins that had ever stained the annals of the Herons since that far-off day when they first emerged from obscurity; and now for the first time that struck him as manifestly unjust. Who were they, after all, that they should pick and choose in the Decalogue, and

> Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to?

If, in one fatal respect, Edmund had not been born a Heron, but had followed some one else who must not be named or blamed,—was that not his misfortune, though what had come of it might be his fault?

Since Edmund's confession it had seemed folly to yield to any gentler thoughts of him. The knowledge of his falseness had poisoned the memory of his caressing manner, his ready gratitude for any small service, his frank dependence on his brother's love; all those graces of daily life that it had seemed as if only a true heart could have taught him. The memory of these things had been torture to Cosmo; it was torture still, but in a different way. He knew now that Edmund's love had been real, if the only real thing about him; he knew it by that instinct by which the heart recognises and computes the value of what is offered to it alone. And Love has a royal right to her own welcome, though she come as a beggar in vile company, hand in hand with Falsehood and Shame.

Those gray leaden clouds had not stooped so near the ground for nothing. It was beginning to snow; half a dozen flakes fell softly through the still air, and then a pause, and then the air was suddenly thick with them on every side. No matter! It would be long before they could blot out those footprints, deeply cut into the frozen surface of last week's snow; and so long as those went on what did anything matter, but to follow them?

The Lechfield stretched round him now on every side wide and level. When Cosmo last saw it, it had been white with cotton-grass, save for innumerable black pools fringed with various plants; now it was all white for the pools were frozen, and the snow was a more complete winding-sheet for

the dead city than "the Canna's hoary beard." The black pools were there still though, and some of them were deep, and the ice on them was not so thick but that a man might have broken it with a stone. But the footprints went on, and Cosmo, drawing a long breath that sounded like relief, went on following them.

He had begun to realise that it was better not to think; that there were certain possibilities he dare not face; that even to blame himself now was waste of energy when he was like to need all that he had. To overtake Edmund before it was too late, that was the one supremely practical consideration. It would not do to ask himself what might happen, —what might already have happened, —if he had delayed too long. It would not do even to let his fancy play tricks; to see in the curling drifts the outlines of a figure that the snow had covered; to picture a white face upturned to the gray sky, and despairing eyes taking their last farewell of a world that seemed already dead. Such thoughts only made his heart beat too fast, and took the strength, of which he had none to spare.

Thank God! those footprints still went on, and the falling snow had not blotted them out yet. They went on now over the long roll of the moor to the west of the Lechfield, and Cosmo quickened his pace so far as the heavy walking would permit, forgetting his weariness, or rather never having remembered or felt it. But now the snow seemed to cling round his feet and hinder them; and how endless seemed the long slow ascent whose summit was always just ten yards before him, against the low slate-coloured sky! It was like a vivid dream of terror and strain, of hopeless, useless effort; but in a dream when the tension becomes too great the dreamer escapes, and here no waking was possible till the end was reached. He could not even say "God help me!" though his whole soul was one voiceless, wordless agony of supplication that he might not be too late.

It was reached at last, the brow of the weary, interminable hill. There the footprints strayed off to the left, and following them with his eyes Cosmo could see, far down the slope, a dark something,—the figure of a man sitting on a low wind-swept shelf of rock, his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his joined hands.

For a moment Cosmo's heart stood still; then he turned to the rough descent, thick with heather and cumbered with great stones. The deep snow muffled his steps, and he had drawn quite near before Edmund lifted his head. One startled, sullen look the elder brother gave, like that of a trapped wild thing whose cunning has failed it; and then he dropped back to his former attitude. Cosmo came nearer, and touched him on the shoulder, but he hardly moved.

"Well?" at last he said reluctantly. "Why did you follow me here? What do you want?"

"I want first what you have in your breast-pocket. And I must have it, Edmund!"

Edmund looked up as if surprised; his hand went to his bosom, but paused there; then he turned his head away, and looked out over the waste as if resolved neither to hear nor to answer.

"Edmund," said Cosmo again. "Did I ever ask you for anything before? You have spoken sometimes as though you owed me something, but whether or no I must have this. Give it me, if ever you cared for me."

The stronger will, at a white heat of resolve, must needs carry the day. Edmund's hand, as if in spite of himself, went again to his breast, and

drew from the pocket a tiny bottle stoppered and tied down. The instant it appeared Cosmo wrested it unceremoniously from his fingers, flung it on the ground and smashed it with his heel, treading it into the snow.

"That is childish," said Edmund sulkily, after a moment. "If I want to do that sort of thing no one can prevent my accomplishing it, in one way if not in another. And if, as seems likely enough, I have neither pluck nor resolve to carry out such an idea, what good has that done?"

"Enough for the present moment, at all events. And now I want you to come with me."

"I am not coming. When I said good-bye to you down yonder I did not wish, any more than intend, ever to see you or to cross your path again."

"I am beginning at the wrong end after all," said Cosmo with abrupt simplicity. "What I have to do here is to ask you to forgive me."

"For what?"

"For having forgotten that we are brothers, and that there is a tie between us that nothing can break; for having seemed to constitute myself your judge."

"There is some disproportion between our offences against each other; but I forgive you, exactly as you forgive me. That is to say, I wish you no harm, and I would rather never see your face again."

"You are unjust to me, Edmund, and I suppose I have no right to be surprised at it. But I wish you would look me in the face now. I have a great deal more to say to you than I can easily manage unless you will be generous and meet me half-way."

No one had ever seen Edmund sullen before; but there must have been some latent sullenness in his nature, for he did not lift his head or make the least sign of having heard. Perhaps in every nature there are some elements unsuspected until it is stirred to the very depths; and his had never been so deeply stirred before. Cosmo for his part was in no mood or state to argue. The desperate hurry of the last hour had left him spent and trembling; even the thrill of relief with which he had realised that Edmund was safe for the present had shaken him and robbed him of the little strength he had left. He cared indeed little for that. It was deliverance and joy unspeakable, though it had turned him weak and dizzy. The doubt and difficulty, and even the shame of the actual facts, were nothing compared to the ghastly fear that had just vanished,—the fear of an endless, hopeless remorse. Down at Pennithorne two hours ago Edmund's very existence had seemed a disgrace from which there could be no escape; but now his presence, alive and well, was in itself a thing for which to be eternally thankful. As for Cosmo's physical sensations at the moment, so far as he could think at all he felt that to break down might be the best way to regain a hold over Edmund, in this new bitter mood of his.

He laid his hand on Edmund's shoulder once more, and let it rest there rather heavily. "Will you make room for me on that seat of yours?" he said, smiling, though somewhat faintly.

Instinctively Edmund moved, so as to make room on the rocky ledge beside him; at the same moment he glanced up surprised, and took his first real look into the other's face. "What's the matter?" he asked hurriedly. "Here, sit down; you've no business here."

"Nothing is the matter. Only I have come a long way in a hurry, and I am—rather done up. I won't faint

if I can help it!" He half laughed as he spoke, in answer to the anxious haste with which Edmund had drawn him down, and thrown a supporting arm round him. Then he leaned his head against his brother's shoulder, closing his eyes to shut out the whirling, dizzying snow, and for a moment had to devote all his energies to keeping his word. But shortly he was aware that Edmund was chafing his hands and questioning him in the half savage tones of desperate anxiety, and he roused himself to understand and to answer. "It's—all right! It's the first time I have been so far since the fire, that's all. I shall be all right in a minute."

"It is madness for you to have come here at all,—all this way, in such weather! What possessed you to think of coming after me?"

"You know!" Cosmo turned and raised himself a little on the arm that still held him, and looked full in his brother's eyes. "And I am more than content, now I have found you."

"It was a pity you did," said Edmund, with a little dreary laugh. "I had not quite screwed my courage to the sticking-place, but I dare say I should have managed it before long. And it would have been the best way out of the mess, for all of us."

Cosmo did not answer, unless by the shudder that Edmund could feel run through him. His hand moved to his brother's, tightening on it with a significant imperious clasp that spoke as plainly as words. "I will not let you go," it said. "We love each other, and by that I have a right over you. You shall not go."

"I am as foolish as you, to let you sit here," said Edmund suddenly after a moment. "Can you come on now? You will be frozen unless you keep moving, and I can at least give you a good strong prop to lean upon."

He rose, brushing off the snow that had fallen thickly on them both. After a moment Cosmo rose too, feeling that the kindest thing he could do for Edmund was to lean hard on his support and let him have his way.

"Now," said Edmund, with a sort of determined briskness, "you know this country better than I do. What's the nearest house we can make for?"

"Herne's Edge. There may be others a trifle nearer as the crow flies, but for us who are not crows the Edge will be easiest reached."

"So be it, then. How far should you call it?"

"I hardly know; between three and four miles."

"So much as that! Will you ever be able to do it?"

"Of course! At any rate it is but to try, and to keep on trying."

"It is—this way, isn't it, between those hills on the sky-line?" Edmund's voice faltered a little and he glanced anxiously at Cosmo as he spoke. He was by no means clear even as to general direction in this thick atmosphere, and ways there were none over the trackless, snow-clad moor. If Cosmo was equally uncertain, where might they not find themselves? And the snow was coming down now so thickly that the night was drawing on before its time.

"So long as we can see the sky-line I know the way well enough," said Cosmo quietly. "It would be a good thing if we could get off the moor before we lose sight of everything a yard further than our noses; but I doubt we shall not manage it. The road is nearest in that direction, and we had better make for it, though it isn't quite in a bee-line for home."

"I grudge you a step out of your way, but if it can't be helped, it can't!"

They were moving on as fast as the inequality of the ground would permit, Edmund's whole thought and

attention given to helping and sparing his companion as much as possible. And now they fell silent, not only because both felt that Cosmo had better not waste his strength in talking, but because there was so much in their minds for which words were too clumsy. What Cosmo was thinking of let those say who have known the resurrection of buried love, when the heart that has been trying to harden itself suddenly flings all just resentment into the empty tomb, and buries it for ever; when other loves and hopes, that were not dead but had seemed cold and withered, come smiling back with their lost sister, and all the world is spring again. How foolish he had been! how natural it seemed now to bear all things and hope all things, and be sure that Love and Right would conquer in the end; while as yet he was in no mood to look before and after, or question the how and the where of their victory. Edmund's thoughts were simpler still, and less to be defined,—love and shame and gratitude contending, and the keen sense of present peril blotting out all difficulties that the future might have in store. It was happiness, life, after the death of blank despair, to know that he had been followed for love's sake into this wilderness of his humiliation; and yet in another sense he would have given much to have been alone, and not to have been haunted by the thought of what might well happen if they missed their way, and by the memory of that old man whose fate, an hour ago, he had envied and desired. And through it all was a sort of warmth of triumphant exultation. They two were alone together out of all the world, the fate of the one whom all loved bound up with that of him who was only a burden and a shame. "They would not trust me with him if they knew," he thought. "But Fate has done that for them; and now we will live or die together."

Half an hour of battling with snow and wind may sometimes seem an endless space of time. It seemed longer to Edmund than to Cosmo, though Cosmo felt as though he had been struggling on through the deepening twilight ever since he could remember. For a long while they had not spoken, but at last Edmund said abruptly: "We ought to have reached the road by this time, surely! Can you tell at all if we are still in the right direction?"

"I have lost sight of my landmarks for some little time, but I feel as though the road was just ahead, and straight before us," answered Cosmo; and then there was silence again for a quarter of an hour or so.

"I am afraid we have missed the road."

"It runs east and west as straight as a line for more than two miles. We can hardly fail to hit it somewhere if we keep going."

"Unless,—I daren't ask you how you are getting on."

"I begin to understand those Alpine explorers who entreat their friends to let them lie down and go to sleep. But I am not quite come to that yet."

There was silence again for a little while, and then Cosmo spoke, almost in a whisper. "I think I must stop for a moment. No; I won't ask to lie down and sleep, but you must give me a minute's breathing-space."

Edmund's arm had been round his shoulder for some time past; now it tightened its clasp, and they stood still, hearkening to the little hissing whisper of the snow as it fell all round them.

"I think I could keep on for a good while yet if I knew we were going right," said Cosmo at last. "But the feeling that we may be

going all the while further away from home and help takes all the pith out of me."

Edmund set his teeth and looked round, as if he would force his eyes to pierce the gloom and find their way. It was quite dark now, save for a faint light from the snow that just showed them each other and a yard or two of the trackless waste in which they stood. Faint as the light was, it was even more deceptive, for everywhere the ground seemed to rise round them like a cup, and had done so as they moved on for the last half hour over the low undulations of the moor.

"Is there any chance of our being heard if I were to shout?" asked Edmund at last.

"If we are near the road; there are houses scattered along it every half mile or so," answered Cosmo, in a tone that he would not suffer to be despairing but could not make hopeful; and Edmund raised his voice and shouted at its utmost stretch.

"I have a dog-whistle on my chain; that might carry further," suggested his brother, and fumbling at the swivel with numbed aching fingers, at last got it free.

Three times the shrill appeal rang out over those waste spaces. Then they both listened, wondering whether, if they had been driving along the road that night and had heard the distant echo of a whistle sounding faintly through the snow and the wind, they would have thought it worth while to stop and investigate the cause,—and thought not, and would not say so to each other.

"I heard a dog bark," said Edmund in a breathless undertone; and Cosmo, who had fancied he heard it too, but was not sure enough to say so, pressed his shoulder and did not speak.

Again Edmund whistled, and the bark sounded again, nearer this time. They waited, straining their eyes to see the gleam of a lantern, or the figure of a man struggling towards them. They saw neither, only after a very short time a small dark object bounding over the snow. A moment more, and it rushed up to them, springing upon Cosmo with a joyful bark and bespattering him with snow.

"I believe the dog is alone," cried Edmund, in bitter disappointment.

"Who cares!" answered Cosmo almost gaily, with difficulty repressing the wild caresses. "Don't you see it's old Moloch? And he's worth more than a man and horse any day! Why, my dog, some one has been making a St. Bernard rescue-party of you and tied a scent-bottle round your neck!"

"A bottle—quiet, Moloch, let me get it off! Is there brandy in it by good luck? Yes! Now you drink that, every drop. But what other good his coming is to do us I don't know."

"Tie your handkerchief to his collar so that he mayn't leave us behind, and you'll soon see. He knows the way home well enough. But I wish I knew how he tracked us here."

They were moving on now with renewed hope and vigour, Moloch tugging at his leash as if he meant to tow them home to Herne's Edge by his unaided exertions. Still they had no energy to spare for talking, though after a moment Cosmo's wonder found words. "Some one must have let him loose, and he has gone all the way down to Pennithorne and followed me on. How did anybody up at home know of any reason for letting him loose? He might have got out by accident, but then—give me that scent-bottle again, Edmund." It was too dark to see it plainly, but his fingers felt it over with a recognising touch, and he started. "That's manifestly impossible," he said in an argumentative

tone, rather to himself than to Edmund. "She wasn't at Pennithorne, and how could she be at the Edge? We are all bewitched to-night, that's all?" But he put the tiny flask into his own pocket instead of returning it; and Edmund felt the new spring with which he set himself to face the weary way that they had yet to travel.

"There's one thing I've got to say," said Edmund, as they reached the wall that for them just now meant the boundary of the world of living men, and leaned against it a moment before Cosmo could find strength to climb over it into the road beyond.

"What is that?"

"I come back to life and the world on my own terms,—which are my father's. I shall say to him 'I am no more worthy to be called thy son' without expecting or wishing that he should answer according to precedent. If you call me brother, that is enough. I have no place at Herne's Edge, no claim on the estate, now or in the future."

Cosmo had thought he knew every tone of Edmund's voice, but this was new to him. "We need not discuss the matter now at any rate," he said. ekeing out the words with a pressure of the shoulder on which he leaned.

"Neither now nor ever! And—one thing more. I gave you to understand just now that I had not the courage or the resolution to make away with myself, and God knows I need not make myself out a poorer creature than I am. I meant to do it; I should have done it before you came; but——"

"Well—" said Cosmo with a shudder, as he paused.

"I hardly know how to say it. It was Geoffrey Pierce's voice that stopped me, and yet I did not even *think* I heard it. Only I remembered it, so vividly that it seemed as though he were speaking close beside me. 'I have always stood by you, and I always will,' he said. 'If you give up the game you are false to me.' I don't know whether I ever heard him say that; but I am as sure that he was thinking it just then as that I stand here alive who would be dead but for him—and you. Look there! I see a light moving yonder, down the road."

CHAPTER XXII.

"Gone to Herne's Edge?" echoed Mrs. Heron sharply. "Impossible! I mean,—I did not expect Mr. Edmund Heron to-day. Did they take the pony-carriage?"

"No, ma'am," answered the man, and hesitated as if there were more behind.

"Mr. Cosmo would never be so mad as to think of walking so far! What time was it when they left?"

"Mr. Cosmo,—about four o'clock. I did not see Mr. Edmund go, but I think it was some little time before."

"They were not together, then? Which way did they go?"

"I don't know about Mr. Edmund; but to tell the truth I watched Mr. Cosmo from the window up stairs, and he turned up by Goodwin's Farm."

"Across the moors!" Mrs. Heron turned away and began to pace the hall, heedless of the man's eyes fixed upon her in respectful scrutiny, or of the wide startled looks from those dark eyes of Althea's, as the girl stood in her thick travelling-wraps beside the fire, suddenly startled out of the not unpleasant embarrassment of this home-coming.

But after a moment Althea went to her, moved by the contagion of a fear she could not understand. "What is it?" she asked, laying a hand upon the elder woman's arm. "What are you afraid of?"

"I cannot tell you! So late and

dark as it is, is that not enough? How are they to find their way? I would give all I am worth to know they were both safe at the Edge. I would give half I am worth simply to be there myself and know the truth."

"Could we not go there, at once, you and I?"

There was such intensity in Mrs. Heron's half-whispered words that it never occurred to her hearer to question their reason. There seemed nothing to do but to yield to her eagerness, even to share it. But the practical suggestion restored her a little to calmness. "It is dark already," she said. "And Simpson will say the horses cannot possibly do it after all that distance this afternoon."

"There is the pony-carriage," suggested Althea, hardly knowing what were the possibilities of the case. But Mrs. Heron shook her head, and turning away, began to pace the hall again, then went to the door and opened it and looked out into the night. "I cannot bear it!" she went on, after a moment or two, coming back. "It cannot be as I fear, but I shall die unless I know soon that it is not. I will *make* Simpson take me in the pony-carriage; but not you, my child, after your long journey."

"Please let me! I am not tired. Please let me come."

At the urgency of her tone Mrs. Heron turned suddenly and looked her in the face; then caught her by the wrist, and spoke in a hurried undertone. "Are you so afraid too? You know Edmund as well as I do. Tell me—you may whisper it—what are you afraid of?"

"Not what you are thinking; oh, never that! I was always hard upon Edmund, but I always knew he loved Cosmo."

Mrs. Heron looked at her keenly, and took another turn up and down the hall. Some people cannot bear to be contradicted, even when their own thought is a horrible fear. "If your mind is so easy you had better stay quietly at home," she said coldly at last.

"But my mind is not easy. The world outside seems so big and so strange to-night, it frightens me. If we were only outside in it with them I should not be so much afraid, even if we could do nothing more. Let us go!"

Mr. Heron was sitting alone beside the library-fire, with one foot, the ankle of which was bandaged, resting on a stool before him. He was looking into the blazing caverns, and thinking so deeply that even the unwonted sounds of steps upon the pavement outside hardly roused him from his reverie. When the door opened, admitting Mrs. Heron and Althea, it seemed as though his thoughts had taken bodily shape; for it was of those two he had been thinking, his son's wife and his own.

His keen strong features had a softer look than usual as he rose in his surprise to greet them; but Mrs. Heron did not give herself time to notice it, or the slight exclamation of pain with which he sat down, and restored the foot to its former position. One look she cast round the room, then cried hastily, "Have they come yet?"

"Who?"

"Cosmo—and Edmund!"

"Are you dreaming? Cosmo is with you, and Edmund—in London, I suppose."

Mrs. Heron sat down, letting her hands fall at her sides with an unconsciously tragic gesture. She did not seem concerned to explain herself, and it was left to Althea to say what

they thought and feared, while the Squire stared at her as if he thought she too was dreaming. But the mere fact of their presence there, at such an hour and on such a night, proved to him that their anxiety at any rate was real enough.

"Across the moors?" he questioned sharply, beginning at last to realise the story. "And what time did he leave Pennithorne? Four o'clock? They might have been here hours ago!" He started to his feet, and sat down again, biting his lip and frowning desperately. "And I like a fool must twist my ankle this morning till I can't stand upon it! They ought to have been here an hour since; unless they had lost their way,—or——"

Mrs. Heron came hastily forward. "I am going! I can look for them," she said. "I went that way across the moors once."

"Sit down, Janet! This is not woman's work; we should have to send men out to look for you next. If they don't come soon I will have every man out that can do any good; but you could do nothing."

She sat down again silently. Even at that moment she remembered that it was twenty years since he had called her Janet, or spoken to her with the natural authority of a husband instead of the punctilious observance due to a stranger.

Mr. Heron had perhaps been influenced by his lifelong habit of opposing his wife's suggestion, or had not expected her to yield so readily. He began to calculate times and distances, and to prove conclusively that after all the young men could not have arrived much sooner. Neither took much heed of Althea, who listened with her heart in her eyes, and, when Mr. Heron had talked himself silent without response, stole softly out into the fire-lit hall.

There she stood, pressing her forehead against the window-pane and looking out into the night, noting how now and then a snow-flake flitted by near enough to the window to gleam white against the blackness beyond, and listening to the sigh of the wind. Listening intently she stood, though the sound she longed for she did not hope to hear as yet. Just then a dog barked in the courtyard to the right of the house answering a distant bark from the farmhouse below in the valley. "Is that Moloch? Will they take him with them?" she asked herself. The short bark was still heard at intervals, as if the dog felt something unusual in the air. Then Althea began to think of the stories she had heard from Moloch's master of his surpassing intelligence, and to wonder whether it was only her own ignorance that made her think that he might be of some use, and made her long with so much impatience to be doing something.

"It can do no harm, at all events," she said at last as if reasoning with herself. "At least he can only go down to Pennithorne; and Mrs. Heron to-night would welcome a toad or a snake that was his."

Then another thought came to Althea, that she more than suspected was silly, and that therefore she would tell to no one, but did not abandon. In her pocket was the scent-flask that Cosmo had given her, almost his only present except the ring that had never seemed really her own. To get it filled with brandy by the old housekeeper, with whom she had made friends long before, was the work of a few moments; the next she was out in the courtyard alone with Moloch, fastening the little bottle to his collar and telling him what he was to do. She could almost have believed him a kind of goblin, who understood every word she spoke; and indeed there was something preoccupied about his friend-

ly greeting of her, as though he knew very well that there was important business toward. As soon as she unfastened his chain he made one bound as if to test his freedom, and then galloped steadily forward into the snow and the darkness, as if he had had but one desire for many hours past and now saw his way to gratifying it. Then Althea, feeling a little ashamed of herself, slipped back into the library, to watch once more that tense unconfessed anxiety that seemed to make her own so much harder to bear.

After about three quarters of an hour more of fitful talk and watchful silence Mr. Heron rang the bell, and gave his orders in brisk short sentences that would not admit any cause for fear; while his wife looked as though his doing what she had so longed for him to do had in itself confirmed her worst terrors.

The little bustle of the men's start died away, and once more the old house was deadly still,—as still as the occupants of the library who spoke no word and hardly moved a finger. Althea was watching the other two, suffering for and with them; but for her own part she was not despairing, only anxious. Having despaired once, not long ago, and found her fears not realised, her courageous young spirit declined to be depressed again by anything short of absolute certainty. And she was sure that Mr. Heron was not despondent, though listening in keen suspense and chafing against his own helplessness. But it would have been less trying for the others if his nature had not been to watch and to chafe in such absolute silence. As for Mrs. Heron, the way in which she was taking this was quite contrary to her nature,—at least to any manifestation of it that Althea had ever seen. Whether she was afraid of her husband, or trying to emulate his stoicism, or merely frozen into despair, there was nothing at first to show; but Althea perceived presently that her mood was above and beyond any of the three.

Something startled them out of their quiescence presently,—a mere false alarm, a slamming of a door or gate for which the wind alone was responsible. Then Mrs. Heron, having risen and gone to the window, only to look out upon blank darkness and silence, came back with all her forced calm broken down. "Richard!" she cried sharply, holding out her hands to him imploringly, as she stood in the middle of the floor. "On your honour, do you think we shall ever see them again alive?"

"On my honour, yes,—please God!" he answered solemnly. "After all, they are both men and strong ones, and one of them at least knows these moors as well as the house he was born in."

Did the Squire too remember that he heard his own name from his wife's lips for the first time for nearly twenty years? Did the interchange shake and move him as for the moment it had moved her? If so, he did not show it. He motioned to her in his stately way to take the chair which he could not rise to give her; but she ignored the gesture and only moved a little nearer, standing before him as before a judge.

"I have a confession to make," she said. "I make it now, when perhaps the worst has happened already, because I never in my life spoke the truth till circumstances compelled me,—and they usually compel too late. No, child, you need not go. The more that hear me the better; the whole world might hear me, if only by shaming myself I might hope to bring them back." Mr. Heron drew in his lips and looked at her thoughtfully. Plainly he did not

think, as Althea did, that anxiety was turning her brain, nor was he altogether surprised. "I spoke of them," she went on, "but you and I know which of the two we meant, and how much we care or have cared for the other. Your conscience may be clear in this matter; but as for mine,—I am his mother, and I never loved him—no, not long ago, when he had done nothing to forfeit my love." Her eyes were fixed upon her husband's face, and the sight of its impassive, judicial gravity seemed to sting her pride and bring a new note into her voice. "And it was your fault; yours, who sit there and judge me. You brought me here, a young girl; you never asked if I had been brought up to think as you thought, to feel as you felt. Have I ever forgotten your look when first you found out that I had said what was not literally true,—a white lie they called it at school, and what was I but an ignorant schoolgirl? Was that a fault that was never to be forgiven? You never forgave it, at any rate, and I—you might have made me repent, but you only stirred me up to show that all the world was the same, that at least I could get my own way by the means that you so despised. It was second nature to me, but I might have changed myself for your sake if you had helped me. Then Edmund was born, and as soon as he could speak he told a lie. All children do it, except just one here and there; but you looked at me again as though you loathed me, and I knew that you were saying to yourself, 'He gets this from her!' Well, you know how he grew up! All his life you have been trying to thrust him upon me, trying to make me responsible for him; and I hated him; he was my weakness, my sin, if you like to call it so, come to life and standing for ever between you and me. And Cosmo, whom I loved, who had no faults but those we could both love him the better for,—I saw in your eyes each time you looked at him that you felt him all yours, that you were thanking God that there was nothing of his mother in him."

How strange it seemed to hear this woman, with all her polite conventionalities and small insincerities, speaking out the truth at last. Her very face seemed changed, its stately, commonplace, middle-aged beauty at once marred and transfigured by emotion, suppliant and defiant at the same time, as though something within her pleaded and entreated, and had to be sternly restrained.

"I think you wronged me, and yourself," said Mr. Heron, gravely and quietly, as she paused. "I was very hard in those days: I have been too unyielding all my life; but I think I was never so hard as that."

"But you were! And at last I could bear it no longer! I thought if we lived apart and I did not see your constant disapproval, I should not care so much; and perhaps I could win Cosmo over to my side. If I could have done that I should have been happy. But Cosmo's eyes always looked me through, like yours; and that day he left me as a little child, I knew he would never be mine again. But I said to myself that you were mistaken if you expected that I would take Edmund instead, and both of us sit down together in our shame. There are many chances in life, and I thought I would wait till one of them came round to me." She stopped a moment, as if listening for some sound outside, then went on more passionately, "And this, I suppose, is the chance I was waiting for! We have been squabbling over them all our lives and we have lost them both,—the one we loved with the one whom we both wanted to cast off. Your conscience

may be clear,—that is your own business—but mine is not." Again Mrs. Heron paused, and wringing her hands together flung them apart with an almost tragic gesture. "Cosmo is yours," she went on, "and Edmund is mine, with all his faults and his disgrace,—mine with the sin that I gave him, and the sin that you hated in him and in me. If I had owned it years ago everything would have been different. I might have had more patience with him than ever you had. God knows I had reason to be patient."

She checked herself, and there was silence for a moment or two, while Mr. Heron turned his keen glance from her face to the dying fire. "Janet," he said gently, "if you had but said all this years ago!"

"I taunt myself with that often enough to-night; you need not take up the word," she answered, briefly and bitterly.

Perhaps his speech had not been meant quite as she took it, but he did not hasten to undeceive her. They were not boy and girl whose hearts run together like two water-drops at the first hint of possible reconciliation, but man and woman chilled by the frost of years of parting, and full moreover of another almost all absorbing thought.

Mrs. Heron sat down again, as though the strength of passion had left her, covering her face with her hands: the Squire looked at her once more, but with an inward look, as if he were sending back his memory over all the years to their parting long ago; and neither spoke.

Althea had softly left the room, unnoticed by either at the first gentler tone in her father-in-law's voice. Now was surely the one moment in their lives when they might draw closer to each other, and at least they should have what opportunity she could give them. For a moment, as she listened to Mrs. Heron's confession, she had almost forgotten their mutual fear and anxiety; and now as she paused and looked round the firelit hall a sudden causeless exhilaration raised her above all fear. She had heard nothing, she had seen nothing, but an irresistible impulse made her go straight to the door and fling it wide open, as though the waiting were over and nothing more to be done but let the returning wanderers in.

In the room she had just left Mrs. Heron suddenly lifted her head, as if listening to a whisper of hope that came from she knew not where. "Richard!" she said. "If they come home safe,—if God is so merciful to us as that—I make myself responsible for Edmund and all his family from this time forward. He shall be mine, and what I have shall be his; and I will care for him as much as I can. I promise it, to God and to you!"

Althea stood beside the open door and from behind her the red glow streamed out into the night. Some one had lit a large lamp and set it in an upper window, from whence it cast a strange effect of light across the snowy space of terrace and garden, making the walls on either side look huge and dark, outlined in white against the black night sky.

There were lights down by the gate, blurred by the thick falling flakes and footsteps and voices in the garden. And coming up the steps, coming out of the darkness and the snow into the welcoming light, were the two who had been very near to seeing the lights of home no more.

Very like the two faces seemed, both deadly pale, Edmund's almost as white and weary as Cosmo's, and both irradiated with something that

triumphed over weariness. Edmund's arm was still round his brother. Cosmo's instinct had told him, when help met them not far from their own gate, that to come before their father as they had come all that weary way from the moor was worth more to Edmund than present relief from the task to which he had given himself. And now, as his feet touched the threshold of his home for the first time in nearly ten years, the brothers looked at each other with a strange fine smile, of which not even Althea could guess all the meaning; while now it was Cosmo, with his hand on the other's shoulder, who was drawing him forward into the light.

At that moment, after one glance had shown her all that it takes far longer to tell of, Althea bethought herself of those two in the library, whose suspense had been even more painful than her own. In an instant she was at the library-door. "They have come!" she said. Then a sudden access of shyness seized her. Neither Cosmo nor his brother knew that she was here; neither Mr. nor Mrs. Heron were likely to remember her existence or wish for her presence during the speaking of such words as would have to be spoken now. Like a scared bird she darted along the end of the hall under the curtain that screened the door of the staircase, and only paused when, safely out of hearing and sight, she might fling herself on the window-seat of the second landing, and listen to the throbbing of her own heart, and wonder what her own share was to be in the general gladness.

She might well wonder too what was going on down stairs; but that strange meeting was a very brief one, and no striking scene after all, except to those who could see more than met the eye. In the excitement of the moment Mr. Heron had dragged himself as far as the library-door, and there his wife came hurriedly to offer her help, which he accepted, as it seemed, without thinking of it, so that they stood in the hall before their sons close together, arm locked in arm, as loving husband and wife often stand, but as neither of those sons had ever seen them stand before.

It was Edmund who found his voice first, while Cosmo leaned against his shoulder, dazed with the warmth and light. "I had, and have, something to say to you," he said, looking full at his father. "But you would not have seen me here, to-night, or ever, if it had not been for Cosmo."

"Or me, if it had not been for Edmund," said Cosmo emphatically. "I could never have got home if he had not been with me."

The Squire looked from Cosmo to Edmund and back again, with eyes intensely keen beneath his bent brows. Perhaps he read something in both faces that had not been there before, but all he said was: "You are both done up. You had better go to bed, and say what there is to be said in the morning."

Cosmo smiled. The laconic speech, a little tremulous with past emotion, suited him much better than anything more effusive. Still keeping his hold of Edmund's shoulder he laid his other hand upon his mother's arm as she stood mute and motionless, and drew the four a little nearer together. "Father," he said, "you must give Edmund your hand to-night. I say so, who have been more bitter, more jealous for the family honour, than yourself. Mother, have you not a kiss for us both?"

Again Mr. Heron's eyes seemed to read them both through and through; and Edmund's, full of sorrow and shame, yet met his as they had never done before. With a certain solemnity Mr. Heron held out his hand and

touched his eldest son's for the first time since they had parted nearly ten years before. His wife, with a little gesture as though giving up some inward struggle, yielded to Cosmo's pleading touch, and drawing nearer kissed them both,—and it was Edmund's lips that hers touched first.

Only one moment, but it blotted out some of the hand-writing of years. And then,—it was over. Others were coming into the room,—the searchers, eager to tell what they had done and take credit for having found what was no longer in danger of being lost; the old housekeeper ready to point out the rooms where fires were blazing in welcome, and to recommend hot drinks and warm beds; and all the household, in silent offer of service which they knew was superfluous but which testified to their excitement and congratulation.

Edmund seemed to have no eyes or thoughts but for Cosmo; and Cosmo yielded himself passively to their will for the moment, chiefly thinking of what would make this trying experience easier for Edmund. Neither had had time to wonder yet how their mother came to be there, or what was the meaning of that new look on her proud, handsome face.

Althea shrank behind the curtain in the deep recess of the window, and dared not even look out as a little procession passed with some stir and confusion up the stairs. But she heard Cosmo's voice and it brought the tears to her eyes, so weary and yet so satisfied it sounded. It was good to know that he felt like that, and yet—was it only because he had brought Edmund home, and was his wife quite forgotten?

As every one else left the hall Mrs. Heron stood motionless, looking after her sons with hungry eyes, but making no movement to follow them. Had she lost all or gained all? She hardly knew, or whether this new feeling in her heart was desolation or peace. At that moment there came a touch on her arm; looking round she saw her husband, with a grave sweet smile in his deep-set eyes. "You helped me out, Janet," he said; "you must be good enough to help me back again, I think. And have not you and I something more to say to one another?" The library-door closed after them, and what was said behind it no one knows.

Some people think that Mr. Heron and his wife were never reconciled; at least, say they, there was never anything to show for it. Certainly they never lived together; but there may have been other reasons for that than incompatibility of temper. There was not room enough at Herne's Edge for three households, and the Edmund Herons, with four children and their nurse and governess, went some way towards filling even those big rooms at Pennithorne. Certainly also they never used any endearing epithets towards one another in public; but then one could not imagine Mr. Heron ever doing that in any circumstances. Mrs. Heron's few intimate friends at any rate gathered an impression that all was right at last between her and her husband, although she never said a word on the subject to any of them, —chiefly on account of that new expression that never altogether left her face, and a new gentleness and serenity that crept into her manner, mellowing it into an old age more attractive and lovable than ever her youth had been. The charge that she had taken upon herself could not have been a very slight one; but as she never consulted any one but her husband as to how to bear her burden, and did very often consult him, and as she seemed on the whole a far from unhappy woman, it may be supposed

that she had at least a part of what she had missed for so many years,—friendship, kindliness, and a certain amount of respect.

But to return to that eventful night at Herne's Edge. When her ears had convinced her that the coast was clear, Althea stole down stairs again, remembering that it was her duty to be at hand when Mrs. Heron should recall her existence and inquire for her.

At first sight she fancied that the hall was empty, as she had expected to find it, but in a moment there ran to greet her, from the rug before the fire, a very important personage indeed.

"Moloch," she whispered, sitting down on the stool beside the hearth and letting the good dog put his paws upon her knee. "Did you find them? Did you and I have our little share that no one knows of but ourselves?" He looked at her with lurid eyes full of sullen faithfulness; and the very motions of his long thin tail, and the curves of his back as he pressed up against her hand, expressed a kind of modest pride. "We did it," he was evidently saying, "but we do not talk about it. No one else loves him so well." So at least Althea understood him, as she laid her soft flushed cheek against the comely hideousness of his massive head, and talked loving nonsense to him, shedding a few tears by way of relief after all the excitements of the evening. The little bottle that she had tied to his collar was gone. Had he lost it in the snow, she wondered, or had it come to the hands for which it was meant?

Thanks to conversation with Moloch she failed to hear a soft slow step that came wearily down the stairs and paused beneath the curtain. Presently it came somewhat more swiftly across the room, and some one knelt down beside her, laying one hand upon Moloch's sleek neck and the other upon her wrist.

"Moloch has many excellent qualities," said a voice that she had every reason to expect to hear and that yet thrilled her from head to foot. "But do you love him for himself alone?" Weariness had made his speech as soft and slow as his step, but could not quench in it the irrepressible gladness that must needs play with its own delight.

"I thought you had gone to bed; you ought!" she said, shirking the question, and turning to look into his face, which showed clear in the firelight while the shadow hid her own.

"Very likely! But are none of those sweet words and kisses for Moloch's master? Have not you and he had a confabulation before this evening? This is your property, isn't it, that he brought to me—from you?" Althea did not need to look at the tiny flask that he laid in her lap; her fingers recognised it, as his had done in very different circumstances. "I took it as a message from you," he went on. "It helped in more ways than one to bring me home. And then I fancied I saw, though I was not in a state to be very sure of anything, a face at the door that I missed afterwards. Do you wonder that I did not find it possible to go quietly to bed?"

"It would have been much better for you."

"Dearest!"—his voice grew suddenly serious—"I have to ask you to forgive me. I was a great fool when we parted, so confident that I was right and you were wrong; and it was you who were right all the while."

"It was not your fault. You couldn't have helped blaming me, unless I had told you what I had promised not to tell."

"And you were true to your promise, of course, while I was shutting

my eyes and giving myself airs of superiority. I wonder which of us two I hurt the most? You were revenged afterwards, if you had but known it."

"How?" asked Althea half abstractedly. She was thinking, "I am his wife after all! What does it matter for whom he cared first? I can make him love me best before all is done." And then his eyes met hers and she suddenly forgot Emily's existence; and she never in that particular sense remembered it again.

"How?" said Cosmo. "When I began to understand, I was not only sulky, I was ashamed and afraid to speak; afraid that I had lost what I had never deserved to have, and was just beginning to rate at its true value. Believe me, I was very miserable."

"Are you miserable now?"

"No; only jealous of Moloch. Go down, good dog, my head has even a better right there than yours."

When Mrs. Heron came out of the library a little while afterwards she found Cosmo lying on the bearskin in front of the fire, with his head in his wife's lap, too happy and too comfortable to move, as he explained in answer to her remonstrances. She accepted the situation as she might not have done a few hours before. "I will send up your things from Pennithorne, my dear," she said, laying her hand upon Althea's shoulder with a smile and a stifled sigh. "Stay where your right place is, and be as happy as you look now. Can you tell me where Edmund is, Cosmo? I want to speak to him before I go."

"Up-stairs, in my room," he answered, and raised himself a little on his elbow to look into his mother's face. He had meant to beg her not to be hard on Edmund at least to-night, but when he read what was written there he went contentedly back to his former attitude without more words.

And she, passing out beneath the curtain, paused a moment to look back upon that picture on the hearth, to feel all that it was and all that it meant. They had forgotten her already in each other; the warm fire-light glowed round them and the cold wind sighed without. She saw them in the light of what she herself had missed, their feet touching the shores of that Promised Land which she too had seen in her day, but whose sunshiny ways her feet had never trodden. "We are all alike!" she said, and sighed with a kind of pitying envy, as looking on a bliss that was doomed to fade.

But she lingered yet a moment, with the heavy folds of the curtain in her hand, and a word or two of their murmured talk came to her where she stood. It was not of themselves they were speaking, even in this sweet renewal of young love. "Edmund," "Margaret," and other names less familiar, came to her ears, in tones tender and anxious.

"Dear children!" thought Mrs. Heron, with a touch of patronage. "They need not trouble themselves; I will arrange all that." Then in a softer mood: "No, we are not all alike after all! God keep them!" said she, and let the curtain fall.

THE END.

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MARIA EDGEWORTH.

THE famous advice, "When a new book appears, read an old one," has been known to excite considerable and undisguised wrath in the breasts of contemporary authors. But he must indeed be a curmudgeon who should grudge her recent return of popularity to the mild shade of that "Maria" who, by the right of eminence and amiability on her own part, not by the impudence of those who call her so, bears the Christian name like "Sydney" and like "Jane." A very few years ago it was a mark either of paradox, or of obstinate adherence to the early tastes implanted by an old-fashioned education, to like her; but the whirligig of time has been in a mood as amiable as her own to Miss Edgeworth lately. Her LIFE AND LETTERS (in print long ago but never published) have been recently put at the disposal of the public; and she has been reprinted in much more attractive form than that which used to be the only available edition of her, the latest reprint having the very particular advantage of an introduction by Mrs. Ritchie. It is not easy for that lady to write otherwise than delightfully; perhaps she seldom writes with a greater union of grace and gusto than in reference to those sisters of hers, in sex and craft, who have adorned our literary history; and it is quite certain that Miss Edgeworth, who, though rather indifferent to praise of herself or her works, was extremely fond of it when it was applied to her family and her home, would have been well satisfied with Mrs. Ritchie's account of her visit to Edgeworthstown. There is only one touch that (unless I am myself under a mistake) she has missed. Miss Edgeworth, she says, was a great friend of Judge Lefroy. Now was not this the Chief Justice Lefroy who was Miss Austen's only known lover, though it never came actually to an engagement between them? I do not remember to have heard of another Irish Judge of that date who bore the name, and it would not be a wholly trivial coincidence that Miss Austen's lover should be Miss Edgeworth's friend. This, however, does not concern the Edgeworthstown circle proper; and of that circle and its famous visitors and recorders, Mrs. Ritchie has given one of her best and liveliest sketches.

An odder and less commonplace family has never been described, and it is no wonder that this has been described often: a household where it must always have needed a slight effort of recollection to remember whether the actual mistress was your mother or your aunt; whether your brothers were your brothers or your cousins; where all the locks were on original and patent principles, with the natural result that it was extremely problematical whether you would ever get into a

room when you were out of it, or out of it when you were in; where the head of the family had been in pain of instant death from rebels as a loyalist and from loyalists as a rebel; and where everything was in a condition of ceremonious tumult and orderly whirlwind. But of Mr. Edgeworth (except in respect to his not very fortunate influence on his daughter) and his wives (four, or strictly speaking, five) and his children, and his whims and his virtues and his oddities, as of the children themselves, and the wives and the rest of it, there is no possibility of speaking here. Even of Maria herself, as distinguished from her work, we must not give ourselves too much room to speak; and it is the less necessary that, even before the resurrection of her work, her life had received a good deal of attention, and that, as has been said, the publication at last of the official documents puts it very agreeably at everybody's service who wants to know it. She was not pretty: she called herself, and was sometimes called by others, plain; but in that case some at least of her portraits must be greatly flattered, and Byron (who is something of an authority) pronounces her "if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking." Mrs. Ritchie says that she saw one portrait at Edgeworthstown, presenting, to her pleasant surprise, "a fashionable and agreeable figure with a marked nose of the *retroussé* order." Now the odd thing is that the frontispiece to Mr. Hare's edition of the LIFE AND LETTERS, though also "fashionable and agreeable," represents her with a nose which is slightly but distinctly aquiline. Still differences of angle will do strange things with this important feature. It has indeed been roundly asserted that she invariably refused to have her likeness taken, and that the presentments which exist are strictly counterfeit, being based on fanciful or surreptitious sketches. However this may be, in all the portraits the fairy-like appearance, which Sir Walter attributes to her, is noticeable; and undoubtedly she had always the qualities of a good fairy godmother both in life and in literature.

Such people cannot live too long, and Miss Edgeworth's life was fortunately no short one. She was a little older than most of her celebrated contemporaries, the men and women of the first quarter of this century, who had a curious knack of being born in a single decade (the eighth) of the last, for she was born on New Year's Day, 1767. And she survived all the greatest of them except Wordsworth and Landor, not dying till the 22nd of May, 1849. It is pleasant to know that this life was as happy as it was long. It is a moot point whether Maria was ever "in love." She, whose word surely ought to be taken, declared she was not; her stepmother, who was friendly, but officious, declares that she *was*,—with a certain scientific Swede of the name of Edelcrantz, who certainly proposed to her in Paris when the Edgeworths were there at the time of the Peace of Amiens, and for whom she acknowledges "esteem." The evidence of the books and letters is, I think, against the stepmother. That Maria might very likely have married the Swede (if he had not wanted her to go to Stockholm) or somebody else, and that if she had she would have been an extremely agreeable and probably a sufficiently affectionate wife, need not be doubted. But independently of the curious fact (which I believe is a fact) that daughters who are very fond of their fathers appear to care less about matrimony than others, one does not see many signs of amativeness in Miss Edgeworth's books. No one of her heroines can be said to be seriously in love. But to her own

family, and especially to her father as long as he lived, she was all her life fanatically devoted; and she appears to have been as warm a friend as she was an affectionate daughter sister, and aunt. She was the second of Richard Edgeworth's children, and the first of his daughters by his first wife Anna Maria Elers, a lady with German blood in her, who indeed had been preceded by a sort of jury or brevet-spouse whom Richard took to himself at sixteen, and of whom his father rid him by aid of the law. The marriage, which was made in haste (indeed at Gretna), was duly repented of; but Mrs. Edgeworth was amiable enough to die before many years and to make room for three successors, two of whom were sisters. Few people, I believe, despite the partiality of his principal historian, have ever taken altogether kindly to Richard Edgeworth, who appears to have displayed the singular and not too attractive combination of character best described as that of a volatile prig. But he would have been more forgivable if he had not insisted on cramming his daughter's earlier work, and to a certain extent colouring that work altogether, with the didactic whims which he had partly imbibed from the French *philosophes* and partly elaborated for himself. It is extremely satisfactory to learn from one of the letters of Coleridge, who had it from the Wedgwoods (who were likely to know, as they and the Edgeworths both formed part of the Lichfield literary circle), that the little Edgeworths detested the system of education which their father pursued, and which animates EARLY LESSONS too much and PRACTICAL EDUCATION throughout. But though he was in many ways a prig and a noisy bore in society, and had a habit of marrying new wives before the old ones were cold in their coffins, which Hamlet would not have taken so patiently as Maria did, he must have had his attractions, and he certainly was a gentleman by birth and education, a man of considerable abilities and acquirements, and of a high and noble spirit. One can pardon some follies to the man who in the hottest of '98, having escaped from Edgeworthstown at the news that the rebels were marching on it, rode back in the almost certainty of falling in with them, and the pretty absolute certainty of being murdered if he did, because he remembered that he had left on his study-table a list of yeomanry recruits which, if it fell into rebel hands, would be disastrous to the persons whose names it contained.

Mr. Edgeworth's connections (he might have had a peerage for less than the asking, but would not) were excellent both in Ireland and England and (owing partly to his cousinship with the Abbé Edgeworth) abroad; and Maria seems at all times of her life to have mixed, less as a lioness than by right of birth and breeding, in any and every society. The Duchess of Wellington, "Kitty Pakenham," was a very early friend; and the picture, given in one of the letters, of her on what was to be her deathbed in the very midst of the trophies of Apsley House is an effect in the grand style which might hardly have been suspected as being within the reach of Maria's modest muse.

Edgeworthstown was always her home; and in her later years when Irish distress and Mr. Edgeworth's large family had reduced the fortunes of the house, her income from her books (which was considerable) is understood to have been at the service of her brother in keeping it up. There, or travelling in England or abroad, she passed her eighty years and more, and for more than the last fifty of them she wrote. But it was only by degrees, and rather hindered than helped by her father's crotchets, that she drifted into her

proper course. Like other elder sisters (it is probable that prose fiction began with this relationship), she had been accustomed to tell stories to the younger inhabitants of the well-filled Edgeworth nursery; her father's craze for education fell in with this propensity, and so did the fondness for MORAL TALES of his French masters, Marmontel and others. Indeed it is said that he had made her undertake the translation of Madame de Genlis' ADÈLE ET THÉODORE when she was quite a girl, but that Holcroft anticipated her. The result at last, in 1796, and in her nine and-twentieth year, was the very charming (though cruelly named) PARENTS' ASSISTANT, which, however, had been preceded a year by LETTERS TO LITERARY LADIES, a thing of little mark. Johnson, the favourite Liberal publisher of the day, is said to have been responsible for the hideous title which disfigures an admirable collection of stories. But it included by degrees (for all were not published at once) "Simple Susan" (Sir Walter's favourite), "Lazy Lawrence," "Tarlton" and the "Barring Out," with other good things, while there is literally nothing bad except the exceedingly ridiculous legend called "Eton Montem." This Maria must have written out of her own head, and out of one of the very few ill-furnished apartments therein, for the characters are absolutely unlike possible Eton boys at any period from Henry the Sixth downwards. But outside this (and there are good things even inside it) all is delightful in THE PARENTS' ASSISTANT, except its title; and the paternal priggishness appears much less than in EARLY LESSONS and in some of the MORAL and POPULAR TALES.

The MORAL TALES themselves, with the ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS, occupied her next, and it may be said that these, with the ABSENTEE and ORMOND, contain her best work. The title of the MORAL TALES she took of course from Marmontel, and the general scheme, *mutatis mutandis,* is by no means unlike his,—a scheme of mild social satire with a moral purpose, but not straitlaced in subject or treatment. It is earnestly to be desired that anybody who takes the book up shall neglect in this as in other cases the prefaces of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq., who seems to have done everything he could do to prevent people from reading his daughter's work. MADEMOISELLE PANACHE anybody might be glad to have written; but it is not so good as the already mentioned ANGELINA, which is one of the most charming things of its kind. How Angelina Warwick, an heiress and a ward, conceived a frantic affection at a distance for an advanced modern novelist of her own sex, who wrote her letters asking whether "our unfortunate sex will submit to sacrifice their rights, their pleasures, their will at the altar of public opinion," and signed herself "Araminta"; how Miss Warwick ran away from her guardian, Lady Diana, to pay a visit to this sibyl in Wales; how she was horrified because the harpers there were not blind, and because she was offered Tenby oysters and Welsh rabbits; how Araminta was very difficult to find and turned out to be a brandy-drinking virago; and how Angelina was rescued from the consequences of her own folly: all this is capital with one slight exception, Araminta's Quaker lover, who is theatrical and unreal. There are only about sixty pages of it, closely printed ones, it is true; but they are worth many a six hundred.

The ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS is one of the best known things of the author, and with CASTLE RACKRENT, the best known of all, it requires the least comment. There have been persons, not purely frivolous, and qualified to give a verdict on Irish

matters by long study of Blue Books and debates, who said that if you bound these two books with Spenser's STATE OF IRELAND, Sir John Davies' DISCOVERY, THE DRAPIER'S LETTERS, and Berkeley's famous manifesto, you would have in small compass. all that is required by a rational man to judge of the distressful country in our, or any, time. This may be excessive; perhaps also it may be not so. But of the excellence of Miss Edgeworth's two contributions to that projected volume there is, I believe, no question among rational folk. Both were written and published in the last years of the eighteenth and the earliest of the nineteenth century; both suffer a little from the influence of the pantopragmatic papa; but both display that subtle character of the author's special blossoming-time, which is so often noticeable in literary work.

To this time also belongs BELINDA, Miss Edgeworth's most considerable, though not her longest, single novel, her most ambitious, her most disputed, but not, I think, by any means her worst. The inevitable father is said to have altered it considerably; and we may without prejudice take it for granted that when Richard Lovell altered Maria he altered her for the worse, even if the alterations were not authoritatively identified with the two weakest points of the book, the reformation of Lady Delacour, and the namby-pamby business of Hervey and Virginia. The violent and extremely improbable sub-catastrophe of the deliverance of Lady Delacour from the claws of the Quack is chiefly borrowed from Marmontel. Clarence Hervey is not a very good hero, and all his criss-cross entanglements with Belinda, Virginia, and Lady Delacour are improbable and strained. Belinda herself is much better; and I do not think it has been fairly noticed that she is the first heroine who breaks free from the conventional blushing and panting of the eighteenth century, who is, without being masculine, a person and not a doll. I do not think that Miss Austen's own girls would have been what they are without Belinda; and to all the elect there can be few higher compliments than that. Lord Delacour, though perhaps not wholly alive (what male character drawn by a lady is?), has extraordinary merits, all the more that he is anything but a perfect person. And the best things have yet to be mentioned. The emancipated women of that day are painted in Mrs. Luttridge and Harriot Freke, with Lady Delacour herself in her unregenerate days, after a fashion which is not to be found before in literature, and which, with the small changes required by outward manners, is exactly true a hundred years later. They are not academic types; they are not studies in farce; the novel gains in them a distinct and, in a way, a definitive addition. Miss Edgeworth afterwards wrote books much better and more amusing as wholes than BELINDA; but I do not know that she ever wrote one in which the habit of society, with the faculty of reproducing and eternising its types, is more evident.

Her visit to Paris came after this remarkable burst of work; and for some years later she did not produce anything quite equal to the best of it, though it must be observed that one of the best points of her father's not always good influence was his advice to her to keep her books on the stocks, and that their dates of publication by no means correspond to their dates of writing. She was busy enough during the ten years which intervened between the MORAL TALES and the appearance in 1812 of THE ABSENTEE; but few of the things which she produced are of her very best. The POPULAR TALES which appeared in 1803 are not nearly so good

as their moral predecessors; they have less humour and the obligatory introduction of the poor Negro and the mild Hindoo, which Mr. Edgeworth's own principles necessitated, is frequently tiresome. LEONORA, written in 1805, has good points, but its representation of the defects of Frenchwomen and French-imitating English folk has something of the conventionality and unnaturalness of Madame de Staël's contemporary dealings from, and with, the other side. THE ABSENTEE itself formed part of the TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE, and is good enough to carry any company with it to heaven; but of the rest, except MANŒUVRING and ENNUI (some would add VIVIAN) something the same may be said as has been said of LEONORA. And in the English Tales there must be acknowledged also some want of the direct and vivid observation, or of the unforced and direct inspiration from mother earth, which is visible in all the Irish pieces earlier and later, and the compensations for which are, I think, never so clear as in BELINDA. These drawbacks appeared still more in PATRONAGE (1813), which is Miss Edgeworth's longest novel, and which certainly for another writer at that time would be wholly admirable. But THE ABSENTEE itself would save not merely ten but twenty years' work of a far worse kind than any to which Maria put her hand. The incomparable final letter from Larry Brady is led up to by a multitude of good things. It could not have been anticipated that any one should make such a good young man as Lord Colambre so little of a ninny or a stick (Maria herself calls Belinda a "stick"), should have carried off the stock stage characters of Sir Terence O'Fay and the agent Gerraghty so well. And if Grace Nugent, or Grace Reynolds, pays the inevitable penalty of unrecognised daughters, let it be at once added that Lady Isabel, her wicked rival, is a triumph. For a bad young woman who is not too bad, who is not a fiend, who is absolutely within the bills of mortality in her badness, commend me to Lady Isabel!

It was Maria's ill fortune, as it was that of her forerunner and doubtless exemplar, Madame d'Arblay, to have to write, or rather in this case to finish, the life of a rather impossible father, and to be rebuked for it in THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. But Miss Edgeworth at any rate wrote such part of the memoirs of her father as she had to write in good current English and at a competent time of life. Nor do the attacks on it seem to have troubled her much. It is fair to him, however, to say that after his death she never did quite such good work as before. The last of her very best stories was ORMOND which appeared in company with HARRINGTON in May, 1817, with the inevitable preface, which is here pathetic, for the writer died a month later. HARRINGTON is not of much worth, a tedious tale of a good Jew; but ORMOND is quite admirable. King Corny of the Black Islands is one of the capital characters of that peculiar kind of fiction which takes types from somewhat peculiar developments of real life, idealises them a little, and leaves them individual and immortal. He is not quite with Falstaff or Don Quixote; but he is with Commodore Trunnion and Mr. Pickwick, and perhaps he is less of an extravagance than either. A very short time before Miss Edgeworth's death she was delighted by finding the reference to him in a note to the sixth chapter of Macaulay's History on the aboriginal aristocracy of Ireland. She expressed her delight, as Sir George Trevelyan tells us, in a letter to Dr. Holland; but with characteristic loyalty she expressed a "twinge of shame" that she should be cited and praised when Scott was not.

After her father's death and the execution of his MEMOIRS, Miss Edgeworth returned to her children's books, enlarging and continuing them with great success. She also wrote, at nearly seventy, one regular novel, HELEN, which has been much admired by some, which is by no means a dotage, and which is a sort of later and more modern BELINDA with variations. But the best of her work was done. ORLANDINO, the last, and of the juvenile class, was written not so very long before her death.

To all this work there is very little allusion in the letters which have at length been published, and which make an exceedingly pleasant addition to the work itself. Maria did not wish her letters published or her life written; and this humility (or rather this good taste) was not in the least of the mock kind. She does not ostentatiously avoid speaking of her work; she merely says little about it in letters which, if not the most exciting of their kind, are certainly excellent reading. They are quite the best of the letters of the Four Sibyls, to take Mrs. Ritchie's old term, of the end of the last century and the beginning of this. If they have less wit they have also less deliberate attempt at wit, than the too few letters which are all that have yet been published of Miss Ferrier's; they can never be charged, as some have, rather unkindly than unjustly, charged Fanny Burney's sometimes, with undue minuteness and dilution of interest; and they have over those of Miss Austen the enormous advantage that, while the Englishwoman's range of scene and character was in actual experience very confined, her Irish sister was incessantly moving about and seeing all manner of men and cities. Restlessness was naturally enough one of the forms or results of Mr. Edgeworth's volatility, and though, as has been said, Edgeworthstown was the family head-quarters, no regiment was ever more of a marching one, or had so many out-stations and summer camps. For some years Clifton was a sort of second home to the Edgeworths; and there Maria's youngest sister of the whole blood, marrying a well known physician, Dr. Beddoes, became the mother of Thomas Lovell Beddoes (the Lovell marking the Edgeworth strain), one of the maddest and not one of the most amiable of English poets, and as unlike his aunt as two persons of genius could well be, but the author of some exquisite lyrics. Even before Maria made that acquaintance with Scott which has left such pleasant memorials in Lockhart's great book, before she had deserved the mighty eulogy of having given the original idea and impulse to the Waverley Novels by her Irish sketches, she had been familiar with the literary society of Edinburgh. She was frequently in London, and the journeys between the town of Lud and that of Edgeworth were mapped out on liberal principles which allowed of visits at all manner of places from Malvern to Cambridge, and from Newcastle to Canterbury. She was a frequent visitor at Bowood; and though neither in London nor elsewhere does she seem to have at all specially affected literary society, she knew almost all the men of letters best worth knowing down to the flourishing times of Macaulay and Dickens. And of all these varied things and people she gives accounts not exactly brilliant in the common sense, not studded with epigrams or stories, but curiously human and urbane, always alive with a certain gentle and unintrusive wit, and always informed with a perfect temper. There is no sign (except a slightly abnormal appetite for visiting manufactories and suchlike things) of the didactic craze

which, under paternal influence, colours her novels. But everywhere there is the eye that can see and the hand that can paint. Here may we learn the great Dr. Darwin's definition of a fool, than which there are worse,—"A fool, Mr. Edgeworth, is a man who never made an experiment in his life"; and also how this eminent person and mediocre poet obtained £900 for THE BOTANIC GARDEN, which, as a capital specimen of a certain kind of prize-poem, would have been not at all unfairly remunerated with nine hundred sixpences. From Miss Hannah More (one is so accustomed to see Hannah called "Mrs." that "Miss" sounds almost improper) and her experiences of poetical ingratitude in Mrs. Yearsley, the gifted washerwoman, we pass to "Mr. Jimbernat, a Spanish gentleman," of whom Maria records demurely, "Till I saw him I thought a Spaniard must be tall and stately; *one may be mistaken.*" And from Miss More and Mr. Jimbernat, who appear quite early, to the very last the note is always the same,—a curious, alert, wide, and friendly interest in whatsover mankind (especially the man and womankind she knows) may be doing, seasoned and redeemed from mere insipidity and mere gossipry by a point of mild satire, or at least humour.

This note is also pretty exactly, and, where they are good, pretty constantly, that of the tales and novels. But there is no doubt that it is to the last degree unfortunate that her father was at once her chief stimulus to work and an exceedingly bad critic of it. It is averred that she never wrote even a short story, much less a novel, without drawing out the plan of it and submitting this plan to him beforehand to be altered and improved; nor did she ever depart, except in small details, from his alterations. Perhaps it may be said that both the necessity of the stimulus and the acceptance of the corrections show a certain lack of the distinct inevitableness of genius. But this may be carried a little too far. The leading case of Scott who, again and again, allowed his plans to be spoilt by critics whose judgment was to his own as a farthing rushlight to a great lighthouse, shows that genius is not invariably indocile. At the same time it is but fair to allow that Maria Edgeworth has left no perfect book (unless CASTLE RACKRENT be allowed the name), and that she had rather certain qualities of the novelist in a very eminent degree than the complete novelist's character in anything like perfection. Take, for instance, ENNUI, which for this special reason I have not hitherto noticed. It is the first of the TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE; it was, though not published till 1809, written five years earlier at about her best time; and it has by some been ranked among her best books. It is the autobiography of a certain Lord Glenthorn who succeeds early to his title and estates, marries and divorces a worthless wife, suffers terribly from the disease which gives name to the book, recovers by finding himself to have been changed at nurse and, losing his earldom, becomes poor but honest though a barrister, and is rewarded for his reformation by virtue, beauty, and the recovery of the estates, if not the title, back again. That this plot, thus crudely stated, is nothing but the baldest and simplest form or norm of the moral romance is true, but matters very little. Some of the very best novels in the world have a plot no richer and no more novel. But I, at least, cannot call ENNUI one of the best novels in the world. The Irish scenes are as usual capital, if they are not quite so good as those in ORMOND and THE ABSENTEE; and there are vivid touches both of observation and record here and there. But the autobiographic romance, an exceedingly difficult and dangerous

kind, requires even more than any other that the teller shall be a character, a live person present before us. He need not, perhaps he had much better not, be extremely introspective or self-analysing, but he must be alive. I fear this is more than can be said of my Lord Glenthorn. In the earlier part he is but a Portrait of a Frivolous Young Nobleman; in the latter he is a neat academic pendant of the same after reform. When he goes to the West of Ireland and, even to a certain extent while he is in Dublin, he moves among live folk, but is not himself alive; he is Ulysses turned the other way, and walks a shadow among full-blooded men and women.

That this defect, the result of the curse which dogs moral fiction, is not always absent even in the best of Miss Edgeworth's books is not, I think, deniable. The sketches of manners, often quite first rate, the presentations of persons, sometimes deserving the same description, seem to be accumulated in an almost haphazard way round a central conception which is either merely didactic or at least mainly so. I think BELINDA one of the best novels of manners that we have; and it has the great advantage of painting a time, the extreme end of the eighteenth century, which is singularly barren in such pictures of at least fashionable society. Between CECILIA in 1782 and Hook and Bulwer in the earlier and later twenties of the present century there is hardly a single book, dealing with London life, in which real literary power is united in this sort of writing with knowledge, observation, and representative skill. Yet the episodes or (for they are something more than episodes) the parts of the plot which concern Hervey, Virginia St. Pierre, and that foolish youth Mr. Vincent, are quite unworthy of their position and mar and mask the excellences of the rest.

I cannot agree with those who think or say that there is little really remarkable in Miss Edgeworth outside her Irish scenes, still less with those who find a certain hardness (I think it has even been called woodenness) in her humour. Mrs. Ritchie is perhaps right in saying that "it is not so much humour as fun" and that there is "a certain matter-of-factness" about her. I should put this down in part to a spirit of reaction from the sensibility of the eighteenth century, in part to natural and individual causes. She certainly was rather destitute of passion, and, unless passion of some kind is hovering not far off, humour is apt to become not much more than fun. In CASTLE RACKRENT, in ORMOND, and in a few other places, this or that touch of intensity does exalt the lower into the higher kind; there are even touches in Maria of satire of the more Swiftian sort. The ESSAY ON SELF-JUSTIFICATION and THE MODERN GRISELDA, two of the most amusing things she ever wrote, would certainly have exposed her to being torn in pieces at any meeting of latter-day Ecclesiazusæ. One almost trembles to think what would have been the fate of Sir Walter's "Whippety Stourie" in the hands of such persons as the lady who was reported the other day as declaring that she should oppose a certain motion, "Because the mover had referred to Mrs. Gamp. There never, was any Mrs. Gamp [unhappy Sarah her own existence denied and not merely that of Mrs. Harris!] except in the imaginations of male humorists like Charles Dickens." This lady would certainly have regarded Maria as a traitor to her sex.

But I do not know that this need much influence us. A kindness that was never namby-pamby, a love of literature that never took the key of blue, a wit which, if rather French than English, always sheds pleasant light, a true appreciation of her

national good points, and a lenient treatment of all bad points, national and other,—these are the things that may be found in Maria Edgeworth. She took a little (no more than reason) the colour of her time or of her father's time: she did not always know how to gild the didactic pill sufficiently; and she could not become such a freewoman of the realms of pure art as Miss Austen was. But she loved all good people with whom she came in contact, and they all loved her. As a child she was a pet of Thomas Day, and at eighty she drew soft expressions from the very uncontrollable pen of Edward Fitz-Gerald. She adored Sir Walter, and to have adored, or to adore Sir Walter will, I hope and partly believe, be a brevet of indulgence even in the case of those who have serious sins to answer.

But she had none. With fair allowance her work is sometimes really great work, and without any allowance at all it is work far above even a high average. She saw many societies, from almost the highest to almost the lowest, and registered them all with an eye at once clear-sighted and humorous, with a pen tolerant, genial, exact. No one, I honestly believe, has ever written quite such good children's books as THE PARENTS' ASSISTANT or as FRANK. This last "used to belong to a fellow's sisters generally," as a great authority says apologetically; but if anything much better has been written than, for instance, the childish gambling scene, where Frank is left a victor with all the money and the watch which his chief antagonist's mother gave him, I do not know it. And I rejoice to say that I have recently proved the attractions of BARRING OUT, SIMPLE SUSAN, THE FALSE KEY, and ROSAMOND, on young persons of no old-fashioned bringing-up in the present generation. The fact is that a good story once is a good story for ever; and Miss Edgeworth could tell it,—whether she told it to children as in these, or to adults as in ANGELINA and not a few others.

Her longer books are, no doubt, exposed to greater difficulties. The novel, the most vivacious of all literary growths at the moment of its appearance, is the least hardy of perennials. And the touch of the few that completely escape this doom, the Fieldings, the Austens, the Scotts, Miss Edgeworth perhaps had not. Even her Irish scenes, I am told, have lost their appeal to some extent in times when Irishmen have ceased to be amusing and have become something else in the popular mind. Yet I cannot believe that she will ever lose her hold on fit readers, even though there may be few to share my own admiration of BELINDA. For she had a great deal of general humanity and she knew how to express it; she had the most thorough grasp of the particular humanity of Ireland in her day, and she knew still better how to express that. She was a lady to her finger-tips, and her ladyhood did not depart from those finger-tips when she began writing, as has been sometimes observed by the cynical in the case of writing persons of the other sex. She could reinforce the wise saw by the modern instance of her own day, and I do not think that all her instances have become antique even yet. But in lifting up voice to sing her praise we shall find it always necessary to come back to the one thing that she could tell a story,—tell it perhaps better in fifty pages than in five hundred, but still tell it. And though there be more and more every year who do tell stories, yet I am not so sure that there are so very many who can tell them.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

There is perhaps no more astonishing phenomenon in human history than the utter decay, before and during the Middle Ages, of the art of war. It is easy to conceive of the decline of other arts: men can survive without poetry, painting, sculpture, music; they can even exist (though the struggle is distressing) without cookery; but without fighting they cannot live. Yet nothing is more certain than that the art of war, having been brought to an amazing pitch of perfection, sickened, declined, and died, midway in the course of whole centuries of warfare.

There is no occasion here to discuss the birthplace of the military art,—whether it was China or Persia, Assyria or Egypt. For our present purpose it must suffice that it was the Greeks who first raised war to the dignity of an art, who formulated principles of drill and manœuvre which are not yet extinct, and who have left us the earliest treatise thereon. Where those principles found their birth is again doubtful. Sparta confronts us as a State organised on an essentially military basis; Athens, through Xenophon its most many-sided man, presents us with our first drill-book. The art, still in an adolescent state, is suddenly adopted and cherished into a vigorous maturity by a father and a son, the Frederick William and Frederick the Great of the old world. Greece planted, Philip of Macedon watered, and Alexander reaped the increase. The last of the three, gathering into his mighty hand all threads of manœuvre, tactics, and organisation, created by his genius a fighting machine that conquered the world.

Then came the Romans, by nature a great administrative rather than a great military nation. None the less they caught up the art and developed it after their own kind, not by mere slavish imitation, but by original thought and common sense, improving it and adapting it to the genius of their race. And they not only conquered the world, but governed it. For it seems to be the peculiar faculty of races that possess the gift of administration to strike out an original line in the art of war, to outdo by some occult instinct their artistic neighbours in the business of fighting, and to wrest from them the prize of every ambitious nation, the prize namely of empire. No one can compare Roman literature with that of Greece; no one can doubt that, of a Greek and Roman treatise on the art of war, the Greek would be the better; and yet the Roman is the better soldier. So, too, no one could presume to set English military thought alongside that of France; and yet somehow the Englishman seems to be the better fighting man. The Roman legionary is a personage of remarkable interest. He is indeed the first soldier whom we seem to recognise as such; a disciplined man of the highest training, with pride in himself, confidence in his leaders, and considerable *esprit de corps;* in fact a warrior whom the modern soldier can take to his heart. There were legions and legions, of course, as in modern armies there are regiments and regiments; some indeed

like the famous Tenth, enjoyed even a nickname, "The Larks (*Alauda*)." The men, if we are to believe Vegetius, suffering from the same weaknesses, could be raised by the same means to the same excellence as the veterans of the Peninsula War. As to the lighter moods of the Roman legionary, are they not immortalised in the name of a Roman Emperor? Tacitus tells us how Germanicus, always a popular general, having had a son born to him in the camp, dressed the lad like a little soldier, complete even to his boots (*caliga*), in the hope of pleasing his men. The men of course made a pet of him and called him *Caligula* or Little Boots; and it is by his camp nickname of Little Boots that Claudius son of Germanicus lives in history to this day. It is a curious example of the persistence in the nature of fighting men. Cochrane's rough Chilian sailors dressed up his five-year old son as a tiny midshipman, and made a pet of him in exactly the same way.

And yet in spite of the perfection of the Roman system, of the prestige of the Roman army, of the greatness of the Roman name, the art of war perished. Discipline became impaired, and therewith the whole fabric began to fall. The world, it seems, was sick of military discipline. Men were ready enough to fight, but not according to rule and order. So things went on from bad to worse until with the death of Charlemagne the art of war seems finally to have died out. Then in due course came the days when the man who was rich enough to keep a horse and to cover himself with defensive armour could ride rough-shod over the poor man afoot; and with the decay of discipline the foot-soldier, despite the memory of the Sacred Band, the Macedonian Phalanx, and the Roman Legion, disappeared from off the face of Europe. It was not, seemingly, that men knew no better; we find our own Henry the Second, for instance, studying the precepts of Vegetius; but that they were powerless to restore the old order. And so, with the greater part of Europe organised on a military footing, there was no such thing as an army. The nearest approach to a trained force were the gangs of adventurers who fought for hire and were in reality no better than brigands. These companies of Free-Booters were made up of the sweepings of all nations, of such men, in fact, as now take refuge in Suez, in Panama, and in the newest gold-field; and the taint wherewith they infected the military character still hangs about the armies of to-day.

At last for the art of war, as for all other arts, there came in the middle of the fourteenth century the time of renascence. Two battles won by two small nations within seven years of each other disclosed the fact that infantry was recovering itself; the battle of Laupen in 1339, and the battle of Creçy in 1346. The prowess of the Swiss infantry is generally dated back to Morgarten (1315) or forward to Sempach (1386); but in reality it can be traced to a generation or two, some say a century and a half, before the former action. Be that as it may, Morgarten first announced the fame of the Swiss to Europe: Sempach raised it still higher; and finally the three terrible defeats of Charles the Bold at Granson, Morat, and Nancy (1476—77) established it for ever.

From that time the Swiss became the model of Europe. The German Landsknechts adopted their weapons and tactics, and even for a time their name, while crafty little Louis the Eleventh took six thousand of them into his pay and set them to teach his Frenchmen their work. For all Europe required to learn true soldier-

ship, to obey orders and above all to preserve formation, which had been the secret of the Swiss victories.[1] Before the fifteenth century was past came Charles the Eighth's celebrated expedition to Italy, and his entry into Rome, wherein the carriage and order of his Swiss mercenaries was the amazement of all beholders. It was the French interference with Italian affairs that spread the new discipline abroad, for among the opponents of the most Christian King was a man of genius, the general of Ferdinand of Aragon, Gonsalvo of Cordova, known over all Europe as the Great Captain. He, when the campaign was ended in 1498, took the remodelling of the Spanish forces in hand, and laid the foundation of the famous *tercios* that were soon to supplant the Swiss companies as the pattern for European infantry. It was in the Spanish tongue that the pike was first named the "Queen of all weapons."

Nor were the quick-witted Italians less swift to learn the lesson. In the year 1515, the very year wherein the French overthrew the dreaded Swiss, their revolted allies, at the battle of Marignan, Machiavelli produced his treatise on the Art of War, and recorded his opinion that the Macedonian Phalanx was just such a body as the Swiss battalion, whose whole force lay in its pikes. From which saying (at least so we conclude, for we can find no other authority), it has been asserted times without number that the Swiss based their tactics and organisation on classical models. But this is by no means the whole secret of the Swiss success. The battalions sent forth from the cantons were composed of men voluntarily enlisted, not of the dregs of the population impressed into the service as were most of the armies of Europe. The Swiss foot-men were superb material, and they were to some extent disciplined. "What part of Roman discipline [asked Machiavelli] can be introduced into armies made up of such a medley of wickedness as those of all countries except Switzer land?" Evidently Europe was awakening to the value of discipline, and to contempt of the lawless mercenary bands which had for so long monopolised the business of war.

And what was England doing all the while? Good, easy unteachable island, she had won her battle of Agincourt in 1415, as she had won Creçy and Poitiers half a century earlier, by the skill of her archers; and she was firmly convinced that her existing military system could not, except perhaps by greater encouragement of archery, be improved upon in any respect. Not that a race so fond of fighting for its own sake had held itself aloof from the wars of its neighbours on the Continent. It is an Englishman, Hawkwood, whom Hallam selects as the first great general of modern warfare; and Hawkwood died within eight years of Sempach. A century later too we find large bodies of English sharing the defeat of Charles the Bold by the Swiss at Morat, and a single brilliant young English nobleman, Lord Rivers, astonishing even the Spaniards by his prowess against the Moors in Granada. But it was little, apparently, that the English learned from abroad or indeed from their own Wars of the Roses until quite late in the sixteenth century. Their military creed was summed up in a single article, We believe in Archery; and if any one doubted it they could point to the judgment of Philip de Comines, that the English are "the best shot in the world." But they did not take to heart another criticism of the same

[1] "Legitime militare, imperium pati et imprimis ordines observare." Pirckheimer, DE BELLO HELVETICO.

author: "There is no nation so ignorant and rude as the Englishmen at their first landing in France, though in a short space they become excellent soldiers, hardy and wise . . . they are utterly unacquainted with our French warfare until they be trained therein." For the English were ever a casual, hap-hazard people, content to learn the business of fighting in the course of the campaign. When King Henry the Eighth ascended the throne his ruling idea seems to have been the encouragement of archery; and hence came statutes for enforcing on the whole male population constant practice with the bow (1512), and for the prohibition of the weapon to all aliens without the King's license (1542). Hence came likewise the incorporation of the Artillery Company in 1537. For Henry himself was proud of the national weapon, and had shown himself at the Field of the Cloth of Gold to be marvellously stout and expert in its practice. And yet when the sixteenth century was fairly opened French writers began to speak disrespectfully of the English archers, not because those archers had failed to defeat their old enemies, but because they had not met them in the open field. At the siege of Therouanne (1513), for instance, the French cavalry attacked an English victualling-train escorted by archers only, but were beaten off with heavy loss; for the nimble English entrenched themselves behind their waggons (*laagered* themselves in fact, for the tactics of the Boers are no new thing), and poured in a most deadly and destructive fire. And so, says Fleuranges in a patronising way, "The English are good men and fight well when parked in a strong position; otherwise I make no great account of them." But not even the sneer at the infantry that could only fight behind entrenchments could rouse the old-fashioned English; and when Henry crossed to Boulogne in 1544, his statutes and ordinances of war condescended to few details of equipment besides the bows and arrows. And yet abroad pike and arquebuse had been in full use for a great many years; nay, even the musket was two decades old, while we in England clung passionately to our bows and bills. Let us however note one small point before quitting the French campaign of 1544. The English forces were distinguished at large by the badge of St. George's cross; but one body at least was clad in blue coats garded with red, and in hose with the right leg red and the left blue with a red stripe; and finally the King's livery was of red garded with yellow. So here is the historic scarlet fairly in the field in 1544.

At last after the accession of Elizabeth the country began to wake up, the city of London as usual setting the example. The peace of Château Cambresis had been signed in April, 1559, and in July the ambassadors of the Emperor and of the French King were invited by the Queen to Greenwich to witness a review of the citizens of London. Fourteen hundred men, says Stow, were on parade, of whom eight hundred were pikemen, all in fine corselets, four hundred arquebusiers in shirts of mail with morions, and two hundred halberdiers in "Almain rivets."[1] They had six ensigns, all clad in "jerkins of white Bruges satin, cut and lined with black sarcenet, with caps, hosen, and scarves according"; and, led by their drums and fifes, they made, as we may well believe, a goodly show. In the very next year there appeared an English translation of Machiavelli's ART OF WAR, made by William Whitehorn, which is, so far as we can gather, the earliest drill-book delivered to the people in the vulgar tongue.

[1] Probably armour made flexible by means of rivets, and imported from Germany.

From this year therefore we may date the new birth of the art of war in England. From the first lesson-book to the first school is but a step, and in 1568 that school was opened by the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain. With the making of the British soldier under the princes of the house of Nassau in the seventy years, 1572—1642, we hope to say something in a future paper, but for the present we shall confine ourselves chiefly to his development within England itself. Suffice it that the first English troops that went forth to fight the Dutch battles were five hundred men who landed at Flushing in June, 1572, under the command of Captain Thomas Morgan, and that it was not until several months had passed that they deserved to be called efficient. Meanwhile, however, the volunteer movement under dread of Spanish aggression was advancing vigorously in London. In March, 1573, acting on orders from the Queen, the citizens chose out a select force of three thousand men, and boldly equipped them according to the latest notions as "pikes and shot" discarding the old-fashioned halberds as out of date. To command them, as Stow tells us, "Divers valiant captains were appointed, who, to train them up in warlike feats, mustered them thrice every week, sometimes in the Artillery-Yard teaching the gunners (calivermen) to handle their pieces, sometimes at the Mile's End and in St. George's Field teaching them to skirmish." The Mile's End was a famous drill-ground in Elizabeth's days and no doubt attracted many spectators, William Shakespeare among others, to see the officers "instruct in the doubling of files."[1] Alas that the next news from the Mile's End should be of a fatal accident! One of the caliver-men unhappily left his scouring-stick in the barrel and shot it into the side of one of his comrades, whereof the said comrade died; so that there was nothing for it but for the whole of the caliver-men to follow the corpse to St. Paul's Churchyard and shoot off their pieces over his grave, which they duly did, no doubt with extraordinary enjoyment to themselves. Conceive the march of such a novel procession, the female heads at the windows, the rush of gaping urchins, the criticism of the 'prentice boys, and above all the important, self-conscious bearing of the volunteers themselves,—this man's morion down over his ears, that man's tilted to the back of his head, all striving to appear as though they preferred an iron head-dress to any other, and all squinting from underneath it to make sure that they were properly admired. The nature of the British volunteer has altered little in three hundred years.

[1] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, iv. 3.

Throughout the decades 1570–90 the plot thickened continually across the North Sea to the eastward, where the English soldiers were steadily learning, though not without many a shrewd blow, the skill that was to give them the empire of the world. On the western side, too, across St. George's Channel, there was trouble with an insurgent Desmond and rebellious Irish from 1579 to 1583; a campaign which swallowed up an enormous number of men for one thing, and for another, curiously enough, brings us for the first time face to face with a new uniform. For we find, in 1582, a request that the men may be furnished with coats "of a dark and sad colour, as russet and such like, and not of so light a colour as blue and red which heretofore hath commonly been used."[1] Evidently it was dangerous to make the English soldier too conspicuous to the Irish kernes; and hence, three centuries ago,

[1] Cal. S. P. Dom. CXLIX, 6.

the dethronement of the scarlet in favour of *khaki*. In 1584 the assassination of William of Orange fairly frightened Elizabeth into active support of the Dutch insurgents; and not volunteers only, but troops paid, though with some reluctance, out of Queen Elizabeth's purse, were dispatched to the Netherlands to aid in overthrowing the tyranny of Spain. These last were raised by the simple process of impressment, clothed in red coats and without more ado declared to be soldiers, which in due time, but by no means immediately, they proved themselves to be. Great captains went with them, Roger Williams, John Norris, Francis Vere, and other forgotten worthies, the fathers of the modern British army; and as commander-in-chief Robert, Earl of Leicester, the first true friend of the British private. Meanwhile the London volunteers drilled assiduously at home, and two years later had an opportunity of turning out for their favourite pageant, a military funeral. For in 1587 the corpse of Philip Sidney was brought home, and having been duly escorted through the streets with pikes and ensigns trailed, was left after two farewell volleys, a solecism which shows the English ignorance of military propriety, to rest in St. Paul's Churchyard.[1]

Next year came the supreme danger of the Spanish Armada. Many men were recalled from Holland, and Leicester himself, with John Norris for his lieutenant-general, came back to command the entrenched camp at Tilbury. "It was pleasant" says Stow, "to behold the soldiers as they marched thither, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, leaping and dancing." What an army, leaping and dancing into camp on alarm of invasion! But such behaviour was not long to pass without criticism, for the English were beginning to learn something of soldiering. Between the years 1587 and 1600 there burst upon the country a perfect deluge of military pamphlets from the pens of men who had served with the famous armies of foreign nations. One of the first of these is The Pathway to Military Discipline, by Barnaby Rich, Soldier (1587), wherein there appears a new word lately borowed from Italy, *fanteri*, or what we now call infantry. A year or two later there appeared a posthumous work on The Art of War by William Garrard, gentleman, "who served the King of Spain in his wars fourteen years, and died in 1587." A very fierce critic is Mr. William Garrard, remorseless in condemning the backwardness of military England. Archers, he boldly says (anticipating Captain Dalgetty by some sixty years) are obsolete, and the halberd nearly as old-fashioned as the bow. There are really but two weapons, for the tall man the pike, for the little nimble man the "piece," that is, the arquebuse. And of all pieces those made at Milan are the best, though the English pieces (always excepting those that are made by a commercial nation for common sale) approach very near to them. But when we turn from the weapon to the equipment, the English are sadly behind the times. All other nations use flasks and metal cartridges wherein to carry their powder, but the careless English actually use their pockets; which practice, adds the indignant Garrard, "in respect of the danger of the sparks of their match, the uncertain charge, the expense and spoil of powder, and the discommodity of wet, I account more apt for the show of a triumph and wanton skirmish before ladies and gentlewomen." How can so casual an

[1] The three volleys fired over a soldier's grave stand for the three Persons of the Trinity. The ceremony is at least as old as the fifteenth century.

arquebusier hope to attain the desirable consummation of "a violent, speedy and thundering discharge"? The pikemen again are all wrong it is right that they should carry; a poniard for close combat, but not "monstrous daggers like a cutler's shop," as is the habit of the English. The dress, to take another blemish, is greatly to be reprehended. The colour of clothes is no great matter, so the garments be profitable and commodious; red, murrey, tawny, and scarlet make a gallant show in the field, and should be worn in honour of the military profession. But nothing can be worse than "our great bolstered and bombasted hose," which have lately come into fashion, and do lamentably hinder the disposition of a man's limbs. If we want models, let us take the Spaniards and the Swiss, who have made a good choice of weapons and know how to use them; and if we want to know how a soldier should appear we may read as follows. "Let the pikeman march with a good grace, holding up his head gallantly, his pace full of gravity and state, and such as is fit for his person [no leaping and dancing] and let his body be straight and as much upright as possible; and that which most important is that they have always their eyes upon their companions which are in rank with them and before them, going just one with another, and keeping perfect distance without committing error in the least pace or step; and every pace and motion with one accord and consent they ought to make at one instant of time. And in this sort all the ranks ought to go sometimes softly, sometimes fast, according to the stroke of the drum. . . . So shall they go just and even with a gallant stately and sumptuous pace; for by doing so they shall be esteemed, honoured and commended of the lookers-on, who shall take wonderful delight to behold them."

With this touching appeal to the soldier's vanity, we take leave of Mr. Garrard, for we have still many other writers to deal with. Of course there were not wanting champions for the bows and bills that had won so many victories for England; and of these perhaps the foremost was Sir John Smyth, Knight, who boldly undertook to prove that the archer was a far more formidable fighter than the arquebusier, and the arrow a more deadly missile than the bullet. This Sir John is a great drill-sergeant and not a little of a pedant. He enters into endless detail of dress and posture, condemns steel caps in favour of "new and gallant-fashioned morions" for the archers, would dress pikemen in burgonets tied with a red scarf under their chins, and like Garrard has his fling at the bombasted hose or, as he calls them, greygescoes (perhaps galligaskins). It is a melancholy comment on this controversy that at one moment the unhappy troops in the Low Countries were left without any hose at all. "It is a great shame to see how they go," wrote Leicester, "and it kills their hearts to show themselves among men"; which is not surprising, considering that the poor fellows were not Highlanders. But on one point Sir John Smyth's conservatism guided him aright; he was zealous for maintaining the lance as against the pistol, shock-action against firearms in the attack of cavalry. This was a subject on which opinions differed very bitterly just at that time, for the German Reiters, taking a leaf out of the book of the Swiss, had met the headlong men-at-arms of France with deep columns of mounted men armed with pistols, and at St. Quentin had utterly overthrown them. The lesson sank deep into the heart of a sad Puri-

tan Frenchman, François de la Noue, who in a book of MILITARY DISCOURSES, gave his verdict for the pistol. It is remarkable that this book, published in French in 1587, was translated into English in the very same year. But De la Noue, or, as he was called Bras-de-Fer, from the iron contrivance which he wore in lieu of a lost arm, was no ordinary soldier. He had noted the steady deterioration of the French army during the civil wars, and had come to the conclusion that no good work could be done with bad and ill-disciplined men unless they were massed together in dense columns. In that formation they might stand; in the single line, or *haie* of the old French chivalry, they would only break and gallop away. The change came, as De la Noue had foreseen that it must come, and it vitiated the action of cavalry for nearly a century. But it was not wrought without a struggle. Mendoza, a Spanish military writer whose book was translated by Sir Edward Hoby in 1597, implores his sovereign "by no manner of means to permit his horse to give up lances." Sir Roger Williams, trained in the school of Spain, waxes positively eloquent on the subject: "The charge of the lancers is terrible and resolute . . . but seldom or ever will you find pistoliers charge or enter a squadron on the spurs like the lancers, but softly on a trot or soft pace." Italians and French also loathed the new order for cavalry, but they were obliged to submit to the fashion; and so in due time were the English, though, of course, they were behind the rest.

These foreign books and the commentaries thereupon naturally brought with them a number of foreign words; for the use of strange terms of course stamped a military writer with a certain importance. Old soldiers fresh from the wars in Italy or Spain thought it beneath their dignity to speak of an Ensign or Ancient, but must needs call him by the Spanish name *Alferez*. So too young soldiers could not be described as such, but must be called *besonios;* and military men could not stop at the end of the march, but must "make *alto*"; none of which little weaknesses escaped the observant eye of William Shakespeare. If there be a word which shows our want of originality in military matters, it is that same word "Halt," for it is really none other than our native "Hold." But ready as the English were to naturalise foreign words, they were by no means so willing to adopt new ways. It was vain to commend the superiority of the Spanish system or of any other system; the English would not move. It was useless for Sir John Smyth to say that there was grave disorder and deformity of apparel among the troops at Tilbury, and that most of them wore their armour "very uncomely"; it was hopeless to hint that the shire organisation of the forces was very imperfect, and their equipment miserable; it was of no profit to set forth the merits of the Hungarian Light Horsemen, called *Ussarons*. No one would listen: the old order had served very well so far; and had not the English always their bows and bills?

At last the reformers grew desperate. An impetuous soldier named Barret in 1598 published a dialogue between a Captain and a Gentleman, wherein he summed up the position very neatly. "Our ancestors," says the Gentleman, "won many battles with bows, black bills, and jacks." "Sir," answers the Captain, "the wars are much altered since the fiery weapons first came up, the cannon, the musket, the caliver and the pistol. . . . Such as have followed the wars are despised almost of every man,

until a very pinch of need doth come." But a very pinch of need did not come for forty years; and prejudiced Britons continued to vaunt the bow and suggest improvements therein up to the time of our own civil war. So the English perforce learned their soldiering abroad. Officers like Roger Williams and Colonel Morgan's ensign, Rowland Yorke, after fighting the Spaniards for a short time in the Low Countries took service under them for a campaign or two so as to learn their business, and then returned to fight against them once more. As to the men, they did not willingly go to the wars, and there was therefore nothing for it but to follow our national system, empty the gaols, and send round the press-gang. The number of men impressed in the course of the Dutch war was extraordinary. Thus on Good Friday, April 9th, 1596, the Lord Mayor was suddenly called away from the afternoon sermon at Paul's Cross and told to impress a thousand men to serve against the Spaniards at Calais. By eight o'clock in the evening the press was complete; but on the following day the whole thousand were discharged. On the next day, however, the Mayor at about ten o'clock in the morning received a further order to impress the same number. It was Easter Sunday and every man was in his parish church to receive the Communion, so that the plan of operations was simple. The officials simply closed the church-doors, took out the men that they wanted, and by noon were able to report that her Majesty's command had been executed. When occasion was less urgent the opportunity was seized to "disburthen the prisons of thieves, rob the taverns and alehouses of tosspots, and scour both town and country of rogues and vagabonds." It may be supposed that the recruits sent over to Holland were not very promising material, nor conspicuous for good behaviour; but they suffered hardly enough. They were cheated by the States General and swindled by their officers; they were left without hose and, what was less scandalous but more cruel, without pay and without food. They died by thousands, and if they managed to struggle back to England were left weakened by sickness or crippled by wounds to beg their bread in the streets. They importuned even Queen Elizabeth herself, who lost all pleasure in going abroad at the sight of these miserable creatures, and all patience at the remissness of her subjects in enforcing the new Act of Parliament for returning such vagabonds to their native parishes. It was not a pleasant apprenticeship for the British soldier in the beginning; but he fought his way out of these as out of so many difficulties with patience, and in due time established his reputation not only in Holland but in Europe under Maurice of Nassau and Gustavus of Sweden. And the first-fruits of this rude seed-time were the Royal Scots and the Buffs, or, to call them by the honourable numbers so ruthlessly torn from them within our own day, the First and the Third regiments of the British Infantry of the Line.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

III.

When we were boys, the first magpie's nest that we found came upon us as a great surprise. We did not discover it until it was fully grown and had eggs in it. A fully grown magpie's nest is a large object, and the fir-tree in which it was built was not a particularly big or bushy one. The truth is that the magpie did not advertise its nest in the way that so many birds did for us. The wood-pigeon would sit and coo; the blackbird would flit restlessly about and chuckle when we came within the neighbourhood of its home; most of the birds would show uneasiness in one form or another and so betray themselves. But the magpies,—we saw afterwards how they managed. When they left the nest, or came back to it, they flew right far away, or straight in as the case might be. There was no flitting about with them on the branches beside the nest. Even when they were building they must have brought the materials from some little distance, so that we should not see them collecting the sticks. We could scarcely believe our eyes when the sight of the great structure met them first. There, inside the thorny dome, were six beautiful eggs, lying on the firm, clean, mud lining. We took one only. Joe did not really care for eggs; he only strung them and hung them, till they were broken, over the china shepherdess on the coachman's mantel-piece; he had no real collection. One, he said, was enough for us; he had other views with regard to the prospective magpies which the eggs represented. It appeared that there was a certain demand among his friends and relations for young magpies, and for them he would take all but one. That one, however, we were to be allowed to pick out of them all; moreover, had we not already got the egg? The egg in the present,—the bird in the hand, so to speak,—was our real comfort and support under the trial of this rather unequal division. A boy will always look at the present good; how fat one could grow out of trading with boys, if only they ever had anything more valuable than a slate-pencil to exchange with you!

The magpies were safely hatched, and grew in wisdom and wickedness as nothing not of the corvine race will ever do. After all we left the parents one youngling, not so much out of mercy as because it was a very weakly bird and we were doubtful of being able to bring it up. We took a certain artistic pride in bringing our young birds up; a failure humiliated us; a vigorous adult was a glory to us, whereby we advertised ourselves as proudly as a "Crammer" advertises himself by the boys he has passed into Sandhurst. So we rejected the one young magpie as a probable failure, and left him to be brought up at home. Our entreaties moved the butler to give us an old packing-case. Joe had obtained from the village carpenter some wire-netting on credit; the security given being a promise that when the magpies were three weeks from the nest the carpenter should have second choice of them. The wire-netting, for which Joe had thus mortgaged our second-best mag-

pie, he cunningly nailed across one side of the packing-case, and the magpie's cage was ready. They did marvellously well. Their mouths were always gaping ready to receive the balls of moist oatmeal which we delighted in thrusting down them. They knew no fear. On fine days we would take their cage out and set it in the sun awhile, careful to leave them one shaded corner. After a time they grew to attract the favourable notice of the under-gardener. He drove two strong iron stays, for us, into a wall of the "cow-linhay," and thither the young magpies were transported after a week's languishing in the less distinguished obscurity of the woodhouse. Really it was a great step up in life for the magpies; for the cow-linhay was just on your left as you came into the stable-yard, so that any visitors to the stables must almost of necessity see them. Here they became objects of general interest; of interest even to some of those in high authority who were so ignorant as to hold absurd and immoral heresies, based on the nursery-rhyme, about the conjugal relations of robins and wrens. The magpies, in fact, inaugurated a new era, an era in which it did not appear so absolutely necessary that all boyhood's pursuits should be conducted with secrecy. They revealed the astonishing fact that grown up people could take, or at least affect, some sort of interest in the things which are the important factors of a boy's life. To realise this was an enormous step. There were certain things, many things, yet, which it was advisable to do in secret; that we soon discovered.

It was about a year later than this affair with the magpies that Joe invented (to us, at least, it was an invention,) a new scheme for catching birds. From the village he brought a small spring-trap which the blacksmith's assistant had given him, by way of setting a seal on the peace which had succeeded some ill-feeling caused by a certain matter of young wood-pigeons. It was exactly similar to the common spring rat-traps, only smaller. "We will till it," said Joe (*till* was his local word for *set*)—"We will till it out at the back." This meant behind the stables. The phrase indicated all that delightful area which comprised the pigs' place, the rick, and the butt-linhay. We should dearly have liked to have set the trap in the pigs' place itself; that would have been the spot most likely for a catch; but we feared the inquisitive nature of the pigs who would always set to work grouting in any spot on which a man had lately been busy. They would surely disturb our gin. Then it would spring up, its teeth would catch them by the snout, would scarify that snout, and so bring down on us the wrath of the under-gardener (their caretaker), who at present was our valuable ally. "We must till it just outside the pigs' place," Joe said. He added that to till it attractively we needed corn. This meant that we were to ask the coachman to give us some. We waited about in the harness-room, where the corn-chest was kept, until one o'clock, the hour at which the horses were fed; for we were wise enough to know that we were more likely to find favour, and a handful of oats, if we came when the chest was open than if we came when the coachman, to oblige us, would have to go to his coat and get his keys and then take us to the chest. We recognised that there was a season for the giving of oats and a season for their withholding.

We had often begged oats for baiting figure-of-four traps and for strewing under sieves held off the ground by a stick which we, keeping keen

watch, pulled away by a string so soon as a bird was rash enough to get beneath the sieve. Some boys, it is to be supposed, catch birds with figure-of-four traps, for we still see them described at great length in boys' books as deadly engines for the capture of the small bird. Certainly, however, we never caught any so, though it was not for want of trying, and though we decline to believe for a moment that we were extraordinarily unskilful. With the other plan, however, we did have some success, especially in the hard weather. Very vivid in our recollection is one great day when the snow had lain several inches deep for some forty-eight hours. We cleared a little circle; and that of itself is an attraction sufficient to tempt the birds to come and visit it. Further, we strewed this circle with oats and scraps and bread-crumbs. Then, fixing up a sieve on a stick over the most succulent portions, we led the string attached to this stick through the gaping hinge-join of the door of one of those low buildings which helped to divide the stable-yard from the pigs' place. It was a poky little place, sometimes used for fattening a pig, sometimes the tenement of a calf, at present without inhabitants. Here, watching keenly the whole day long (for it was Christmas time and there were no lessons) we caught no fewer than three blackbirds; two cocks, with magnificent orange bills and glossy jet-black plumage, and one rusty hen. We also caught a blue-tit; but so elated were we by the triumphs of that glorious day, that of the blue-tit we thought hardly anything, indulging ourselves in infinitely grand visions of the quarry which the future was to provide us from that sieve. Unfortunately we had left out of our reckoning the fickle mild climate of our western county. By the morrow morning the white covering was turned into a yellow slush, and not a bird would be tempted to approach our precious sieve.

So this request for oats, for the tilling of our wonderful new engine, was no novelty, and we obtained a handful without much grumbling. After all, however, we did not till it very near the pigs' place, but in the rubbish at the foot of the hay-rick. We dealt with the engine not without a wholesome fear lest it should spring off and catch our clumsy little fingers in its sharp iron teeth, having an exaggerated, yet wholesome, idea of the damage which its snap was likely to inflict. At length we got it tilled, and cunningly covered with rubbish and corn, and retired into the adjacent butt-linhay to await developments. We had great hopes that we might thus have our revenge on the blackbird who loved to worry about among the débris and who had fled away so often, scotfree and laughing at our expense. Tea-time, however, arrived before the blackbird, and we had to go in without any satisfaction of our high-pulsing impatience.

"There's nothing there," Joe assured us, as we ran out to the stables again after a very hurried meal. He had much trouble to persuade us not to go at once to look again; but at length convinced us that it was better policy to leave the scene of the snare untroubled. Before we went in for the night, he said, we would go together and have another look. We went; and we can distinctly remember, even now, the incredulity, growing to a glad certainty, with which we sighted something,—a bird,—there, where we had cunningly covered the trap. It lay still,—then flapped its wings vainly, tightly held by the feet,—then lay still again, awaiting us with anxious fearful eyes as we bent over and secured it. It was a yellow-hammer. With the intensest

interest we watched Joe press down the spring of the trap with one hand, while the other held the panting little bird, and release its legs from the cruel teeth. Alas, that it needs to be written, both legs were broken! But there was no sorrow or mercy in our pagan little hearts then, only a great joy at the speedy triumph of our latest scheme.

"'Tisn't no good keeping him," Joe remarked with iron philosophy, referring to the broken limbs, and by that he meant, as we well knew, keeping him alive; it was with no notion of setting the bird free (in its crippled state no kindness, truly,) that he said the words. So the poor little yellow-hammer met with a mercifully quick death. We realised, however, successful as the gin had proved, that it was not altogether perfect. It was not our desire to kill or maim our captives; and this, not from any motive of mercy (a quality which does not seem to drop into the heart of a boy), but because our visions were always of keeping these birds as prisoners in cages. And once there, it was our constant effort and desire to make them as happy and prosperous as we could; for after all we had fairly kindly, though utterly unreflecting, natures, when once the cruel hunting instinct had been satiated.

Wherefore, after that first incomplete triumph over the yellow-hammer, we bethought ourselves of schemes whereby, still using the sharp-toothed gin, we might save the captives' limbs. We bound round the teeth of the gin with list, and thus saved many; though many still were broken, and some pulled out their legs and escaped, wiser birds. The scene of our greatest success with the steel trap was not behind the stables, but away down at the foot of the arable field beyond the lawn, where some fine beech trees had been spared at the expense of plough land and pasture. They grew on the steep side of the bank bending quickly to the little stream, where a path led down to a pool formed by damming the stream, for the drinking-place of the cows. In the autumn the floor of this bank became russet red with the fallen beech leaves, and among the leaves were nuts of the beech, which were a particular delight to wood-pigeons and chaffinches. The wood-pigeon was too large game for our little trap to aspire to hold, but the finches were just what we could hope to catch, and, in fact, most often caught. The loose-strewn leaves of beech were an excellent cover for the gin, and often we captured, at the right season, two or three in the afternoon. Then came a sad day. A footway led down either side of the arable field, and the easternmost footway led close beside the beech-strewn bank. On this evil day it happened that one of those in authority, passing along that footway, saw a bird fluttering in an unnatural manner among the beech-leaves, proceeded to investigate, found there a noble cock-chaffinch held by the legs in the teeth of a steel trap,—and those legs, alas, broken, in spite of the list around the teeth! The chaffinch was released,—a cruel mercy: the trap was confiscated; and later in the day Authority sat with some severity, but with many unanswerable charges of cruelty, on us who had set the trap, with strict injunctions that no such engines were to be used in the future. Authority was so far wise as to exact no promise, which would have been but to invite its breach; but hereafter it was evident that the sympathy which it had seemed possible to win from Authority was not to be relied upon without reserve. It became evident that while sympathy could be won for some of the interests of boyhood, there were others which were entirely outside its pale; it became evident, more

concretely speaking, that it behoved us boys, in the future use of steel traps, to be secret and wary.

We were not, however, altogether without conscience. We have now the most distinct memory (and the feeling of shame has not been altogether buried by the years that have intervened) of a certain young missel-thrush which we found in the long grass between the croquet-ground and the orchard, and brutally murdered with repeated shots of a large catapult, after it had been maimed by the first. Our nerves repeat for us even now the feeling of self-loathing with which we did this thing; though it is only an intellectual memory that remains to us of the fierce Berserk sort of delight that impelled us at the time to the murder. We knew no feeling of shame then, only a sense of glory, when we succeeded (as now began to happen, very occasionally,) in shooting at very close range a trusting hedge-sparrow. This was a really sportsmanlike enterprise; but the murder of that ungainly young missel-thrush is a disgrace which will haunt us all our lives. The bird was so big, although so young and helpless! It affected us, then, as the suffering of a horse affects us in adult life.

A missel-thrush Joe called a "home-screech." The origin of the latter half of the name is apparent, derived, obviously, from the scolding screech with which this big, mottled thrush flies off when you scare it; of the first half the significance is not so clear. Perhaps it may be because it scolds so vehemently when you intrude into the neighbourhood of its home; perhaps, as the books tell you, it should explain itself by being spelt "*holm*-screech." The missel-thrush is a shy bird during the autumn and summer. We used seldom to see them in the lawn or fields; but when the sacred nesting-time came a pair would nearly always breed in one of the big elm-trees at the foot of the orchard. Theirs was about the only nest that we ever found in those overgrown hedge-elms; and easy enough it was to find, for the birds had perched it most confidingly on a strong branch not far from the ground. It was remarkable for the greenness of its mossy coating, the builder taking none of the pains of the chaffinch and goldfinch in matching the lichen of its nest-walls with the lichen of the tree.

Once only did we find a goldfinch's nest. It was built in an apple-tree which stood outside the orchard and close beside the croquet-ground. How the apple-tree came there was a puzzle as profound as the presence in the orchard of the laurel-bush in which the thrush used to build. But there the tree stood, and late in the year brought forth abundance of rather tart but very juicy apples, extremely grateful in the hot weather to our young palates. It was an unkempt tree, with straggling lean arms; and one of these, stretching out nearly to the gravelled drive, was the favourite head-quarters of a flycatcher, whence he would make his short sharp raids upon the circumambient insects, and then back again to sit very alert and upright on his perch. It was a constant humiliation to us that we never could find out where that flycatcher, who used the same station year after year, had his nest. It is possible that he may have been a misogynistic bachelor; certainly his nest was nowhere in the immediate neighbourhood of our house, and the only likely walls which we left unexamined seemed too far away for him. In this apple-tree, then, we found the little gem of a goldfinch's nest, more dainty almost, if indeed that were possible, than the chaffinch's, and a much rarer prize to us. We held long and close debate over that nest; whether it were

more politic to take the eggs, which could not escape us, or wait for the young ones to be hatched, and then cage them when they were sufficiently fledged. There was a degree of uncertainty about the latter prospect which more than counterbalanced the delightful vision of a cageful of young goldfinches. The nest would remain a prey to cats or boys, or any other kind of vermin, for weeks to come; the demand for goldfinches' eggs was considerable, and we should be able to dispose of the remainder advantageously after we had taken a pair for our collection. In the end the goldfinch had to pay the penalty for his beauty and comparative rarity. We pursued a root-and-branch policy with him, taking all the eggs, and, at risk of dreadful reprimands if the offence should be discovered, cut down the slender bough which bore the beautiful nest, and in return for an extra egg, which we gave up in sharing the spoil with Joe, were permitted to add the branch to our collection of trophies. It was no wonder, after that, that the goldfinches forsook us; never again in all the years did they make their nursery with us. We often saw them, in little flocks, perching now and again in the hedge-elms or on the thistle in quest of its seedling down,—saw them sometimes in families, the cock resplendent, the hen in chastened resemblance of his brilliance, the little fellows in tints which gave only a suggestion of like glories which were to be theirs; and these flocks and families we pursued and harassed with our catapults. But they never rested with us,—flitting on from tree to tree as incessant in movement as a family of long-tailed tits.

Of these latter we also discovered a nest, a beautiful oblong dome of moss and lichen and the softest possible home within, as we could feel when we put an intrusive finger through the tiny entrance. And how, in the name of fortune, the numerous family could have found room therein for the stowage of all the tails it puzzled us to imagine.

After all, could any fairy-dwelling or fiction of the imagination be a greater wonder than that miracle of fact,—of feathers, of lichen, of horsehair,—the long-tailed-tit's nest, hung on the undergrowth of our wondrous wood? A more finished miracle of nest-building is scarcely to be named. Yet, much nearer home, in a solitary thick-growing shrub on the border of the croquet-ground, almost beneath the lean shade of that long bare arm of the apple-tree in which the goldfinches built, we found a greater marvel,—a nest of the gold-crested wren; more wonderful, because more tiny; very wonderful indeed to us because we so rarely saw the parent bird. When we did see one it was generally in our beloved wood, pecking about in busy restless fashion, sometimes in a low-growing thicket, but oftener high up in the boughs of the fir-trees. Once we had killed one with a fortunate shot from our catapult, and his tiny skin, grotesquely stuffed and set up by our own little bungling fingers, was one of our most prized treasures. But the nest we discovered without any previous help from seeing the bird in its vicinity. Such a tiny creature might often have escaped even our notice; but, such as it was, there the fairy cup of soft compactness lay, in the midst of the little close-growing shrub, and within it, as an intruding finger quickly discovered, five eggs the size of peas. Two of these eggs we stole forthwith, and one (as was no wonder, though a sore grief,) broke in the blowing. But after that, on each successive morning, we found yet another egg, until the total number reached but two short of a dozen, including those which we had

taken, and we felt justified in stealing a third, from among so many, to replace the gap made in our collection by our own clumsiness.

We will mention now, for the enlightenment of boys that are to be, the manner of arrangement of this collection; because we were vain enough to think that it was better than the common plan of bedding the eggs in compartments lined with cotton-wool. By the favour and liberality of the Authorities, who extended their sympathy to this collection, we had made a cabinet in the likeness of a small chest of drawers. The drawers were of different depths to accommodate eggs of different sizes, and the bottom of each drawer was of soft wood in which a pin could be stuck easily. Our method was to fasten each pair of eggs, with a drop of gum for each egg, to a small square of paper on which were written the name of the egg and the locality in which it had been found. Then we pinned these squares of paper, with the eggs, into the drawers, according to the order of classification given in the books on Natural History. We found that this appearance of system gave great satisfaction to the Authorities; and we may mention, for the further guidance of boyhood, that human beings will always extend their sympathy more readily to any pursuit which seems, as they phrase it, "to combine instruction with amusement." Human beings are useful allies to a boy, and it is prudent for him always to have a consideration for their weaknesses.

This small cabinet stood on the chest of drawers in our bedroom, and upon it the queerly stuffed gold-crested wren, clinging with wire-stiffened claws to its lichen-covered branch. Over the cabinet, and pendant from nails in the wall, hung a trophy of the goldfinch's nest on the fork of apple-tree to which its builders had fastened it; and to this was later added that nest of the long-tailed tit which we discovered in the wood. It had been our intention to have completed the trophy by supplementing it with the nest of the gold-crested wrens. But calamity (in the shape of a cat, as we surmised,) overtook that tiny abode of domestic bliss; for on a very sad morning we found it torn and hanging in pathetic feathery shreds from the low shrub, all the lately hatched atoms gone from it, a heartrending picture of desolation and violence.

After all it had never been quite so great a delight to the eye as the long-tailed tit's nest; for, while the wren's home had been built in the thick darkness of the close shrub, the tit's dome was pendant from two boughs of bramble, as if its architects had sought to show it to the best advantage. There was all the joy of expectation, too, in the comparatively long journey which was needed to arrive at it, and the recurrent anxiety of wondering, all the way along, whether it had been spared by the depredations of boys and crows and cats. Once we had even seen a pole-cat in that wood; an occasion of great excitement, though it had only been in a fleeting glimpse, long enough, however, for us to identify him beyond doubt. We never saw him again, nor have ever seen, in the wild state, another of his species; and that is no wonder, for he is a rare animal and of nocturnal habits. Rumour had it that there were vipers in that wonderful wood, but it never happened to us to see one. Often, in a sunlit space, we would have a vision of a swift arrow gliding into the security of the grassy tangles, and say to each other that it was an adder, darkly pondering stories of the speedy death of grown men who had

been bitten by them. Joe used to speak of their "stinging"; and the expression was the occasion of one of the very rare instances in which we questioned his authority, pointing out to him that only wasps and bees and hornets could sting, but that a snake's weapons of offence were in its teeth, and its stroke therefore to be named a bite. Joe did not argue the point, continuing, however, to speak of a snake's sting, and even intimating that the poor slow-worms (whom we often encountered) were not without that power of attack in certain circumstances which he did not specify.

But once, upon a certain memorable day, we came upon the thing, which we commonly saw only as a gliding arrow, coiled like a twist of rope, basking in the sun, probably asleep. We withdrew stealthily; then, arming ourselves with stout sticks, crept as cautiously forward again to the attack. Joe held the van, as the place of honour, we in attendance as his squires in this feat of knightly enterprise. There was a moment of cruel suspense as Joe's stick was raised; then the stick fell with a whack, and in an instant the green coil was a flashing mass of leaping, writhing loops. We had jumped back after the stroke; but seeing that the enemy seemed incapable of aggressive motion, cautiously drew near him, regarding the flashing loops more closely. Joe's gallant stroke had done its work; the thing's back was broken. We knew he was an adder. Adders, we had been told, had flat heads,—all poisonous snakes have them; it took no great effort of imagination to see the head of this creature flat. Adders, we had been told, had a diamond mark all down the back; we were not familiar with diamonds, but were sure that this snake had these marks. Another blow still left the poor brute wriggling. Then Joe told us, what of course we knew already, that snakes never die till sunset. This was a complication, for it was necessary for us to bear home in triumph this proof of our prowess. At length, however, we managed to wedge him in the cleft of a stick, pushing him in, with the greatest respect, by means of another stick; and in this manner, while his wrigglings grew weaker, we contrived, without touching him, to bear him home; and summoned all and sundry to witness the dragon of which we had rid the earth.

Of course the Authorities said it was nothing but a grass snake. We had known, in our heart of hearts, that it would be so. Authorities, we reflected bitterly, had always some malignant way for belittling our achievements, nor were matters bettered by the knowledge that this way was the way of truth; it only showed once again with what reserve one should put trust in the sympathy of Authorities. Two whole days were needed to arrive at the frame of mind in which we were ready to confess to ourselves that it really was a grass snake; and after that it was our dearest ambition to take unto ourselves such a snake for a pet. We had heard that they made the most delightful pets, living in a box under glass, feeding on slugs and on bread and milk, and revelling in an occasional bath in a basin of water. Luckily, perhaps, we never had the opportunity again of catching a snake unawares; luckily, we say, for perhaps on that occasion it might have happened to be a viper.

SAINT KEVIN AND THE GOOSE.

(AN OLD LEGEND RETOLD.)

'Twas in the far-off Golden Age of Ireland, that age so far off, indeed, that one almost wonders if it ever existed, that Saint Kevin lived in the vale of Glendalough, one of the most beautiful spots in the country. Those were the golden days ere the Saxon invader had set foot in the land; ere Virtue and Erin had been called upon to flesh their swords to the hilt in any but Irish bodies. Viceroys were, in those happy days, undreamed of; the Castle was not even in the air. At that time one might come across the palace of a king every few miles, and traverse the territory of half-a-dozen powerful monarchs in the course of an afternoon's stroll. We have their descendants with us still. The particular potentate in whose dominions lay the valley of Glendalough was called O'Toole. In his youth he had been a great hunter, and a celebrated (oh degenerate age! we should now say notorious) lifter of cattle. At the date, however, when the strange events hereinafter set down took place, O'Toole had grown too old to follow the chase, and too stiff to drive home even his own cows,—let alone those of other people. His principal amusement in his old age was to sit by the side of the lough and watch his geese, of which he kept a large flock, and to which he was much attached. One especial favourite he had, a gray old goose and a lean. This bird had grown, if not as old, at least as stiff as its royal master, so stiff that it could no longer fly. It used to sit upon the King's lap, and eat crumbs from the royal hand. Kingly hands have fed many geese since O'Toole's day, and with viands far more costly than crumbs. 'Twas a well-bred bird, this goose of O'Toole's, better bred than many a royal favourite, and never failed, when it emerged from the lough, to wipe its feet upon a courtier's clothes ere it took its seat upon its illustrious master's lap. 'Twas no democratic age, that of Gold, whatever Socialists may say to the contrary, and O'Toole's courtiers were proud to let the goose wipe its feet upon them. A king's favourites have never wanted for human door-mats.

Poor O'Toole was sadly grieved at the increasing decrepitude of his favourite goose. Often, as the bird nestled up to him, he would drop a silent tear upon its venerable head. Then the bird, gulping down with difficulty its own emotion, would wink at the King in a knowing manner, by way of keeping up the King's spirits. But O'Toole was not to be consoled by winking. Neither the subtle flattery of his courtiers (for the Irish, even in those early days, made pilgrimage to the Blarney stone), nor the merry jests of his fool, could comfort the King. Even whiskey failed to keep up his spirits. Tobacco, that alone might have cheered him, was, alas! as yet known only to the Mohican and the Carib.

One day when O'Toole, more than usually downcast, was sitting by the lough, watching with a gloomy air

the ineffectual efforts of his old favourite to rise from the ground, one of his courtiers made a sensible suggestion: "Why not, your Majesty," asked he, "sind for Saint Kivin? Shure, 'tis a mighty wurrker av merricles he is, an' he'll not be afther grudgin' your Majesty a little wan, such as curing your ould goose wad be. 'Tis your Majesty has iver been a gin'rous benefacthur to the Churrch."

O'Toole had, on more than one occasion, presented to Saint Kevin the tenth part of a herd of cattle, previously raided from some brother monarch. In this respect there resemble him a good many modern worthies, who, while avoiding the pernicious example of the Pharisee, give tithe not of all they possess, but of all they can get from other people. "By Saint Pathrick!" cried the King, suddenly brightening up, "but that's a grand idea av yours! I shouldn't wondher if you're right! Just stip round to Saint Kivin's, will you, an' give him my compliments, an' ask him to turn his holy stips in this direction in the course av the afthernoon!"

The courtier departed at once upon his errand. When he tapped at the door of Saint Kevin's little cell the holy man was taking his lunch. A cold fowl and a jar of whiskey were upon the table, and the Saint was doing impartial justice to both. "Faith!" he exclaimed, rising hastily at the sound of the courtier's knock, "I mustn't let the aitables and dhrinkables be seen, or I'll be losin' my hard-earned repitation for austirity! It's throuble enough I have to presarve it, as it is." So saying, he whipped the fowl and the whiskey into a cupboard, and placed in their stead upon the table a dry crust and a pitcher of water. "It's high time, I'm thinkin'," he muttered to himself, as he made these arrangements, "that my 'properties' were renewed. The crust is as hard as a rock, an', as for the wather, I wouldn't care to wash my face in it! I'll be gettin' some sharp-eyed rogue in who'll dishcover their antiquity, an' that would niver do!" Before he admitted the courtier, Saint Kevin also put a formidable-looking scourge in a prominent position. These preparations made, he opened the door. "Come in, come in," he cried, "an' sit you down! I was just havin' my midday male, the firrst that's passed my lips this day, whin you knocked. Just a crust av bread an' a dhrop av wather, as you see."

"Faith, Saint Kivin, dear," answered the courtier, sniffing the air, "there's a powerful smell av whiskey about the premises."

"Ah, that Tim Hooligan!" replied the Saint. "He was here but a momint ago wid a little presint for me,—a jar av whiskey it was—an' he opened it,—so as to let me 'have a sniff,' as he said,—an' he's made the whole place smell av it. 'Ye meant well, Tim Hooligan,' says I; 'an' I'm grateful to you. But I'm timp'rince,' says I, 'an' cannot accipt your gift. Kape it an' dhrink it yoursilf,' I says; 'but only a dhrop at a time, just to comfort your stummick.' An' now, Misther Courtier, what can I do for you? Is it confession you're afther? It's a dale you have to confess, ye who hang about the Coort."

The courtier delivered O'Toole's message.

"An' what," asked Saint Kevin, when the former had finished, "what does his Majesty want wid a poor praste like myself?"

"Oh, Saint Kivin, dear," answered the courtier, "don't be afther disparagin' yoursilf. Shure, all the wurrld knows it's a blessid saint you are."

"Ah, now," replied the Saint,

greatly pleased at the compliment, "kape your flattery for your masther, an' don't go wastin' it on an unwurrldly man like mysilf. But, tell me, what is it the King wants wid me? 'Tis sildom he sinds for me but he wants to get somethin' out av me,—'tis a way that kings have."

"Oh, 'tis just a thrifle av a merricle," said the courtier airily, "that his Majisty wants you to perform for him; just a merricle you might wurrk standin' on your blessid head, so to spake. 'Tis but to make his poor ould goose, that's grown too old to fly, able to move his wings again."

"Pho!" answered Saint Kevin, "that's as easy as winkin'. Though I have my doubts," added he, "as to whether I ought to perform a merricle for a mere goose. However, I'll think it over, an' you can tell your masther that I'll stip down to the lough as soon as iver I've finished my could collation, and given mysilf a few shtripes, just by way of mortification av the flesh."

So saying, he bowed out the courtier, and returned to his cold fowl and whiskey. The stripes he put off to a more suitable occasion. Perpetual postponement was the leading feature of all Saint Kevin's austerities.

About an hour later, as O'Toole was sitting by the lough, surrounded by his Court, and with his favourite goose upon his knee, Saint Kevin put in his appearance. "The top av the afthernoon to your Majisty!" he cried, as he came up.

"I'm plaised to see you," replied O'Toole; "an' I hope you're in health, Saint Kevin."

"Shure, your Majisty," said the Saint, thinking of the cold fowl and whiskey, and winking with his mind's eye, "I'm as well as a poor praste, who lives upon bread an' wather, an gives himsilf forrty shtripes ivry day av his life, can expict to be."

"Faith," observed O'Toole, slyly glancing at Saint Kevin's rubicund face and portly form, "the tratement seems to suit your complaint. But it's a holy man you are," he added hastily, fearful lest the Saint should take offence at his words, "an' can wurrk a merricle as easily as an ordinary mortal can put on his boots; an' that's why I sent for you. I want you to cure my poor ould goose, an' make him able to fly again. He's grown so stiff that he can't move a single feather av his wings. Will you do it for me?"

"Hum," replied Saint Kevin, regarding the goose with a doubtful air. "I've no doubt I *could* cure him—thank the blessid Saints!—widout so much as liftin' my little finger. But I'm thinkin' that, maybe, its *infra dig* to perform a merricle for a mere burrd,—a kind av castin' purrls before swine, so to spake."

"Ah, but, Saint Kivin, dear," said O'Toole in an insinuating tone, "shure, it's for mesilf that you'll be doin' the merricle, an' not for the goose at all, at all!"

"Faith, there's not much to choose betwane ye," observed Saint Kevin to himself. Then he added aloud, in a wheedling voice: "Well, your Majisty, suppose we look at it as you suggist, an' I perform the merricle for you instead of for the other,—instead of for the goose, I mane; thin, I suppose, your Majisty will be makin' some little gift to Holy Churrch, by way of showin' your Majisty's gratitude?"

"I'll give you," replied O'Toole, "as much of the valley as you make the burrd fly round, even if it's the whole av it."

"Done wid ye," cried Saint Kevin, eagerly. "An' the whole av the valley it will be," he added to himself, with a twinkle in his eye. He then lifted the goose from the King's knee,

set it on the ground, and, placing his three fingers on the bird's head, began as follows, "*O anser, adjuro te*"—then he stopped short. Perhaps he reflected that the goose might not understand the Latin tongue; perhaps he remembered that O'Toole and his suite were ignorant of it; perhaps (but 'tis an uncharitable suggestion) his knowledge of the language of Ancient Rome was not sufficient to permit of his framing a whole sentence on the spur of the moment. Certain it is, that he finished his address to the goose in his mother-tongue. "You baste," he cried, "up wid you, an' fly all round the valley! No shirkin', or cuttin' off corners, mind!"

The bird rose into the air at Saint Kevin's command, and began to wing its way through the air as swiftly and as strongly as ever it had done in the days of its prime, ere it grew old and tough enough for Michaelmas Day. A benevolent smile played upon Saint Kevin's countenance as he watched its flight. As for King O'Toole, he beamed all over his face, and wrung the Saint's hand. "Ah," said the latter to himself, "it's on the other side av your mouth you'll be laughin', and your own hands you'll be wringin' in a quarter av an hour's time, my bhoy!"—and his smile grew even broader and more benevolent as he said it.

Sweetly, and yet more sweetly, smiled Saint Kevin, as the goose flew on and on; longer and ever longer grew the royal face, and deeper the frown upon the royal brow, as O'Toole watched his favourite becoming a mere speck in the distant sky. At last it vanished altogether from his sight.

"Don't you think, Saint Kevin, darlin'," he then ventured to ask, "that the burrd's flown far enough? Shure I'm quite satisfied meself that ye've effected a complate cure."

"Round the whole av the valley," replied the Saint, "I tould him to fly, an' I'll stake my repitation as a Saint that he'll do it. If he doesn't, I'll wring his neck wid my own hands,—an ate him aftherwards. Shure, it'll be punishment enough for me to do so, for havin' failed to perform the merricle; an' no one will be able to accuse me of feastin' onraisonably, for I'll wager he's as tough as a bone, and would give me indigestion for a month or more!"

King O'Toole's face was a sight, as the saying goes, by the time his goose came into view again. He had passed the time that had elapsed since its disappearance in alternately biting his nails fiercely, and muttering curses under his breath. As for Saint Kevin, he had been engaged in trimming *his* nails with a penknife, humming a psalm to himself the while. When he caught sight of the returning goose he broke out aloud into his psalm. The King also broke out audibly, but it was no psalm that he uttered.

"Hush, your Majisty!" cried Saint Kevin in a shocked voice. "You'll effict nothing by your bad langwidge. Remimber that curses, as well as geese, come home to roost. 'Tis thankin' the blessid Saints you ought to be, for the merricle vouchsafed to you, not swearin' like a throoper in action, or a constable in the witness-box."

Just at that moment the goose began to waver a little in its flight. "Hurroo!" cried O'Toole, joyfully, throwing his crown up in the air and catching it, as it descended, upon his head, a trick he had learnt from an English mountebank whom he had taken prisoner in one of his early raids, and an accomplishment of which he was very proud; "Hurroo! my currses are havin' some effect afther all."

"Not a bit av it," replied Saint Kevin promptly, though he ceased smiling for the moment. "I'll just put up a thrifle av a prayer, an' you'll see he'll fly as sthrong as iver." He put up his prayer accordingly, and the goose, that had sunk almost to the earth, suddenly rose again, and flew as fast as when it first had started. "I told you so," cried the Saint triumphantly, slapping the King on the back in his excitement.

"I'll throuble you to kape your hands to yourself, Saint Kivin!" roared O'Toole, quite beside himself with rage; "or, maybe, I'll be forgettin' that you're a Churrchman, an' shpoilin' that ugly face av yours!"

"You'd betther not thry it on," retorted the Saint, assuming a pugilistic attitude. "Faith, I was the champion light-weight of Ballykillonenbogallenafad before I was converted an' became a praste; an' ye might find that I'd not forgotten the use av my fists. But what am I sayin'?" he added, hastily. "Shure my tongue is runnin' away wid me! I was thinkin'—the Saints forgive me!—av the ould days, whin I was a young man an' the pride av my native place. There was no man could shtand up to Larry Brannigan twinty years ago."

A few minutes later the goose alighted at Saint Kevin's feet. He laid his fingers upon its head and blessed it. "I think you'll admit, your Majisty," he remarked to O'Toole, "that the burrd's complated the circumferince av the valley. And the haythen philosopher himself, who invinted Euclid—bad luck to him!—couldn't have done it betther."

"Confound the baste!" roared O'Toole. "There's no denyin' that he flew all round the valley, if that's what ye mane by complating the circumferince." Then he added, in a wheedling tone: "But shure, Saint Kivin, darlin', when I said I'd give ye as much ground as the burrd flew round, I didn't mane it at all, at all. 'Twas but a figure av spache I used; I niver drimt that you'd make him fly all round the valley."

"Faith, I dare say ye didn't," replied Saint Kevin dryly. "It's an onbelievin' man ye are. But ye should say what ye mane, your Majisty. You said I should have as much ground as I made the burrd fly round, and I'll kape ye to your royal wurrd. How in the wurruld was I to know that 'twas only a figure av spache ye was usin'? And what does your Majisty mane by a figure av spache? Is it a lie ye mane? Ye should have tould me beforehand that ye didn't mane what ye was going to say, an' thin I shouldn't have believed ye."

"Thin you insist," demanded the King in an angry voice, "in kapin' me to my hasty wurruds, an' takin' the whole av the valley intirely?"

"Ivry fut av it!" responded Saint Kevin promptly. "An' I'm thinkin' it's none too much," he went on, "for you to give, as a thank-offerin' for such a merricle as you have seen this day. It isn't ivry day av the wake ye can see a goose resthored to flight, so to spake. An' it ud be more becomin' in your Majisty if you were thankin' me for what I've done for you than mutth'rin' currses to yoursilf, an' smilin' for joy all over your face than frownin' like the Timple av Janus."

"I shall do what I plase," retorted O'Toole angrily; "an what's more, I shall contist the validity av the gift. I shall consult my solicitor at once."

"Tis no matther for your Majisty's solicitor," replied the Saint, "but for your Majisty's conshunce."

"It won't throuble it," answered O'Toole, shortly.

"Indade, but it will!" cried Saint Kevin. "If you an' your solicitor (bad luck to the thafe!) go puttin' your

heads togither to rob the Churrch av her due, its onaisy will be your Majisty's conshunce, and your solicitor's, too, if he has ony lift, which I doubt. I'll bid you a good afthernoon, King O'Toole," he continued, "and be off to pray for your Majisty's soul. An' a dale av prayin' for it needs," he added to himself, as he turned to go.

"Go to—Dublin!" roared the King after him.

"Hush!" cried Saint Kevin, turning with upraised finger. "You'll not improve matthers by usin' disgustin' langwidge in the presince av a poor innocent burrd. Divil a merricle will I parform for your Majisty agin,—insultin' Holy Churrch in my poor person!"

"Faith!" answered O'Toole, "you'll not need to parform any more merricles; you've set yoursilf up for life on this wan. It's a good afthernoon's wurruk you've done for yoursilf, you thavin' scamp av a praste, you!"

Saint Kevin's face flushed with righteous indignation, and his eyes flashed with holy fire. "Silence!" he cried, "an' don't slandher the Churrch! Get you home, King O'Toole, as fast as iver your legs will carry you, or, maybe, I'll be timpted to break my wurrud, an' to parform wan more merricle,—for your own espishal binifit intirely. I'll afflict ye wid the toothache, or shmite ye with the rheumatism, I will!"

At this awful threat, which he knew Saint Kevin was quite capable of putting into execution, O'Toole turned tail and fled, leaving the Saint in possession of the field. The latter retired in high spirits to his humble cell. "Faith, Kevin, my bhoy," he chuckled to himself, as he went, "'tis a landed proprietor ye are! Shure, you'll have nothin' to do but sit an' twiddle your thumbs, an' collict the rint. An' it won't be becomin' for a man av your wealth to live any longer in a dirty little cell; you'll have to build a monasth'ry all for your own silf, an' be the Lord Abbot. I've always had a fancy," he went on to himself, "to be an Abbot. The wurruk's light, an' the atin' good; while, as for the dhrink, it's onlimited. 'Tis a first-class Abbot I'll make, too," he added, glancing complacently down at his ample stomach; "I'm just the figure for wan. An Abbot ought to have a dignified an' imposin' presince."

So exhilarated was Saint Kevin by these reflections, that when he reached his cell he not only took a pull at his whiskey jar, but danced a jig in his narrow abode, holding up his skirts with one hand, and twirling his scourge, instead of a shillelagh, in the other. The end of one of the cords of the scourge, however, getting into his eye, he soon desisted from his performance.

O'Toole, on the other hand, reached *his* residence (a mud palace of large size, but of no pretensions to architectural beauty) in a very bad humour. He, too, applied himself to the whiskey, but the liquor only served to inflame his wrath. At last, in a paroxysm of rage, he seized the unlucky goose, the innocent cause of his anger, and wrung its neck with his own hands. "I wish it was Saint Kivin's!" he exclaimed, in a savage tone, as he did so. "I'd wring *his* neck wid all the pleasure in the wurruld!" The moment he had despatched the unfortunate goose, O'Toole repented of his hasty act, and shed maudlin tears over the body of his favourite. But not all the tears in the world could have restored to the bird its powers of locomotion a second time. Even that holy man, Saint Kevin himself, would have been hard put to it to reanimate the corpse.

King O'Toole did all he could to get out of handing over the Vale of Glendalough to the Church in the

portly person of Saint Kevin. He consulted all the best lawyers in Ireland upon the point; not a very wise nor hopeful proceeding, perhaps, seeing that all the lawyers of those days were priests, and all the priests lawyers. The professional gentlemen were unanimous in pronouncing in Saint Kevin's favour, and equally unanimous in pocketing thumping fees for their advice. So poor O'Toole was forced, after a great deal of squabbling between his solicitor and Saint Kevin's over the precise boundaries of the valley, and the exact course which the goose had taken in his flight, to hand over the valley to the Saint. The latter built a monastery in the vale, the ruins whereof remain to this day. Of this monastery he was the first Lord Abbot, and a right dignified and imposing Abbot he made. The table and the cellar of the monastery of Glendalough were soon renowed throughout the whole of Ireland. The Saint himself lived for many years as Lord Abbot, and died at last in the odour of sanctity, mingled with just a suspicion of that of whiskey. Upon his tomb, at his feet, was carved a goose, in memory of his famous miracle, and the monastery was long celebrated for its *pâté de foie gras*. As for King O'Toole, the monks of Glendalough failed not for many a long year after his Majesty was dead and buried to say masses daily for the repose of the pious founder's soul. Let us hope, notwithstanding the circumstances under which O'Toole made the gift of the valley to Saint Kevin, that their prayers were not unavailing.

FROM THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY A LOBBYIST.

MANY of my readers will probably need to be told the meaning of "Lobbyist." The word has not yet found its way into our dictionaries, but it has been in use for about fifteen years at Westminster and in Fleet Street. Lobbyists are journalists who frequent the Lobby of the House of Commons, with the permission of the authorities, on the search for political news. They must not be confounded with the occupants of the Reporters' Gallery. Lobbying and Reporting are entirely different functions. The Reporter records the speeches delivered in the House of Commons; the Lobbyist gathers the political gossip and chatter of irresponsible Members, and the official communications of the Government and Opposition, and serves them up, with such attractions as he can command, in the "London Letters" of the provincial Press, or in the editorial columns of the London morning journals.

The Lobby is the antechamber of the House of Commons. There is nothing very striking in its appearance. It is a small, square hall, with walls of Caen stone of a rather dull drab colour, embellished with floriated designs and pedestals without statuary. The ceiling is of carved oak and lofty; the floor is an elaborate tesselated pavement, which has probably been trodden by the feet of more distinguished men and women than have walked over the floor of any other hall in the world. In one corner is a refreshment-bar, in another a post-office, both for the exclusive use of Members. There are four massive swing doors with glass panels, through which Members and visitors are continually coming and going while the House is sitting. One door leads to a short corridor connecting the Lobby with the fine octagonal central hall, to which the public always have admittance; the opposite door leads directly into the Legislative Chamber; the door to the right admits to the private quarters of Members; and its opposite door to the exit into Palace Yard.

This then is the famous Lobby, which this session, and indeed most sessions, is more the centre of political life and activity than the Legislative Chamber itself. Bill after Bill may be introduced in the House, and, judging from the newspaper reports, the work of legislation may be progressing evenly and uneventfully; but to get at the true inwardness of things one must walk the tesselated pavement of the Lobby. It is in the Lobby that the political events of the day are turned over and discussed from the inside. It is there that you will learn what is going on behind the scenes, of the secret moves and counter-moves in the great game which is being fought for place and power by the rival political parties; it is there that you will gather the meaning of the oracular speech which has just been delivered by Sir William Harcourt or Mr. Balfour, of the motion of which Mr. Chamberlain has given notice, and of the objects and aims of the Bill introduced by Mr. Asquith or Mr. John Morley. It is in the Lobby

that you will hear of the latest developments of the attitude of the Irish, Welsh, or Scotch Members towards the Government; of the relations between the Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites; of the intrigues constantly on foot between leaders of parties or groups, and of the cabals which are being formed by discontented and mutinous Members.

The Lobby is liveliest before the departure for dinner at seven, and again from ten o'clock till midnight. During these periods of the evening the noise, the movement and excitement of the Lobby are exhilarating, and to any one who takes a keen interest in politics and in public personages, it is the most interesting of places. It is thronged with Members, some joking and laughing, others discussing with long faces the fortunes of their cause. But there are others beside Members present. Agents of political associations, the men who conduct the campaign in the constituencies, who see that the important work of registration is carefully attended to, and that the local forces are properly organised for the fight in the polling-booths on the day of the election,—these also are admitted into the Lobby to consult, as occasion requires, with the leaders of their parties. The constant visitor to the Lobby is almost certain to meet there also most of the notabilities of the day. I have seen there, at one time or another, Cardinal Manning, "General" Booth, Mrs. Sarah Grand, the present Emperor of Germany, the present Czar of Russia, "Buffalo Bill," Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Marwood the hangman, O'Donovan Rossa, Major le Caron, General Boulanger, and many other eminent and notorious personages, besides Chinese, Turkish, Japanese, South African, Indian, and other coloured potentates and plenipotentiaries in all their barbaric splendour. Members of the House of Lords also mix with the throng; and at night ladies in evening costumes add a fresh and piquant charm to the scene. The buzz of conversation is at times so loud, and the laughter of a group, in which Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Sir Frank Lockwood, or Mr. Labouchere (the humorists of the Lobby) is a central figure, breaks out so unrestrainedly, that the noise disturbs the legislators at work in the Chamber on the other side of the swing-doors, and brings out the Sergeant-at-Arms, who severely insists on more decorous behaviour, and reprimands his subordinates (messengers in evening dress and wearing large bronze badges upon their breasts) for their failure to preserve order.

Mixing with the throng, or taking part in the conversation of some of the various groups, and picking up every crumb of gossip (social as well as political) which they come across, are about thirty Lobbyists who represent the London and the leading provincial daily papers. The average newspaper reader, when he peruses the London Letter in a provincial journal or the column of Political Notes in a Metropolitan newspaper, and sees the familiarity with which the names of Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morley, and other statesmen are mentioned, and the authoritative air with which announcements are made, thinks, no doubt, that the writer is in constant and confidential communication with these statesmen. But, as a matter of fact, they are rarely seen in the Lobby. I only saw Mr. Gladstone in the Lobby once in ten years, and on that occasion he had to inquire his way to the Whips' room, so strange and unfamiliar was the place to him. Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt occasionally cross the Lobby for the same purpose, the rooms of

both Whips, Liberal and Conservative, being just off the antechamber; but they rarely linger there to converse even with their own followers, and, as a rule, they never talk to journalists. If our leading statesmen desire to communicate with the public through the medium of the Press, if they wish to make some statement which cannot conveniently be delivered in the House of Commons, in a speech outside, or in a letter to a newspaper, the Whips, who are constantly on guard in the Lobby to prevent their followers leaving the precincts of the House unpaired, are employed to convey the official notification to the proper quarter.

But as of old time with the words that the King of Syria spoke in his bedchamber, so it is now. Everything of importance leaks out in some way or another. Even the most secret and sacred of Cabinet matters reaches sooner or later the ears of the ubiquitous and vigilant journalist, to whom nothing is sacred and nothing secret. How or where the leakage takes place it is often impossible to tell. It may be that a member of the Cabinet in an unguarded moment, forgetful of his obligation to keep the proceedings of that august circle inviolable, drops a hint to a particular friend in conversation; the friend communicates it to another friend; it is enlarged and magnified as it passes from ear to ear, till it reaches the Lobby, where it is discussed in all its bearings by politicians and journalists; and finally it is published broadcast in the different newspapers, with more or less amplification according to the ingenuity of the Lobbyist and the way in which it affects the politics of his journal. If the news is meat and drink for the Conservatives, it is exaggerated for all it is worth in Conservative organs, and proportionately discounted and discredited in Liberal journals, the order of treatment being, of course, reversed when the intelligence makes for Liberalism.

It may be that the Lobbyists got wind of the great secret without any obligation of honour having been violated by a member of the Government. To a sagacious Lobbyist gifted with a power of intuition a word, a look, a smile is sufficient to enable him to gauge the drift of things. By shrewd guesses and negative deductions he can set at naught the reticence of Whips and Ministers, and give the readers of his newspaper fairly accurate intelligence of what is going on behind the scenes, or, what is just as well for his purpose perhaps, intelligence so agreeable to the wishes of his readers that it is accepted by them as truth. If the Lobbyist invents judiciously he need never fear official contradiction. The representative of the rival newspaper published in the same town may in print lift up his eyes in horror at the audacity of the statement, and assure his readers that it contains not a particle of truth, proceeding thereafter himself to invent just as egregious a statement in the opposite direction; but as a rule the principal parties concerned,—Ministers, Whips, or leaders of the Opposition—never trouble to send forth an authoritative denial. If our leading statesmen were to contradict every untruthful thing told of them in the newspapers they would be kept busily occupied. So long as those romances are not personally offensive they are allowed to pass unheeded by those concerned; and of course no one will ever spoil by contradiction a good story that tells to his advantage.

The Lobbyist, therefore, often goes (as Sheridan said of Dundas) to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts, especially in the dull season, when there is

little or no news to be had and when he is (as he himself would say) "gravelled by lack of matter." In such a desperate pass there is nothing that a Lobbyist will not do in order to supply his newspaper with the column or so of gossip expected nightly of him. On a certain night a few sessions ago, one of the brotherhood was seated on the stairs leading from the Lobby to the Peers' Gallery in the House of Commons ruminating on the lack of political news, when Mr. Gladstone happened to come down the stairs unobserved by him. "Will you kindly allow me to pass?" said the Premier, as he then was, to the pensive journalist. He jumped up and stood aside, and Mr. Gladstone passed on with a gracious nod of recognition. The incident, trifling though it was, inspired the Lobbyist with that of which he stood most in need, a good half-column of political information. Going straightway to the telegraph-office, he sent off a message to his paper: "Meeting Mr. Gladstone this evening in the Lobby, I had a brief but profoundly interesting conversation with him," &c., &c. The half-column of conversation which followed contained nothing that was really new. It was merely a recapitulation of the views recently expressed by Mr. Gladstone on current political questions; but, served up in the vivid form of an interview, it was accepted as an important political communication from the Premier, and was accordingly widely quoted in the Press. Its authenticity was never denied by Mr. Gladstone, as it in no degree misrepresented his opinions.

A clever and enterprising Lobbyist can, by harmless if audacious manœuvres of this kind, not only get along very creditably through the dull season, but considerably enhance his reputation as "the able and well-informed London Correspondent of THE BLANKSHIRE DAILY GAZETTE," as other newspapers style him when they transfer his information to their own columns. The fickleness of the public memory also enables him to indulge with impunity in many tricks and subterfuges in the invention and manufacture of his intelligence.

During the long Parliament recess last year, an article appeared in a London evening paper in which an attempt was made to forecast the composition of the next Unionist Government. It did not pretend to be anything more than purely speculative, but as it allotted portfolios with seats in the Cabinet to the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, it gave rise to a good deal of discussion in the Press and in political clubs. One Lobbyist thought the idea too good to lie forgotten in the columns of an evening paper. He determined to make it do service again. Accordingly he cut out the article, pasted it in his scrap-book, and a week after the assembly of the present Session, when public interest was centred again in political affairs, he created a sensation by announcing in his London Letter, "on the most reliable authority," that in the next Unionist Cabinet Mr. Balfour was to be Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Salisbury taking the place of Foreign Secretary, with Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire for Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Admiralty respectively. Some of the Unionist papers, it is true, ridiculed the announcement; but there was no official contradiction of it, and the Lobbyist gained a fine advertisement for his journal by a daring piece of invention. The announcement was made only the other day to do duty a third time by another newspaper when there was some talk of a disso-

lution. A slight change was made in the personality of the suppositious Cabinet, and it was gravely stated to have emanated from the Carlton Club. I have no doubt that several other editors and London Correspondents have "put it up for a rainy day," and that it will make its appearance once more at an opportune moment.

Lobbyists do not even draw the line at practical joking when hard put to it for news. About eight years ago two strangers were discovered seated on one of the benches below the gangway, on the Opposition side and almost under the very chair of the Sergeant-at-Arms, unconcernedly listening to the debate. They were, of course, at once removed; but the point of the joke was the extraordinary fact that they should have been able to pass the vigilant doorkeepers. Their own statement was that they had been told to "go straight on," an injunction which they had successfully followed to the letter. The fact was that, being on a visit to London from the north, they had been brought into the Lobby by their representative, and told to wait there until he got orders to admit them to the House. They were immediately approached by two waggish Lobbyists, who directed them to "go straight on into the Chamber," and this they guilelessly did, to the great amazement of the jokers, who, of course, imagined that they would have been stopped by the doorkeepers.

Even Mr. Balfour has in his day been the victim of the irrepressible Lobbyist During his tenure of the Irish Secretaryship he received one morning in March (being St. Patrick's Day), at the House of Commons, an oaken octagonal-shaped box about ten inches in length. On the box being opened a bunch of shamrock, with a card bearing the inscription *From a sincere admirer*, was found inside, and underneath a layer of some white compound through which could plainly be discerned a steel spring. Mr. Balfour is not a timid man; but the contents of the box were sufficient to excite uncomfortable thoughts of dynamite and infernal machines in the mind of the bravest. The Chief Secretary, therefore, deemed it well, before further explorations, to send for an official of the Houses of Parliament who is a bit of an analytical chemist; and on his arrival they both set to work to unravel the mystery in Mr. Balfour's room, much to the terror of the private secretaries who were momentarily expecting a terrible explosion. For a moment the chemist was puzzled; but, putting a particle of the compound upon his tongue, he discovered that it was simply sugar impregnated with lemon. On turning the box upside down, out rolled an antiquated corkscrew, a spiral spring, and a well-worn nutmeg-grater, and on the bottom was a paper bearing these words: "Buy the whiskey yourself; you can then concoct the famous lemonade of Ballyhooly."

The story of another practical joke, in connection with a celebrated bye-election a few years ago, is still current in the Lobby. It was one of those contests of which it is impossible to foretell the result, each side being pretty confident of victory, and each agreeing that the majority in either case would be very small. The issue was therefore awaited with great interest. One of the Lobbyists arranged with a journalist who was reporting the election for a news-agency, to send to the House of Commons, to the Whip of the beaten candidate's party, a telegram announcing the victory of that candidate so soon as the counting of the votes had reached a stage to make it easy to determine the winner. Accordingly, about eleven o'clock at night, when the result of the election

was expected and the Lobby was crowded with excited groups of politicians of both parties, Mr. Majoribanks (the present Lord Tweedmouth), who was the Chief Whip of the Liberal Party, received a telegram, and on reading it cried exultantly, "We have won, we have won!" He then rushed into the House, followed by cheering Liberals, and announced the glad tidings to Mr. Gladstone, and other leaders of his party. Up jumped the Irish Members with characteristic enthusiasm, some of them even climbed on to the benches, and, waving hats and handkerchiefs over their heads, roared themselves hoarse in the extravagance of their delight. By a curious coincidence it happened that Mr. Balfour, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, was addressing the House at the moment; and, as the result of the election was regarded as a repudiation of his Irish policy, the Irish Members shouted with all the greater joy. Mr. Balfour was unable to proceed with his speech for a few minutes; it was manifest that the news had depressed him, and he stood silently with his elbow on the table until the storm had spent its force. Suddenly another wild outburst of applause was heard in the Lobby. The Irishmen again renewed their cheers, but the spectacle of Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, a telegram in his hand and the light of victory blazing in his eyes, rushing up the floor towards the Treasury Bench, told them that some strange and startling development had taken place in the situation, and with rather shamefaced looks they resumed their seats. The true result of the election had arrived; the Conservative, not the Liberal, was victorious. It was now the turn of the Unionists to cheer, and, as they who cheer last cheer best, there never was heard in the Chamber such wild and uproarious applause and such bursts of mocking laughter. Mr. Balfour resumed his speech in mighty spirits; but what was more to the Lobbyists' purpose, they had, thanks to this ingenious little joke, no lack of news that night.

Playfulness of this kind is not, to say the least, encouraged in the Lobby. The present Sergeant-at-Arms is a strict disciplinarian, so strict indeed that he tolerates skittishness only in Members; and though in private circles a very genial gentleman, sets a stern example to all officials and frequenters of the House and Lobby by never smiling in the House even when the rafters are ringing with laughter over some amusing joke or ludicrous incident. Consequently the Lobbyists are rather afraid of Mr. H. D. Erskine. One of the band has been suspended (that is, he has had his name removed from the list of Lobbyists) for neglecting to take off his hat to the Mace, as the Speaker, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying that symbol of the power and authority of the House of Commons, passed through the Lobby on his way to the Lords. It is fair to say that this is the only case of suspension for indecorous conduct on record for many years. But a far more common failing of the Lobbyists is that, in writing about the House and its Members, they go, as I have said before, to their imaginations for their facts; and yet only one of the body has come to disaster through his powers of invention. There was published in the Sunday papers of December 7th, 1890, the day following the Saturday on which, after a week's debate, Mr. Parnell was deposed from the leadership of the Irish Party in Committee Room Fifteen, a most sensational account of the termination of the historic proceedings. It was reported by one of the news-agencies that, as the Anti-Parnellites passed through an ill-

lighted corridor on their way from the Committee Room to the Conference Room, in order to hold another meeting, the cry was raised by those behind, "We are attacked by the Parnellites," and that, taking to flight in the darkness, the party, headed by Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Sexton, in their panic tumbled ingloriously down a flight of stone stairs, to the sad injury, not alone of their dignity, but of their limbs. That day a deputation of the Party (naturally indignant that an element of burlesque should have been unwarrantedly imported into the stern tragedy of their domestic quarrel) waited on the manager of the news-agency and insisted on a complete denial of the fabrication, together with an ample apology, being sent out to Monday's newspapers. Nor did they stop there. They also brought the matter before the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the offending journalist suffered for this reckless use of his inventive faculties by finding his name removed from the list of Lobbyists. The moral of this incident to journalists is that invention must always be controlled by discretion.

The ethics of journalism is still a somewhat strange and inexplicable thing; but Lobbying is not now conducted with the unscrupulousness which marked it not so many years ago. I have heard of a Lobbyist who for years paid a handsome weekly sum to one of the charmen (the men who sweep out the House of Commons) for the torn scraps of letters and documents with which the floor, close to the Treasury Bench and the front Opposition Bench, is littered at the close of a sitting. The Lobbyist used to go carefully through the scraps, piecing and patching them together, in the hope of lighting upon a State secret or an important item of political news. However he gained very little for his pains. Our leading politicians are more careful of their important private correspondence than this Lobbyist supposed; most of the letters were appeals for charity or applications for situations from constituents.

I have heard also of a journalist who dogged the footsteps of Peel and Wellington from Downing Street to Apsley House, and heard sufficient of their conversation,—they had just left a Cabinet Council—to be able to sell at a big price to a London daily paper the momentous intelligence that they were about to propose the repeal of the Corn Laws. It has been said that the news was extracted by Mrs. Norton from Sidney Herbert at a dinner, and communicated by her to THE TIMES; but I have learned on good authority that my version of the affair is the correct one. There is a story also told in Fleet Street of a plot hatched and executed by a London journalist some years ago, by which the lock of a cabinet in the Home Secretary's office was picked and a most important State document stolen for his newspaper. And it is not very long since the political world was startled by the publication in a London evening paper of a Foreign Office memorandum on certain negotiations with the Russian Government, then occupying public attention, which gave an entirely different aspect to them from that in which they were presented by Ministers in both Houses of Parliament. Of course the affair was inquired into by the Foreign Office. It was established that a copying-clerk had sold the memorandum to the newspaper, and he was promptly cashiered. Since then the divulging of State secrets by State officers has been made a criminal offence; but there is hardly a newspaper that would scruple to use such information if it were interesting and

therefore likely to give it a bold advertisement. The ethics of journalism do not, in theory, sanction the employment of such agencies in the collection of news; but if an important piece of information is brought to a newspaper office it is bought, as a rule, without any undue squeamishness as to the means by which it has been procured. All that most journals would concern themselves about in such a transaction is the authenticity of the news.

The work of the Lobbyist is not, however, all speculation and invention. Several of them have exclusive access to trustworthy private sources of information for which they pay handsomely. The success of the Lobbyist depends, in a great measure, on the position and influence of the journal he represents. To the Parliamentary representative of a great London paper nothing is denied but that which it is injudicious to publish. Ministers, Whips, and leaders of Parties give him information which they would not give to the representative of a journal of less importance in the provinces. But there are sources of information open to all Lobbyists, however great or however small may be the newspapers they represent. In addition to the common gossip of the Lobby, which often yields abundant material for political notes, there are Parliamentary papers of various kinds, such as Blue Books, reports of Committees, copies of new Bills, intended amendments to Bills, resolutions, motions, &c., out of which paragraphs can be concocted. The Members are, as a rule, very obliging to the Lobbyists. They all make it their business to see that the representative of their own local organ is not stranded in any matter. Of course they all have axes of their own to grind, as the Yankees say. In this age, when notoriety is the very breath of the nostrils of most public men, it is essential to Members of Parliament that they should stand well with their local Press. In many cases indeed their very existence as Members depends upon it. "I absolutely disregard all Press criticisms, except those which come from my own local paper, THE SKIBBEREEN EAGLE," said an Irish Member once in the House of Commons, and that is the sentiment of most Members of Parliament. Therefore it is that in these days, when the craze for notoriety is so widespread and the appetite for news so insatiable, the journalist is a welcome visitor to the Lobby of the House of Commons, where so late as the time of our grandfathers, when the inquisitiveness of newspapers was regarded as a gross impertinence, he was treated as little better than a spy.

THE LUCK OF NERI BOLDWIG.

Neri Boldwig was the representative of an old-established family in the manufacturing town of Millport which had existed for so many generations in the poorest possible circumstances, that no one conceived it likely for any scion of the race ever to emerge from obscurity. The fact that the present Neri distinctly favoured (as the vernacular had it) the Neris who had gone before him, appeared to remove all probability of his leaving the well-worn groove, which was only not a second nature because it might be presumed to be a first one. There was therefore at first a good deal of astonishment when it became evident that Neri was getting on. He built an addition to his ancient family mansion (of two rooms) which from thenceforth was only used as kitchen and offices. In another year or two a still more palatial edifice arose; and at the time of the third addition he had (some said by means of a cheaply acquired patent) worked himself into a flourishing business at Millport; no great while after, his interest in this had increased until, from head of the firm, he had become sole proprietor. By this time the little plot of ground of which the original cottage had occupied only a corner, was nearly covered with a series of structures, each rising above the other. This small piece of ground had been the property of the Boldwig family for centuries, as some said; and it was doubtless a proof of the possession of some quality not far removed from a virtue that had prevented any one of them, even in the periods of their greatest depression, from entertaining the idea of parting with it. The same quality may also have peeped out in the transmission of the Christian name of Neri from father to son for so many years that the holders of it were accustomed to say, "There wasn't never a day when there warn't no Neri at Millport." As a scriptural, or any other name, Neri may not be widely known; but at Millport it is doubtful whether even Yaaron (as the brother to Moses was called in the locality) would not have been a greater stranger.

About the date of the third enlargement Neri purchased an acre or two of unimproved land, lying between his house and the high road to Millport, through which he had hitherto only enjoyed the right of way; and this land, after draining, he began to plant with evergreens and ornamental shrubs. There was a gravel-pit on the common hard by, and with the aid of this he laid out, after the most aristocratic examples that he had been able to study, a winding drive leading on to the high road through a gate which left little to be desired. No doubt Neri, driving home from business at night, sometimes found the curves and the consequent delay exceedingly wearisome, but he was shrewd enough to be aware that every position has its drawbacks, and he was never heard to complain. Neri had now got to be looked on as a rising man. Sharp people noticed that he never went back, but always held fast to any advance, the cost of which had, no doubt, been carefully counted beforehand. Some of Neri's neighbours had in their days of prosperity built enormous mansions, from which when trade fell off they had had ignominiously to retire, and their example may have acted as a

warning. People began soon to talk of his luck, a way of depreciating the superior skill of those who beat you at everything, from billiards to business; and indeed it seemed, when once he had made a start, as if he could not go wrong. At the time at which we introduce him he was accounted a wealthy man, who, with a few more years of prosperity, promised to become a very rich man indeed.

Any one who had seen Neri in the days of his poverty (and he had been very poor) would have found little in the prosperous manufacturer to recall the dilapidated figure belabouring with an ash-plant the half-starved donkey as it drew the weekly washing (by which Mrs. Neri, in those early days, subsidised her husband's irregular earnings) through the quagmire surrounding the cottage. No doubt the difference between the two Neris was chiefly external. With the necessary exceptions most of us alter inwardly very little; and it is tolerably safe for our friends to presume, whatever the change in our circumstances, on the presence of the qualities for which we were formerly noted, and, let us hope, revered.

Neri had always had a bad temper, though he had long since learned that there were many occasions when it could not be indulged without detriment to business. Glancing from the tall hat (not too often renewed) under which his keen gray eyes kept watch, on either side of an aquiline nose, over a long beard now fast turning gray, which descended halfway to the waist of a long-skirted black frock-coat, the eye rested (and there was space for resting) on his boots. There is always a blemish in the attire of a self-made man, even when all possible reliance has been placed on the tailor. Perhaps for the reason that the bootmaker is an inferior artist, the blemish is often found in the boots. It might have been thought that Neri's feet, rather than his bootmaker, were to blame, did it not seem impossible that the feet of all policemen should be larger than those of ordinary mortals. Neri could no more get rid of his bad temper than of his feet; but as he had learned to thrust the latter under chairs and tables to prevent their being stared at, so there were times and places when he thought it best to keep the former out of sight and under control.

We have said that the gate leading from Neri's new drive into the Millport Road left little to be desired. Yet in the eyes of some people there was a desideratum. Strangers, who were of course the only persons to notice anything, had been heard to express astonishment that this gate, when opened for the passage of the new carriage and the horses (which, if also new, were not quite so good) was always propped up with a brick, instead of the neater and more desirable catch almost universally provided for the entrance to well-appointed grounds. When the gate was closed the brick reposed with a ridiculous air of proprietorship on the well-kept gravel. It was almost impossible to avoid the impression of something uncanny. It was a blot on the trim landscape. How came it there? And when it had got there, why did it not efface itself speedily and go away?

There is a touch of superstition in most of us. The majority are more or less aware that they consider it unlucky to do, or to refrain from doing, something to which nevertheless the exigences of fashion compel them, possibly without any after detriment. In his early days any one who gave the matter a thought would have considered Neri too shiftless for superstition; afterwards he might have been put down as too respectable; but both surmises would not improb-

ably have been wrong. It is your shiftless man who clings to "luck," and, as we have said, however prosperity may alter us outwardly, the inner man remains much as before.

Perhaps it is going too far to say that Neri was superstitious. He had been known to walk gaily (or as gaily as he ever walked) in spring under any quantity of ladders, at the risk of having a healthy Irish labourer descend (with a hod of bricks or a tray of mortar) on to his head; he had never been known to touch his hat (which once he would touch on any or no provocation) to a magpie; and he thought nothing of sitting down, when the dinner was good enough, thirteen at table. Yet he had his grain, and more, of superstition; none the less that he had probably never heard the word and was therefore unaware of its meaning.

It frequently happens that when a man succeeds in life some humble follower attaches himself to him, and clings, in no self-seeking or ambitious way, to his fortunes. When the humble follower is a dog, the dog stays in the kitchen when his master builds the new dining-room, and contentedly accepts, instead of the close companionship of old, any occasional recognition of which he may be thought worthy. That he does not always develope a great amount of gratitude may be owing to the fact that the recognition too frequently takes the form of a kick. This the dog is too wise to resent. Like his master, he is conscious of an improvement which he intends to hold by. *J'y suis, j'y reste*; if the kicks are harder than of old, or even a totally new feature, the bones are more, and more succulent. Even for a kick he can summon, if he be a dog fond of material comforts, a good-natured grin, sometimes even a wag of the tail, which, if aggravating, is not wholly subservient. You read in his speaking eye an apology for your bad temper that makes you wish you had not kicked him. "I'm sorry for you," he seems to say; "you would not have done it in the old days, would you, master? It is the cares and deceitfulness of riches." And he lies down before the kitchen fire again, with one eye on you, and snores.

But, strange as it may seem, Neri had never had a dog, nor was there any one eager to attach himself to his rising fortunes, and even perhaps catch an occasional glimpse of the new drawing-room. In fact he had, with the exception of Mrs. Neri, who was something more, no friends at all. He would have been driven to dogs, like many other people, but in his early days there was the then impossible tax, and afterwards Mrs. Neri would not have allowed of a canine friend about the new furniture. He had shaken off the acquaintances of the old cottage, or quite as likely they had dropped him from a mistaken idea that people who rise must be proud, whereas very often they are only wretched; and the magnates who had made their fortunes slowly in the course of two or three generations looked down on him as an upstart. He felt the want of some one or something to cling to, all the more perhaps that he never showed it. The wife of your bosom is all very well, but there was little of the humble friend about Mrs. Neri. So he had to look out for an inanimate object. In making his choice he naturally sought for something that had clung to him in the old days, and his choice was unfortunately very limited. The only thing he could think of was the brick with which he used to prop up his crazy gate in the days of his poverty.

Most people have very little regard for memories of their own lives which they have left behind and below them; for such things when they con-

cern the lives of others they have no regard at all. Chance spectators would have been moved only to ridicule had they known that the brick, apparently so secure in its position of unmerited honour, was the identical prop that had kept open the broken and unhinged gate leading to the yard and pigsties through which Neri, Mrs. Neri, and their unkempt offspring had to pass in old days when leaving or arriving at their modest home.

Formerly it would never have occurred to any of the numerous parsons who went and came at Millport during Neri's tenure of the cottage that he could be a fit, or even a possible subject for their ministrations. They may have judged rightly in thinking that any attempt to enlighten his dark mind would be to throw pearls before swine; but whether they were right or wrong, Neri grew up, as his father and grandfather had grown before him, without any knowledge of religion at all. Possibly had there been a Salvation Army in those days his soul (such as it was) might have been considered worth saving, or at any rate beating a drum over. When the days of frock-coated prosperity arrived, no parson would have taken the liberty of supposing that any enlightening process could be requisite. So Neri, though he subscribed after more or less worrying, and went to church on great occasions,—when he occupied his rented seat with an air of earnest respectability, due no doubt to the fact that he was thoughtfully planning out his week's work—was in reality little better, if indeed he was not in some respects worse than a heathen. But the great aid to parsons in inculcating the truths of the gospel, and without which their labours would rarely have any practical result, is the fact that every human breast is more or less a garden prepared by nature for the reception of the seed. Never a poor savage but, before the advent of missionaries, had his fetish, the conception of the personality of which was lower or higher according as he himself was more or less debased. It would be a mistake to suppose that these idolaters were not quite as much in earnest as the more civilised worshippers who have superseded them, since ignorance enabled them to accept the absurdest of creeds with a faith unknown to the majority of educated Christians. Neri had recently developed into a veneered savage. There are thousands of such in England within a stone's throw of the churches; and, like that of other savages, his nature demanded a substitute for the religion which no one had brought him; only in a Christian country, since there is no recognised substitute for Mumbo Jumbo, must every savage work out a superstition of his own. Neri had not been carried far on the tide of prosperity before he began to attribute some of his luck to the only thing that he could recall as having been in constant attendance on his fortunes. In time he became firmly convinced that his brick (if not exactly a tutelar deity) was a sort of talisman. It was characteristic of him that in feeling this he never dreamed of hedging the brick round with any safeguard, which would perhaps have broken the charm. Superstitious people are generally a little reckless; the brick must take its chance. But Neri was surprised to find that he was more than irritated, that he even felt a shudder as of suggested sacrilege, at the slightest hint of its removal. There had indeed been plenty of such hints. Every man worth knowing, or at all events worth writing about, has a secret from his wife; and Mrs. Neri never imagined that her unceasing requests that "the thing" might be removed were so many invitations to her, not unloving if hot-tempered, hus-

band to turn and rend her. The local carpenter for a long time never did a job at the house without asking if he might be allowed to put up the new "catch," which he had prepared in the certainty of its eager acceptance. When he went on to mention, as he always did, that the cost was exceedingly trifling, Neri glared at him as if to ask what he knew about it. Neri had not the reputation of being a mean man, so not even the carpenter (who had) supposed that it was a question of expense. At last the carpenter gave up worrying, as every one must sooner or later, and about the same time the neighbours gave up noticing. "If he likes his brick," said the carpenter, with an intention of withering sarcasm, "let him have it." There was no doubt that Neri liked it.

So things had gone on for a long time, the brick to all appearance neither getting better nor worse, when one day Neri came home from the Works in a bad temper. This was often the case, though, or perhaps because, he had seldom anything to put him out. No doubt he was getting spoiled, as indeed happens to most of us who are blessed with a run of unbroken prosperity. He had been obliged to return on foot, as Mrs. Neri for a wonder was using the carriage, and the fact of having to walk (though the distance was nothing, and exercise almost a necessity to a man of his previous habits) always annoyed him intensely. He was indeed generally so cross at having to go a-foot, that Mrs. Neri seldom allowed herself to take what she called carriage-exercise, preferring, as she was too stout to walk, to stay at home rather than meet her husband's sour looks on her return. She had done her best to adapt herself to her new honours, and not all unsuccessfully. She sat with folded hands in her drawing-room (not even allowing herself to darn stockings, an art at which she was an adept) when she would greatly have preferred being useful in the kitchen. Even when she rode in the new carriage she was in her inmost soul longing for the old donkey-cart in which she had been accustomed to take out the washing, even though her beloved Neri should be lying in wait for her return (as in old days had been his unvarying custom) to relieve her of the fruits of her toil.

Neri, as we have said, was in a bad temper, and on reaching the gate leading to his mansion his ill-humour was aggravated by finding it left open. A few years ago it would have mattered little if any stray horses or cattle had taken a fancy to trespass on the rushy pasture that surrounded the Dovecote; but to do so now was to invoke the utmost rigour of the law. The gate was of course propped on its familiar brick, and Neri for the first time in his life was conscious of feeling irritated at the appearance of his humble friend. There comes a day when the broadcloth of our new-born grandeur revolts from the honest and long-discarded corduroy. "Ain't hardly good enough," Neri found himself muttering. Instead of removing the brick with his usual care, he kicked it from under the gate with all his might. The gate swung smoothly away from its unstable support, but as soon as he had recovered from the feeling of having broken his foot into twenty pieces (for he had forgotten that his boots were less adapted for these freaks than in old days) he saw to his horror that the brick was broken in two. It had had a hard life, and a time comes to everybody and everything when they need care; unfortunately this is too often the period when care and attention are withdrawn. Feeling as if he had committed the unpardonable sin, Neri hastily stooped down, and taking up the two fragments carefully,

and with looks than which nothing could have conveyed a more abject apology, fitted them together again. Not only did he feel mean, but he was afraid. Happy the man who has never felt that he would give everything he is possessed of to recall the act done so thoughtlessly, even so gaily perhaps, a minute ago. It was a summer evening, and the unfortunate man was aware of two holes in the surface of the upper portion of the brick which he had never noticed before. These to his distorted fancy took the shape of angry and malignant eyes. The brick remained upright when he replaced it in its old position, but the fracture took the form of a mouth whose lips wore an expression of angry derision. Neri took a long and piteous survey of it, as we survey the irrevocable past; and then, not seeing that he could mend matters, walked home.

Arrived there it was speedily evident to the inmates that something had gone wrong. Neri had indeed the feeling, which many people have yet survived to laugh at, that the great misfortune of his life was impending; above all he was conscious of having endangered the happiness of his wife and daughter by his fit of petulant anger. His dinner was left untouched, and even the generally successful attempts of his daughter to restore his good temper were unavailing. Caddie was herself in capital spirits. Within the last few days she had engaged herself to a young man whose family, though not very wealthy, had been respectable for quite a generation, and this meant a step up the social ladder. In consequence she was a little inclined to give herself airs, which her father, so limited was his experience, considered playful and engaging. They were indeed of a quality a shade more artistic than those with which Mrs. Neri had captivated his youthful and not very fastidious fancy; but to-day he was thinking them affected and even vulgar. If Neri ate nothing he made up by drinking more than usual, and far more (as Mrs. Neri remarked to Caddie, as they waited in fear and trembling in the drawing-room), than was good for him. When at last his wife went in to see him, she was moved by a new-born humility which sat ill upon him. Her indirect attempts to obtain a hint of what ailed him were unsuccessful, or she would have disturbed him yet more by laughing at his fears. At last he went to bed, but not before he had been caught in the act of unbolting the front door, hat in hand. He desisted as soon as he heard the voice of his wife, who had been on the look out—" My! Neri, where ever are you a-going to?"—and re-fastening the door he went upstairs, taking his hat with him. It was evident he had intended to go out, but whither? In bed Mrs. Neri, who pretended to be asleep, was soon aware that Neri was also pretending. Once she heard a groan. "What ails the man?" she thought, but she said nothing, and towards morning he fell into an uneasy slumber. In his troubled sleep the brick, personified in the daytime, became even more human. He started from his dream, shuddering at the malevolent expression on his old friend's face. "I'll be unlucky," he murmured, as he turned over in a cold sweat, "and serve me right; Mr. Neri, you're done for!"

Next morning he started for the Works, feeling dull and depressed. It was absurd, he was sagacious enough to be aware, but how could he help it? Unhappy people are perhaps not sufficiently grateful for the fact that their experience prepares them for even the most unexpected calamities. When the carriage arrived at the gate Neri felt but little astonishment at perceiv-

ing that the brick was gone; there are insults, he acknowledged, which are necessarily fatal to the oldest and most friendly alliance.

In fact the groom (a new servant) had discovered earlier in the morning that the plague of his life had disappeared. "The dashed old brick!" he exclaimed, as he rubbed his hands together with glee. "By gum, Mr. Neri, you'll now have to get something better." Arrived within a few yards of the gate he checked his horse, and handing the reins to his master jumped down and held it open while Neri drove through. "Needn't have taken it so spiteful," the latter was thinking, "it might surely have known as I didn't mean nothing." "Brick's been sneaked, sir," said the groom as he climbed back into his seat. "A good thing it's gone; it wanted something better to hold." His master glared on him with a look of concentrated fury: "Something better!" he thought, "something better! The fool doesn't know what he's talking about." Even the stolid groom was surprised at the anger he had unintentionally evoked. "Storm in a blessed teacup," he muttered.

Arrived at the Works, Neri was met by his manager, with a face as long as his own. "Bad news this morning, sir, I'm sorry to say." "I knew it," returned Neri absently. "Beg your pardon Sir, but have you heard anything?" "Oh! nothing, Mr. Singleton; please go on. Bad news, I think you said? Well, I suppose" (with a swagger which he felt to be a contemptible pretence) "we can stand a bit or two of bad news." "No doubt Sir, but Corbet and Skinner have failed in New York. It was too late to stop the last consignments. I'm at my wits' ends to know what to do. I'm afraid from what this says" (and he laid his hand on a paper which he had placed on Neri's desk) "that it means a regular smash up, and what that will cost us you know as well as I do." "I knew it," Neri repeated like a man in a dream, to his manager's astonishment. Then he hastily cast up in his head the amount for which the American failure would let him in. "By gum," he said aloud at last, going back to a long discarded, but once favourite adjuration, "it's ten thousand if it's a penny!" To himself he said, "It means going back." He thought over all the people he had known who had overbuilt themselves, and had to go back; of these he had always assured himself he would not make one.

The long day passed in verifying losses and accounts, and overlooking with the least possible interest the work which must still be carried on though unlikely to be any longer remunerative. The carriage arrived at the usual hour, and when work was over he went home. During the day the groom had not been idle. Being a handy man, he had spent his spare time in fixing a catch which he flattered himself would at least be preferable to the lost brick; but he was much disappointed, and not a little surprised, at the effect of his work on his employer. "What's this?" roared Neri, putting his hand roughly on the reins, and bringing the horse on his haunches. "Who told you to put up this d—d thing?" Then descending far more rapidly than was his wont, "Go home," he screamed, "go home!" As soon as the carriage was out of sight round the first turn, Neri set to work to pull up the new fixture. It was anything but an easy task, but he succeeded at last. All at once it yielded to his frantic efforts, and he fell on his back with his feet in the air, holding the trophy in his clenched hands; when he recovered himself he threw it away with an oath among the bushes.

"Queer old fish," said the groom,

as he drove home. "Mean as dirt, too; vexed about them brick ends."

While Neri was making a hasty toilette, his wife, who had seen the carriage come home without him, came into his dressing-room. "O Neri, how can I tell you!" she burst forth. "What's the matter, woman?" he roared, laying down his hair-brushes. "Do you suppose I haven't heard enough about it? Let it rest." "How can you have heard about it, Neri?" she replied. "We only knew it ourselves by afternoon post." Then Neri knew that there was yet another trouble to face, and permitted her, though without feeling much interest, to tell her story. It seems Caddie had quarrelled two or three days ago with her young man, and quarrels, the Eton Latin Grammar notwithstanding, are not always renewals of love. In the present instance the reverse had been the case, and young Tom Braithwaite had written to say that, as it appeared they were unable to get on together, the engagement had better be off. Poor Caddie of course was the more distressed, as she was aware that the rupture was entirely caused by her own ill-temper. "It is her fault, I fear," said poor Mrs. Neri. "She has too much of your temper, and——" "Stop, woman!" cried Neri, taking up his brushes again with trembling hands. "What do I care about your marryings and givings in marriage? I shall have to close the Works; Corbet and Skinner have failed. Temper! Yes; I've my infernal temper to thank, and if Caddie has it too, it's all in the family." "The tongue is a little member, truly, Neri," his wife commenced, "but——" "A little member!" said Neri, protruding an enormous foot, and examining it with some attention. "A little member! Serves me right, serves me right." "He's off his head with trouble," said the good woman to herself, "and no wonder; him as has had no troubles for so long!" Then aloud, "Neri, my love, be calm. Neri, let me entreat you——" "Entreat be d—d!" shouted Neri coarsely. "Go away, woman, go away."

How the next few days passed Neri could not have told; he went to and fro between the Works, but scarcely spoke a word. There was a way through the shrubbery and across the fields which had been unused since he had set up his carriage, and by this he now made his journeys; the sight of the gate would, he felt, have been too much for him. He had heard nothing more from America, and indeed expected nothing but corroboration of the first reports; and for this he had so far prepared that some of his workmen were already under notice to quit. He had no doubt that his agent's failure would cripple him for years, even if it did no more. He had not even the comforting knowledge that he was not himself to blame for his misfortunes. "I am a fool," he was always thinking, "an ungrateful fool. I've chucked away my luck." The worm had turned with a vengeance; and than this turning nothing can possibly make a bully feel more mean or more foolish.

One morning Mrs. Neri, much against her wish, was obliged to make a short journey; and seeing the carriage at the door, Neri, more from habit than intention, got in and took his seat beside his wife, telling her she could put him down at the Works. Hardly had the carriage started before he remembered; but it was too late to get out now, though he murmured something about "going by the fields." As they approached the drive-gate, he began to turn away his head. No, he could not turn it away; he must look, though with a pretence of not looking. But what was it he saw? He rubbed

his eyes and looked again. The brick had returned!

"Stop!" he called out to the groom who was as much surprised as his master, thinking, "The durned old brick again; some fool's brought un back, same as took it away, I s'pose." "Thank the Lord!" ejaculated Neri fervently, as after a brief pause the carriage drove on. "Give us a kiss old woman," he went on, and taking his portly better half in his arms, he kissed her loudly then and there. "Things'll come round all right, ducky," he whispered. "Don't you fret no more. I'm as jolly as a sand-boy." The groom's first words when he got home were: "If the gov'nor ain't cracked, I'll eat him. A kissin' the missus down yonder by the gate, as if he hadn't never seen her afore! And blamed if the old brick ain't turned up again."

When Neri arrived rather late at the Works, with a weight lifted off his heart, his joyful looks were once more reflected on the manager's face. The latter came forward beaming, and made as if he would almost have shaken hands with his employer. "I am happy to tell you, Sir," he said, following his master with beaming face into his private room, "that the scare about Corbet and Skinner turns out to be immensely exaggerated. There was a little trouble, but, as you will see by this letter" (placing one on Neri's desk), "they seem already to have quite recovered." The manager stopped speaking, and glanced at Neri, expecting to see him throw his hat into the air, or show his delight in some other way, but the face of the manufacturer expressed but little surprise. "I thought it 'ud all come right," he said coolly, and rather to his manager's disgust, who muttered under his breath, "Then I wish to goodness you'd behaved as if you thought so." However, affectation of that sort was in so great a man excusable if not unavoidable. In after days Neri's reputation gained greatly by the report of the cool way in which he received the information that the ruin he had accepted was averted: "A cool hand, that Mr. Neri; nerves like iron; never don't turn a hair for nothing."

As Neri walked home (for the last time, as he hoped,) across the fields, his heart felt quite soft. "I've had a narrow shave," he said to himself, "but I'll mind my temper better in future. By gum! it would almost have served me right, but I'm let off for this time;" and he laughed, rubbing his huge hands together in his glee. As he entered his own grounds he was aware of his daughter, who seemed, however, to wish to avoid him. "Poor Caddie," he thought; "no wonder she don't want to meet such a bear as I've been lately;" and he actually, for once in his life, felt ashamed to have been so completely engrossed with his own troubles. Caddie might have been aware of his self-reproaches, for she approached shyly and, to her father's surprise, with a smile on her lips. "She's trying to carry it off so as not to worry me," he thought, rebuking himself again for his selfishness. When she got nearer he felt inclined to think she had heard the good news which he hoped to have been the first to tell her. Yet no; as he marked the rosy blush that suffused her homely but pleasant face, Caddie's eyes had no thought of business in them. "Daddy," she said, "I have good news. Tom and I have made it up again. It was all my fault; that nasty temper! I've vowed not to give way to it any more." It was as if the girl had said, "Rejoice with me, for I have found a treasure that I had lost." And Neri rejoiced. "What a goose I am," he thought, as he passed his rough hand across his

eyes. "It's a droll thing, my dear," he said, "but I've just been and made the same vow. We'll see who can keep it best," and he looked down bashfully at his enormous boot, the foot inside which had scarcely yet recovered from its injuries.

That evening there was truer happiness at the Dovecote than for many days, if ever before. When Mrs. Neri's heart had been made glad with the knowledge of the relief which had come to her husband, it somehow did not seem strange that he should stroll down the drive towards the gate. He walked as if on air, and with what different feelings from those of the other day! He had brought it all on himself, he knew; he had deserved all his trouble and anxiety,—and he had been mercifully forgiven! If only he could somehow show that he was not ungrateful; "Not such a brute as it thinks me," he put it to himself. It was almost dark as he approached the spot where the outline of the brick was just visible, crouching, like a vast toad, in its old position by the border; but, by the light of the match which he lost no time in striking, he could see that the malicious and evil expression had passed away, and was replaced by a smile of sarcastic good-humour. Carefully lifting the two fragments from the ground he raised them to his lips, and imprinted on them a more fervent kiss than he had ever bestowed on human being.

Neri had never, as we have said, been religious. Superstition had stood in the place of the higher emotion, to which the transport that swept over his heart at that moment was, however, akin. He would have liked to ask a blessing; but had he not got one without asking? His good fortune, he gratefully felt, was secure; the brick could take care of itself and of him. His heart was, after all, not without the affection which, as one of our great poets has taught us, is an aid to prayer, if not a substitute for it:

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;

and from these great and small things there was no reason, that Neri could see, why his brick should be excluded. It was characteristic of the man that he never inquired, and indeed would have been shocked at the idea of inquiring, by what agency his talisman was removed, and by what brought back at this crisis of his fortunes. It is not certain that he did not believe the brick had taken itself away; and it is extremely fortunate for the self-respect of superstitious people that their nature does not lead them to consider their superstitions too curiously. But before we laugh at Neri, we should remember that an unreasoning faith, which refuses to hear any evidence or argument against its favourite doctrine, was until recently considered a desirable quality. Even now there are those who can see very little difference between unbelief and inquiry.

Neri is a great man now, and this episode occurred years ago. Those who pass his house will still, we trust, see the brick in its old position; and should they in their ignorance feel some surprise at its inappropriateness, Neri will be quite content to let them wonder.

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

"I HAVE often thought," says Sainte-Beuve, "that a portrait should be done according to the tone and spirit of the model." It would be difficult in the case of Schamyl to carry out this excellent principle of criticism; yet without some rule of the kind it is impossible to see a man in the light of truth. Usually there exists a popular opinion concerning a great man, often indeed wrong, but a sign that the public has a certain wish to talk or read about him. In the case of Schamyl, however, there is no popular feeling to aid or hinder us. Only those who are at least middle-aged can remember the time when the chieftain of the Caucasus was the admiration of Europe; and although Englishmen shared in the universal sentiment of admiration, it can hardly be said to have found an expression in our literature. A full account of Schamyl's life we have not found in English; such biographies as we have been able to consult in the libraries come to an end while he was still sultan of the Caucasus; and some of the writers predict for him a final victory over the Russians. Prophecy in such a case is so easy and so futile.

Is there a prominent public man of our century of whom so little is generally known? Schoolboys know something about Gambetta, about Boulanger, and about J. G. Blaine; how many of them could tell whether Schamyl was a native of the Caucasus, a Swede, a Russian, or a Moor? Something of our ignorance no doubt is due to the stage on which Schamyl's work was done; the type of mind also which he represents is one with which public opinion in Europe is becoming more and more out of sympathy. Putting aside the question of his religion, the genius for guerilla warfare (of which he was as great a master as Garibaldi) is losing its attractiveness for an age that has seen the growth of modern strategy. But somewhere in the heart of man sleep the old instincts that make him love valour and daring; and the German strategists can never have the power over the imagination which a soldier like Cœur de Lion has had for many a century.

The new methods of warfare are not romantic, for they exclude mystery and take little account of heroism. A company of Bayards would be less formidable than one of our modern instruments of destruction, and the future is for the man of science and not for the knightly warrior. We must accept the conditions, though we are free to remember how dear to the heart were the old heroes. In the history of Russia's advance towards Mount Gunib, where in September, 1859, Schamyl and a remnant of his followers made a last stand, the romance belongs to the valiant men of the Caucasus; the aggressor is not romantic, though he fight never so bravely. We find no fault with Russia; it was natural for the one to advance, and for the other to resist, while from the first the result was inevitable. European sympathy, outside Russia, was for the most part with the people of the Caucasus; but this was mainly owing to the admiration excited by the heroism of Schamyl's soldiers. In any case it would be hypocritical in an Englishman to question the morality of Russian aggression in

the Caucasus; we have ourselves done the same kind of thing repeatedly during the last century, yet are apt to be distressed whenever a rival follows our great example. The situation of the Caucasus explains the policy of Russia; she felt it was necessary for her expansion, and for a long while she had wished to be sole mistress there. From the mountains in the Caucasus the Slav could look to the south-east on the way to Persia and Afghanistan, and he must have felt nearer the crisis of his fate as he reflected that India lay beyond.

But to us the interesting feature of this subject is not the possible future of Russia, nor the value to her of these new possessions; we are attracted solely by the heroism of Schamyl. Let us first look for a moment at the stage on which these great things were done. If we could reach the snowy summit of Elbruz, the highest peak of the Caucasus, and thence overlook everything within a radius of some five hundred miles, feeling at the same time the associations of these scenes, what a mental picture we should have of some interesting chapters in the world's history! We should see a large number of tribes in "the time of ignorance," much resembling their descendants of our own day; great Greek and Roman captains, looking for fame and new territory; Herodotus seeking matter for his history, and Xenophon with his companions returning sorrowfully from Cunaxa. We should have a vision, too, of something of earlier date and greater import, for within these limits is Ararat with its unfathomed mysteries. Within these same limits preached some of the Apostles, yet with no conspicuous success, while the early Mahommedan missionaries, the Koran in one hand and a sword in the other, easily made converts to the new religion; Mahommed was so much more accommodating than Paul upon the subject of marriage. Would not the dreamer upon Elbruz think that a charming book might be written about the Caucasus, if the right man could be found to do it, some historian with a touch of the poet, who could preserve the romance of his subject without dashing it with falsehood? The history of the Caucasus in broad outline; its connection with classical history and legend; the grandeur of its scenery; its many races, some of them so comely and so romantic, its traditions and its folk-lore; the long history of Russian aggression, and of the resistance of the natives; and the story of Schamyl as the last act of the great drama,—what a subject for a writer in search of a new theme and fresh interests!

Schamyl was born at Himri, a village in Daghestan, in the year 1797. Perhaps he was not an amiable boy; persons not likely to speak maliciously of him have said that in those early years he was haughty and ambitious, fond of solitude, and full of dreams of a great career. In our schools to-day there are boys who might be described in this way, and most of them no doubt will keep away from the kingdom of greatness. Schamyl, however, was born for great things, and in him boyish vanity had not a long life. His religious feeling was deep, and was nourished by his tutor, Jilal Eddin, an ardent believer in the doctrines of Sufism, to whom Schamyl owed also his literary accomplishments and the cultivation of his natural gift of eloquence. He had the beauty for which his race is famous; he was a good horseman and an excellent athlete. Such a training as Schamyl's was not likely to bring him in touch with Western ideas; he could not have been less influenced by European culture if he had lived in the centre of Africa. Arab culture has indeed a charm of its own, and

makes up in a measure by its poetry for what it lacks in breadth. The domain of European culture on the other hand is so very wide, that those who try to cover it, generally lose their mental balance before they reach the centre.

Many anecdotes are told of Schamyl's youth, though most of them would have seemed uninteresting if he had not become famous, and some are plainly inventions; the anecdote-monger has the same privileges in the Caucasus as in other countries. Yet the singular story which is told of the way in which he cured his father of intemperance is authentic, and it shows that Schamyl even in youth was remarkable for strength of character, and for earnestness tinged with fanaticism. Drunkenness is common enough in the Caucasus, as indeed it is in many parts of the earth, though it is a fashion to represent it as essentially an English vice. The plain teachings of the Koran were pointed out ineffectually; the foolish man continued to drink, as is the way of the human race in such a matter. The son's pride was deeply wounded, and at length he vowed that the next time this offence was repeated, he would kill himself before his father's eyes, and the blood of the son should be upon the sire's head. Knowing the youth's earnestness, the father doubted not that he would be true to his word; and the fear of this reformed him, where neither the advice of friends nor the precepts of the Koran could avail. If any young Englishman is disposed to follow this example, he should first make ready to die, or to appear ridiculous.

What were the religious and political ideas under the influence of which this strong character was moulded? They were not exactly those of pure and simple Mahommedanism; Sufism seems to be rather a fusion of Islamism with Buddhism or Hindooism. In what manner and at what time the fusion first took place, we do not attempt to say; for centuries the two forms of religion have gone side by side, and they have had every chance of borrowing from one another. Some learned men have denied that Sufism has borrowed anything from the religious systems of India; they say Sufism exists potentially in Islamism. In the same way one might say that Shakespeare exists potentially in Plato, and Newton in Archimedes; but reasoning of this kind is not satisfying. We prefer to say that, in all which concerns the contemplative life, the Sufi has borrowed from the Hindoo or from the Buddhist. He believes that he attains perfection, sees divine truth, or communes with the Deity, by means of pure contemplation; doing is of less importance to him than thinking and feeling. Is the modern doctrine of work more noble?

The political and religious system known as Muridism, which under Schamyl's rule became so great a force in the Caucasus, cannot be said to have influenced his youth, for it had then hardly taken definite shape in the minds of his predecessors. We will speak for the moment only of Sufism: Muridism will more fitly occupy us when we come to describe the system of government under the greatest of the prophets of the Caucasus; and we will translate the best short description we have been able to find of the tenets peculiar to this sect. "There are four degrees [in Sufism] by which to attain that perfect state when the soul in a sense is made divine. The first degree is Humanity; to this belong all men who live subject to the precepts and practices of religion. The disciples who have raised themselves to the highest degree of the ascetical life are, so far as this

is concerned, on a level with the crowd who will never rise above it. The second degree is called the Path; it is strictly the degree of initiation. He who has attained it becomes an adept, capable and worthy of understanding God, and he is thereby freed from the external practices of the faith; he has within him an unerring guide, and need not imprison his soul in the forms of religion. The third degree is called Knowledge; those who have come so far, know how to avoid being deceived by the vain appearances of things; they are in the way to be one with God. The ordeals which the initiate has to undergo before he is master of this degree, are so severe that he may die from the effects of them; but if he undergoes them successfully, he is inspired and is the equal of the angels. To reach the fourth degree, which is Beatitude, the disciple for forty days takes only so much food as is sufficient to keep body and soul together; then he lives in solitude, in the attitude of contemplation, after which he wanders in the deserts, holding commune only with his teacher, who is not unlike the Indian *guru*. But when the long probation is passed, he is on a level with Deity; for having by meditation triumphed over all the vices which held him down in matter, his soul (as the adepts say) sees through flesh and becomes one with God. This union with God, this absorption or annihilation in God, which is the work of love and exaltation, confers great privileges upon the initiate. He can, for instance, make the dead to rise and has the gift of miracle. . . . The votary of Sufism lives without any worldly ties or pre-occupations; to the man who is on the road to the divine, every occupation is repugnant, except music, dance, and song, for these exalt the soul. It is curious that the sect which is most decidedly pantheistical, the sect which affirms that God lives in everything and everything lives in God, is said among the Persians to proceed directly from the Greek and especially the Platonic philosophy."

It was to this system Schamyl owed the religious inspiration of his youth, at a time when the advance of Russia was filling the unconquered natives with a keener hatred of the Slav. There came another kind of inspiration from the prophets who were preaching a holy war against the aggressor. During this period there was indeed in the Caucasus a great spread of religious and patriotic enthusiasm, owing to the skill with which these prophets had acted the part of Peter the Hermit. They had succeeded in uniting the natives in the common cause, a thing by no means easy, for the scattered tribes were proud of their independence and fierce in maintaining it, whereby Russia had hitherto profited. In spite, however, of these attempts at unity, the tribes that acknowledged the authority of the prophets had neither an effective organisation nor a common system of government, until Schamyl subsequently enjoyed something like absolute power.

Schamyl's life for many years was that of an active soldier, whose courage and resource were the wonder of the Caucasus. His perfect self-mastery, his refined and handsome presence, the stories told of his daring and of his escapes from the enemy, his high character and distinction of mind, the combination in him (so rare and so full of charm for the imagination) of the religious solitary and the leader of men,—all went to make him a true hero of romance. It is therefore not singular that he was elected to succeed the prophet Kasi Mullah, after a shower of Russian bullets had killed that brave leader. Of Schamyl

it may certainly be said that the prophet's mantle was forced upon him. He did not seek it, and indeed at first tried hard to put it from him; but when he found that the choice of the electors was fixed, he accepted the position, and held it for a quarter of a century with much genius and dignity. He began auspiciously by a victory over the Russians, which at once increased his popularity and deepened the conviction of his followers that he was a true prophet of Allah. The aim of his life was to give to the tribes of the Caucasus an effective military organisation, and to build up a system of government suited to the needs of the country. Though the newspapers and memoir-writers have said so little about Schamyl, it would be easy to name a dozen famous European statesmen of the last century who in fact have not accomplished half so much.

The historian, of whose task we have ventured to give a sketch, will have the space to tell in full the story of Russian aggression; he will tell also of many a battle fought between the natives of the Caucasus and the soldiers of the Czar; he will have much to say of the miseries endured by both, of the dogged persistence of the Russians, of the valour and chivalry of the mountaineers. We cannot here in any way anticipate such a work; our concern is with Schamyl alone, and the rest can only occupy us in so far as it may serve to illustrate his character. As that character is shown most clearly by his work, we cannot do better than describe the purely theocratic system which he organised. It was called Muridism, and was mainly if not avowedly borrowed from Sufism; it was held to be a strictly orthodox form of the Mahommedan religion. Though Schamyl developed the ideas of Muridism with a severe consistency, they were not originally his own, but were said to have been received by a devotee in a vision; thought and feeling in the Oriental world are favourable to visions and devotees. The perfect flower of this system was the Imam, who was supreme in things temporal as well as spiritual; in the case of Schamyl, the Imam was soon hailed as prophet and sultan, while he was in the estimation of his followers little below Mahommed. After the Imam came the Naïbs, his vicegerents, uncrowned members of the royal family, let us call them; then came the Murids, who may be said to stand upon a level with our peers, and lastly the commonalty. The past is always repeating itself, and new social distinctions are like the old ones, in spite of different names and high spiritual pretensions.

The law of spiritual growth, as expounded by Muridism, is strictly in accordance with the theocratic idea. "Muridism," says the learned Dulaurier, "like Islamism, is based on the revelation contained in the Koran; . . . . . but in the sacred text it finds two meanings, the literal and the allegorical, which must not be confounded with each other; two doctrines, one exoteric for the mass of believers, the other esoteric for the initiated, those who aspire to perfection. There are four degrees in the religious education of man, which lead from the simple precepts of morality to ecstasy, contemplation of the Deity and absorption in Him; these are the External Law (*scharyat*), the Way (*tharikat*), the Truth (*hakikat*), and Knowledge (*marifat*). The first degree is that in which the believer, while observing external practices such as prayer, ablutions, fasting, and almsgiving, acquires the simple merit of observing strictly the precepts contained in the Koran, or in the words of the prophet as handed down by

tradition. In the second degree the neophyte seeks to become as virtuous as Mahommed by imitating him in all things. He reaches this point by the help of a series of exercises taught to the disciples (*murids*) by the professor or guide (*murschid*); spiritually he ascends step by step until, in place of confining his effort to the mere observance of the law, he is capable of an intellectual adoration of God. The third degree is that in which the soul is purified, until in a manner it is like the soul of the prophet, and consequently capable of thinking and feeling like him. A constant meditation upon nature, the knowledge (acquired by study and reflection) of the substance of things, give supernatural ideas to man, and bring the ecstatic vision in which he sees truth (*hakikat*). From this state of exaltation the initiate at length enters into direct and immediate communication with God; he then touches the utmost limit of knowledge. In this last state the soul breaks the chains which have bound it to earth; it is suspended between existence and non-existence; the mortal eye sees no longer, but the inward eye has a full intuition of the Divinity. The essential part of this body of precepts is, strictly speaking, the *tharikat*, which points the way to perfection. In this, according to the Mahommedan theologians, there are five stages, corresponding with five periods in the history of the human race on its way to moral perfection. Each of these five periods has had for its law-giver a prophet who bore the mark of his divine office, chosen from all those of his day who were most gifted with the heavenly grace, Adam, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mahommed. In the social and political order of things, Muridism proclaims the absolute equality of all men who have entered into the way of salvation, and the futility of every distinction or prerogative among them. The republican spirit of this dogma fell in so well with the democratic customs of the mountaineers, that it rapidly gained converts to Muridism. In a few years it filled them all with the same religious thought, and the same feeling of hatred for the Russian *giaours*. In the place of social rank as usually settled by birth, power, or wealth, it substituted a hierarchy purely theocratic, the degrees of which corresponded with advancement in initiation. The *scharyat* was reserved for those who needed the restraint of an external authority; the *tharikat* was for the disciples or Murids, who were capable of meritorious acts without the help of the law; the *hakikat* was for the Naïbs or vicars of the Imam, and the *marifat* for the Imam (or supreme pontiff) himself."

We ventured just now to compare our own social ranks with those of Muridism; but perhaps in face of this description, the comparison may appear a little absurd. It is so, however, only on the surface. Muridism did not put into practice the doctrine of social equality, any more than republican governments do so to-day. Modern democratic governments find a means of soothing the prejudices of mankind in these matters, and so did Muridism, for it chose its Murids and Naïbs not promiscuously from all classes of the people, but from the upper class. There are so many ways of out-reaching the populace.

Schamyl's ideas, as we have said, were not original; they were rather the expression of the genius of a race, which a multitude of thinkers and dreamers, ascetics and poets, had helped to shape. The greatness of Schamyl lay in the moral force by which he imposed these ideas upon large masses of men. It is hard to realise the process of this evolution; indeed, to conceive a picture of human

life in the Caucasus at any time during the last two thousand years, is extremely difficult; we get so little help from literature, for the romantic part of it is meagre, and the historical is contradictory. Perhaps it would assist us to conceive of Scotland, from Caithness to Wigtownshire, as inhabited by an untold number of clans, all of them tenacious of old customs and privileges, hating each other, cherishing blood-feuds and every other form of pugnacious heathenism. Conceive of half the country as (however unwillingly) under the authority of a powerful invader, while the other half acknowledges no common authority; each clan is proud of its independence, and is governed only by custom and tradition. Is it according to experience that the clans would readily unite even to repel an invader? The clansman in Caithness would, if it were possible, give up his life a hundred times to defend the square mile of earth which belongs to him and his fellows; but the welfare of the clansmen down in Wigtownshire makes no appeal to him. His patriotism is little more than a love of family and the back-garden; it is not an imperial sentiment.

Schamyl, then, had first to unite the scattered tribes, whether of one race or of different races, in one common cause against the aggressor. Good generalship, and Schamyl often proved himself a good general, was comparatively but a small part of his task; the other part was the more difficult, for he was not only general, but king, law-giver, and high-priest also. He had to create an army out of materials in many respects unpromising, and to devise the means of maintaining it amid a population poor, scattered, and unsympathetic. His army was formed on the decimal system; every ten houses of the villages within his jurisdiction had to provide a soldier; he was equipped and supported by the nine families, while the one family from which he was chosen was not taxed. Every ten soldiers had a leader or officer, every ten leaders a superior officer, while each Naïb had three hundred soldiers under his command. The body-guard of the Imam (called *murtosigators*) was organised in the same way, though scrupulous care was taken in choosing these men; there were so many dangers on every side, and traitors were so common, that without these precautions Schamyl would probably soon have shared the fate of Cæsar.

With the skill of the statesman, and the iron will that befits the leader of men, Schamyl devoted himself to the occupation of his life; behind everything of course was the desire to drive out for ever from the Caucasus the soldiers of the terrible Czar. He failed; great men have often failed, and smaller men have succeeded, or have appeared to succeed. There is in the world no certainty of success for any of the sons of men; the great soul is always thrown back upon itself, and forced to see that the noblest work of all is to bring light and order into one's inner world; into that kingdom the armies of the Czar have no power of entrance. Many a hero of old time, and many a hero of our own time, have failed; not only Schamyl, but Kosciusko, Hofer, Abd-el-Kader, Kossuth, and Gordon have failed, if there is in the world nothing but the kaleidoscopic changes which meet the public eye. But if there be any beauty or dignity in human life, it is not in what you leave behind, but in what you take away. Schamyl for a quarter of a century ruled his subjects with so much wisdom, he worked out his ideas with so much skill, that it is impossible to resist a feeling of sadness that all his genius and heroism, all the devotion, the bravery, and the chivalry

that they inspired, should have left behind nothing but a memory. The soldier does not usually know what he is fighting for, but there was not a soldier in the Caucasus who did not know it.

It was inevitable that Schamyl should fail; if he could have put under arms every male adult among his subjects, and if his provisions and ammunition had been inexhaustible, he must still have failed. What could all have availed before the army Russia could have brought into the Caucasus? She could have left the dead bodies of a million men bleaching on those mountains, and could have sent another million to take their place; she is the only power in Europe whose resources cannot be measured. During his tenure of command Schamyl had harassed the Russians, and had often routed them, sometimes with terrible slaughter; he had been their prisoner at Achulko, and had escaped in so marvellous a way that the mountaineers henceforth believed him to bear a charmed life. Up to the time of the Crimean War Schamyl, though for nearly ten years he had been slowly losing ground, was still a formidable enemy; but after this the Russian operations were carried out on so extensive a scale, that the resistance of the mountaineers became less effectual month by month. Schamyl and four hundred of his Murids made a last stand at Mount Gunib, but the survivors (among whom was the Imam) had to yield to the Russian governor-general of the Caucasus, Prince Bariatinsky, on the 6th of September, 1859. Schamyl was taken to Russia, and lived there for about ten years; he was in a sense a prisoner, but he lived in his own house, and was indeed treated with singular kindness. What could the brave old man do in these years but read the Koran, live the past over again, and dream of the mountains that he loved? In 1870 he went as a pilgrim to Mecca, and died in March, 1871, at Medina. Such a man should die upon the field of battle.

The scattered tribes did not all yield at once. It was not until 1864 that the last of them submitted to the Russians, and this was followed by the exodus of nearly half a million of the mountaineers, who, unwilling to recognise the authority of the Czar, left the Caucasus for ever to find new homes in various parts of the Turkish empire. There is nothing of its kind so dramatic in modern history, except that flight of the Tartars, which the art of De Quincey has made known to the reader of good literature.

There remains an interesting portrait of Schamyl in his exile. "Although he is now [in 1861] more than sixty years old, he still seems robust; he is very tall, with square shoulders and a slender waist. You see at once that he is of a type peculiar to the Caucasus; an oval head, regular features, grey eyes, a long nose, small extremities—especially the feet. His carriage is sedate, and is not wanting in dignity; it is heavier than it used to be, partly owing to age, partly to the fatigues of war, and to the nineteen wounds which he has received; of these the most serious is that caused by a bayonet, which pierced the chest and entered the lung. Meditation, the austerities and agitations of his life, have furrowed his face with deep lines. If you study it in the excellent photograph which M. Moritz, of Tiflis, took when he passed through that city, you will certainly be struck by the calm and austere expression, which, however, has a shade of goodness. The eyes, half-hidden under thick eyebrows, tell of resolution and boldness; lifted upwards, they appear to be seeking

inspiration. The character of the face is, if I may so express it, entirely spiritualised; you might think that he was one of the old Christian ascetics, transfigured by meditation and prayer; or (if you prefer the comparison) like one of the Knights of the Temple in the hey-day of the order, while the white clothing of the Imam helps to complete the illusion."

There is little more that need be said about him. He was a hero in a century which has produced a great number of celebrities and a very small number of heroes. We do not think with Carlyle that the hero is the sum and substance of history, nor do we think with Mr. Herbert Spencer that the world can do its work just as well without heroes. It is possible to feel the charm of hero-worship, and yet to love moderation. Let us say that a true hero is wholesome and interesting, and that it is well to put one's self in touch with him.

Schamyl was not so attractive a personality as Kosciusko; he can better be compared with Garibaldi, Abd-el-Kader, or Kossuth, and to us he seems a greater man than any of the three. Mazzini might be mentioned with Garibaldi, but we confess (if Mr. Swinburne will forgive us for saying it) that we do not greatly like him; there were doubtful elements in his system of ethics, and he was too fond of talking about sacrifice, which is a mark of effeminacy. Schamyl of course had defects of character, but he was unaffectedly virile, as a hero ought to be. He was in more than one direction a greater man than Garibaldi; the Italian was only a soldier, while Schamyl was a great deal more. He had an advantage also in not having broken with the old religious systems, whereas Garibaldi's intellectual life was a matter of the most barren negation. One of the chief values of the old systems lies in the fact that they have crystallised the poetry of the human soul; a man of average intellectual power like Garibaldi who separates himself entirely from them, gives up a world of beauty and poetry, and never finds anything to take its place. Schamyl was a great religious force, one of the greatest of our century; and both as soldier and as priest he was one of the really notable men in the history of Mahommedanism. There were in him some of the characteristics of the old prophets and patriarchs; above all he had their thirst for righteousness and their noble patriotism. He had not, like Gordon, the best qualities of the saint; not as a type of transcendent goodness does one think of him, but as a lofty ascetic, a stern warrior who even in the camp could lead a life of contemplation. We prefer the saints, the pure souls that have distinction, yet are entirely simple and human. But Schamyl was a great man; and so long as there are readers in the world who love the heroic virtues, he will be an attractive personality.

THE BATTLE OF BEACHY HEAD.

(AN ESSAY IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE VALUE OF A FLEET IN BEING).

THE taste for reinstating historical characters is understood to have been discredited. Yet it lingers, and it survives with the greatest measure of strength when an opportunity seems to present itself for reversing one of Lord Macaulay's judgments. In this case one fashion forms alliance with another, and they exchange mutual support. The famous essay on Warren Hastings has provoked a shelfful of literature, more or less convincing, until the reader, who has not forgotten that change of name does not imply change of substance, begins to realise that here once more is an example of the kind of argument by which M. Jourdain's father was proved not to have been a clothier; he was only a good-natured gentleman with a sound taste in cloth, who gave it to his friends for money, merely to save them trouble. Warren Hastings did the things recorded in the essay, but they ought not to be described in Macaulay's words; that is all. Macaulay's unfairness and inaccuracy are found, in short, to resolve themselves in most cases into a difference of opinion between him and his critics as to the quality of certain acts.

Warren Hastings is a leading example, for India trains many men who write, and within the last generation our patriotism has become more French, not to say more Yankee, in tone than it was half a century ago. In Macaulay's time English patriotism strove to prove that it became an Englishman to do always what was right; now the true lover of England must maintain that the thing was right because the Englishman did it. Fashion has a voice in patriotism not less than in bonnets, but the latest fashion is not inevitably the best in either. Another illustrious victim has lately been rescued from Lord Macaulay, a far less famous man than Warren Hastings, but one well known, and known not wholly to his honour, namely, Arthur Herbert, Earl of Torrington. The passages in which his services at the time of the Revolution, and his errors after it, are described in the History will be familiar to every reader. Macaulay has allowed him full credit for his spirited and honourable resistance to the Test Act, nor has he refused him the virtue of personal courage; but he has charged him with being dissolute, corrupt, and selfish, and with showing one of the worst faults of a commander at Beachy Head, the fault of irresolution, since he would neither refuse to fight against his better judgment, nor fight with energy when he did give battle; he has also charged him with manœuvring to save the English ships at the expense of our Dutch allies.[1]

This is the verdict which we are now called upon to reverse; and not only so, but we are asked after taking Torrington from the pillory to put him on a pedestal, or even on a tripod, in order to make an oracle of him. Admiral Colomb has deduced a whole theory of the use of a fleet from Torrington's despatches, and the terminology of controversy has been enriched by the phrase *a fleet in being*, of which we can at least assert that

[1] HISTORY OF ENGLAND, ii. 208; iii. 433–4, and 607–8.

it is better English than *strategy* or *tactics*. What it means does not seem to be as yet quite clear, but then Marshal St. Cyr avowed his inability to understand what was meant by strategy, a new word in his time. Now it is familiar in leading articles, and politeness requires us to believe that all who use it could give an intelligible definition in current English if they were called upon so to do by authority. The doctrine of *the fleet in being* seems, when one goes by the ordinary meaning of the words used to demonstrate it, to be something like this: that an admiral who keeps his fleet in being by avoiding the enemy, can defend his country from any enterprises of that enemy, merely by virtue of remaining in existence although in flight. So stated it is a theory which, if extensively acted on, appears likely to introduce more humanity into the conduct of naval warfare. Still the mind refuses to accept it without question, and has indeed some difficulty in finding it intelligible. Perhaps we shall understand it better when we have examined the practice and precepts from which it has been deduced.

It is well to know as a preliminary what kind of man he was, whom we are now asked to class with Blake and Nelson. Macaulay's indictment of him we have read, and every count of that indictment is borne out by contemporary authority. Herbert's personal courage was never questioned. He boasted that he had lost more blood in action than any gentleman of his time, and the facts justify the claim. He fought, as lieutenant and captain, in the second and third Dutch wars. In later years he was much engaged against the Algerine pirates. In all this service his bravery was conspicuous, but no proof has ever been produced that he showed any other quality. His share in the third Dutch war ought particularly to be noticed, for in that struggle he had an opportunity of seeing with what an admirable mixture of judgment and vigour the famous Michael de Ruyter, a greater captain than Tromp, did the very work which he was himself to be called upon to do in 1690. Yet nothing can be less like De Ruyter's achievements in the art of war than Herbert's own management when his chance came. Now it may be a valid excuse for a commander that he could not go beyond the practice of the school in which he was taught; but when it can be shown that he has seen how work ought to be done, and yet has been unable to profit by the lesson he is proved to be unfit for great command, though he be ever so brave. All the witnesses are in a tale as to his personal character. It is not necessary to go to Burnet for evidence that he was a man "abandoned to luxury and vice." Burnet may have been prejudiced against Herbert, partly because of his Toryism, partly from having been egregiously bored by him. When Herbert came over to Holland in 1688 the management of him was intrusted to Burnet, who found the duty no easy thing. But Pepys in the diary of his journey to Tangier in 1683 says every whit as much, and supports it by examples of Herbert's unscrupulousness and neglect of the service. The future admiral was then in command in the Straits. At that time, even while we occupied Tangier, Cadiz was the usual house of call for the English trade to and from the Levant. A naval force was maintained there to give convoy to the merchant-ships. Part of its duty was to give safe passage home to the specie which, in spite of all Spanish laws against the export of bullion, was regularly imported into England from Cadiz. The position was one which in the lax days

of the Restoration lent itself to abuse. Pepys's diary of the expedition to Tangier with George Legge, Lord Dartmouth, for the purpose of withdrawing the English garrison, is full of the malpractices of the King's naval officers. It contains also a passage of conversation between Pepys and Dartmouth, who for those times was a very honest man, which does more to explain the misfortunes of the House of Stuart than pages of philosophical disquisition. "He besides observed something Spragg had said that our masters, the King and Duke of York, were good at giving orders and encouragement to their servants in office to be strict in keeping good order, but were never found stable enough to support officers in the performance of their orders. By which no man was safe in doing them service." Few dynasties exceeded the Stuarts in the faculty for making intelligent observations; but none were ever less able or less careful to stand by those who did good work for them against intriguers, tale-bearers, busybodies, or any other class of persons who hindered their business or disturbed their ease. Herbert is represented by Pepys as one of those who showed the least scruple in taking advantage of the disorders of the navy during the reign of Charles. He made use of his position as commander in the Straits to extort money, posted and moved his ships about with a view chiefly to securing "good voyages," that is to say, the percentage which was paid for the carrying of specie, and was oppressive in compelling his captains to share with him. Half the profits was reported to be his claim; and when captains got a good freight without his previous knowledge he would take the bullion from them, and keep it by him till he found a profitable way of sending it home, with no regard to the interests of the owners. The system was certainly one which offered many temptations to a dishonest man, but only that kind of man would habitually yield to them. Burnet's charges against Herbert of luxury and vice are made also by Pepys, who repeats, on the authority of one Scott a doctor, a story about a drunken debauch on the coast of Portugal which lasted for a month. There is no evidence of personal animosity on Pepys's part. Political dislike was out of the question, for both were Tories, and indeed the whole Herbert family were still "passionately the King's" in 1683; while Pepys, with all his weaknesses, was ever zealous for the King's service. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, of which there is not a jot, it must be presumed that he condemned Herbert because he thought him a bad, dishonest officer.

There is at least a strong probability that the explanation of some passages in Herbert's later life is to be found in these pages of Pepys. Burnet asserts that the admiral's real motive for resisting the King and joining the exiles in Holland was his jealousy of Dartmouth, who enjoyed a growing share of James's confidence in naval matters. This judgment does not err on the side of charity, and Herbert may be allowed the credit of having shown a certain disinterestedness in money matters at this period. Yet it may be remembered that a passionate man is capable of sacrificing even his immediate interest to his resentment. There are other considerations, too, which ought not to be forgotten. In 1687 it must have become obvious to all men of sense that James had entered on a very dangerous course. The risk of supporting him was at least as great as the danger of leaving him. While Arthur Herbert refused to support the King's dispensing

power, his brother, Sir Edward, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, remained staunch, and followed the King into exile. It was not an uncommon practice in those times for a family to take both sides in order to keep the property safe. If some such understanding was made between the two, it answered fairly well, for Edward's confiscated property was given after the Revolution to Arthur, who provided his brother at Paris with an income.

During his brief exile in Holland the admiral cannot have suffered severe privations. Burnet represents him as having a very high notion of his claims, and as insisting on them to the full. He certainly had the chief command of the Prince's fleet, a post which unquestionably brought with it pay and allowances. The Revolution gave him speedy and ample compensation for whatever he had lost by resisting King James. He had command of the Grand or, as we should now say, the Channel Fleet, which was then, and until permanent foreign stations were established at a much later period, the bulk of the navy. He was made a peer by the title of Earl of Torrington after his action with Chateau Renault in Bantry Bay, had a seat at the Admiralty Board as First Lord, and at least his fair share of the spoils of the successful party. The seat at the Board he lost or resigned in January, 1690. Macaulay, who refers to authorities, says that he was forced to go on the ground of the notorious neglect of his duty which earned him the nickname of Lord Tarry-in-town from the sailors, but that he was left in command of the fleet out of consideration to his important Tory connections, and amply compensated by pensions. Burnet says he resigned because he could not have his own way in everything. Torrington's defenders now have accepted a third explanation, based on the admiral's own words. They maintain that he resigned his seat because his colleagues would not consent to prepare what he thought a sufficient fleet for the defence of the country. They do not appear to see that this explanation is not much more creditable to Torrington than the other two. If he really thought that the Admiralty's policy was putting the country in danger, he should have done more than resign his seat at the Board with, or without, a compensating pension. He should have resigned his command of the Channel Fleet at the same time, and should have refused to make himself responsible for carrying out the measures of which he disapproved. We are well justified in judging him by his previous life, and therefore in supposing that he did not choose to resign the emoluments and patronage of command while he could retain them.

The task imposed on Torrington in 1690 was of a kind to put his capacity to the severest test. Louis the Fourteenth had determined to make a resolute effort to obtain command of the Channel while King William was absent in Ireland. The French ships at Toulon under Chateau Renault were brought round to Brest to join Tourville. Killigrew was in the Straits with a squadron sent out to protect the trade, but he failed to stop Chateau Renault. The concentration took the Government entirely by surprise. In his speech before the House of Commons Torrington threw the whole blame on the Admiralty, which had, he said, not only neglected his advice, but had wholly failed to watch the movements of the French. This excuse has been accepted by his apologists, who, however, have surely overlooked the fact that he was himself admiral in command, and could

have sent out cruisers to watch the enemy if he had so chosen. But Torrington did not even leave London to join his fleet till the end of May, and then only in obedience to very stringent orders. He asserts that after he joined, "We had always ships at sea, not only as scouts, but some ever upon the coast of France." Yet it is an undeniable fact that he was completely surprised at St. Helens by the appearance of a much superior French force near the Needles on the 23rd of June. For this he accounted by saying that the boats of the English ships were employed to transport Lord Pembroke's regiment, and that the Dutch ships, which Vice-Admiral Cullemberg had appointed for that service, delayed it to take in necessaries at the Isle of Wight. This contradicts his assertion that he had always ships on the look-out. It is impossible not to come to the conclusion that the duty of watching the enemy was very ill-discharged, or to acquit Torrington of the blame. All his boats cannot have been required to ship a single regiment, and in any case it was his duty to see that his orders were executed. His excuses are mainly evidence that Burnet was right in saying that he had "a good understanding." He was not wanting in the ingenuity which enables a man who has failed to give more or less plausible reasons for believing that everybody is in fault except himself.

The opportunity had now come to Torrington to show whether he was more than a jovial gentleman of unquestionable courage. He had with him fifty-six ships of war. There is more doubt as to the strength of the French fleet. The English admiral and his officers put it at eighty line-of-battle ships and a great swarm of galleys, fireships, and small craft. According to the French accounts the accurate figure for the liners was seventy. Estimates of an enemy's numbers are notoriously untrustworthy, and indeed are seldom quite honest. The French, it is to be noted, counted the strength of the allies at sixty of the line. When every allowance is made it is undeniable that the latter were outnumbered by the French. Yet they were not so inferior as the Dutch had been in the battles of Schonwelt and the Texel in 1673. It is, perhaps, only fair to remember that the Dutch were a united force of one nation acting against a coalition. In 1690 it was the smaller force which was composed of allies. Yet there is no ground for accusing the Dutch of disloyalty or want of spirit. The real difference between the two cases lay in the character of the admirals. Michael de Ruyter had not dawdled in town when he ought to have been with his fleet; he had not left others to do his work, careless whether it was done or not. Seeing his country menaced by a superior fleet with an invading army behind it, he had done all that lay in him to be ready, had strained his eyes to see the first fair chance to strike, had struck fiercely home, intent on doing the utmost damage to the enemy, had drawn off skilfully when his object was effected, and had in one summer fought three battles with superior forces, not only without suffering defeat, but without allowing the allies a chance of landing troops. Let us see what Torrington did.

So soon as the approach of the French was reported, he stood to sea. The fleets came in sight of one another to the south of the Isle of Wight, and the superior numbers of the French were at once manifest, though they were scattered and part of them to leeward. On Torrington's own showing they were very shy. He expressed his surprise at their unwillingness to engage, that they were apparently

anxious not to fight until they had the advantage of the wind as well as of numbers, and that they drew away from him. In such a position we know from the events of 1673 what De Ruyter would have done. The French line of battle of from seventy to eighty ships must have stretched for some eight miles, even if they had all been together and if the vessels were only a cable's length apart. It was easy to concentrate a superior force on the rear of this long line with the certainty that it might be severely handled, or even cut to pieces before the van could turn to its support. This is what De Ruyter had done, with prompt valour and a large measure of success. Torrington had seen him do it, but had learned nothing from the lesson. His prevailing sentiment seems to have been one of gratification at the embarrassment which the presence of a superior French force in the Channel must cause his rivals at the Admiralty and in Queen Mary's council. "Let them tremble," he wrote from off Dunnose to Nottingham, "at the consequences, whose fault it is the fleet is no stronger." For himself he would, of course, do his duty, and his idea of the best way of doing it was to retire before the French to the Gun-fleet at the mouth of the Thames, where he might be joined by fresh ships from Chatham, and even by Killigrew from the west if "the French come before the river." According to the general practice of the time, and the universal habit of weak men in a position of danger, he called a council of war, which of course bore him out in his timid decision. A council of war never fights. The allies now began to put into execution their highly scientific policy of resisting the French by running before them, and Torrington sent a messenger to London to report their intention to the Council.

The effect produced by this letter when it reached London can be easily understood. The Government, hard pressed as it was by calls from every side, had no doubt failed to make the fleet as strong as it might have been. It had relied on the Dutch, who for their part were being constrained by the enormous cost of the war on land to sacrifice their navy, and had been unable to send the expected number of ships. Still its errors and miscalculations do not prove that it was wrong in condemning Torrington's decision to retire to the Gun-fleet. The fear of a Jacobite rising was great, and if Tourville was to be left unmolested in the Channel, except by the mere existence of an admiral whose every movement showed a determination not to fight, there was a real risk that French troops might be passed over. The danger was not so great as was supposed. Louis had his hands full on the Rhine, in Flanders, and in Ireland; he had no soldiers to spare, and the Jacobites could not move without help. So the peril passed; but no thanks are due to Torrington, who would have left the enemy the command of the Channel without compelling him to pay the price of a battle for it. To the scandal of the admiral's defenders the Council was unable to grasp the doctrine that A can prevent B from attacking C by pointedly getting out of B's way. It seems also that the Council suspected Torrington of greatly exaggerating the enemy's force, and, unless the French lied, the Council was right. It seems also to have thought that he was capable of retiring to the Gun-fleet at once, and of losing sight of the enemy altogether. After the heated scene at the Council-board which Macaulay has described, the orders sent to Torrington were calculated to cut short any such intention on his part. The Queen disapproved of his

proposed retreat to the Gun-fleet. She ordered him to fight on the first advantage rather than fall back; but she left him free to manœuvre so as to get to westward of the French fleet and join Killigrew (who was now on his way back from the Straits) if he preferred to do so, provided he did not lose sight of Tourville.

These orders reached Torrington on the evening of the 29th of June when he was at anchor under Beachy Head, with the French also at anchor a few miles to the west of south of him. They contained no peremptory command to fight at once, but a man who shrank from all responsibility might so understand them. Torrington chose to put that interpretation upon them. He held a council of his subordinates, Dutch and English, showed the Qüeen's letter, and received their hearty promise to play the man; there was a risk, but it was one they were ready to face. Before they met, Torrington had written to Nottingham the letter of a man who feels he is being sacrificed, and who goes into battle reluctant and predisposed to do the least he can.

On the morning of the 30th of June there was a good breeze off the land from the north and north-east. This was the case foreseen by the orders of the previous evening. The red flag at the main (the signal to engage the enemy) was hoisted in Torrington's ship, and the whole fleet bore down on the enemy in line abreast, that is to say, side by side. The Dutch, or White division, was on the extreme right; Torrington was in the centre with the Red Squadron; Delaval commanded the Blue on the left. The French got under way with the allies, and lay in a long concave line stretching for miles from east to west, with their heads to the west and their topsails to the mast, that is to say, as near as may be stationary. To a real captain the opportunity ought to have been irresistibly delectable. He saw an enemy lying passive to leeward of him, drawn out in so long a line that the westward end could not have tacked to the support of the rear under some hours. He had only to fall with forty of his ships on the nearest five-and-twenty or thirty of the French, leaving sixteen others to watch and harass their van as it turned. This is what De Ruyter had done; and, if Torrington had followed his example, there is every probability that he would have cut the rear of Tourville's line to pieces, or, if it gave way at once, have thrown his great unhandy fleet into a confusion which would have presented many opportunities to bold and seamanlike men.

What Torrington actually did was to throw away the magnificent chance fortune had given him of being superior at the point of attack. He steered down on the French in a long line, his van with their van, his centre with their centre, his rear with their rear, thus giving the enemy the full advantage of his numbers. As he started from a point not perpendicularly to windward of the French, but a little to the east, he could not go down direct, but was compelled to steer in parallel slanting lines, or, as it was called in the sea-language of the time, "lasking." The inevitable result was that the Dutch, with whom were a few English ships under Sir John Ashby, came into action first. They pressed on boldly to close quarters, and the first of their ships reached as far as the ninth or tenth of the French line. Delaval brought the French rear to close action. Torrington himself, who came opposite the concave French centre, hauled up at "an awful distance," and remained throughout the action little more than a spectator of the fighting on his van

and rear. There was, wholly through his own mismanagement, a gap between the centre and the van; and he was afraid, it seems, that the French would tack through the opening and put his rear between two fires. He therefore held the vessels immediately around him back, in order to head them if they made the attempt. But the disaster which he feared for the rear actually happened to the van. The most advanced French ships tacked, and thus were able to place themselves on both sides of the leading Dutch ships. It says very little for the fighting of King Louis's navy that the allied van escaped at all; but some allowance must be made for the rude gunnery of the time. As it was, the Dutch were cruelly mauled, and were finally saved by the indifferent seamanship of the French. The tide began to ebb. With the ebb tide there is always a westerly current in the Channel, and, as the fire had beaten down the wind, the two fleets began to drift. The Dutch anchored with sail set. The French had not the seamanship, or the self-possession, to do the same, and were thus carried bodily to the westward. One Dutch ship, which had had its cables destroyed by the French fire, was unable to anchor, and so drifted into the middle of the French, to whom she became a prize. Torrington, to his honour be it said, drifted his own squadron down between the crippled Dutch and the enemy. Then he too anchored. When the tide again turned to flood, bringing with it the easterly surface current, he got under way and fled to the Thames, burning his most severely injured ships to save them from falling into the hands of the enemy. He was pursued by Tourville with a degree of caution which implies a most severe condemnation of his own want of spirit. Even now the French admiral did not venture to depart from the line of battle; he followed cautiously and in order, as if feeling that he was dealing with an enemy whom it was wise to treat with respect. The Comte de Tourville paid his opponent an undeserved compliment. Torrington was not the man to discover that he was in front of an enemy with whom a bold demeanour and vigorous action were safe; his mind was so constituted that he expected the worst; fear of the evil which might happen to himself, not hope of the damage which by intrepid good management he might do the enemy, ruled his conduct.

This in its main lines was the battle of Beachy Head, which the French call of Bevézier, a corruption of Pevensey. Looking at the facts it must surely strike every impartial reader that Macaulay was right when he said that Torrington shrank alike from fighting and from the responsibility of refusing to fight, and that, he succeeded in finding out a middle way uniting all the inconveniences which he wished to avoid. If he thought it too dangerous to give battle he might have declined to do so on the 30th of June, for his instructions left him a certain latitude; the only peremptory order was not to lose sight of the French. If he felt bound to fight he ought to have struck as hard as he could, and to have done what he could to counteract the enemy's superiority of numbers. But Torrington touched the enemy as a Highlander did a plough-handle, as if he feared his fingers would be burned. He did keep the centre of his fleet at such a distance that it could do no injury to the enemy, and beyond question his motive was to keep it out of harm's way. It may be that Torrington did not expressly mean to sacrifice the Dutch, and that, if the direction of the wind and the

position of the French had required him to bear down towards the left and not the right, he would have manœuvred just as he in fact did, though in that case the loss would have fallen upon Delaval. What is certain is that, if he knew the rudiments of his business, and he had seen much service, he must have been aware that the Dutch would come first into action and be exposed to great risks. Yet he allowed a gap to form between his own squadron and theirs, made not the faintest effort to help them while the action lasted, but left them to extricate themselves by their own stout hearts and seamanship. As for endeavouring to counteract the enemy's superiority of numbers by an intelligent disposition of his forces, we have seen that he did the exact reverse.

In the speech which he afterwards delivered in the House of Commons he endeavoured to justify his unwillingness to fight on the ground that, so long as his fleet remained "in being," the enemy could attempt nothing against our coast except at great hazard. Some writers, of whom Admiral Colomb is the best known, have built on this plausible excuse the notable theory that one naval force which finds itself shunned by another is bound to consider itself as held in check. We must take into account, they say, the effect which a possible intervention of this shy defender will produce on the enemy's mind. A good deal of course must depend on the constitution of the mind. If it is Torrington's or Byng's, it will work in one way; if it is Suffren's or Sir Samuel Hood's, it will work in another. Torrington's contemporaries did not hold this theory. When on the return of the fleet to the Thames an inquiry was held into the circumstances of the action, a good deal of play was made with the question whether if the Red Squadron had borne down closer on the enemy it would not have been exposed to the risk of being raked. Sir Ralph Delaval, a very fighting officer, answered that of course it would, "For he that will fight, must venture." Torrington wanted to fight but not to venture, as Macaulay very wisely says. Therefore his name is associated with a half-begotten battle in which he did no harm to the enemy, suffered a great deal himself, and only escaped total destruction through the timidity of Tourville. Had he been less disposed to cast about for excuses to do nothing, he might have availed himself of that timidity to win a great victory; but he could think only of the means of avoiding danger, and of the pleasure of seeing those who had turned him out of the Admiralty brought to disgrace at the expense of his country. The minutes of the court-martial which acquitted him are lost, and we do not know on what grounds his judges decided. But let them be what they may, his acquittal was the first of a long series of scandalous verdicts which finally provoked the House of Commons into passing the stern act under which Byng was shot. It is strange that such a man should find defenders in the navy. It can only be accounted for on the supposition that some officers are so eager to convince their country of the truth that the navy is its best defence, that they have gone to extremes. They have committed themselves to the astonishing proposition that a navy defends, not by hard hitting, but by the much easier course of continuing "in being."

THE TREASURE OF SHAGUL.

It was past two o'clock, and Aladin, the elephant-driver, had gathered together his usual audience under the shade of the mango tree near the elephant-shed. Aladin was a noted story-teller; he had a long memory, and an exhaustless fund of anecdote. It was ten years since he had come from Nepaul with Moula Piari, the big she-elephant, and for ten years he had delighted the inhabitants of the canal-settlement at Dadupur with his tales. It was his practice to tell one story daily, never more than one; and his time for this relaxation was an hour or so after the midday meal, when he would sit on a pile of *sal* logs, under the mango tree, and his small audience, collecting round him in a semi-circle, would wait patiently until the oracle spoke. No one ever attempted to ask him to begin. Once Bullen, the water-carrier, the son of Bishen, after waiting in impatient expectation through ten long minutes of solemn silence, had suggested that it was time for Aladin to commence, when the old man, rising in wrath and asking the water-carrier if he was his slave, smote him over the ear, and stalked off to the elephant-shed. For three days there was no story-telling, and Bullen, the son of Bishen, had a hard time of it with his fellows. Finally matters were adjusted; both Aladin and Bullen were persuaded by Gunga Din, the tall Burkundaz guard, to forget the past, and affairs went on in the old way. That was three years ago, but the lesson had not been forgotten. So although it happened on this April afternoon, that all the elephant-driver's old cronies were there, —Gunga Din, the Burkundaz, Dulaloo, the white-haired Sikh messenger whc had been orderly to Napier of Magdala, Piroo Ditta the telegraph-clerk, and Gobind Ram the canal-accountant, with a half-score others—yet not one of them ventured to disturb the silence of Aladin, as he sat, gravely stroking his beard, on the ant-eaten *sal* logs which had mouldered there for so many years. They were the remains of a wrecked raft that had come down in a July flood, and having been rescued from the water, were stacked under the mango tree for the owner to claim. No owner ever came, but they had served as food for the white ants, and as a bench for Aladin, for many a year. The afternoon was delicious; a soft breeze was blowing, and the leaves of the trees tinkled overhead. Above the muffled roar of the canal pouring through the open sluices, came the clear bell-like notes of a blackbird, who piped joyously to himself from a snag that stood up, jagged and sharp, out of the clear waters of the Some. To the north the Khyarda and Kalessar Duns extended in long lines of yellow, brown, and gray, and above them rose the airy outlines of the lower Himalayas, while higher still, in the absolute blue of the sky, towered the white peaks of the eternal snows. Beeroo, the Sansi, saw the group under the mango tree as he crossed the canal-bridge, and hastened towards it. Beeroo was a member of a criminal tribe, a tribe of nomads who lived by hunting and stealing, who are to be found in every Indian fair as acrobats, jugglers, fortune-tellers, or tramping painfully through the peninsula with a tame bear or per-

forming monkeys. In short the Sansis are very similar to gipsies, if they are not, indeed, the parent stock from which our own "Egyptians" spring. Beeroo came up to the sitters, but as he was of low-caste, or rather of no caste, he took up his position a little apart, leaning on a long knotted bamboo staff, his coal black eyes glancing keenly around him. "It is Beeroo," said Dulaloo the Sikh, and with this greeting lapsed into silence. Aladin ceased stroking his henna-stained beard, and looked at the new-comer.

"Ai, Beeroo! What news?"

"There is a tiger at Hathni Khoond, and I have marked him down. Is the Sahib here?"

"The Sahib sleeps now," replied Aladin; "it is the time for his noontide rest. He will awaken at four o'clock."

"I will see his Honour then," replied Beeroo, "and there will be a hunt to-morrow."

"Is it a big tiger!" asked Bullen, the son of Bishen.

"Aho!" and the Sansi, sliding his hands down the bamboo staff, sank to a sitting posture.

"When was it the Sahib slew his last tiger?" asked Piroo Ditta, the telegraph-clerk.

"Last May, at Mohonagh, near the temple," answered Aladin; "I remember well, for the elephant lost a toe-nail in fording the river-bed—poor beast!"

"At Mohonagh! That is where the Shagul Tree is," said Gobind Ram.

"True, brother. Hast heard the tale?"

There was a chorus of "noes," that drowned Gobind Ram's "yes," and Aladin, taking a long pull at his water-pipe, began.

"When Raja Sham Chand had ruled in Suket for six years, he fell into evil ways, and abandoning the shrine of Mohonagh, where his fathers had worshipped for generations, set up idols to a hundred and fifty gods. Prem Chand, the high priest of Mohonagh, cast himself at the Raja's feet, and expostulated with him in vain, for Sham Chand only laughed, saying Mohonagh was old and blind. Then he mocked the priest, and Prem Chand threw dust on his own head, and departed sore at heart. So Mohonagh was deserted, and the Raja wasted his substance among dancing-girls and the false priests who pandered to him. About this time Sham Chand, being a fool although a king, put his faith in the word of the emperor at Delhi, and came down from the hills to find himself a prisoner. In his despair the Raja called upon each one of his hundred and fifty gods to save him, promising half his kingdom if his prayers were answered; but there was no reply. At last the Raja bethought him of the neglected Mohonagh, and falling on his knees implored the aid of the god, making him the same promise of half his kingdom, and vowing that if he were but free, he would put aside his evil ways, return to the faith of his fathers, and destroy the temples of his false gods. As he prayed he heard a bee buzzing in his cell, and watching it, saw it creep into a hollow between two of the bricks in the wall, and then creep out again, and buzz around the room. Sham Chand put his hand to the bricks and found they were loose. He put them back carefully, and waited till night. Under cover of the dark he set to work once more, and removing brick after brick, found that he could make his passage through the wall. This he did and effected his escape. When he came back to Suket he kept his vow, and more than this. Within the walls of the *mandar* of Mohonagh grows a *shagul*, or wild pear-tree.

On this tree the Raja nailed a hundred and fifty gold mohurs, a coin for each one of the false gods whose idols he destroyed, and decreed that every one in Suket who had a prayer answered, should affix a coin or a jewel to the tree. That was a hundred years ago, and now the stem of the Shagul Tree is covered with coins and jewels to the value of *lakhs*. I saw it with my own eyes. This is not all, for when at Mohonagh I heard that the god strikes blind any thief who attempts to steal but a leaf from the tree. *Bus!*—there is no more to tell."

"*Wah! Wah!*" exclaimed the listeners, and Beeroo put in, "Lakhs of rupees didst thou say, Mahoutjee?"

"I have said what I have said, O Sansi, and thou hast heard. Hast thou a mind to be struck blind?"

Beeroo made no answer, and the group shortly afterwards broke up. But Gobind Ram, the canal-accountant, who knew the story of the Shagul Tree, went straight to his quarters. Here he wrote a brief note on a piece of soft yellow paper, and sealed it carefully. Then he drew forth a pigeon from a cage in a corner of the room, and fastening the letter to the bird, freed the pigeon with a toss into the air. The carrier circled slowly thrice above the *neem* trees, and then spreading its strong slate-coloured wings, flew swiftly towards the hills. Gobind Ram watched the speck in the sky until it vanished from sight, then he went in, muttering to himself, "The high priest will know in an hour that Beeroo the Sansi has heard of the Shagul Tree—Ho, Aladin, thou hast too long a beard and too long a tongue," and the subtle Brahmin squatted himself down to smoke.

An hour afterwards, as Aladin was taking the she-elephant to water, he saw a figure going at a long slouching trot along the yellow sandbanks of the Some, making directly towards the north. The old man shaded his eyes with his hands and looked keenly at it; but his sight was not what it was, and he turned to Mahboob, the elephant-cooly, who would step into his shoes some day, when he died, and asked: "See'st thou that figure on the sandbank there, Mahboob?"

"It is the Sansi," answered Mahboob. "Behold! He limps on the left foot, where the leopard clawed him at Kara Ho. Perchance the Sahib will not hear of the tiger to-day."

"If ever, Mahboob," answered the Mahout; "would that mine eyes were young again. *Hai!*" and he tapped Moula Piari's bald head with his driving-hook, for her long trunk was reaching out to grasp a bundle of green grass from the head of a grass-cutter, who was bearing in fodder for the Sahib's pony.

Mahboob was not mistaken; it was Beeroo. When the party broke up, he alone remained apparently absorbed in thought. After a time he took some tobacco from an embroided pouch hanging at his waist, crushed it in the palm of his hand, and rolled a cone-shaped cigarette with the aid of a leaf, fastening the folds of the leaf together with a small dry stick which he stuck through the cigarette like a hair-pin. At this he sucked, his forehead contracted into a frown, and his bead-like eyes fixed steadily before him. Finally he rose quickly as one who has made a sudden resolve.

"The tiger can wait for the Sahib," he said to himself; "but *lakhs* of rupees—they wait also—for me. I will go and worship at Mohonagh. The idol will surely make the convert a gift."

Laughing softly to himself, he stole off with long cat-like steps in the direction of the river. He forded the Some where it was crossed by the telegraph-line, and the water was but breast-deep. Once on the opposite

bank, he shook himself like a dog, and breaking into a trot, headed straight for the hills. His way led up a narrow and steep track, hedged in with thorns over which the purple convolvulus twined in a confused network. On either hand were sparse fields of gram and corn, which ran in lozenge shapes up the low hillsides, ending in a tangle of underwood, beyond which rose the solid outlines of the forest. As the sun was setting he came to a long narrow ravine, over which the road crossed. Here he stopped, and instead of keeping to the road, turned abruptly to the right and trotted on. In the darkening woods above him he heard the cry of a panther, and the alarmed jabbering of the monkeys in the trees above their most dreaded enemy. Beeroo marked the spot with a glance as he went on: "I will buy a gun when I come back from Mohonagh," he muttered to himself, "a two-barrelled gun of English make. The Thanadar at Thakot has one for sale, a *birich-lodas* [breechloader]; and then I will shoot that panther." *Hough! Hough!* The cry of the animal rang through the forest again, as if in assent to his thoughts, and Beeroo continued his way. Just as the sun sank and darkness was setting in, he saw the wavering glimmer of a circle of camp-fires and the outlines of figures moving against the light. The flare of the burning wood discovered also a few low tents, shaped like casks cut in half lengthwise, and lit up with red the gray fur of a number of donkeys that were tethered within the radius of the fires. In a little time he heard the barking of dogs, and five minutes later was with the tents of his tribe.

One or two men exchanged brief greetings with him, and answering them, he stepped up to the centre fire, where a tall good-looking woman addressed him. "Aho, Beeroo, is it you? Is the hunt to be to-morrow?"

"The Sahib was asleep," answered Beeroo; "give me to eat."

The woman brought him food. It was a stew made of the flesh of a porcupine that had been kept warm in an earthenware dish, and Beeroo ate heartily of this, quenching his thirst with a draught of the fiery spirit made from the blossoms of the *mhowra*, after which he began to smoke once more, using a small clay pipe called a *chillum*. His wife, for so the woman was, made no attempt to converse with him, but left him to the company of his tobacco and his thoughts. Beeroo sat moodily puffing blue curls of smoke from his pipe, and with a black blanket drawn over his shoulders, stared steadily into the fire. So he sat for hours, no one disturbing him, sat until the camp had gone to rest, and the wind alone was awake and sighing through the forest. Sagoo, his big white hound, came close to him, and lay by his side, as if to hint that it was time to sleep. Beeroo stroked the lean, muscular flank of the dog, and looked around him. "In a little time," he said to himself, "I will be Beeroo Naik, with a village of my own and wide lands. Beeroo Naik," he repeated softly to himself, with a lingering pride on the title implied in the last word. Then he rolled himself up in his blanket; Sagoo snuggled beside him, and they slept.

Beeroo awoke long before sunrise. He drank some milk, stole into his tent, and crept out again with a stout canvas haversack in his hands. Into this sack, which contained other things besides, he stuffed some broken meat and bread made of Indian corn, and slung it over his shoulders. Then grasping his staff, he gave a last look around him, and plunged into the jungle. Sagoo would have followed, but Beeroo ordered him back, and the

hound with drooping tail and wistful eyes watched the figure of his master until it was lost in the gloom of the trees. Beeroo walked on tirelessly, and by midday was far in the hills. He could go from sunrise to sunset at that long trotting pace of his, rest a little, eat a little, and then keep on till the sun rose again. He was now high up in the hills. The *sal* trees had given place to the screw-pine, silk-cotton and mango were replaced by holm-oak and walnut. In the tangle of the low bushes the dog-rose and wild jessamine bloomed, and the short green of the grass was spangled with the wood violet, the amaranth, and the pimpernel. Far below the Jumna hummed down to the plains in a white lashing flood, and the voice of the distant river reached him, soft and dreamy, through the murmur of the pines. As he glanced into the deep of the valleys, a blue pheasant rose with its whistling call, and with widespread wings sailed slowly down into the mist below. The sunlight caught the splendour of his plumage, and he dropped like a jewel into the pearl gray of the vapour that clung to the mountain-side. Beeroo looked at the bird for a moment, and then lifting his gaze, fixed it on a white spot on the summit of the forest-covered hill to his left. He made out a cone-like dome, surmounting a square building, built like an eagle's nest at the edge of the precipice which fell sheer for a thousand feet to the silver ribbon of the river. It was the *mandar*, or temple of Mohonagh, and so clear was the air, that it seemed as if Beeroo had only to stretch out his staff to touch the white spot before him. He knew better than that however, and knew too that the sun must rise again before he could rest himself beneath the walls of the temple, and look on the treasure of the Shagul.

"*Ram, ram*, Mohonagh!" he cried, saluting the far-off shrine in mockery, and then continued his way. When he had gone thus for another hour or so, he came upon the traces of a recent encampment. There was a heap of stale fodder, one or two earthenware pots were lying about, and the remains of a fire still smouldered under the lee of a walnut tree. Hard by, on the opposite side of the track, a huge rock rose abruptly, and from its scarred side a bubbling spring plashed musically into a natural basin, and, overflowing this, ran across the path in a small stream, past the tree and over the precipice, where it lost itself in a spray in which a quivering rainbow hung. Here Beeroo halted, and having broken his fast and slaked his thirst, proceeded to totally alter his personal appearance. This he did by the simple process of removing his turban of Turkey red and his warm vest, the only covering he had for the upper portion of his body. After this he let down his long straight hair, which he wore coiled in a knot, to fall freely over his shoulders. Then he smeared himself all over, head and all, with ashes from the fire; and when this was done he stood up a grisly phantom in which no one would have recognised the Sansi tracker. He hid his sandals and the wearing apparel he had removed in a secure place in a cleft in the rocks, and marking the spot carefully, went on—no longer Beeroo the Sansi, a man of no caste, but a holy mendicant. In his left hand he held one of the earthen vessels he had found under the walnut, in his right, his bamboo staff, and the knapsack hung over his shoulders. When he had gone thus for about a mile he heard the melancholy "*Aosh! Aosh!*" of cattle-drivers in the hills and the tinkling of bells. Turning a bluff he came face to face with a small caravan of

bullocks, returning from the interior, laden with walnuts, dried apricots, and wool. Each bullock had a bundle of merchandise slung on either side, and the frontlet of the leading animal was adorned with strings of blue beads and shells. The caravan-drivers walked, and as they urged their beasts along, repeated at intervals their call, which to European ears would sound more like a sigh of despair than a cry of encouragement. Beeroo stood by the side of the road, and, stretching out his ash-covered hands, held out the vessel for alms. Each man as he passed dropped a little into it for luck, one a brown copper, another some dried fruit, a third a handful of parched grain, and Beeroo received these offerings in a grave silence as became his holy calling. He stayed thus until the caravan was out of sight; then he collected the few coins and tossed the rest of the contents of the vessel on to the roadside. He was satisfied that his disguise was complete, and that he could face the priests of the temple at Mohonagh without fear of discovery, for the carriers were Bunjarees, members of a tribe allied to his own, whose lynx-eyes would have discovered a Sansi in a moment unless his disguise was perfect.

"*Thoba!*" laughed Beeroo to himself as he pressed on. "Had the Bunjarees only known who I was, I had heard the whisper of their sticks through the air, and my back might have been sore; but the blessing of Mohonagh is upon me," he chuckled.

Beeroo rested that evening in a cave. He rose at midnight, however, and travelling without a check was by morning ascending the winding road that led to the shrine. He was not alone here, for there were a number of pilgrims toiling up the ascent, halting now and again to take breath, as they wearily climbed the narrow track set in between the red and brown rocks, and overhung by wild apricot and holm oak. Among the pilgrims were those who, in expiation of their sins, wriggled up the height on their faces like snakes, others who laid themselves flat at every third step, others again who crawled up painfully on their blistered hands and knees; there were women going to thank the god for the blessing of children, bearded Dogras of the hills, ash-covered and ochre-robed mendicants, and a fat *mahajun*, or money-lender, who had won a lawsuit and ruined a village. All these were hurrying towards the shrine, and their hands were full.

Under the arch of the gateway stood Prem Sagar, the high-priest of Mohonagh, and flung grain towards a countless number of pigeons that fluttered and cooed around him. "They are the eyes and ears of the temple," he said to himself as he gazed upon them; "they warn the shrine of danger, they bring the news of the world beyond the hills, they are surer than the telegraph of the Sahibs, for they tell no secrets. Perchance," and he looked down on the specks slowly nearing the gate, "amongst that crowd of fools is Beeroo the Sansi; if so the god will welcome him, and there will be another miracle. Purun Chand!" and he called out to a subordinate priest, who approached him reverently. "Purun Chand, awaken the god."

Purun Chand placed a conch-horn to his lips, and blew a long deep-toned call. Its dismal notes were caught up in the hills and echoed from valley to valley, until they died away, moaning in the deeps of the forest. As the call rang out dolefully, the pilgrims ascending the road fell on their knees, and with one voice cast up a wailing cry, "Ai, ai, Mohonagh!" And Beeroo the Sansi, the man of

no caste, whose very presence so near the temple was an abomination, shouted the loudest of all.

Half an hour later, Prem Sagar, the high priest, naked to the waist, with his brahminical cord hanging over his left shoulder and a red and white trident painted on his forehead, stood on the stone steps leading up to the shrine, and watched with keen eyes the pilgrims as they came within the temple walls. The devotees took no notice of him, except some of the women who prostrated themselves, while he bowed his head gravely in answer, but said nothing. His lips were muttering prayers in a sing-song tone, but his eyes were tirelessly watching the groups as they came up in files. At last Beeroo appeared, and on his coming to the steps, slightly dragging his left foot, a quick light shone in the high-priest's eyes.

"Soh! It is the holy man!" his thoughts ran on. "Gobind Ram did well to warn me of his limp. There too are the five marks of the leopard's claws, running down the inside of the calf." As Beeroo approached the priest, he imitated the action of a woman before him, and prostrated himself. Prem Sagar pretended not to see him; but raised his voice to a loud chant, and repeated the mystic words, *Om, mane padme, om!* [1] There was a time when these words caused the heavens to thunder as at the sacred name of Jehovah; but now the limpid blue of the sky was undisturbed, as the priest called out to the jewel in the lotus, the symbol of the Universal God.

"*Om, mane padme, om!*" repeated Beeroo, and passed into the shrine. He found himself in a room about twenty feet square, the walls and floor blackened by age and by the smoke from the cressets which burned day and night in little niches in the walls. Overhead the vault of the dome was in inky darkness, and in front of him, three-headed and four-armed, painted a bright red, was the grinning idol of Mohonagh. At the feet of the god were the offerings of the pilgrims, and on each side of the idol stood an attendant priest holding a censer, which he swung to and fro, and the fumes from which, heavy with the odour of the wild jasmine and the champac, curled slowly up to the blackened dome. But it was not on the idol, nor on the priests, nor on the worshippers, that Beeroo's eyes were fixed. They were bent to the right of the idol, where the trunk of the Shagul Tree rose from the flooring of the temple like the body of a huge snake, and, escaping outside through a cutting in the wall, spread out into branches and leaves. In fact the temple was built around the tree, and even through the gloom, Beeroo could see that the part of the tree within the temple walls was covered with coins and gems. The coins, old and blackened with smoke, looked like scales on the snake-like trunk of the Shagul Tree: the gold and silver of the jewels were dimmed of their brightness; but through the murky scented atmosphere the Sansi saw the dusky burning red of the ruby, the green glow of the emerald, the orange flame within the opal, and the countless lights in the diamond; and all these came and went like stars twinkling through the veil of a dark night. The Sansi almost gasped, such riches as these were beyond his dreams; they truly meant *lakhs* of rupees. A single one of the gems would buy him a village and lands; if he could get the whole! His brain almost reeled at the thought, and it was with an effort that he steadied himself, and

[1] "*Om*, the jewel in the lotus, *om!*" The *padma*, or lotus, is the flower from which Brahma sprang.

laying his offering at the feet of the god, backed slowly out of the temple.

Between the outer walls and the shrine was a space about a hundred feet square, shaded by a number of walnut trees. Hither the Sansi betook himself, and placing his earthen bowl on the ground, sat down behind it, staring stolidly before him, as if trying to lose himself in that abstraction by which the devotee attains to *nirvana*. Some of the pilgrims piously dropped food into the vessel; but Beeroo took no heed of this, his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his mind was revolving many things. So hour after hour passed, and Beeroo still sat motionless as a stone. Prem Sagar approached him once and spoke; but the holy man made no answer, judging it better to pretend to be under a vow of silence, than to betray anything by converse with the Brahmin. The high-priest turned away smiling to himself. "Blue-throated Krishna," he murmured, "but the Sansi plays his part well! I had been deceived myself, had I not been warned by the—god," and he walked to the temple-gates, and gazed down into the valley beneath him.

At last the strain of the position he had assumed began to tell upon Beeroo. Tough as he was, he had not had practice in those incredible feats of patient endurance to which the regular *Bairajis*, or holy men, have accustomed themselves. Beeroo would have followed the track of a wounded stag like a jackal for three days; he would have lifted a cow at Jagadri at nightfall, and by morning been in the Mohun Pass; he would have danced his tame bear at Umritsur at noontide, and when the moon rose would have been resting at the Taksali Gate of Lahore; but to sit without motion for hour after hour, to sit until his limbs seemed paralysed and his blood dead—this was unbearable. At all hazards this must be ended; and he suddenly rose, and began to move up and down, gesticulating wildly. The people who looked on, thought he was mad, and therefore more holy than ever. They little knew of the method in the Sansi's madness, and that he was making the frozen blood circulate once again in his cramped limbs. When he had done this, he came back, ate a little, and coiling himself up in the dust went to sleep, his sack under his head.

By sunset most of the pilgrims had departed from the shrine, leaving only those who, having far to go, determined to camp within the inclosure of the temple-walls for the night. They had brought provisions with them, and soon fires were sputtering merrily, and little groups sat around them, enjoying themselves in the subdued fashion of Indians. The holy man was not forgotten; his vessel was soon full of smoking hot cakes of Indian corn, and one kinder than the others placed a brass *lota* of milk beside him. The holy one proved himself to be very willing to accept these gifts, and doubtless refreshed by his sleep, ate and drank with a very mundane appetite. While thus engaged, a little child came, and placing an offering of a string of flowers at his feet, shyly ran back to his parents. Prem Sagar saw this, and turning to the same priest who had aroused the idol in the morning, said: "Purun Chand, while standing at the temple-gates this morning, mine eyes became dim, and there was a roaring in mine ears. Then I heard the voice of the idol, of Mohonagh, and he said unto me: 'Five score years have passed to-day since the days of Sham Chand the king, since the days of the high-priest Prem Chand, since I, Mohonagh, have spoken. Now to-night is the

night of the new moon, and I, Mohonagh, will work a sign.' Then the darkness cleared away, and all was as before. Therefore I say to thee, Purun Chand, let not the idol be watched to-night: let the temple-gates be kept open that Mohonagh may enter; and to-morrow at the dawning we shall behold his sign."

Purun Chand bowed his obedience to the high-priest; and then the darkness came, and with it the stars, and the thin scimitar of the young moon set slantwise in the sky. Beeroo was in no hurry; he had plenty of time to think out his plan of action, and had resolved to make his attempt in the small hours of the morning, for choice, in that still time between night and day, when all would be asleep, when even if it became necessary to remove an obstacle from his path, no one would hear the stroke of the knife or the groan of the victim. A little after midnight, then, Beeroo arose to his feet, and looked cautiously about him. Everything was very still; the camp-fires burned low and there was no sound except the rustle of the leaves overhead. The tree beneath which he rested was very near the temple-gates, and it struck him that they were open. He crept softly towards them, and found it was as he thought. "The blessing of Mohonagh *is* on me," he laughed lowly to himself as he came back. He thrust his hand into his sack, and pulled out a light but strong claw-hammer, and a knife with a pointed blade keen as a razor. As he brought them forth they clicked against each other, and in the dead stillness the sharp, metallic sound seemed loud enough to be heard all over the inclosure. Something also disturbed the pigeons on the temple, and there was an uneasy fluttering of wings. The Sansi drew in his breath with a hissing sound. "This will cause a two-hours' delay," he said to himself. "I will risk nothing if I can help it." Then he sat him down again and waited.

At last! He rose once more softly, and crept with long cat-like steps towards the entrance of the shrine. The cressets burning within cast a faint pennon of light out of the pointed archway of the entrance, and as they wavered in the night-wind, this banner of fire shook and trembled with an uncertain motion. Beeroo halted in the shadow. He was about to step forward again when he was startled by a strange, shrill chuckling cry that made his very flesh creep. He looked around him in fear, and the elvish laugh came again from amidst the leaves of the walnut trees. The man heaved a sigh of relief; "Pah!" he exclaimed in disgust at himself, "it is but a screech-owl." He had to wait a little, however, to steady himself; and then he boldly pressed forward and through the door of the shrine. There was not a soul within. The glimmering lights cast uncertain shadows around them, and the three heads of the idol faced the Sansi in a stony silence. There was but one eye in the centre of each forehead; but all three of these eyes seemed to lighten, and the thick lips on the three faces to widen in a grin of mockery at the thief. Like all natives Beeroo was superstitious, and a fear he could hardly control fell on him. What if, after all, the stories of the idol's power were true? Aladin had not lied about the Shagul Tree; why should he lie about the power of the idol? Still, Mohonagh was not the god of the Sansis. He would invoke his own gods, deities of forest and flood, against this three-headed monster. Then the Shagul Tree was there. He could all but touch it; he caught the flash of the winking gems, and the instincts of the robber, fighting with his fears, brought back his courage.

"Aho, Mohonagh! Thy blessing is on me, the Sansi." He said this loudly in bravado, and was almost frightened again at the echoes of his own voice in the vault of the dome. He had spoken with the same feeling in his heart that makes a timid traveller whistle when passing a place he dreads. He had spoken to keep his heart up, and the very sound of his own voice terrified him. At last the echoes died away and there was silence in the shrine. Large beads of sweat stood on the man's forehead. Almost did he feel it in his heart to flee at once; but to leave that priceless treasure now! It could not be. In two strides he was beside the tree. A wrench of the claw-hammer and a jewelled bracelet was in his hand; another wrench and he had secured another blazing trophy.

"Beeroo!"

The man looked up in guilty amazement. To his horror he saw that the three heads of the idol, which were facing the door when he entered, had moved round, and were now facing him. The hammer fell from his hand with a crash, and he stood shivering, a gray figure with staring eyes and open gasping mouth.

"*Ai*, Mohonagh!" he said in a choking voice.

"The blessing of Mohonagh is on thee;" and something that seemed all on fire rose from behind the idol, and laid its hand on Beeroo's face. With a shriek of agony the Sansi rolled on the floor, and twisted and curled there like a snake with a broken back.

When roused by his cries the people and the priests awoke and hurried to the temple, they shrank back in terror; and none dared enter, not even the priests, for from the mouths of the idol three long tongues of flame played, paling the glow of the cressets and throwing its light on the blind and writhing wretch at its feet.

Suddenly a quiet voice spoke at the temple-door, and Prem Sagar the high-priest appeared. "Oh pilgrims," he said, "be not afraid! Mohonagh has but protected his treasure, and given us a sign. Said I not he would do this, Purun Chand? See," he added, as he stepped into the temple, and lifted up the gems from the floor, "this man would have robbed a god!" And the people, together with the priests, fell on their knees and touched the earth with their foreheads, crying "*Ai*, *ai*, Mohonagh!"

Prem Sagar pointed to Beeroo. "Bear him outside the temple-gates and leave him there," he said; "he is blind and cannot see."

Two or three men volunteered to do this, and they bore him out as Prem Sagar had ordered, and cast him on the roadside without the temple-gates; and he, to whom day and night were to be henceforth ever the same, lay there moaning in the dust.

Late that morning certain pilgrims returning to their houses found him there, and, being pitiful, offered to guide him back. It is said that the first question he asked was, "When will it be daylight?" And a Dogra of the hills answered bluntly, "Fool, thou art blind;" whereat the Sansi lapsed into a stony silence, and was led away like a child.

In the tribe of the Sansis, who wander from Tajawala to Jagadhri where the brass-workers are, and from Jagadhri to Karnal, is a blind madman who bears on his scarred face the impress of a hand. It is said that he can cure all diseases at will, for he is the only man living who has stood face to face with a god.

S. Levett Yeats.

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THE OLD ONE-HORNED STAG.

He was dropped, as we reckon, early in the month of June, about the year 1874, probably in some quiet retreat under the oak coppice of Horner Wood, or it may have been in some shady combe full of grass and fern on Brendon Common. Who shall presume, unless by rare chance he may have assisted at the ceremony, to name the day and place of birth of a wild red deer? Yet if the knowledge of the ways of deer be not vain, and all experience of teeth and head and slot be not at fault, our conjecture will not lead us very far from the truth. So he came into the world, a downy-haired, white-spotted little red-deer calf, with four rather long legs and two rather large ears, and looked about him with two great beautiful eyes, and saw his heritage of Exmoor before him, fold upon fold of grass and heather with the shadows of the clouds coursing over it, bounded on the one hand by the blue sky and on the other by the blue sea. A peaceful, happy world it must have seemed to him in those early months, singularly full for the moment of heedless young creatures like himself. Now he would see an old vixen with her cubs around her playing merrily, as only fox-cubs can play, and hunting distracted beetles among the stones; now a sober old gray hen, much cumbered with the cares of maternity, watching anxiously over her brood of little poults; now a bloodthirsty old weasel with two couple of young weasels behind her, all hurrying forward with little short legs and long lithe bodies on the line of some hapless rabbit, and speaking joyfully to the scent as they ran. Sometimes, when walking leisurely among the burning stones on the sunny combe side, his dam would stop and swerve and stamp, and lay back her ears and look fierce, and he would see the old mother viper open her hideous wicked jaws, and the little vipers rush down her throat to their haven of refuge. Nay, even when she took him with her to the brown peat stream the trout-fry dashed away from the shallows before him, and he could watch them scurrying from stone to stone, half in fright and half in play. For all the world was young in those days, and all the young, except the trout, seemed to have a kind mother to look after them.

So passed the long bright midsummer days. The sun came up over Dunkery, and the light flew away on the wings of the morning along the Severn Sea to the Atlantic, and the warm wind sang through the waving grass and the stiff stubborn heather, and made the music of the moor. And the calf grew and waxed stronger and began to see others of his kind, other hinds like his own loving dam, with other calves like unto himself. And with these calves he could play, frisking and gambolling and pretending to fight; nor could he fail to note

that some would submit to him at once, while others would butt and push and worry with great enjoyment. Now and again he would see a huge old stag, his head half grown and the velvet black with flies, stamping and twitching and wincing under his tiny tormentors, in piteous anxiety for the safety of the young tender horn. And our calf, too, whisked his little ears and tossed his little head with great dignity, and stretched himself lazily when he rose from his bed as he had seen the old stags do; for he, too, meant to grow into a great stag one day, and it is always good to be of the male sex. Then his attention would be distracted by a shrill whistle overhead, and he would be aware of a pair of curlews sailing high in air, with their long bills cut clear against the blue sky, reminding him of the herons that he had seen in Badgworthy Water. Then another bird would cross his view, a little speck with wings that fluttered and paused and fluttered and paused; and he wondered why the old gray hen, with whom he had been on most friendly terms, now cut him dead, having no eyes but for the speck above her, while the poults hid themselves away in abject terror.

One day he was startled from his play by an unusually sharp bleat from his mother, who came galloping in haste to meet him, and kept watching a mass of something white that was moving over the heather across the combe a mile away. Never had he seen her so much disturbed; and he felt uneasy too, though he hardly knew why, and as they moved upward towards them his nostrils caught a new strange scent which some instinct within him bade him take note of. The mass kept closely and compactly together until it reached the spot where he remembered to have passed in the morning, and then he saw a man on a horse gallop forward, and faintly heard a shrill yelp that made his dam quiver all over. She was doubly thoughtful and affectionate for the rest of the day, and that night they travelled further than they had ever travelled yet, away to the south and west, and found a resting-place where few even of their own kind ever visited them. But there were thoughtful heads among the moving white mass of hounds also. Fisherman and Reveller and Nemesis and other gray-muzzled veterans were rejoicing that those tiresome, idiotic puppies had at last learned to follow the pack without being coupled to them; and Chorister, still smarting under the lash, was bewailing his hard lot and wondering why, now that he was entering upon his second season, he could not be allowed a free hand. He had been hunting hinds strenuously all the winter; why should he now be punished for feathering on the stale line of a hind and calf?

So the summer wore on, and August came in with bursts of westerly wind and mist and rain. And the water sank rustling into the turf and dripped from the ragged edges of the peat basin in a rich brown clear stream. The trout felt it and rejoiced, and the salmon rushed up from the sea into the Lyn; but the hind and her calf rested peacefully in the shade of the oak coppice, and when they moved he watched her rear up to pluck some dainty piece of ivy or the red berries of the mountain-ash, and nuzzled at the fragments between her lips and pretended to enjoy them immensely. But one fine day, very early in the morning, just when they were settling down to be comfortable for the day, there came the sound of many hounds raising a terrible clamour, and they rose and moved up from the covert to the open. And after a time out came one of the fox-cubs that they had known on the moor, his tongue lolling

and his back crooked, as though he began to tire. He went up as if he would have gone away over the moor, but presently stopped and flounced back with desperation into the covert; and the hind trotted gently away, anxious but not alarmed. "They are not after us, my son," she gave the calf to understand; and presently out came the hounds furiously on the line of the cub and flashed over the scent for fifty yards. Then the clamour died away and they spread out in all directions; and two wild puppies, catching the line of the hind and calf, lifted up their voices and began to run on. The rest had cast back, and, recovering the line of the cub, disappeared with a chorus into the oak-coppice; but the two puppies, rejoicing in a stronger scent, ran on, and hind and calf fled before them. The calf's poor little legs were beginning to weary when he found himself poked down quick as thought into a tuft of fern by his dam's nose. "Lie there, my son, till I come back to you," was her order; and there he lay, helpless and alone.

Closer and closer came the puppies, loudly throwing their foolish tongues, and thinking themselves immensely clever; but they missed his hiding-place and passed beyond him, though he did not know that his dam had waited for them on purpose to lead them after herself. Presently came the brushing of a horse's hoofs through the heather, and a mounted man galloped almost on to the top of him. He saw the horse swerve and heard the man's exclamation of surprise, but he lay still as he had been bidden. Then the dull drum of hoofs died away, and after a time a melancholy yelping, such as he had once heard before, was borne to his ears, and he again perceived the approach of horses. Then there was a noise of human voices. "Where did you say she had left her calf, Tom?" "Straight afore you, sir, about ten landyard on, where you see the veearn." Then two horses came closer, and a girl's voice said: "What a little duck! I wish I could take him home." And a man's voice answered: "His mother will come and take him home presently, and the sooner we are gone the better she will be pleased." So the girl took a last regretful look, and they rode down into the covert; and in the silence that followed he heard a roar of baying, and the shrill notes of a horn and hallooing from the valley, but he did not know that it meant that the cub was dead, and that the man who had so nearly galloped on to him was even then fastening the ghastly mask to his saddle.

Before very long, though it seemed very long to him, his dam came back and rejoiced over him. She was dripping all over, having taken a good bath at the end of her run; and she led him quietly off for a little way over the heather, and then down a steep hill-side among stunted gorse and hot, loose stones. "No scent here, my son," was the lesson that she wished to teach, and he learned it once for all. Then, when they reached the water at the foot of the hill, she led him down the shallow for a little way, and jumped out on to the bank and followed it for a few yards; and then she jumped in again and went up stream till they came to a comfortable shady spot; and there they left the water and lay down together. On that night they did not return to their former place, but travelled till they came to the cliffs overhanging the sea, and made their home in the coverts there. But the place that they liked best was a large plantation of Scotch firs, so closely cropped by the wind and the salt that they ran along the ground almost like ivy.

One morning late in September, long after they had settled down for

the day, they heard continuous and increasing trampling of hoofs on the road half a mile above them, and a great chattering of human voices. It lasted for a long time, but they lay quite still, though the hind was evidently uneasy. Then they heard hounds speak in the covert below them, and there was a shrill halloo and much blowing of horns; and presently there was a great clatter of branches close to them, and up came a huge old stag with his mouth wide open and his head thrown back. He jerked his head impatiently forward, as if to say "Be off at once," and the hind jumped up in terror and the calf after her; and as they went they saw the old stag lie down in their place with his horns thrown back on his shoulders and his chin tight against the ground. But they had no time to lose, for the hounds were coming closer, and presently the hind led the calf on to a path, for his little legs could not keep up with hers in the tangle of the plantation, and there they ran on till they heard a horse trotting down the path towards them. Then they turned into the covert and lay down; but the man hastened on along the path, looking hard at the ground, and meeting the hounds stopped them at once. "What is it, Arthur?" said a man's voice. "Hind and calf, sir," said the man who had stopped the hounds, and then he blew a note on his horn and went away with the hounds, just three couple of them, at his heels.

"Hind and calf?" said a girl's voice, the same that they had once heard before; "I thought we were hunting a stag. We certainly found one." "Just so," answered the man. whose voice also was not strange; "but the stag has turned up the hind and calf to be hunted instead of him." "Do they often do that?" said the girl. "It's the commonest of all their tricks, as you'll know when you have hunted them a little longer. They will turn out any deer that is weaker than themselves to take their place." "And a hind is always weaker, I suppose?" continued the girl. "Naturally, for she is only about three-quarters of the size of a big stag." "Dear me," said the girl, "then the stags make the hinds do all their dirty work for them. I really had thought better of them. Stags are very like men, it seems," she added with a little sigh. "Yes, they are incomparably superior to the hinds," said the man gravely. "More strength, more beauty, and more brains." "I don't——" began the girl hotly, but the man held up his hand and said, "Hark! what have they found now?" Then the cry of hounds rose up again, and presently a hornless deer passed close to them, flying like an arrow from the bow. "There!" said the girl triumphantly, "that was a hind. Do you mean to tell me that she is not twice as handsome and graceful as a heavy, lumbering old stag?" "Far more graceful, no doubt," said the man drily; "but it happened to be a young male deer, as you might have judged by his neck and action, and I am going to stop the tufters from him," and he drew up his reins in his hand, for he had dismounted. "He's much nicer than the old stag, anyhow," persisted the girl with a touch of temper. "Stags cannot be very like men," said the man bitterly, as he swung himself into the saddle, "if the young ones are much nicer than the old; but hinds are very like women, for it is well known that they prefer the old ones." And he looked at her rather sadly for a moment, before starting off abruptly at a gallop. "But I don't," said the girl, stretching out her hand as if to stop him. "I don't," she repeated, galloping after him at the top of her horse's speed; and the voices died away.

But the hind and the calf lay still though they could hear men and hounds still wandering through the great covert, hunting for their lost stag. Then after a time there was another loud halloo which told them that he was afoot again, and when another half-hour was past there was a great clamour in the road above them, and all the horses seemed to be galloping to one spot. Then the hubbub died away and all was silent; the old stag had been forced into the open at last, and was flying for his life over the heather. And presently the hind rose and led the calf out of the covert and on to the open moor, and, when they had crossed one valley and reached the top of the hill above, they could see a long line of horses, covering two or three miles, hastening on with what speed they could muster in the vain hope of catching the hounds. There they lay down in peace for two hours, and as the sun began to sink they saw the hounds, far away, returning quietly home; and very weary the horses that were with them seemed to be. Then they heard voices much closer to them, and the hind started to her feet. It was the man and the girl that they had seen in the morning; they were riding quite alone and very close together, and they seemed to have a great deal to say to each other. The pair drew nearer, and they heard the girl say: "He's not so very old, and you'll admit that he's very nice; but how you can have thought that I really cared for him——." And the man looked about him, rather foolishly but very happy apparently, and changed the conversation by saying, "Look! there's a hind and calf." And she said, "I believe you are a great deal fonder of the deer than you are of me;" and so they passed on. And later on came a loose horse, all covered with mire, with one stirrup missing from his saddle. And first he went down to the water to drink, and then he lay down and rolled over and over till the girths parted with a crack and left the saddle on the ground; then he got up, hung up one hind-leg in the rein and kicked himself free, and then he lay down once more and rubbed his cheeks against the heather till he had forced the bridle off his head, and at last, apparently quite comfortable, he began to graze. And some time after him came a man, also covered all over with mire, tramping wearily through the heather in breeches and boots, with his spurs in his hand; and he stumbled over a tussock of grass and nearly fell on his nose. And they heard him curse the moor as a place abandoned of Providence and wish that he had never set eyes on it; and then he, too, passed on, and so closed an eventful day.

After another week or so, as October came in, the stillness of the night was broken by hideous roars, at first in a few places only, but soon from all sides, and all the deer in the forest seemed to be incurably restless. The great stags seemed never to cease belling except when they were cooling themselves in the water or taking a mud bath, and if two of them met they fought furiously. Their necks were swelled and their bodies tucked up, so that they looked very different from the sleek, fat creatures that had been seen in the coverts in the summer. And one would form a little band of hinds to himself and drive them about like sheep, and another, perhaps some impudent three-year-old, would try to steal one of them away till the old stag came down upon him in all his wrath and drove him to fly for his life. The calf felt very much afraid of the old stags at this time, but his mother took care to keep him out of their way. After two or three

weeks of this troubled life, the deer seemed to agree to live in peace again, and they drew together .in great herds, so that sometimes there would be two or three score of them on Dunkery alone.

And now the autumn gales set in and blew furiously from the Atlantic over the moor; and the calf grew stronger and stronger, and noted with pride that the white spots which had dotted his summer coat had disappeared, and that he was now a veritable red deer. Week after week he lay with his dam in the warm sheltered combes of Dunkery, and listened to the gale hunting the scud overhead, and the water roaring down from the bog to the sea. On very rough days there was always plenty of company in these combes, for a fox would often come in and make himself comfortable therein, and occasionally a hare, and all seemed to be equally fond of the place. But there was little rest, for the hounds ran over Dunkery from all parts of the moor regularly week after week, and many a time the hind and calf were forced to fly before them, sometimes alone and sometimes with others. And they had narrow escapes, too, for they were hard pressed more than once, and at last in January there came a day when they were forced to part from each other, and run their own ways. Worse than that, the pack divided after them, and some of the old hounds, knowing that a calf was more easily tired than a hind, chased him their hardest. He ran gallantly for more than half an hour in and about the large wooded valleys, but the scent was good and the pace so great that he dared not pause for a drink and a splash in the water; and though he beat up one little stream for a few yards he soon left it, for he heard the hounds close to him. Then he made a final effort, and climbing up one hillside and down another, sank the hill to the water below and lay down in despair. But chance was kind to him; for just as the hounds were casting down the water after him, a man viewed him in the stream, and the hounds were stopped and laid on to another line.

Then the men came back and stood over him, and one said: "The pack is all over the place; hadn't we better stow the little beggar away somewhere, or they'll kill him yet?" And the other said, "Hold my horse, and I'll go in after him." And he did go in after him, but the calf was not so beat but that he scrambled up and made his escape down the water and into a hedge-trough, where he lay like a stone. All that day hounds were running round and round the great woods, and deer after deer, stags and hinds, came down the same water with a few hounds after them, until at last, as it grew dark, a tired man on a tired horse rode slowly up the valley blowing long notes on a horn and picking up couple after couple of the weary pack. But when night came on there was still a stray puppy mooning up and down the valley, howling dismally from time to time that he was lost and did not know his way home, until at length he licked himself dry, and came sniffing along the hedge-trough where the calf lay to look for a warm bed. And when he reached the calf he just stepped down and curled up alongside him; and the two kept each other warm for the night.[1]

Next day his dam found him, and she too seemed stiff and tired as though she had travelled far and fast on the previous day. They ran together many times before the hounds ere the hunting-season ceased; but all things come to an end, and at last, in

[1] This is a literal fact; the two were found in the position described.

March, the coverts were quiet and they could enjoy a peaceful life once more. Then the sun gathered strength and the thorns began to sprout and the mountain-ash to flower, and the woods were carpeted with wild hyacinth and primrose; and a little later the ash-boughs, laid along the hedgerows round the skirt of the moor, began to throw out buds, and every young male deer came to eat them, greedy for the delicacy. The calf saw some new sights also that spring, the gray hens in the centre of the ring, and the blackcock dancing solemnly round them to show what desirable mates they were. And at the last he felt a new sensation, a pain in his forehead, which became remarkably tender in one spot, and eventually threw out a single little knob of dark gray velvet on the near side. All the other yearlings that he saw had two, and he felt himself ill-used in having but one; but there the matter was, and not to be helped.

He still remained with his dam through that summer, and as she had no calf that year he had her still to himself; and by the time the winter was come he felt strong enough to lead the hounds a long dance before they should run up to him. But the day at last came when they were parted for ever. It was a mild gray November morning, and they were lying with half a dozen more of the herd in some dry grass tufts in the boggy ground of Brendon Common, when the hounds came up to find them, and two couple of tufters catching view raced after them as he had never known them race before. He went away in company with his dam and kept to her for two miles or more, though a man who was waiting for them tried hard to gallop in between them; but at last the hounds drove them so hard that they lost all thought of each other and turned away in different directions. He galloped like the wind by the way that she had showed him towards the cliffs, and, when he came to the water, ran down and up as she had taught him; but he dared not linger long, and climbing up with all haste to the covert, startling the woodcocks out of their day-dreams, never paused till he reached the stunted oaks above the sea. Then he stopped, and, finding all quiet, enjoyed a drink and a splash in a little stream, and lay down determined to go straight to the sea if he were troubled again. But the hind made for Dunkery, and soon the whole pack was after her, flying at the top of their speed. She found four stags together at the hill, but they drove her away, and she toiled on alone, black with sweat; then her beautiful neck began to droop and her feet to falter, and presently she sank the hill for Horner Water, which she never left again alive. But the yearling knew nothing of all this; he knew only that he never saw her again, and he did not care, for now he had grown a horn and could take care of himself.

Then another spring came round, and the little horn on his forehead dropped off; it was rather painful, but the pain was soon over; and in its stead there grew up a slender spire with two points, brow and trey, upon it. A great to-do he made when the horn was full grown and the time came for fraying off the velvet; he chose a young ash tree, and went round and round it rubbing and burnishing till he fairly cut all the bark off, and left the tree to die. But it was a great disadvantage to have but one horn, for all the deer that had two made a point of bullying him whenever they met him. They turned him out and made him run for them again and again, and in October, when he thought of choosing

a wife, they drove him off with ease. Next year things were just the same. He was too young to be hunted, but he was constantly obliged to run for others, until at last he grew so cunning, in baffling the hounds and in hiding himself from other deer, that it was a hard matter for either to find him. When October came he did not stay long to fight with the others, but stole away a single hind from the herd as his companion, and took her away to the distant covert where he had lived as a calf. Still regularly as October came round he went back to Dunkery for the winter and joined the herd there.

And as the years passed on he grew into a great stag. He never bore more than a single horn, and that never very big nor heavy, but he was none the less a fine deer and could hold his own with the young ones at any rate. He was cunning too, and could hide himself away so that no hound could find him, in odd ledges in the cliff, or in some patch of gorse so thick that no hound would face it. And he never walked into his lair, but stood at a distance and hurled himself into it with one great bound so as to leave no scent behind him, and lay like a stone. So for season after season he escaped all trouble from the hounds. And as time went on he discovered how to take advantage of his one horn: for one day when he was shoving head to head with all his might against another stag, he slipped aside and gave his enemy such a thrust in the flank that the other was glad to run away limping and bleeding and fairly beat. And then he threw up his head and belled loudly in triumph.

It was not until he was fully eight years old that he found the pack after him again. It was in October, the last day of the season, that they found him, and a long chace he led them. For, starting from the foot of Dunkery, he made straight for the distant home of his calfhood, fourteen miles away. The hounds did not get away very close to him, and he felt as if he could run on for ever, old as he was. So away he went over grass and heather eight miles, before he dreamed of touching the water, and, rising up refreshed after a short bath, cantered on in the teeth of the westerly breeze confident as ever. As he went he caught the wind of a herd of hinds lying on the common, and ran straight into the middle of them; and up they rose, hinds with calves in terrible alarm, wondering what was going to happen. Then the hounds came up to them and scattered in all directions after the hinds, while he went on chuckling to himself, and having reached his refuge lay in the water till he felt quite cool and fresh, and curled up for the night as comfortable as could be.

Another year passed; October came again, and again he was in Dunkery among the herd. He went down to the fields to feed, and came back to a little brake on the hill-side, a favourite place with all deer, and known as Sweetworthy, the sweet meadow; he walked quietly up to a patch of gorse, jumped into the middle of it and lay down to sleep. Nor was he conscious of the presence, a little before dawn, of a man who came creeping up to windward of him and noted the slot of his great feet leading into the brake but not out of it. The hounds came to Cloutsham, straight across the valley from him, at eleven o'clock, and a number of people to meet them, for it was the last day of the stag-hunting season. And the man who had crept round the brake went apart with the master, and said very quietly: "In Sweetworthy, my lord—a good stag. I'm so sure that I would make a bet to find him myself." And the other said,

"That's good, Miles." And presently the pair of them rode across the valley with the huntsman and two couple of hounds.

The One-Horned Stag heard them coming, but he only lay the closer. The hounds were laid on to the line by which he had passed five or six hours before and hunted it slowly towards him, nearer, nearer, till at last they came right up to his bed, and bayed with fierce triumph as he jumped up before them. He made three bounds through the gorse thicket and came right upon a man who yelled *tally-ho!* in his face and blew his horn so fiercely that he waited no longer but dashed down the steep wooded combe and over Cloutsham Ball to the valley that leads to the forest. And as he reached the bottom he heard the whole pack upon his trail and knew that the worst had come. Two miles he galloped straight up the valley to its head, the hounds flying after him and a hundred horsemen in their wake, and then he climbed gallantly up the head of the combe, topped the bank above it, and pointed straight over the open moor for the distant home of his calfhood. He felt the cool wind in his face, and ran gallantly on; but the hounds were close behind him, and he could gain little on them. On and on he galloped, not daring to linger to soil in the cool brown stream till he left the heather for the grass of the forest. Then for the first time he ran up the small thread of water, but he had been in it only a very few minutes when the hounds came over the hill, and he knew that he must fly once more. On they came to the water without faltering,—there were not a dozen horsemen with them now—flung down to the water and cast themselves upward. Then at last their pace slackened for a moment, but presently Telegram ran slowly up the bank, holding the line truly though it was still weak from water, and Foreman pressed forward to hold it with him. And then they opened their mouths and spoke, and the One-Horned Stag heard them, and his heart died within him.

Still he toiled gallantly on over the yellow grass of the North Forest, breasting the long ascent to southward that lay between him and his refuge. Could he only reach the top, he would be able to hold his own yet; but struggle as he might the hounds gained on him, till just short of the top he turned back in despair, for they were hardly out of view. Wheeling on the line like a squadron of drilled horse, they raced down the slope as they had raced up it; and the old hounds came bounding to the front, for they knew that the end was at hand. Two miles they raced to the water at the bottom, and there the deer stood before them. Then they raised an exulting cry, and with one rush they swept him off his legs, and his head sank down below the water; but before they could harm him further the knife did its work, and the brown stream ran foul and reddened with his blood.

The one horn still hangs in a Devonshire home among the heads of Exmoor deer that died in the year of Waterloo; and those that see it look learnedly at the skull and discourse at length on the strange chance that left its growth imperfect. But there are a few that forget all else in the memory of that race over the moor, and ask if they will ever enjoy a better fifty-five minutes than the death-chase of the Old One-Horned Stag.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

In his last annual address to the Royal Geographical Society Mr. Clements Markham, the President, referred to the efforts recently made by them, in conjunction with a committee of the Royal Society, to induce the Government to fit out an expedition for exploring in the Antarctic Ocean. For some years past there has been a good deal of spasmodic enthusiasm in favour of further researches, scientific and otherwise, in those higher southern latitudes which were in earlier days the scene of the exploring operations of Captain Cook, Sir James Ross, and a number of whalers among Englishmen, of Lieutenant Wilkes among Americans, of Captain Dumont D'Urville among Frenchmen, and of Captains Bellingshausen and Lazarew among Russians. This enthusiasm and the reasons which inspired it were well expressed in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society in November, 1893, by Dr. John Murray, who took part in the *Challenger* expedition, and who is perhaps of all men living the one best qualified to direct our steps in this important direction. The immediate result of this paper was the formation of a committee, which included Dr. Murray himself, Sir Joseph Hooker (one of the two survivors of Ross's expedition of 1829–33), and Sir George Nares, the only living naval captain who has seen service in the Antarctic Ocean, for the purpose of considering and reporting upon the best means of increasing our scanty stock of knowledge concerning South Polar phenomena. This committee's report was passed on to the Royal Society, which brought the weight of its great influence to bear in favour of the scheme, though unfortunately without the success which rewarded the analogous efforts of the British Association of the Royal Society fifty years ago, and which resulted in the commissioning of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The Admiralty, with infinite protestations of sympathy towards the movement, regretted that it could not see its way just at present to meet the expense of an expedition commensurate with the objects in view and the honour of Great Britain. The public mind, which is not easily stirred by projects of which it does not fully understand the significance, is still somewhat lukewarm in the cause; and until there be something in the nature of an imperative call, it is very unlikely that the authorities will trouble themselves seriously about the matter. Possibly the appearance of some other country in the field might stir them. Lord Melbourne deserves our gratitude for his liberal treatment of Ross's expedition, and for the almost eager alacrity with which he adopted the proposals put before him; but possibly the fact that the United States and France were already in the Southern Ocean went some way towards influencing him in his decision.

When it is undertaken at all, it is desirable that the next Antarctic expedition should be a national one. Private enterprise, which has been splendidly active of late in the way of Arctic discovery, would scarcely be equal to all the demands of ex-

tensive and thorough Antarctic research. The work would extend over three or four years, and would involve, among many other things, the fitting out of two steam-vessels equipped with a vast amount of apparatus, in order properly (in Dr. Murray's words), "To determine the nature and extent of the Antarctic continent, to penetrate into the interior, to ascertain the depth and nature of the ice-cap, to observe the character of the underlying rocks and their fossils, to take magnetic and meteorological observations both at sea and on land, to observe the temperature of the ocean at all depths and seasons of the year, to take pendulum observations on land, to bore through the deposits on the floor of the ocean at certain points to ascertain the condition of the deeper layers, and to sound, trawl, dredge, and study the character and distribution of marine organisms." This is serious work; but it is not impossible, and it will have to be done if the next Antarctic expedition is to repay the cost of outfit.

Meantime it is interesting to note that merchant seamen, who have in the past contributed no small or unimportant additions to our knowledge of the Antarctic (as, for instance, in the remarkable achievements of Weddell and the Enderby whalers), are still busy. Last summer some Norwegian ships, which have been prosecuting the seal-fur industry in the region of the South Shetlands and Louis Philippe Land, and have been sufficiently successful to give hope of re-establishing this important trade in the South Seas, returned to Christiansand in Norway, their port of registry. The diary of Captain Larsen of the *Jason*, one of these vessels, makes a singularly interesting record, and if (as we understand is the case) it is intended to amplify it into a full volume, the result ought to make a welcome addition to a department of literature by no means voluminous. The ships made the Falkland Islands their rendezvous for two seasons, transferring to the store-ship at Port Stanley their first season's catch, and emerging again after the winter to brave the ice and the storms of the frozen deep in the interests of science and of commerce. Dr. Murray regards Captain Larsen's discoveries as the most important in the Antarctic region since the time of Ross. For one thing, they have necessitated a certain alteration in the supposed configuration of the Southern continent so far as the outline of Graham's Land is concerned. During the early months of last year the sea in the neighbourhood of Joinville Island and Louis Philippe Land was sufficiently free of ice to allow the *Jason* to penetrate along the east side of Graham's Land to latitude 68° 10′ south and longitude 60° west; while one of her companions managed to reach latitude 69° south and further west. This means that the Norwegian whalers have got nearer to the South Pole than any steamer before them. Captain Larsen landed on Seymour Island and, in spite of deep valleys and high rocks, explored it for some distance. In the interior he found some dead seals, and penguins' nests innumerable almost as the many-twinkling smile of ocean. On the way south, land, described as rocky and as showing a high peak to the south-south-west, was seen on November 30th in latitude 66° 4′ south, longitude 59° 49′ west. On December 4th, in latitude 67° south, longitude 60° west, there was high snow-capped land in sight; and when the ship reached 68° 10′ south two days later, she found the ice of the low bay kind, and the weather warm and fine with comparatively little fog. On the return

to the north, Captain Larsen discovered some islands, two of which were actively volcanic, in latitude 65° 7′ south, longitude 58° 22′ west. The October number of the GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL contains a translation of such parts of Captain Larsen's log as relate to these discoveries. The following bearing upon Seymour's Island is especially notable: "The land is hilly and intersected by deep valleys. Some of the hills are conical and consist of sand, small gravel, and cement; here and there is some petrified wood. . . . When we were a quarter of a Norwegian mile from shore and stood about three hundred feet above the sea, the petrified wood became more and more frequent, and we took several specimens which looked as if they were of deciduous trees; the bark and branches, as also the year-rings, were seen in the logs which lay slantingly in the soil. The wood seemed not to have been thrown out of water; on the contrary, it could never have been in water, because in the first case, we found petrified worms, while there were none in the second. At other places we saw balls made of sand and cement resting upon pillars composed of the same constituents. We collected some fifty of them, and they had the appearance of having been made by man's hand."

These important discoveries made by vessels whose primary purpose in those regions was commercial,—though both the captains and the owner (Mr. Chr. Christensen, of Sandifjord, Norway) have shown extreme solicitude for the cause of science—give some earnest of what might be accomplished by an expedition specially fitted out for the work of research in Antarctic waters. It is satisfactory to know that from a commercial point of view also the expedition was successful. During the second voyage the three vessels, the *Jason*, the *Hestha*, and the *Castor*, contrived to catch over sixteen thousand seals; and although there was a mishap on the Goodwin Sands on the voyage from the Falkland Islands to Norway, it is probable the results will induce Mr. Christensen to send his ships to the same region again. There is another Norwegian vessel, the *Antarctic* of Tonsberg, now there; but its attack is directed from another quarter, that south of Australia which has been always a favourite with explorers.

Much good work was also done by the Dundee whalers *Balæna*, *Active*, *Diana*, and *Polar Star*, which set out in September, 1892, for whale-fishing in the south. The surgeons of the two first-named, Messrs. Bruce and Donald, were chosen for their scientific attainments, and they were well equipped with all the best instruments for observing the prevalent meteorological and other physical conditions, and for collecting all the specimens of natural history obtainable. The results of this voyage are to be found in a very entertaining volume, entitled FROM EDINBURGH TO THE ANTARCTIC, recently issued.[1] The return in blubber and whalebone was, unhappily, disappointingly small, and in that one respect alone the expedition may be said to have fallen short of its work; in all others, however, the experiment was successful, though it is matter for regret that, the scientific being subject to the commercial side of the undertaking, opportunity was not given for a longer stay in the south and for correspondingly further researches. Mr. Bruce tells us that the *Balæna* was never within six miles of land,

[1] FROM EDINBURGH TO THE ANTARCTIC; by W. G. Burn Murdoch, artist, supplemented by the Science Notes of the Naturalists of the Expedition, W. S. Bruce, J. J. W. Campbell, and C. W. Donald, M.B.

save in the case of the Danger Islets. These islets were sighted on December 23rd, and between that date and the middle of July, the *Balæna* circled roughly between latitude 62° south and 64° 10′ south, and longitude 52° and 57° west, her westerly boundary being that part of Louis Philippe Land which forms Erebus and Terror Gulf, bounded to the southern extremity by Seymour Islands and to the north by Joinville Land. Such land as was encountered was completely snow-clad, except on the steepest slopes. Big icebergs were numerous, the highest seen being two hundred and fifty feet out of the water. They were most thickly distributed to the south-east of Danger Islets and sixty-five large bergs were counted from the deck at one time.

The sighting of Clarence Island, one of the South Shetland groups, brought to the mind of Dr. Donald fond recollections of the north. "The part sighted by us," he says, "lies only some sixty miles nearer the Pole than our own Northern Shetlands. But what a difference between the two places! Our own Shetlands bright with ladies dressed in light summer garments, and carrying tennis-racquets and parasols: the South Shetlands, even in the height of summer, clad in an almost complete covering of snow, only a steep cliff or bold rock standing out in deep contrast here and there, the only inhabitants being birds or seals; and even the bird-life, with the exception of penguins, is scanty." Here, again, is a description of the view which unfolded itself to the eyes of those on board the ships on December 23rd, while anchored to a large floe in latitude 64° 23′ south, longitude, 56° 14′ west, and with the mountains of Palmer's Land in the distance. "The scene," writes Dr Donald, "on this evening from the ship's deck was one of the most impressive I ever witnessed. In the west lay this chain of snow-clad mountains thrown into various shades of light and dark by the low sun, with here and there the face of a cliff or black rock standing out in deep contrast to the surrounding snow. To the south the icefloe, studded with numerous small bergs and hummocks, stretched as far as the eye could reach; out to the eastward lay a long chain of bergs, their perpendicular faces tinged bright red by the sun's rays. Between these bergs and the floe lay an open expanse of dark water. To the north was the loose scattered ice, small bergs and dark water-channels through which we had just steamed. Throw over this the lilac glamour so frequently seen in the Antarctic, which, combined with the absolute stillness and quiet, broken only occasionally by the splash or the harsh *quangk* of a penguin, or the soft *tweet* of the snow-petrel, made up a magnificent and imposing spectacle."

It may be noted here that Dr. Donald attributes the marked difference of structure between the icebergs of the south and those of the north, to the different geological formation of the land in the two quarters,—that in the north being for the most part composed of water-bedded rocks, while in the south no rudimentary formations have been seen, and "therefore, as the geologist would explain, not conducive to the formation of deep ravines."

Prior to the date of Captain Cook's memorable voyages, the exploration of the higher southern latitudes was carried on very fitfully, and was left principally to the casual, and sometimes involuntary, efforts of the whale and seal-fisher and the adventurous merchantman. Without doubt very little was accomplished and very little was known about the Antarctic. And

even after Captain Cook nothing was done by any Government, save the Russian, for the study of South Polar phenomena until towards the end of the fourth decade of the present century. Between the year 1775, when Cook was last in the Antarctic, and the year 1840, when the expeditions of D'Urville, Wilkes, and Ross were there, only one man succeeded in penetrating to a point further south than Cook's farthest, and the primary purpose which took Weddell into that part of the world was the pursuit of the whale and the seal. Between the same dates no man but Bellingshausen succeeded in making any substantial addition to Cook's discoveries. Everything done in this direction down to Cook may be briefly stated.

Cape Horn was rounded for the first time in 1616 by a Dutch expedition, which had set out from Amsterdam in the *Hoorne* (or *Horn*) and the *Eendracht* (or *Unity*), to find a new western route to the East Indies, and so to evade the ordinance of the States-General prohibiting all Dutch ships, not engaged in the service of the Dutch East India Company, from passing by the Cape of Good Hope to the eastward, or through the Straits of Magellan to the westward. The *Hoorne* was burned at the entrance to the Straits of Magellan, and some of her timbers were found on the spot half a century later by Sir John Narborough, whom Charles the Second sent to Patagonia for gold. The other vessel pushed on, doubled and named the Horn after the lost ship (which had also received its name from the place of that name in Holland, of which one of the principals in the undertaking was a native), discovered and named (after the Amsterdam merchant who conceived the idea) the Straits of Le Maire, and finally reached the Pacific. Seventeen years earlier another Dutchman, Dirck Gerritz, in a vessel of only one hundred and fifty tons, which formed part of the East India squadron of Simon of Cordes, had been driven by bad weather from the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan as far south as latitude 62°, and discovered the islands now known as the South Shetlands. To him it was a coast resembling that of Norway, mountainous and covered with snow. His statement was regarded as apocryphal until Mr. William Blyth, in the year 1819, re-discovered the islands while on a voyage from Monte Video to Valparaiso. The Dutch navigator, De Gonneville, was credited with having, even before Gerritz, discovered a Terra Australis to the south of Africa; but we know from Pigafetta, the biographer of Magellan, that the phrase "Antarctic Pole" was a very loose one, and was taken to mean the southern hemisphere, which is a vastly different matter. Moreover, De Gonneville brought home to France with him the son of the sovereign of his new-found land, which is of itself sufficient to prove that he did not penetrate far south; but his story, and the sight of his dusky captive, set the hearts of his countrymen beating with wild hopes for over a century and a half.

The philosophers said that a vast southern continent did exist, and must of necessity exist, in order to maintain the balance of the earth. One of the instructions given to the astronomer Halley (who was an officer in the navy), when despatched to the South Seas in 1699, was that he should endeavour to discover the unknown land supposed to be in the southern part of the Atlantic Ocean. It was mainly to search for this land, magnified by rumour into a country of vast extent and unlimited resources, that Kerguelen in 1772 embarked on the voyage which led to the discovery of the islands that now bear his name. Heavy weather prevented him from

approaching close enough to examine the land; and so, rushing home, he gave a highly exaggerated account of his discovery, leading men to believe that the southern continent had at length been found. He was sent out again in the *Rolland*, and in December, 1773, was again driven off. Next month an officer from his companion frigate *L'Oiseau* managed to land, and he, in the name of France, took possession of the so-called Terra Australis with much formality and flourish. Almost at the very time that this pantomime was proceeding, Captain Cook, in the *Resolution*, and Captain Furneaux, in the *Adventure*, were sailing past the islands fifty miles to the south. On the very day that Kerguelen first sighted his islands (on January 13th, 1772,) M. Marion du Fresne discovered two islands lying between latitudes 40° and 47° south. He took them to be outlying islands of the great continent, and to signalise his hope that this might be so, he called one of them L'Ile de l'Espérance, or Hope Island; it is now known as Marion Island, and its neighbour as Prince Edward Island. It was not until the results of Cook's second expedition became known that the idea of a southern continent was abandoned, or rather very considerably modified. Many maps down to the end of the eighteenth century show a continuous stretch of land extending in an oblique line from Cape Horn almost as far north as the fortieth parallel. Cook himself, who was no better informed than the rest of mankind until he found out the truth for himself, was sent out to see if there really was a continent, and sailed with the assumption that there was. When he re-discovered South Georgia, he concluded, like du Fresne, that he had hit upon the skirts of this continent; but he did not immediately run home with the news. He sailed round the islands and called one part Cape Disappointment, to give lasting expression to his chagrin. It was salve to his injured spirit to reflect that if the continent did really exist further south, and most men nowadays believe that it does, it was at any rate not worth discovering, to judge of the bulk by the sample before him in South Georgia. But even on the top of this reflection he turned the *Resolution's* head to the east-south-east, and came very near to being wrecked on the still less inviting coast of Sandwich Land. The north-country collier was driving heavily before a strong breeze, with a thick fog enveloping everything and with a blinding sleet falling, when a momentary lifting of the fog showed land dead ahead at a distance of only three or four miles. Finding himself in this predicament, Cook hauled his wind to the north, but seeing it was impossible to weather the land in this quarter, he tacked in one hundred and seventy-five fathoms of water, a mile and a half from some breakers. He did not investigate this coast with any degree of minuteness. When he left he was unaware whether Sandwich Land was a group of islands, or part of the expected continent. The place, he said, lay so far south and was so very uninviting that knowledge concerning it was utterly futile.

The finding of the Sandwich group marked the virtual termination of Cook's labours in the remote southern seas. From these he turned his ship's head in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived on March 22nd, 1775. He had quitted that colony before (on his second great voyage) in company with the *Adventure* under Captain Furneaux, on November 22nd, 1772, in search of Bouvet's Land, had soon become separated from his consort, had spent one hundred and seventeen days in cruising up and down in an unsuccess-

ful search for this land, and for the other lands of which rumour spoke and of which he had heard from Baron Plattenburg, Governor of the Cape, and had experienced a taste of true Antarctic weather. He was at one time driven along by fierce gales that washed with their waves over the tops of icebergs sixty feet high; and at another he lay ice-bound in the midst of squalls accompanied by snow, sleet, and drizzling rain that froze on the yards and sails as they fell, covered the whole ship with icicles, and made the sails as stiff as sheet-iron. The *Resolution* covered three thousand six hundred and sixty leagues without once coming into sight of land, left the meridian of Cape Circumcision a long way behind, and penetrated as far south as latitude 67° 15′ in longitude 40° east, with no company but that of albatrosses and petrels, and no variety from the monotony of sea and ice, with their attendant dangers and excitements, but the occasional spout of a whale in the distance and the still more occasional phenomenon of an Aurora Australis. The capers of the icebergs seem to have afforded some diversion. "The large pieces," we read, "which break from the ice-islands are much more dangerous than the islands themselves. The latter are so high out of the water that we can generally see them, unless the weather be very thick and dark, before we are very near them; whereas the others cannot be seen in the night till they are under the ship's bows. These dangers were, however, now become so familiar to us that the apprehensions they caused were never of long duration, and were in some measure compensated both by the seasonable supplies of fresh water the ice-islands afforded us (without which we must have been greatly distressed), and also by their very romantic appearance, greatly heightened by the foaming and lashing of the waves into the curious holes and caverns which are formed in many of them: the whole exhibiting a view which at once filled the mind with admiration and horror, and can only be described by the hand of an able painter."

The *Resolution* and the *Adventure* met at their appointed place of rendezvous, Queen Charlotte Sound, on May 18th, and spent some months cruising about the New Zealand coast and among the Society and Friendly Islands, during which they again became separated. On November 26th the *Resolution* rounded Cape Palliser on her way to the south alone, and her men spent Christmas in the thick of the ice, and next morning counted two hundred bergs in their neighbourhood. It was on this particular cruise that Cook reached his most southerly latitude of 71° 10′ in longitude 106° 54′ west, but otherwise the episode was uneventful. It was on January 29th, 1774, that, after picking his way for many days through the ice, with the usual round of strong gales, snow, and sleet, Cook found himself standing to the south in a region where there were few obstacles. Early next morning the clouds over the horizon before him presented an unusual degree of snow-white brightness, which was a sign of the proximity of field-ice. Shortly after the ice itself came into view from the masthead, and by eight o'clock the ship was close to its edge. It extended east and west far beyond the reach of mere eyesight. The southern half of the horizon was illuminated by the light reflected from the ice to a great height. Ninety-seven ice-mountains were counted scattered over the field, and many loomed large as a ridge of mountains piled high one above another until they were lost in the clouds.

Such was the scene that met Cook's eyes at the most southerly point he managed to reach. He saw it was impossible to penetrate further and turned to the north again; but so thick was the ice around his vessel that it was not until February 6th following that he contrived to bring her clear of it. In all he made three attacks on the South Pole, and it was during the third, when he changed his ground, that he came upon South Georgia and Sandwich Land.

Cook was wrong in surmising that no man would ever venture further than he had done. The Russians, who were in the Antarctic in 1821, and who discovered Peter the First Island and Alexander the First Island, returned home under the erroneous impression that they had beaten Cook on the strength of having reached the latitude of 70° 30′ south. They deserve credit for having first struck the Antarctic continent as we know it nowadays; but Weddell in the brig *Jane* of one hundred and sixty tons, with the cutter *Beaufoy* of sixty-five tons for company, contrived in 1822 to reach latitude 74° 15′ south in longitude 34° 16′, where open water was still found. Having regard to all the circumstances of the case,—the smallness of his vessels (one of them the merest cockleshell) and the lateness of the season,—this achievement of his ranks as one of the most remarkable in the annals of South Polar exploration, and one regrets to think that the man who accomplished it should have died at the last in poverty. He was desirous of penetrating still further south, but the wind and other conditions were against him; and no one who cares to remember that he had to pass homewards through a thousand miles of sea cumbered with ice-islands, and having before him the certainty of heavy weather, dense fogs, and long nights, will be disposed to accuse him of having thrown away his chances.

Nor must one forget the splendid achievements of the Enderby whalers. Captain Biscoe in the brig *Tula*, in 1830–1, discovered Enderby Land, and further west the group of islands, the principal of which is now known by the discoverer's name. On January 7th, 1839, Captain Balleny in the schooner *Eliza Scott*, and Captain Freeman in the dandy-rigged cutter *Sabrina* of only fifty-four tons, left New Zealand, crossed Bellingshausen's track seventeen days later, and on February 1st reached a point two hundred and twenty miles south of the Russian explorer's furthest in this meridian. Later on, the pack-ice having compelled them to work to the north-west, the two sealers found themselves off a group of five islands in latitude 66° longitude 163° east, which figure on the maps as the Balleny Islands. On one of these, from the summit of which smoke was proceeding, Captain Freeman landed. Still later, after having passed along close to the land to which D'Urville in the following year gave the name of Terre Adélie by right of a supposed priority of discovery, the two vessels struck the continent, and the name of Sabrina Land stands as a record of their accomplishment. In this connection one must not neglect to recognise the fine spirit of Mr. C. Enderby, to whom, through the liberal instructions given to his captains, we owe so many important discoveries.

When the *Erebus* and *Terror* arrived at Hobart Town, Tasmania, on August 16th, 1840, Ross learned something of what had been accomplished immediately before by Captain Dumont D'Urville and his companions in the *Astrolabe* and the *Zelée*, and by Lieutenant Wilkes and his com panions in the *Vincennes*, *Peacock*,

and *Porpoise*. The French expedition had struck the mainland on January 21st previously, had traced it in a continuous line for one hundred and fifty miles between the longitudes of 136° and 142° east in about the latitude of the Antarctic circle, and proceeding to the westward had sailed for sixty miles along a solid wall of ice one hundred and fifty feet high, which D'Urville, believing it to be a covering or crust of a more solid base, named Côte Clairée. The siege, so to speak, was raised on February 1st, because of the weakly condition of the crews of the two ships,—an unfortunate contingency which, it may be remarked, also took the American expedition off the ground long before its leader would otherwise have retreated. It does not detract in the least from the credit of D'Urville's discoveries that Balleny had a year earlier anticipated him in sighting Côte Clairée, the ice-barrier of which the latter took to be an immense iceberg, while the land beyond he mistook for clouds. No other expedition has done so much in seven weeks as did the French one under the gallant D'Urville.

Ross's expedition was the most successful of all ever undertaken in this region, but his ships spent three seasons in the Antarctic. The appearance of the two rival expeditions on the ground chosen and made public many months in advance for the scene of operations of the English ships, caused Ross to change his plans, and he accordingly selected a point much more to the eastward (170° east) from which to make his dash for the Pole. The meridian chosen was that in which Balleny had found open water in latitude 69°, and it was this fact that determined Ross in his choice of ground. He spent three successive seasons in the ice-pack, retiring northwards as the winter approached, and turning his vessels' prows to the south again on the approach of spring. It would be impossible to indicate a tithe of the notable occurrences and discoveries of these three expeditions, and it is a great pity that Ross's own narrative, one of the most interesting records of one of the most interesting experiences ever gone through by any body of men, has never been republished for the benefit of a generation of readers unborn when the original edition was issued in 1847. The first of the three excursions was the most memorable. It was in this that the ships discovered and took possession of Victoria Land, sighted and named Mounts Erebus and Terror, besides many others of less altitude with the Parry Mountains in the background in latitude 79° south, and traced the ice-barrier in latitude 78° for two or three hundred miles. They had no lack of exciting incidents due to fogs, gales, snow-storms, and the proximity of loose bergs, to keep them from being bored by the unending stretch of an impenetrable wall two hundred feet out of the water. This was the barrier that guards the southern continent against mortal intruders. It was a perpendicular cliff, flat and level at the top, much higher than the mastheads of the ships, and without a single promontory, or a fissure even, along its seaward face. For three weeks the lonely ships picked their way along the barrier, driven off once or twice, but returning again and penetrating east through loose ice and large bergs, in snow, sleet, and biting cold, which froze the waves as they fell on the decks and rigging. On the way northward again it was at first thought possible to find a harbour where the party might winter, but this project had to be abandoned. Ross had already planted the English

flag on the north magnetic pole, and it was his keenest ambition to plant it on the south. His disappointment was all the greater because when he decided to return to open water, his vessels were in latitude 76° 12′ south and longitude 164° east, only one hundred and sixty miles from the magnetic pole; and had a place of security been found hereabouts in sight of Mount Erebus, both this interesting spot and the magnetic pole as well might easily have been reached by travelling parties in the spring.

The second excursion of the *Erebus* and *Terror* was made in the same region as the first, but was less productive of discoveries. Leaving Hobart Town on November 15th, 1841, the ships struck the pack-ice on December 18th, and were forty-six days forcing their way through from latitude 62° to latitude 68°. They spent some time running along the ice-barrier, the course of which in the two voyages they traced for something like four hundred and fifty miles. The third excursion was made in a direction nearly opposite to that of the others; but in much the same region where Weddell penetrated to latitude 79°, the *Erebus* and *Terror* could not get beyond 71° 30′ because of the prevalence of ice and other difficulties. They finally reached the Cape of Good Hope on April 4th, 1843, after an absence of three years all but two days. From that time to this we have had no well-organised and well-directed expedition in the Antarctic Ocean, with the sole exception of the *Challenger*. The many pages in which are embodied the invaluable scientific results of her explorations in that quarter are an unanswerable argument for further researches in the same direction; and this fact is recognised by the leading custodians of our knowledge, who are unanimous on the pressing necessity for another expedition.

THE ROAD TO ROME.

I.

All roads lead to Rome. Some one made that remark about two thousand years ago, I fancy, and for once it was original. I can even believe that his auditors applauded its wit. Wit indeed it must have had, at least enough to keep it sweet through all the centuries that have swept by since. But to me it came with rather an insipid flavour when I was packing my modest boxes preparatory to taking a long holiday abroad.

Abroad! that word of delightful vagueness, yet brimful of charm. What long vistas opened out before my mind's eye as I said it, vistas of beauty and pleasure, and new sensations of all kinds. My vision that had been bounded for many years by hospital walls,—whitewashed and clean, it is true, but echoing only the complaints of humanity and redolent of disinfectants—was soon to lose itself in the tangled light of green forests or amidst the bewildering foam and fret of Alpine cascades. "Six months abroad!" said my favourite niece to me, as she found me on my knees before my trunk. 'Six months of real holiday after all your hard work! Oh, Aunt Hannah, you must go to Rome!"

"Not if I know it," said I; and there came into my mind the stale flavour of Goldsmith's History, evanescent, it is true, but like all vapid things, dimming the pleasant savour of pine-woods and general foreign felicities that had gathered round me as I sorted my apparel, and planted my thickest boots firmly at the bottom of all things; thinking only of when I should take them out again, and the stony paths they would tread in the far off land of Tirol. "Not if I know it; I am going to Germany," I added firmly, as I tucked a neat map of the Fatherland into the lid of my box, "and that is in quite a different direction, you are aware."

"All roads lead to Rome," said my niece with decision.

"Perhaps so, for those who wish to get there," retorted I; "there is always a way for a will. But since I do not wish to see Rome, my will hews me a pleasanter path." For in those ignorant days I was a firm believer in the free-will of the divines, no less than in the liberty so characteristic of the English subject. Thereupon I locked my box with a snap, denoting a mind fully made up, and buckled my strap with an extra pull, as I reflected on the pleasure of doing exactly as I liked for some months to come. Then I directed a label in large letters of the nature of print, PASSENGER TO WIESBADEN, GERMANY; for there was to be my first halt.

"Dear friend," said the kind German Frau, my hostess in that pleasant town, "I am going to spend the winter in Rome with gracious Lady von Reisewitz *geborene* Reichel. She is *dévote*, and will, in company of the high-worthy Herr Pfarrer Albertus, her chaplain, seek an interview with the Holy Father having reference to some matters of importance in her family. Will you not give us the pleasure of your company? I go first

to visit a suffering child at Davos, and if you will accompany us there we can engage to meet Madame von Reisewitz a month hence, and journey to Italy all together, a party of four."

"Many thanks," I replied; "but I have no wish to see Rome, and a heretic Englishwoman would disturb the harmony of you good Catholics."

"Ah, no, dear Miss," was her fervent rejoinder. "Say not so! The Holy Virgin forefend that you should be reckoned among the ranks of the evil ones. See! In her love for one so devoted to good works she has arranged that the way to Rome shall be made easy for you. There are marvellous conversions known to take place in that City of Saints,—but I tease you not. A Sister of Charity, such as you, will at least come to Davos for the comfort of my sick child. And after that we will see. Heaven will guide our steps."

"To Davos, if you will," said I. "New places and new experiences are ever agreeable to me."

"Then why not to Italy?" said she.

Why? Because Rome is the capital of Italy; and what have I to do with the scarlet lady sitting on the seven hills? Was I not brought up in the faith that the Pope angles for England, and would bring back to her peaceful shores the horrors of the Inquisition? Have I not trembled in my childish cot, safe by father's and mother's bedside, as I thought of the wicked Jesuits who haled off to dark dungeons all those found reading the Bible? The terrors of childhood sink deep, and leave their mark on the adult. "No, never to Rome, the seat of iniquity," said I in my heart of hearts; but because my friend was a Catholic I did not say it out loud. "It is true Italy is the land of the arts," was my more polite rejoinder; "but I am too ignorant to appreciate her treasures, nor can I speak her language."

"Still, she is the renowned of history, and Miss, if no artist, is well read. She will recall with gratification the wonderful events which——"

Ah me! I recalled with loathing and an inward shudder the bright hours which were darkened through tedious reading of Roman battles and the tortures of the Colisseum games. Nero and Caligula rose before me. "I am abroad for recreation, *liebe Frau,*" answered I; "permit me to waive aside the discussion of anything so dull as history. To Switzerland with pleasure, and after that, as you say, may Heaven direct our steps." Could I in the circumstances have been firmer or more explicit, I ask my reader? Or would it have availed me if I had been? Free-will is, I fear, a delusion; that is the comment I make now in looking back on that eventful journey, the journey that was to lead me to Rome, though I knew it not then.

A curious journey it was, and anything but a direct one even so far as Davos Platz. I remember finding myself in a train somewhere between the Black Forest, where we slept a night or two, and Romanshorn on the Boden See, watching my friend, on a hot September afternoon, as with restless ingenuity she tried to shut out the smell of smoke which oozed in from the next compartment. First both the windows were closed; next the crevices were stuffed up with fragments of a newspaper; then her handkerchief was put in requisition; finally she asked for mine. Up to this point I had been too lazy to interfere. Now I struck the note of free-will. "I cannot spare it," I said firmly. "And don't you think we shall both be stifled if we have the windows shut and the crannies stopped?" And with that I let down the window on my side.

"Dear Miss, consider——"

"I have considered," was my reply. "What is the smell of tobacco-smoke when set against the probability of my fainting? And you a German!" I added with mild reproach.

The beautiful lake spread out before us, gleaming blue and green by turns and flecked with white foam. The Boden See, where Saint Gall threw his fishing nets, and where Eckhart sat on the shore dreaming. I too dreamed as the train flashed by, and then I sat up straight with a new idea on my lips.

"Let us stop at St. Gallen," begged I of my friend. "I have seen the staff of the holy man which he brought from the green land of Erin; let me visit the land where he planted it, and behold the fruit it bore. Am I not Irish too?"

"Surely, dear Miss, surely," said she; "we will sleep at Rorshach and go up to-morrow by the Zahnbahn. There are still four weeks and to spare before we are to meet Frau von Reisewitz at Rome."

Ah, worthy Saint Gall! You rest from your labours, and your works have followed you into the far-off land. At least let us hope so, for there is no trace of them left, so far as we could see, in the flourishing Swiss town that bears your name perched high above the glittering lake. Crowded workshops are there, busy streets, restaurants thronged,—but no reminiscence of the Saint. I brought away no relic of the early centuries, not even a fresh impression of their force in the evolution of modern civilisation; nothing but some lovely embroideries done by the deft fingers of the Appenzel women, a memory of brilliant sunshine and crisp air, and a photograph of the modern town crowning the hill up which had toiled so many feet, the feet of learners drawn thither by the reputation of the famous abbey.

Ragatz and Bad Pfeffers were our next halt; but I have no recollection of the famous gorge, for the very good reason that I did not go there. My predilections do not run towards gloomy spots, and I preferred the sunshine on the parade where I wandered up and down well content in the balmy air of the afternoon, while my friend sought the dark places of the earth.

"I travel to enjoy myself," said I in answer to her remonstrances. "What does it matter to me if people ask me on my return home what I think of the wonderful Klamm? I do not wish to see it, and I will not go. Besides, no one will ask me; the fame is purely a local fame, and has not reached to England." By this you will see that I am a very ignorant person; but that is not of the very least consequence, as the pleasure of learning is the greatest pleasure in the world, and I sometimes think we are born ignorant in order that we may evolve happiness. So, leaving Ragatz bathed in its lazy sunshine, the next day found us at Landquart watching the diligence being packed for Davos.

"Where are the two places reserved for us by telegram?" asked my friend.

"Here, my ladies," said the guard, pointing to the back seat inside.

"I cannot ride backwards," said she.

The guard waved his hand suggestively towards two stout ladies who overflowed the forward seat, but who retained their places with determined indifference. "Could Madame accommodate herself in the coupé?"

"What, with two gentlemen who smoke?" cried my friend in horror.

One of the gentlemen was willing to go inside, and the other professed every desire to make himself agreeable.

"But would it be proper for me to travel with one gentleman alone in a coupé for hours,—how many hours, *Herr Conducteur?*"

"Six, Madame, six short little hours; and it will soon be dark; you will not be troubled by perceiving the gentleman, and see, he has already thrown away his cigar."

I settled myself in my corner while she discussed this knotty point with the landlord of the posthouse, the guard, and her own conscience. I do not think the two gentlemen took any more part in it than by repeated bows indicative of self-effacement and a desire to please. Before the coachman cracked his whip as a preliminary to starting, one Herr had taken his seat by me, and the other, after politely assisting the lady to mount, followed her with a final bow.

I do not remember much of that six hours' drive (which, by the way, dragged itself out to eight) save rain and rocks when I looked out of window, and rest and reveries within. Half-way up the mountain we stopped to change horses and drink coffee. My friend came tapping at the glass to attract my attention. "Dear Miss, I think he is respectable. He too has been to Rome; and now he has obligingly gone off to sleep. I am no longer apprehensive." And she disappeared in the darkness.

At last we were at Davos; Davos that no one cares to hear about, for it is a home of sorrow where invalids go to wrestle with Death. As for me, I found letters waiting me with the saddest of all news, the death of a brother thousands of miles away; and my friend was informed by telegram that the Frau von Reisewitz had been seized by an apoplexy and was not expected to live. So the projected journey was at an end, so far as she was concerned. The place had no charms for me, but how to get away from it was the difficulty. I longed for the summer that still lingered in the plains. The road up had been steep, but the road down was impassable, for the newly fallen snow was too soft for sledges, and wheels could no longer run. I studied maps of the road; I conferred with the porter of the hotel; I cross-questioned the landlord; but a month passed and I was still there.

"There is but one road open, *mein Fräulein*," said a gentleman at *table d'hôte* across the dishes, "and that is the Fluela Pass. A diligence came over it to-day, and will go back to-morrow."

"Where will it take me?" said I.

"To Italy," replied my friend at my side.

"But I am not going to Italy. Surely the road does not run straight to Rome without a chance of turning to the right hand or to the left. Tell me, *mein Herr*, where will it land me at the end of one day's journey?"

"The road runs direct to Schuls, and from there to Nauders where you can sleep the night, and go on to Meran in the Tirol next morning."

"Meran! Ah, Meran is heavenly," said my friend. "Go to Meran, dear Miss, and I will join you there when Heaven and the Herr Doctor permit my suffering child to depart from here. It is late for the grape-cure, but the air is beneficent, and we should do well to pause there for a while on our way to Rome."

"I will go," said I. "And when you and Natalie go southwards I will turn the other way." Man proposes; generically I was man, though individually woman, and I shared the common fate of the race.

I started the next morning at seven o'clock, and watched with joy in my heart the rosy tints glow on one snowpeak after another as I left Davos behind me. My companions inside the coach were two maidservants, loud and noisy, whose odour of garlic displeased me, and of whose *patois* I understood not

a word. If I could but be outside in the sunshine by the side of the coachman! But there sat the guard blowing a mighty horn.

"*Herr Conducteur*," said I in my best German, "would it be agreeable to you to change places with me? These maidens and I cannot converse, and it is dull for me inside."

The next minute I was on the top of the coach, my feet dangling towards a splashboard but unable to reach it. The coachman, attired in a lovely yellow spencer with short tails and a shiny hat, was proud to have an *Engländerin* to talk to, and gave me much interesting information. He told me, for instance, that we should be among the eternal snows in an hour's time, and that bears were sometimes found there. This might have alarmed me had I not felt that I was out of their reach. His next item of information appealed more closely to the situation: this was the last day of the coach's running for the winter, and it was not going further than Schuls; but I could go on to Landack by another diligence which started from that place at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"At what time shall we be in?" asked I.

"Oh! in plenty of time. The gracious lady (*Gnädige*) can eat her dinner in comfort at Schuls and reach Landeck by the hour for supper."

Knowing that Schuls (with its adjoining village of Tarasp) was a fashionable watering-place where I should find all the comforts of civilised life I looked forward to my dinner with equanimity, only hoping I might have half an hour to view the place in. And so we went on; up and up, winding round snowy spurs of mountain, and ever and again catching a glimpse of sunny valleys. Before we reached the summit (not of the mountain, but of the pass) we halted at a rough sort of little inn where horses were changed and passengers refreshed. I, having my lunch in a bag, chose to walk on, after having made sure that there was but one road without any possibility of losing my way. On and on I went, thinking that any moment I might hear the rumbling wheels as well as the cheerful horn behind me. An hour passed, an hour and a quarter; I was tired, and yet I could not sit down for there was nothing but snow to sit upon. I dawdled along till, turning a corner of the winding road, I spied on my right the rough head of a lichened rock tolerably clear of snow. Here I could rest for a few minutes, for though bitterly cold the air was still. Suddenly a great wave of loneliness rushed over me. I was apart from every creature with whom I had ties in the world; a lone woman, on a lone mountain, name unknown. It was as if I had stepped out into space, and might tumble into an abyss without any one being aware of it. My friend, much occupied with her sick child and the subtleties of German etiquette, would not take any steps to find me out if she did not hear for a week or more of my arrival at Meran. As a matter of fact she did not get any tidings of me for nearly a month, owing to the floods destroying all communication a day or two afterwards between Tirol and the outer world, while Davos was equally cut off in consequence of a fresh fall of snow; but I never found out that she had been in the least anxious about me. We take so much for granted in this social life of ours, and she took for granted I was safe at Meran. So there I sat and waited, with an outward calmness but with inward tremors not due to the cold; when, in the distance, coming slowly over the

white hillocks I saw something dark, and *it had four legs.* No chance now of preserving my outward calm or my inward self-respect! The balance was gone, and I in a perfect panic of terror. I continued to sit on the rock only because my limbs shook so that I could not rise, much less run away—indeed, what refuge was there to run to? I did not scream because I could not, my heart was beating so hard. Of course it was a bear; had not the coachman told me there were bears abroad in the snow? I had better have agreed to go to Rome in cheerful company than have wandered up here on a lone mountain to be devoured by a bear. Just at that moment (which seemed to me as an hour) I heard the guard's blatant horn. Probably the bear heard it also, for when I next looked that way, which was not till I was safe by the side of the yellow jacket, there was nothing to be seen save the white hillocks under the gray sky. Perhaps it was not a bear; perhaps it was a donkey or a cow; but what would such be doing up there amid the eternal snows? At all events it was a bear to all intents and purposes in terrifying me. But as I had enough to do, holding on to a narrow side-rail to prevent myself from falling off the box-seat when we began to rattle down-hill, as we did shortly after, I soon forgot my fears. Another time I might have been frightened at the danger I was in as we swung along behind the three strong horses at full gallop. I had nothing to fix my feet on, remember, since I could barely touch the splash-board with my toes, and they hung clear of the ground. When one has just escaped from the jaws of a bear, however, one is not ripe for a fresh sensation of terror; the pendulum of sensation swings back to content. I had an undoubted conviction that with the next turn of the corkscrew road we should swerve to the left, but I looked calmly at the green depths of mountain torrent some two hundred feet or so below. Once I thought of putting my arm round the yellow waist for extra support, as my little rail was not to be relied on. It was only a passing thought, and I freely acknowledged to myself the next moment that it was unworthy of an Englishwoman. The trot never slackened. Down we went for miles and miles; down went the stream on the left, keeping ever a respectful distance below us. On the right hand after the snow came pines; after the pines came birch; after the feathery birch the green merged into the glowing tints of autumn oaks and beeches. Long before we reached the bottom I had waked from a state of dreamy content to a rapture of felicity. The motion, the air, the sunshine, belonged to a new world of life and hope, and I was carried along in it without volition or effort. Why are we so fond of our own wills, I wonder, when to be deprived of their exercise is so sweet?

The bottom reached at length and fresh horses spanned, without any delay this time, we sloped leisurely along through dale and mead for another hour or two, till we drew up at Schuls, exactly as the village clock struck four. The diligence to Landeck had started, as in duty bound, at two o'clock. Clearly, I must wait till to-morrow.

"But the *Gnädige* is perhaps not aware that it has gone for the last time till next spring?" said the porter at the door of the Hôtel Poste. A bed? Yes; I could have a bed. There were some fifty beds at the hotel, and all of them empty; the season was over. I ordered my supper and walked out to view the beauties of the much-frequented village before

it should grow too dark to see them. But a deserted watering-place is not a cheerful spot, and the sun sank behind the hills before I had done more than taste three of the mineral springs so renowned for their virtues; and I finished my supper by candlelight long before the clock struck seven. The room was lonesome, being adapted for some sixty guests. I had a little cloth spread at the end of a table yards long, and when I asked the waiting-maid if she could find me something to read, she furnished me with two old newspapers containing, she assured me, the most horrible and interesting account of a murder in the nearest village. I kept the teapot on the table, by way of company, for such a time that the maiden returned (without any summons) to say she was going to bed. It was not eight o'clock, but I had to be up by five the next morning, having arranged to go in the mail-cart to Nauders, so I let her show me to my room, up many stairs and at the end of a long passage flanked by empty chambers.

"Shall you hear me if I ring in the night?" said I.

"If Madame requires anything I will fetch it before I go to bed," said she, evading the question. On pressure she owned to sleeping in the kitchen at the other end of the building.

"Where do the family sleep?"

"In the *dépendance*."

"Is there no one else in the hotel?"

"Certainly, the *hausknecht* [or boots, as we might call him] sleeps in the entry; and he will call Madame in time to have a cup of coffee before she starts at six."

There were no bells from my room to either the front-door or the kitchen; so there was nothing for it but to lock my door and make the best of it. First, however, I put my boots outside. They were large and stout; my very thickest pair, with even a few nails in the soles; a robber might be pardoned if he fathered them on a man, and for the first time in my life I was glad to remember that my feet were large. There were neither curtains nor blinds to my windows; all the drapery of the house had been washed and put away for the winter. Just as I was about to get into bed I noticed to my dismay that there was a second door which I had not observed before as it was partly hid behind a large china stove in the further corner; and worse than this, the bolt was outside. I took my light and wandered through three rooms, till I finally came out into the passage. So I crept back to bed without exploring further, and took my only possible precaution against the entry of any evil-disposed person in the night by poising a chair on its hind-legs against the door in such fashion that it must inevitably fall down if the door were opened. I do not know that it would be any pleasanter to be murdered awake than asleep, but one has a strong feeling of dislike against being taken unawares.

Strange to say, I slept soundly, and only awoke when the *hausknecht* deposited my boots with a resounding thump at my door, announcing at the same time that it was half-past five and that my coffee was waiting. It was an odd little conveyance in which I found my boxes packed; the horse was so small that I feared he would be lifted off his legs by their weight, added to the Imperial mails and a large sack of provender, at the very first hill we came to. In front there were but two seats, and very small ones. We were still in Switzerland, so perhaps I ought not to speak of Imperial mails; but we were near to the borders of Austria and the mails were for that country. My driver was a Tiroler, and we passed, luggage

and all, through the toll-gate without being stopped. His brother Tiroler, who came out with gun and bayonet, believed him without hesitation when he declared that I had nothing on which to pay duty.

It was a pretty road, over ground quite new to me; and ever in the distance we saw the white heads of some well-known Tiroler Spitze. But at Nauders another disappointment awaited me, which even the excellent *gemsbraten* and pancakes with salad could not soften. It was only half-past eleven when I sat down to dinner, but I was not in time for the last diligence to Meran, as it had started the day before! Clearly I could not wait till next spring, when it would run again; and if I went on to Landeck with the mail I should not be able to get from there to Meran, as the railway over the Brenner was partly destroyed by the floods and no trains were running. There was nothing for it but to inquire if this little posthouse had a carriage of any sort. "Surely," said mine host; the Government obliged him to keep horses for the post and there was an old but capacious landau, and a postilion at my service who would take me to Meran. "How much would it cost?" was my next question, for I had but little money with me, only two English sovereigns and a few German and Swiss coins quite useless in Austria. So far as I remember, I received back a gulden and a half when I had paid for my carriage in advance, as I was bound to do. Then I was provided with a *fahrzettel*, or waybill, which was signed and sealed by the postmaster, engaging himself to deliver me safe at Meran; and this I was to show at every place where we stopped to change horses, which I think we did seven times. The postilion blew his horn loudly as we neared the baiting-place, and by the time we pulled up at the post fresh horses were being led out of the stable, and mine host stood at the door smiling with a "*Gruss Gott, Gnädige*, will you do me the honour to alight, or do you wish to go on immediately?" The waybill was duly signed, attesting that I was so far safe and sound, and so many miles nearer my destination. The yellow postilion with tasselled hat jumped on the near horse, and we were off again. At starting from Nauders I was inside the landau, but it was so big and lonely that I soon mounted outside, where the driver would have sat had there been one; and so there was no impediment to my view of the lovely country as we swept along up hill and down dale. The horses were always good and fresh and the pace was quick; but for all that it was dark long before we got to Meran,—long, long before, for it was past midnight ere we reached it.

Shall I ever forget that drive, though I live to be so old that I forget most things? I can still hear the torrents as they roared down the mountains; I feel the oscillation of the old landau; I can count the stars which I saw through the windows, for you may assume that I was not on the box after the sun had set, but inside wrapped up in my fur cloak. I can even remember the thoughts which rushed through my brain keeping time with the rushing of the waters. Sometimes it was light enough to see the white foam of the waterfalls beneath the road; sometimes I heard the waves splash round the wheels. Once, with a great lurch, we smashed a window against a projecting rock, but the splintered glass fortunately fell outside. Sometimes I only saw dark boughs tossing in the wind. On and on we went, on and on in the rain and the darkness. What were my friends at home doing? Sleeping soundly in their nice white beds, little

dreaming of me, the sport of Fate, on the road to Rome! At last, to my watching eyes came the lights of our last halting-place before Meran. There was a delay in getting out the horses as the stablemen were asleep (naturally, at such an hour of the night,) and the landlord had also to be awakened to sign my papers. So I alighted and refreshed myself with a glass of red wine and a slice of black bread; and taking up the visitors' book, which lay on the window-sill, saw with inexpressible pleasure the name of a friend who had passed that way two years before. This took away all feeling of loneliness, and demanding a pen I wrote my own name in clear letters on the next page, and went on my way rejoicing. The human heart is a strange thing. What earthly use or comfort could Caroline Martineau who lived at St. Albans, England, be to me in the heart of the Rhœtian Alps on my way to Rome? And yet I felt a different person when I got into my landau again. At last, at last, the bell of the *Erzherzog Johann* was rung, and a porter, half-asleep and less than half-dressed, opened the door, staring to see a lady getting out of the carriage. Where had the gracious lady come from at midnight, when all respectable folk were asleep? But I had written for a room before I left Davos, and desired to be shown to it at once. I was not, however, allowed to retire until I had signed my waybill (with the porter to attest my signature) assuring His Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, including Tirol, and King of Hungary and Bohemia, that his servants had performed their contract with truth and honesty.

The next morning the sun rose brightly on beautiful Meran, and I rubbed my eyes as I sat up in bed drinking my coffee with a relish, which will be understood by any one who knows foreign hotels, for they will also know that I was not even offered any supper the night before. I rubbed my eyes, as I say, and asked myself if the perilous drive in the darkness was a dream or reality.

Beautiful Meran, however, was seldom seen during this visit save through a veil of tears. That first day's brightness was drowned by the torrents of rain which fell for the first fortnight. The snow which fell on the mountains and blocked all the passes meant rain in the valleys. The floods were out, and all communication with the outer world was cut off. Bridges were carried away, rails under water, telegraph posts knocked down. Meran was to all intents and purposes a prison, since I could not get out of it, and no one else could get in. Still, it was a charming prison, and after the first fortnight came on most days a bright interval, when, wandering by castle and river and vineyard, one remembered that Paradise begins with a P as well as Prison. After about a month I resolved that another week must get me gone if possible, or my purse would be empty. Circular notes are very handy while they last; but when they came to an end it was necessary to escape from Meran to the nearest point where cheques were understood. I haunted the station daily, and was finally told that on the following Monday, the fifth of November, I might go as far as Terlau by train, if I could accommodate myself to transit by boat for the few miles remaining before Botzen could be reached.

A voyage by boat over flooded vineyards and cornfields did not sound very tempting, but the floods might rise again and I might lose even this opportunity. A telegram from Davos telling me that my friend hoped to be at Florence without fail on the tenth decided me to meet her there. The

Brenner Pass was still closed, and therefore the southern route was the only possible one. Numbers of people were waiting to get out of Meran as well as myself, but they all agreed I should go first as pioneer. "If the English Miss," said they, "could come in the dead of night from Heaven only knew where, with but a yellow postilion for escort, through torrents and over mountains, she was doubtless foolhardy enough to go with the first train that tried to force its way through the submerged country; but for themselves, they would not risk their lives until they knew if she survived the perils."

"A curious sort of holiday, I am having," thought I. "But, after all, it is a very different life from nursing sick folks in England, and it was a thorough change which the doctor advised me to take. Heroines in romances always meet with adventures, I observe; how much pleasanter it is to have them than merely to read about them!"

"Adieu, friends," said I, waving my hand as I steamed out of Meran at six o'clock in the morning; but there was no reply, since the station-master could scarcely come under that title, and every one else was safe in bed at the *Erzherzog Johann.* What a journey that was! I could have cried over the ruined crops of maize and corn, and the sodden meads we passed through. I could have cried if that would have been any use, or done a gulden's worth of good to the brave peasants; but as it would not, I looked about me and took in impressions. The wheel-road, which for part of the way ran close to the rails, was still quite impassable. Great rocks lay waiting to be blasted, huge chasms to be bridged over: carriages it was hardly likely would be able to get by for months to come; and this was the first train which had run for many weeks. Run! I should rather say crawled. The distance between Meran and Botzen is about twenty miles, and in general circumstances the journey was made in an hour and a half. To-day we took double that time at least to reach Terlau, where we were transferred to our boats. It was a raft that carried me. I remember sitting on one box and putting my feet on the other to keep them out of the muddy water; I remember a polite Tiroler wrapping me round with a tarpaulin to keep my skirts dry; I remember two peasant women calling on all the saints in heaven to protect them from the danger of a watery grave, as we swirled round a nasty snag which caught our raft; and the clusters of grapes coated with yellow mud which flapped against our boatman's oar as he punted us along. And finally I remember that the church clock struck eleven as we anchored by the Post Amt in the Platz at Botzen and disembarked ourselves.

"When does the train start for Trient?" was my first inquiry.

"The *Gnädige* will surely not think of going further to-day after such a journey?" said the postmaster, who stood on the steps watching us.

"The train, the train! Tell me quick!" was my only reply.

"There is no train either up or down; but there is a diligence just starting if the lady can hasten herself, and it will land her at Salurn, a small village not many miles from Trient, and there she can take the train southwards. We have just been telegraphed that the line is open from Salurn."

"To Salurn, then," said I, "and be quick with my luggage."

Sure enough there was the lumbering conveyance standing at the door of the hotel on the other side of the Platz. The horses were being put in;

a fat priest and several country-folks were standing about waiting. It was not a diligence, but simply an omnibus which was generally used to take passengers to the station about a quarter of a mile off; and very well fitted for that service no doubt, but not at all adapted for a journey of twelve or fifteen miles (I do not know the exact distance) through flowing roads and fallen stones and deep ruts. Still, what other exit was open to me? In then I jumped. No one else followed my example; the coachman was eating his dinner; the priest was smoking a pipe; the other passengers were chatting and drinking beer. I also began to long for some lunch since my breakfast had been early, but the landlady assured me the omnibus would start directly, and there was no time to eat anything even if she had it ready. Twelve o'clock struck, and the coachman put his head out of the kitchen-door. At the same moment an English voice struck on my ear. "Surely I am not mistaken; you are a fellow countrywoman, but how did you get here through the floods, and where are you going to?" So spake my guardian angel, who had taken the shape of an elderly lady with her head tied up in a little black shawl.

"But you must be hungry, my dear," said the kind creature, when my explanations had been given; "come to my house, and have something to eat." "There is not time," said I, "and I have telegraphed to Trient for a bed and supper to be ready by six o'clock." "Don't dream you will be there to-night," said she. "Thank Heaven if you reach Salurn before dark. I know the roads, and dare not venture at my age. And as for food, can you eat *schmarn?* Wait, coachman, wait!" cried she, as she dashed round the corner in a surprising manner for an old lady, and came back in two minutes with half a chicken and some bread in one hand and a large piece of paper in the other, which she deposited in my lap. "No, no!" cried she, waving away my purse as the coachman smacked his whip warningly. "God sends His bread and meat sometimes by the ravens; it is payment enough that He chooses me for His carrier this time. I have lived in Austria forty years and was sick for the sound of an English voice. Come and see me if ever you pass—" but the name was lost in the rattling of the wheels and clatter of hoofs over the paved square, and I could only shout my thanks as I looked back at my guardian angel flapping the ends of her little black shawl by way of adieu, certainly not unlike a large raven in appearance. Well for me that, whether by angel or bird, these provisions were dropped into my lap! Tired and hungry as I was when I reached Salurn that evening I should have been in a far worse plight had I been without anything to eat during the weary seven hours that drive lasted.

Flop and flounder went our horses through the mud; splash went the wheels. Sometimes I saw the horses' bellies sitting on the waves, and their legs—nowhere. The harness strained; the coachman holloaed; the passengers were tossed from side to side; the women groaned; and I, sitting upright as nearly as I could, held fast to my precious bag which contained the little money I had left, and my only means of getting more. I sat in the dark, for the short November day was soon at an end; and so sitting I reflected once more on the odd circumstances in which I found myself. But not once did I wish myself back in England. When one is out for a holiday what can one wish for but something quite new? So when at last the omnibus stopped at the station of Salurn about seven o'clock

in the evening, I alighted without any feeling of resentment in my heart at the fate which had led me there.

I think I felt a little disappointed when I was told that the next train started at six the following morning. But I booked my boxes for Trient and took my ticket so as to have no bustle at starting, and with my precious bag in my hand I trudged off in the pitchy darkness, guided by a boy with a lantern who undertook to convoy me to the village inn. He carried my bundle of wraps and said much to me by the way, to which however I did not feel obliged to listen.

Ten minutes' walk brought us to a cavernous opening and I, climbing a rough stone staircase, saw at last a lighted room and a stove with travellers seated round it.

Could I have a bed? The hostess stared at me. I could sit by the fire she said, or perhaps lie down on a kind of settle, covered with harsh American cloth and not over clean, which she pointed out in the shades of the further end. "Have you no guest-chamber?" I asked. And after much consideration and a word with her husband she lighted a candle and led me carefully through an ante-room, piled up with threshed-out maize-stalks, to a door which she unlocked, and so into a room where the heavy ears of Indian corn were laid in rows along the floor, while onions and apples were heaped in the corners and bunches of small red and yellow tomatoes hung from the rafters. There was a bedstead behind the door, and a chair, one only, stood by its side. The bed had not been used for years, she confessed, not since the opening of the railway. But she had sheets, —clean sheets—at my service, adding doubtfully that perhaps if she put a pan of hot coals between the feather-bed and the mattress it might not be so very damp after all by the time I had eaten my supper. Coffee? No, that was impossible, but a glass of real red Tiroler wine was at my command, as well as a share of the smoking dish of polenta which stood on the table of the common-room flanked by a large loaf of black bread. I took my seat with the rest, and when I had finished she led me again to my chamber, charging me to be very careful lest any sparks from my candle fell among the litter.

Could I have some bread and milk before I started for the train next morning? No, certainly not. Could I have a cart of any kind, or a boy to carry my things to the station? She thought not, but would speak to her husband. The brazier of charcoal, which she had placed in the bed to air it, had drawn out the damp, certainly, and it had taken refuge in the clean sheets. So, distrusting the interior I laid me down on the outside of the bed, wrapped in my fur cloak, and waited for the day.

The good woman had really bestirred herself to get us each a cup of coffee for breakfast at five o'clock next morning; and as she only charged tenpence for the whole of her entertainment, I had not to complain of either incivility or extortion, though I might have complained, had I been so minded, both of the quality of the coffee and the comfort of the bed. But circumstances alter cases, and while she did her best and reaped her modest reward, I rested and was thankful.

"The *Gnädige* was asking for a cart to convey her to the station," said the good man of the house tentatively, when I paid him my tenpence without demur.

"Yes," said I.

"There is a gentleman," pointing to a humpbacked Jew of dwarfish stature and lame of one leg, "who cannot

walk, and if the *Gnädige* likes to share with him this little cart which is going to the field, the lad can drive you to the station on his way."

It was only a common little cart, such as we call a *butt* in Devonshire. I put one foot on the low shaft and jumped in lightly, settling myself on the narrow board laid across by way of seat. The Jew clambered in less elegantly and took the other side, but the space was so narrow that we jogged elbows unpleasantly; still any company on wheels was better than tramping through mud and water in the chill darkness just before dawn. The horse being hitched on by a much-knotted rope, and the boy standing up in front of us, we started. "How much to pay?" called I to my host. "Nothing," said he; "the gentleman has promised a *trinkgeld* to the lad, and that suffices." We were off before I could say "Thank you."

It was a mercy we were not rattled out as we drove. There was nothing to hold on to, save each other. The dwarf clutched hold of me more than once as we turned a corner. I steadied myself as best I could, holding on to my precious bag, out of which I produced a copper to pay toll at the bridge, my companion not being very ready at finding his purse. I had a quarter-gulden ready for our driver when we got out at the station.

"What shall we bestow on him for *trinkgeld?*" asked the Jew as he fumbled in his pocket.

"I shall give him this," said I, "and if you will do the same that will be fair."

"Oh, that is quite enough for both of us," was his answer, as he shouldered his pack and disappeared into the darkness.

"So you will have your ride for nothing," cried I. But he neither heard nor answered. "Poor fellow! It is hard to be a hunchback as well as a Jew; it must darken the moral sense, was my reflection. And perhaps it was in consequence of this Christian sentiment that the next Israelites I met amply atoned for their brother's delinquencies. But that belongs to another stage of my story, and I must not forestall; I have to reach Trient first.

When I did get there I found a charming hotel, with a waterfall several hundred feet in height sparkling in the rays of the rising sun just opposite the window where I sat dawdling over my luncheon. There were three waiters with nothing to do but wait on me. I had coffee of the best, and an omelette of the lightest. The host himself came to offer his compliments and inquire into my plans, while the mistress did me the honour of conducting me to my apartment. Could they make enough of the first traveller they had welcomed for weeks? I was like the harbinger of better days for them.

"Beautiful, beautiful Trient!" said I, when, having finished my meal, I went out to explore the famous city. "Is it because no Jews have been allowed to sleep within your walls for centuries that you are also so clean and comfortable?" And I went on to demand that I should be shown the tomb of the Christian baby whom the Jews had killed in order that they might mix its blood with their Passover cakes. At last I found some one who knew its whereabouts, and though I would rather not believe the story, I gazed at the tablet on the wall with interest, and pondered as I read the horrid inscription. For, whether rightly or wrongly accused of this terrible crime, the Jews were ever afterwards locked out of the city when night fell. Even to this day none of that race dwell there, though I suppose some find their way as travellers now and again; for I think I

saw my hunchback skurrying round a corner as I came out of the church.

The day was lovely, and I could not bear to feel I must be off to-morrow without trying to see as much as possible in my one day there. So my landlord finding me as guide a friend of his own who could speak some German as well as drive a gig, I entrusted myself to him and went off to view the environs of the city, and to visit a lake some few miles distant.

What a lovely peaceful scene remains on my mind's eye; mulberry trees turning yellow in the autumn sun, cattle reflected in the still waters of the lake, brown peasant-women with coral necklaces and strange head-gear raking in the fields,—and over all the deep blue skies of Italy. We were not out of Tirol, it is true: the boundary was a little further on at Ala; but except on the map it was Italy to all intents and purposes, for the people talked Italian and dressed Italian, and the landscape was that of the old Italian masters.

When the horse was put up at any straight-lined, sleepy-looking red village on the hill-side, I wandered about and tried in vain to buy some grapes of the picturesque women dawdling in the doorways. But the bargain could not be brought to pass as I knew but two words of their language, and they none of mine. *Non capisco* served me very well later on in my journey, but at this moment failed entirely in making the fat laughing woman with big black eyes understand that I wanted grapes to eat. Not unnaturally, you will think; but I, when I am on a journey, do not stand at possibilities, but am ever on the look-out for the unnatural. In this case I did not get anything but a hard maize cake and a tiny glass of crude white wine, something like bad cider, out of my environment. So I nodded farewell, having no words to say it with, and jumping into my gig, ordered the hood to be put up and drove home in the starlight and silence. Strange to say that word "home" in speaking of a town so far away from England! But I had heard of the Council of Trent from my earliest years, and though I have but a vague idea of what the Council did, I have always connected it in my mind with the Bible and the Catechism and going to church on Sundays,—than which what can be more home-like?

At all events I got back to my hotel, where I found a good dinner and a good fire of scented pine-logs awaiting me, and tired out with sight-seeing, and with the remembrance of my last night's bed at Salurn strong upon me, I sank into the softest couch of repose, only waking once by strange good fortune to view at the right moment, somewhere among the small hours, the mysterious comet of that year of floods trailing its feathered light across the sky opposite my uncurtained window.

The next morning I said good-bye with regret to the host and hostess, and the three bowing waiters at the front door. I see them standing there now as I turn my head; the white walls of the Hôtel di Trient as background, three black coats waving their napkins in farewell, and two huge oleanders blossoming and bright at the bottom of the steps as foreground.

(To be continued.)

EXILES.

WHERE Castrogiovanni looks seawards, rough with scattered rocks and scanty bushes of such plants as have no fear of spray and sea-winds, Nicola the herd-boy went calling his goats together. Now and then he broke off in the midst of his calling to sing a snatch of song that he had picked up from the fishermen of Terranova.

I have no gold, I have no gear,
I only have a mistress dear,
Benedetta!
And this one joy is all I have,
That when there's war 'twixt wind and wave,
My mistress rises from her grave,
Benedetta!
Her hair is gold, her eyes are gray,
There lives on earth no fairer May,
Benedetta!
What time there's shipwreck on the sea,
My ghost-girl cometh back to me,
My ghost-girl is so fair to see,
Benedetta!

There were a few poppies growing scantily among the thyme and lentisks, and with a little cry of delight Nicola stooped to gather them. He had a passion for all beautiful things, and for poppies in particular; a passion that had grown with his growth, and was all the stronger for his keen consciousness of the burden Fate had laid upon him in the shape of stumbling wits and the red birthmark on his cheek that was like a splash of blood.

The poppies also were like blood spilled among the rocks, Nicola thought, as he leaned over them, plucking them slowly one by one, listening the while to the nimble feet of his goats as they came up from their feeding-places, stopping now and again to crop a juicy weed or a tussock of tender grass. Then there fell on Nicola's listening ears a footfall lighter and nimbler than any goat's, and he stood up, startled, holding the poppies to his face in a piteous attempt to hide his blemish with their beauty.

"It is only I," said a soft voice. "Have you been waiting for me long, pretty boy?" Wild and shy as any bird, Nicola was making ready to flee when a cold, soft hand touched his wrist and stopped him dead. Then he looked up, with a trouble deeper than tears in his eyes. Was she laughing at his ugly face, he wondered, this lady who looked like a queen in her straight gray gown, for all her bare feet and bare head? He did not know, poor lad, that the eyes which were looking on him could see right down into the whitest and most secret chamber of his heart, where God had locked his beauty away till the Judgment Day.

She came out from the shadows now, drawing the boy with her, and now Nicola could see her plainly in the delaying sunset, and all desire for flight left him, although her hand had fallen from his arm and he was free to go or stay.

"Have you waited for me long?" she said again, imperiously waving an intrusive moth away from her face with a slender green bough of some tree Nicola did not know.

"Not long, Siora," Nicola stammered. "I came just before sundown, and it is not dark yet."

"No, there is colour in the west still," the lady said, with her eyes on Nicola's face. Colour there was indeed; Nicola had never seen such a

sunset before, and he drew a long breath as he looked up at the sea of quivering gold and scarlet and primrose that paled the true green sea below. Then he turned his eyes on the lady's face, his thought taking shape in words.

"It looks like fire in heaven, Siora. Was there ever such a thing?"

"There was fire in heaven once," she said, looking beyond him now with a stern smile; "but it was quenched long ago. Have not your priests told you how?"

"No," Nicola said shyly. "I will ask the Padre, if I remember, Siora."

"Better forget, boy; all the dear things are meant to be forgotten."

"Are they, Siora? The Padre is often angry with me because I forget so much."

"If you were to be angry with him for remembering so much, Nicola, what would he say?" Nicola's dim brain was not able to grasp the inference, and his eyes clouded over once more; and once more the cold, soft fingers touched his wrist, and quickened the slothful pulses there.

"You were singing when I saw you first; sing to me now, Nicola."

The boy hesitated and stammered; then the words of his song came fitfully back to him, and he sang

I have no gold, I have no gear,
I serve a Mistress fair and dear:
Her voice is music faint and far,
Her eyes are deep as waters are,
Her face is strange as any star.

She walks the world and is not known—

"I—forget," Nicola said, stopping abruptly, "and it comes to me differently now, and the tune seems wrong." He looked up shyly at the lady and saw that there were tears in her dark eyes; and now he found out that her face was but a girl's face after all, and what he had taken for sternness was only an infinite sadness.

"Why do you look at me so?" she said presently, with a glimmering smile. "Do you think you know me, pretty boy? Or are you beginning to remember how long you have waited for me?" Nicola's eyes went slowly from her white feet to the crown of her wind-tossed hair, and the trouble in his face deepened.

"Is it a long time, Siora? I—forget. Did I see you before I had the fever and Nunziata died?"

"Be still with your Nunziata, boy—the dreadful name!" she cried out passionately. "What does it mean? It makes me think of such old, old terrors—dreadful blind eyes and dead faces and dead blank walls!" She waved her green branch as if to banish the pictures she spoke of, and now the poppies Nicola still held to his face sent such a tingle of pain through his cheek that he let them fall. The stranger's eyes passed over his blemished cheek with a kind of alien pity, and, following the fallen flowers, suddenly lighted with new fires.

"What are they?" she asked, letting fall her green bough and holding out impatient hands to Nicola. "What flowers are they? Give them to me."

Nicola had almost trodden the poppies underfoot, but now he looked down, and saw their scarlet staining the stones, and remorsefully he gathered them up, one by one, and laid them in the lady's outstretched hands. "They are poppies, Siora, only poppies—but I did not mean to hurt them, only I was looking at you."

"I had forgotten what poppies were like," she said, sorrowfully; "and yet once I used to know. May I have these for my own, Nicola?"

"Oh, Siora, they are trodden, and almost dead. But I could get you others, finer than these by far, if I might come to you to-morrow," cried the boy, trembling with a passion for

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which his simplicity knew no name. "Siora, may I come to you again?"

"I do not know." She had moved from her place now, and was standing a little nearer him, taking no heed of the goat that was nibbling at her fallen branch; and it might have been only the twilight that made her face seem to grow older as it looked broodingly down upon Nicola. "I hardly know. There will be no storm to-night, and you do not cross the bay;" and she sighed a little. "What if you were never to see me again, Nicola?"

"I would die," Nicola said simply; and now her laughter rang out clear and cold and remote as the sound of falling water.

"What would that be to me? I have your poppies." Then, wistfully, "I wish I could understand, Nicola, this death you talk of. How young are you, Nicola? Does no one die young in Sicily?"

"My sister Nunziata died last year; and——"

"Don't speak that name, I tell you; it turns me cold, Nicola. Why did she die? Had she worn the yellow veil?"

"She was sixteen," Nicola said, looking wonderingly at her eager face; "and she was to have taken the veil next Easter."

"That is a feast-day of yours—yes? And then you scatter flowers, and burn sweet spices . . . . Ah, but your sister died! Poor child! and how young are you, Nicola?"

"I am eighteen, Siora."

"Ah, I am older than that,—older than you by very many years, and younger, too. But I never had a sister, Nicola; and my mother died long since. But her ghost walks the Catanian marshes still, I've heard tell."

"I have never seen a ghost," Nicola said, crossing himself; "but I've heard noises that the Padre could not, and—Siora, what ails you?"

"I am cold," she said holding the crushed poppies closer to her breast, and trembling violently; "and it is time for me to go. But I will come again, Nicola; have no fear of that."

"Here, Siora, to Castrogiovanni?"

"Here,—to Enna. It is time for me to go." She snatched another derelict poppy from under Nicola's feet, and added it to her posy, then stooped and laid her lips softly on the boy's blemished cheek. Then she turned and went into the shadows eastwards, while Nicola stumbled homewards, too dazed at first to notice that a white poppy lay on his breast tangled among the folds of his cloak, or to heed that the goat which had been browsing off the lady's leafy branch, the prettiest and nimblest of his flock, lay dead among the spurge and fennel.

And dazed and dreamy still he herds his goats on Enna to this day, a man grown with a child's face, and the good people of Castrogiovanni will tell you that in his boyhood a siren met him, and robbed him of the few wits he had to lose; but Nicola's silence holds fast the dear belief that 'twas Persephone herself he met, and none other.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

IV.

When we were boys we had leave to roam in a wood which was not preserved, in the game-keeper's sense, or else we should not have been allowed such free right of its leafy ways. Nevertheless it happened to us, on glorious occasions, to put up a far-wandering cock-pheasant whose whirring wings made our little hearts beat at such a rate that we could scarcely see the wonder until it had risen high above the tree-tops. Rabbits, even, were so scarce that with all our searching and digging we never came upon a nest, though we used often to see them sitting in the field outside the boundary-fence, or catch a glimpse of them as they scudded from us through the bushes. Our little weapons, catapults and the like, were not sufficient for their destruction, and we never became the possessors of any steel-trap larger than those in which we caught the poor small birds. Squirrels we used to see, and persecute from tree to tree until they escaped us behind a bough or in some dense leafy obscurity. Fur, in fact, is always too big game for boys, until they reach the gunning age. The true quarry of boys is feather, and a sufficing delight to them. Yet it did happen once that fur fell in our way,—once and once only, and not in too satisfactory a manner. For, as we wandered in the winter-time over the crackling floor of red, dry leaves, we espied a tiny bundle which looked for a moment as if it had been got together for a purpose,—looked like an edition, on a very small scale, of those balls of leaves and grass which the hedgehogs manage to roll round themselves and in which we often found them, both in our orchard-hedge and in the wood. We took up this tiny bundle, and pulled off a leaf or two; then, thinking it after all a mere chance collection, threw it to the ground again. On which Joe, more sapiently curious, picked it up and, unrolling yet more coats of leaves, revealed at last, within this snug nest, a coiled up tiny red thing,—a dormouse. This was its winter home, in which it had promised itself to lie asleep all the cold weather through. But our quick eyes had detected it among surroundings so like itself; and Joe, with greater patience, had followed up our discovery to its culmination in this little, warm, breathing, furry, sleeping thing.

Of course we claimed it, crying quickly that we had found it, and demanding that we should be allowed the immediate joy of having it in our hand. To which Joe sturdily replied that we had indeed found it, but had thrown it away as of no worth, and that he had again found it; that it had become by our deed of rejection no man's property; but that now it was in deed and fact a man's property, namely his, and that he meant to keep it. No doubt the most obvious and ready way of settling the difficulty, as between boys, was the ordeal by battle; but this, having regard to the respective qualities of the contesting parties, was inadmissible, for Joe was our elder by two years and our superior in physical strength, so that such a mode of decision would

have been grossly unfair; whereas, on the other hand, we were Joe's superior in social station, so that he would have been unwilling to lay a violent hand upon us. In this dilemma we eventually resolved to submit the decision to the arbitrament of Fortune by the classical method of spinning a coin, namely a halfpenny, which, turning up a head, when we had called "tails," gave to Joe the dormouse and to us a feeling of unjust treatment which nearly found vent in tears. The only other vent which it found was in searching day after day for a whole week, and, at intervals, for many weeks, among that rich crackling carpet of dry leaves, but never again did the same luck befall us. We never found another dormouse, and probably we never shall.

We could find rabbits nearer home beside the stream which coursed through the meadow in which we flushed our first jacksnipe. Above the stream a great bank, topped with a hedge, sloped steeply up. In the bank were great holes, originally wrought by rabbits, but enlarged by the diggings of dogs and boys who strayed off the adjacent foot-path. The few harassed rabbits which made this bank their home were wary from constant persecution; too wary, and we could attempt nothing against them. Yet we loved the whole length of this valley along which the sluggish stream ran, from the pond formed for the cows to drink at (where once, when some draining operations were going on, we caught several eels of nine inches or a foot long) to the great tidal estuary of the big river where a few sand-pipers or dotterel were generally running at the edge of the water and a gull or two hovering and settling along the water-line. For part of its course this stream went almost buried in a profuse tangle of bramble and blackthorn and May, such as often goes in the western counties to make what they simply call a hedge.

In this tangle we did not fail to find at least one blackbird's nest, and more than one thrush's. A few elms grew up through it, and against the stems of one of them, posted on a small outshooting branch, was the annual nest of a greenfinch. Nearer the cattle's drinking-place was a slope enclosed as too steep for pasturage, and within the enclosure were rhododendrons under the shadow of big beeches. The stems of the trees were covered with ivy, and in the ivy we commonly found one or two nests of wrens.

The nests of wrens, and of all dome-building birds, are a sad trial to boyhood, for it is scarcely possible to see into them, and the intrusion of a finger is apt to make the birds desert. But none of these were so cruel an exasperation as the mud-cups which the house martins built just below the eaves and at such a height from the third-story window that even by imperilling our lives on the window-sill we failed to reach them. Nothing therefore was more satisfactory to us than the high-handed action of a pair of sparrows in taking forcible possession of one of these nests and using it for their own domestic purposes. We did not know at what stage in the domestic operations of the builders the sparrows entered on their tenancy; we knew only that one day a sparrow's broad head and strong beak appeared peeping out over the mud wall and held its own against the complaints and challenges not only of the builders, but of a mass meeting of the unemployed of their kind which they seemed to have called together for the purpose of backing their protests. We then began to look with interest for that

which, according to the teaching of our Natural Histories, ought to have followed, namely, the walling-in of the sparrow by the martins and all their friends, bringing beaks full of mud and plastering it over the hole. But no such thing ever happened; the martins never did more than make a few noisy ineffectual demonstrations. And, after all, that story in the books did not sound a very likely one. One always wondered what the sparrow, with his broad bull head and great strong beak, could have been about all the time that the walling-in was going on. We knew, of course, well enough (for we had seen it) that a nut-hatch will plaster up with mud a hole in a tree which leads to a likely nesting-place, if he deems the hole bigger than convenient; but in that case there would be no inmate with a good beak to be reckoned with while the plastering went on.

We had to believe, too, that bees will wall-up, with bees'-wax, a snail that is injudicious enough to crawl into the hive; for when a certain hive of bees died off for lack of a queen (a fearful example to Anarchy), we were shown a lump, looking like a great wart, on the hive's floor, and on dissecting the wart with a pen-knife, found it to contain a snail, shell and all, embalmed in bees'-wax. It was an extraordinarily fresh snail, too, considering how long it had been dead; and that, no doubt, was due to the hermetical sealing-out of the air.

There was no difficulty in crediting this, even had we not seen it; for a snail has very poor means of offence compared with a hive full of bees. It was very different when it came to a question of a house-sparrow against martins. The beaks of the fly-feeding birds are not weapons of war. This sparrow, at all events, that fell under our observation, was undisturbed in his forcible occupation of the martin's castle, and brought up a flourishing family therein; and on his children there fell a Nemesis, with perfect poetical justice. For we had a gull, a tame gull with clipped wings, who would feed on fish if we would give him any, failing fish on raw meat, failing raw meat on worms and insects, and, failing these, on anything, including sparrows. It was the most fascinating entertainment to give him an eel; for he would toss the eel about several ways, until it came to the position most suitable for swallowing, when he would swallow it; but the eel, not yet defeated, would often wriggle up his gullet again, and this process would be repeated many a time. So, if swallowing be a delight, the pleasure which our gull derived from the process must have been manifold. Eventually the eel would weary of the vain ascent of the gull's gullet and consent to remain in contact with the juices of digestion. Nature is a queer mother to her children.

One never knows how much the state of domesticity affects creatures that ought to be wild. In the natural state perhaps one swallowing would have been enough for the gull,—and for the eel. He was a herring-gull, and it was not until his fifth year that he arrived at the full dignity of his white and pearly plumage. Before that he was always dressed in some of the dingy, dusky feathers of infancy. Yet in their wild state these gulls are said to arrive at the adult plumage before the fifth year.

His gastronomic fondness for sparrows has been mentioned. He was also fond of mice, and with an extraordinary penchant for swallowing them alive. The interior arrangements of that bird were what an American would call a cast-iron wonder; for consider, a mouse and a gull! If a mouse had a fair chance of a bite and

a scratch at the outside even of a gull he would make things quite uncomfortable for the bird, and yet the gull would swallow him with perfect comfort, and digest him with unruffled pleasure. The bird would pause a moment with a laugh in his eye, to enjoy the agonised waving of the tail, when the mouse's body was already well in the entrance of the "red lane." Then down the tail went after the body, and the mouse, unlike the eel, never came back again. Generally he would catch his mice for himself, but it appealed to his subtle sense of humour to steal them from the cat. He was good friends with the cat,—a friendship based on the firm ground of mutual respect—but this did not prevent his stealing her mice. When she was engaged with one after the feline manner, letting it out of her grasp to run a foot or two, and then recovering it with a prehensile paw, the gull would come ambling up to her with every affectation of a scientific and platonic interest. He would watch the proceedings with perfect gravity for a minute or two, and it was only when the mouse, eluding the cat, was well within his reach that he would give an appreciative chuckle, at the same time stretching forward a great yellow bill cavernously open, and receive down the yellow gulf the mouse who seemed quite pleased to have discovered such a refuge. Then the cat's face became a study. She watched the waving of the tail, and, when the last sign of it had disappeared, came up nearer and examined the gull more closely. She seemed to wish to find out by outward inspection whether the mouse really was inside that queer arrangement of beak and feathers. But the gull did nothing but wink, and left the cat in so great a state of perplexity that she was no more careful than before when next the gull sidled up to her as she was playing the game of cat and mouse.

The mice were unoffending, and there was a protest that was pathetic in the wave of the tail with which they went down; but the sparrows came of a bad race and deserved their fate. They suffered assimilation in the cast-iron interior of the gull merely as a punishment for their temerity in coming to steal his dinner. We gave him a daily dinner of scraps, besides occasional delicate morsels such as worms and fishes. These were an attraction to the sparrows, especially to those sparrows who, looking down from the vantage post of the martin's nest, could see him day by day making a dish of scraps disappear. It was tempting, no doubt, and the young sparrows fell. They had inherited burglarious tendencies, as has been shown, and they were bold young robbers. They came out into the world chirping and defiant. Had the original makers of the mud-nest succeeded in the design of bringing up therein their own family, they would have needed to have given that young family something more than encouragement before they brought them out into the world. The youngsters would have dreaded the first flight abroad, so that the parents would have been compelled to take away beakful after beakful of the nest-wall, even as they had built it up, until there was no more left but a little patch of mud on which the nestlings would no longer care to perch, but would launch themselves, half hustled against their will, into the air, and find to their surprise that they could float and skim and soar through the sky just as they saw their father and mother do. That is the nature of house-martins, so fearful are they of making their first trial.

But such was by no means the nature of the house-sparrows. These were ready, after a very little perching

and chirping on the nest-wall, to essay the long flight down on wings that would not carry them as many yards as the young house-martins' wings would carry them miles. And once on the ground they soon learned to peck for themselves in intervals of the meals brought to them by their parents, who, with all their faults, were undeniably kind to their children. And with the pecking and tasting came thoughts of the gull and of his dish of scraps, and with young appetites they hopped chirpingly towards it. The gull saw them; he knew their intentions in a moment, and crouched, as a "thick-knee" plover crouches so as to become almost a part of the bare Norfolk ground. The little birds came on; and already a callow bill was over the edge of the dish when a yellow yawn came rushing at the fledgling, and by the time the yawn was finished there was a young sparrow less in the world, unless the world be taken to include the cast-iron interior of our gull.

In this manner the marauding little sparrows came to a bad end,—bad for them, and bad, as might have been thought, for our gull. But it seemed as if nothing was too difficult for his digestion, and all alike agreed with him. Head-first and quite alive he swallowed any living thing that was not too large to pass his gullet, and he was looked on with favour by Authority for his service in ridding the garden of every sort of vermin. Best of all he loved small fishes, or the worms that live in the salt mud which the tide left bare; and we spent many hours hunting, for his sake, the big-headed little fishes in the pools among the rocks, or digging, ankle-deep in the ooze, for worms in the mudbanks of the river. Even the little green crabs were not amiss to him. He would crash the armour of their backs with one dig of his great yellow bill, peck out the soft body of the crab at his leisure and proceed to the discussion of the limbs, until nothing was left but some shelly fragments which might have been the relics of a thrush's feast around a snail-breaking stone.

On a sad morning he was found dead, rent asunder and mangled. There was little doubt about the manner of his death; the cat had stolen upon him unawares in his sleep, and disabled him at the first onset. It seemed certain that he had been taken unawares, for the cat knew him too well to meet him in open fight. She behaved badly to him, with feline treachery; but, after all, she had been very much tried. We were convinced it was not so much animosity, nor hunger, that moved her to treat him thus, but rather a curiosity, that was half scientific and half gastronomic, to ascertain if those mice which disappeared so quickly and so marvellously were really to be found inside him. This would explain the process of dissection to which she had subjected his body; but it is very doubtful, knowing what one does of his digestion, if she found an atom of evidence, in the shape of unassimilated food, to satisfy her thirst for knowledge.

It was not only in the service of the gull as aforesaid that we went digging in the river-mud for the worms. Using the worms as bait, we could, at certain seasons of the year and states of the tide, catch the little sea-bass which penetrated much farther than this up the tidal river. Farther down, nearer the river's mouth, we could catch much bigger bass, throwing a fly for them from a boat, or trailing a spinning-bait behind. But such an expedition meant a walk of two miles, with the payment of a boatman and the hire of a boat at the end of it,

and thus met with no encouragement from Authority, who always looked upon fishing somewhat with the eyes of Doctor Johnson; and without the assistance of Authority the hire of boat and boatman was hard to come by.

But far out on a promontory of rock jutting into the river, not half a mile from our home, we could sit with rod and line, "a worm at one end and——" well, ourselves at the other; and, at the lowest of the tide the little silvery bass would sometimes take the worms greedily, so that we often brought home quite a good basket. There was no nonsense of playing the fish, or anything of that kind about it; the float went under, we struck, we said "Come, fish!" hoisted him into the air and swung him back, to fall with a sounding whack on the rock behind us. Then there was the joy of disengaging the fish from the hook and putting on another worm; then again, the *otium cum dignitate* of sitting and watching the float, with the proud knowledge of a fish already caught awaiting us in the basket.

The most troublesome part of this sport was the digging for the worms. Far away, by the shores of the sea, it was possible to find these worms without the trouble of digging for them in the soft, filthy ooze; for there, just where the rock-bed joined the flat golden sand, was a mass of coral-like formation. It looked much like honeycomb, only, when the comb, which was very friable, was broken, instead of bee-grubs and honey, it was seen to contain worms very like those which we got with much greater labour in the mud flats. Certainly the bass did not seem to know the difference. But if the labour of digging was saved, we had the labour of a two mile walk to reach the sandy-coral, and moreover, unless we hit off nicely the lowest state of the tide, we found the coral covered.

This fishing for the bass was of common enough kind, nor was the capture of the bigger bass from the boat in any way unusual. Also, when Authority sometimes took us long drives and set us on the bank of a trout-stream with rod and artificial fly, the result was much hooking of clothes and of trees and very little hooking of fish; in short, such a result as the early efforts of the fly-fisher familiarly produce. But there was a fishing in which we took certain part that was rather out of the common kind. It was introduced to us by the coastguard-men, who had often practised it from ship-board.

The enterprise of certain capitalists, who had vainly sought to spoil our beautiful marshland and gorse-clad hills into a watering-place, had built an ineffectual pier out into the sea; ineffectual because, by reason of the waves, the rocks, and the ridge-boulders, it was impossible for a boat to come to it oftener than three days on an average in the year. But it was charming to bathe off. The same arrangement of rocks and weather which made it hard for a boat to come to land made the task of the coast-guard almost one of supererogation. The poor men grew fat to corpulence, and it must have been weary, in the winter-time, pacing along those cliffs with never the remotest prospect of a smuggler. So then they spied this pier, and it occurred to them to fish from it as they had used to do from the ship's deck. This would help to pass the nights, for the fish bite best at night; and it was necessary that they should be kept awake in the night somehow, or they would not have been able to sleep all day.

The way of the fishing was this:—the tackle was stout and the hook large and strong, for the fish had to

be hauled from the water right up to the pier-head; the bait was a side of herring, or one of those little big-headed fish which we caught in the pools of the rocks. As near the hook as you dared to put it was a heavy plumb of lead. The coastguard would have his line (something between the thickness of blind-cord and of a lady's little finger) lying in a coil at his feet. Then, when he had got his hook baited, and all ready, he would sing out "Stand clear!" and all of us who were tending to other lines would stand back from his scene of action. He would begin by swinging the lead-plumb to and fro like a pendulum until he had given it sufficient impetus, when he would begin to whirl it round his head, gradually letting out more line and increasing the circle, until it was flying round and round at a tremendous pace; he would then let it go, with a whizz, as the Gauchos in our books hurled their *bolas*, and it flew hurtling out to sea, uncoiling the line as it went. Into the water it plunged with a plop, taking down with it the baited hook, and so you left it until a spasmodic pulling told your excited nerves that a foolish fish had hooked itself.

All this we saw dimly, in a mysterious gloom that heightened its interest, either by the light of the moon or, when the night was dark, by the ray of a bull's eye lantern. Sometimes, when fish would not bite, we lowered a lantern by a rope to the water's edge, in the hope that its glare would attract the prey; but we seldom found the fish unwilling, provided we hit off the right state of the tide,—namely an hour before or after its highest. We had about two hours and a half, in all, of profitable fishing, and in that time would have hauled up all sorts of wonders,—great big congers, skates of mighty breadth, rock-cod, and dog-fish more than enough. When the dog-fish were in great plenty we seldom caught other fish, these shark-like demons seeming to scare away the rest. These were great nights, though sometimes the wind blew cruelly; but Authority did not often permit us to enjoy them. If the height of the tide fell early, no objections were made; but if the fishing-hours were among the small ones of the morning a wise veto was put on our joining in the sport. In those unhappy seasons we would often stroll down in the course of the following day and, if the cold were not too nipping, would go diving down into the water at the pier's end to fetch up a dog-fish or two for our tame gull, whose healthy appetite made no distinction between the species of fishes. No one else would eat the dog-fish. The coastguard-men contented themselves with battering in their heads and throwing them over the pier-rails to serve as ground-bait; but nothing came amiss to our gull.

THE LAST YEARS OF A GREAT MONASTERY.

The suppression of the monasteries threatens to become a question as vexed as the motives of Cromwell or the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. For the last three hundred years or so it has been past question that the morals of a monk of the sixteenth century were darker even than those of a certain person who is generally reputed to be less black than he is painted. Now it seems that we have been all wrong, and that no one was so white as a black monk. As a matter of fact we have known surprisingly little of the internal life of a religious house during the last half century of English monasticism; and much of the little that we do know rests upon evidence that can hardly be regarded as free from suspicion. No doubt it has been clear for long enough what in theory the monastic life ought to have been, and there are ample materials for forming a judgment as to what in earlier centuries it was. But the actual details of life in a religious house during its later years, in practice as distinct from theory, the domestic economy, the spending of the income, the convent fare and the like, have as a rule been veiled by the monastic historian in a discreet silence; and it is precisely these details, as described by the monks themselves in the yearly account-rolls of the monastic officers (Obedientiaries, as they were termed) of St. Swithin's Priory at Winchester, which, thanks to the enterprise of the Hampshire Record Society and the loving labours of Dean Kitchin, we are at last able to read for ourselves.[1] For to carry on the business of a religious house, and above all such a house as St. Swithin's with its eighteen or twenty thousand a year,[2] a relatively large number of officers was the rule, each in charge of his special department and each at the end of his official year rendering to the Priory auditors a scrupulously exact account of his income and expenditure. Nine out of ten of the offices (seventeen in number at St. Swithin's) were filled by the monks themselves. At their head was the Prior, presiding over and supervising the whole business of the convent.[3] Next to him were his vicegerents, the second, and, when occasion required, a third and even a fourth Prior. The Sacristan took charge of the church, its furniture, plate, and vestments. The Precentor was responsible for the conduct of the services. The Warden of Works kept the buildings in repair, and carried out any needful extensions or alterations. The Treasurer received the larger half of the Priory income and acted as its general financier. The offices of the Larderer, Infirmarian, Guest-master and Almoner speak for themselves. The Chamberlain found clothing and bedding. The Cellarer paid for bread, beer, and the utensils

[1] Computus Rolls of the Obedientiaries of Saint Swithin's Priory, Winchester, from the Winchester Cathedral Archives; transcribed and edited, with an introduction on the organization of a convent, by G. W. Kitchin, D.D. Hampshire Record Society, 1892.

[2] To save the reader the trouble of constantly raising the figures to current values, they have been multiplied throughout by twelve, the factor used by Dean Kitchin.

[3] Is it necessary, after Dr. Jessop's remarks on the subject, to remind the reader that the term convent is properly not less applicable to a religious house for men than to one for women?

of the house. Such at least were in theory the duties of the leading Obedientiaries at St. Swithin's; and it is their annual account-rolls, or rather a remnant of them, from which we can gain for the first time a clear idea not only of the actual details of the social life, but of the whole financial administration of a great monastery, from the Treasurer's debts under the convent-seal, down to the value of the kitchen-dripping and the cost of the Almoner's riding-boots.

Luckily, too, owing to the survival of other documents, we are able to complete the account of the metamorphosis of the Priory into the modern Cathedral body; though the story of the suppression of St. Swithin's has one decided drawback; there are in it no serious scandals,—no scandals at all in one sense. And there is no tragic termination to the monastic history; no one is hanged, drawn, and quartered, and the worst of the horrors were the cartloads of gold and silver which the Royal Commissioners carried off from the Priory church. There is no riot, not even a protest from mayor and citizens; and the practical sum total of the changes is that a number of elderly gentlemen, who left their stalls as Prior and Monks one evening, return to them as Dean and Prebendaries the next day. True, the account-rolls of St. Swithin's only apply to a single monastery; but the monastery in question was probably above the level of its contemporaries. The order to which it belonged, the Benedictines, in numbers, wealth, and influence towered head and shoulders above the other English religious communities. Whatever had been the sins and shortcomings of other monasteries, there had never been, so far as is known, any serious blemish upon the reputation of St. Swithin's. Its very position as the leading religious house in one of the leading English cities, a stone's throw from the palace of its titular head, the Bishop of Winchester,—and that bishop usually among the ablest, always one of the most powerful English ecclesiastics,—its guardianship of what was practically the cathedral church of the diocese, were of themselves some kind of guarantee that things could hardly have been very wrong at the great Winchester Priory, and its standard no unfair criterion at any rate of its own order.

What that standard was we can gather with a fair degree of accuracy from our collection of rolls, mere salvage from the wreck though they be. Luckily a large proportion of them bear decisively upon the period in question, the last half century of the Priory's history. It is clear that times had changed greatly at St. Swithin's, and that they had by no means changed for the better. In the palmy days before the Black Death there had once been as many as sixty-four brethren in the convent. During later years the numbers had usually oscillated between thirty and forty; now there were probably, for the exact figure cannot be given, nearer thirty than two-score monks in the house in place of the ideal Benedictine total of seventy. Nor had the decline been one of numbers only. There had been a serious and permanent fall in the income, especially in the revenue from the country estates. The contributions of the faithful had dwindled to little or nothing. The pentecostals due from Surrey could not be got in at all; the receipts from the chantries were in most cases not enough to pay the expenses of service; at the high altar, even at St. Swithin's shrine itself, there were in 1536–7 no offerings whatever. In Hampshire, apparently, zeal for the old religion did not, at all events in the sixteenth century, assume a pecuniary shape. There was

not indeed anything out of the common in these phenomena. They were in a great measure due to the once prevalent mania for founding a religious house, often when, as at Selborne, there was no real local reason for its existence; and accordingly many more convents of one kind and another had come into being than were required by any imaginable needs of the population. The difficulty would have been to find a house without some vacant stalls. Bankrupt monasteries, houses where the religious had dwindled to a couple of inmates, were by no means unknown. Compared with these St. Swithin's might fairly have met its enemies in the gate.

It was small wonder indeed that the income of St. Swithin's had declined; the strange thing is that the decline had not been greater. The whole of its financial administration seems to a modern eye,—one might hope to the eye of a college bursar of the sixteenth century—to have been almost planned with a view to produce insolvency. Instead of the income of the convent being treated as a whole, and apportioned year by year according to the requirements of the several departments, the various estates and sources of income had been, centuries before, parcelled out among the various officers, so many to one, so many to another, and the old method had never been abandoned. Each officer had thus his own income, and each his own expenditure. A more unfortunate arrangement could hardly have been invented. It took no account of the annual variations in expenditure which must and did affect the various offices, in especial such as that of the Warden of Works, who in one year might have no more than a few roof-tiles to refasten, in the next, restorations or extensions to the amount of three or four years' income. There was small inducement to watch his expenditure in the one case, still less hope of avoiding debt in the other. The whole character of the duties attached to an office might in the course of years completely change, but the income must remain the same. When the officer depended, as did for example the Almoner, mainly on the produce of a single estate, an accident, the breach of a sea-wall or the burning of the manorial farm, might paralyse his whole department; for there was no definite method of meeting such a disaster. Then again, the income of the Priory was collected by half a dozen different men, each with his own little bill for the expenses of collection and the supervision of the estates, and each from time to time, as the offices changed hands, hampered by ignorance of his new duties. Worst of all, it must have been difficult in the extreme for any adequate check to be kept over the miscellaneous expenses. Such a system, or such a want of system, could hardly work well.

As a matter of fact, it worked extremely badly. To judge from the existing rolls, the Obedientiaries of St. Swithin's, notoriously wealthy as the house was, moved in an atmosphere of perpetual debt. As often as not the year's working ended in a loss; oftener still the balance is on the wrong side. Much of this no doubt was occasioned by unavoidable claims of hospitality, for St. Swithin's stood on the high road to Southern France; but much, one cannot help seeing, arose from sheer mismanagement. The accounts of almost every office are loaded and clogged with a list of payments mostly to the brethren, fees, stipends, courtesies (or presents of money), pittances (or extra table-expenses), compliments in the shape of wine or beer, fair-money, pocket-money, perquisites of one kind or another, which, customary as they may have been, no college auditor would dream of passing. Almost the whole of the Chamberlain's

income of over £1,000, which was supposed to be devoted to the clothing bedding, and cleanliness of the monks, and which one would have ventured to regard as sufficient to keep some five and thirty men well-clad, well-bedded, and very clean indeed, was frittered away in these questionable payments. The Bishop, for example, received a courtesy of £12, and the Prior one of £40. The brethren have £20 each, by way of pocket-money apparently. The Chamberlain's fees for himself and servants (including the "O," or annual festival of his office) amounted to over £55. Presents of wine to the Prior, the Cellarer, the Infirmarian, the Boy-bishop, the Guestmaster, and the brethren on the mass lists, amount to £7 16*s*. These are only samples taken at random from a long list. The Chamberlain must have been, one cannot help thinking, an extremely popular, as well as an extremely courteous official. But there was a serious side to the question. These illegitimate payments absorbed, in the case of the six offices of which we have rolls in the late fifteenth or sixteenth century, a good eighteen per cent. of the united income. Nor, unless the book-keeping of the Priory had improved since the fourteenth century, could the Treasurer's cheerful habit of mixing up capital and income, and eking out any deficiency in the latter by the sale of some of the convent property or the grant of an annuity for cash, have tended to improve the Priory's financial position.

The accounts are by no means the only unsatisfactory feature in the life of the brethren of St. Swithin's which the rolls present to us. Scandals, we have said, there were none; but it is clear that in more things than revenue had times changed at St. Swithin's since the early days when Prior and monks alike took their turns at the plough or in the bakehouse. The monastery itself, from being the humble abode of poor men, had become a wealthy and powerful corporation. Its head had developed into something scarcely less than a great noble, in some cases at least possessed of large private means. He had his own official residence and income, his own household in his livery, and apparently a very definite idea of the dignity which pertained to the office of Prior of St. Swithin's. We find him at one time holding his court in full state in St. Giles's Fair, at another with a train of friends and followers making a kind of progress through the monastic estates; not so engrossed in spiritual duties as to be above keeping a few couple of hounds, or turning down hares for coursing. The actual work of the house is now performed by a train of servants; the brethren are no more than the heads of their several departments. The dignity of several of them has become so weighty as to demand an official residence and household, and figures, that would have seemed strange indeed to St. Benedict, appear in the list of wages. The Larderer, it seems, cannot get on without a chaplain, a clerk, a bursar, and a groom, to say nothing of a few lesser underlings. The work of the Almoner requires among other servants a sub-almoner, a butler, and an accountant, and his annual outfit of cape, tunic, and riding boots is a serious item (£14); and yet the duties of that officer were, so far as we can ascertain, of the lightest character. The Almoner indeed was a sinner against monastic simplicity in more respects than in the costliness of his apparel. His estate of Hinton, conveniently situated some eight miles east of Winchester, was, as Dean Kitchen says, a favourite place of resort for him and his friends; and their annual expenses while staying there, over and above the fare provided by the farmer (and charged against

the Priory), were no trivial matter. Nor was the Almoner by any means alone in his periodical craving for rural pleasures.

To one familiar charge it is satisfactory to find that the brethren could plead not guilty. There was no gormandising at St. Swithin's. The serious meals of the day were two, dinner at noon and supper between six and seven; besides this there was a bowl of porridge for breakfast, and for any who desired it a cup of ale and a hunch of bread was ready in the refectory at three when the after-dinner sleep was over. The kitchen-bills, it must be allowed, are strangely heavy; £2,100 for the year's fare, exclusive of bread, beer, and wine, to a modern mind would call for liberal reductions. But if the fare was plentiful it certainly was in no sense luxurious, even at Christmas or on the festival of St. Swithin himself; and upon fast-days there is equally plain proof in the daily bills of fare that dinner and supper were each a very sorry business. Fast-days too were disagreeably numerous before the Reformation. There was not only the long season of Lent in which to subdue the wilful appetite, but all Advent and every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday throughout the year. At such seasons the boards must have been painfully bare, for the only admissible eatables were fish, eggs, and vegetables, and upon occasion such small mercies as figs or raisins. Thus on Wednesday, November 14th, 1492, the bill of fare for the two meals was salt ling, eggs, and an entrée of oysters. On Sundays the diet was rather more liberal, two or three extra dishes of fish being added. But happily the whole year was not made up of fast-days, and for an example of an average bill of fare we may take that of New Year's Day, 1493. Upon that occasion the brethren had for the two meals, moile (a dish of grated marrow and bread), beef and mutton, numbles (the tenderer cuts from a haunch of venison), steaks as an extra dish, and bread and beer at discretion, as our neighbours say. Sometimes instead of the moile they had brose, or toasts soaked in the dripping of the roasting meat; soup often figures as a supper dish; fish-balls, or rissoles, tansy pudding, batter, custards, calves' feet, tripe, all appear among their side-dishes. On festivals there was no more than the slightest increase in the character of the dinner; perhaps a dish of spiced vegetables and an extra entrée.

Even with these seventy-two account-rolls before one's eyes in black and white, it is difficult to understand, despite the courtesies and other payments of the kind, how some five and thirty monks contrived to get through so large an amount as £18,500 per annum. But one can be clear that there were certain objects upon which the income was not spent. It was not spent upon education. A couple of scholars at Oxford, a very few boys, sometimes not one, in the Convent-school, was all that was left of St. Swithin's zeal for learning. Nor was it spent upon the poor. It is impossible indeed to discern where at St. Swithin's the monastic poor-relief of which we hear so much comes in. One might suppose that the object of an Almoner's office is to distribute alms; but one would be quite in error in attributing such duties to the Almoner of St. Swithin's. Upon a few days in the year he gave away, as did the Anniversarian and the Prior, a good many score of loaves: he made an allowance of clothing and 3*s.* 6*d.* a week to each of the fifteen or twenty poor nuns in the Sisters' Spital, conscientiously cutting them down to half-pay when a disaster crippled his finances. The Kitchener

had no doubt a large amount of broken meats to dispose of; but so far as can be ascertained that was the beginning and end of the almsgiving of St. Swithin's.[1] As for the more serious problems of a great city, the world of misery and sin which lay outside the Convent gates, the miasma physical and moral, the sickness and disease, the vice and crime, which haunted the purlieus of a medieval city, there is not the slightest trace discernible in the rolls that the good men at St. Swithin's knew or cared anything about them. Still less was it their business to save souls. For such work there were the city parsons, not to speak of the friars. A pretty thing indeed to expect his reverence the Vice-Prior to take up with open-air preaching at the Butter Cross, or the Almoner to go exposing himself to the risk of every new case of fever in Water Lane.

The impression is in fact forced upon one that there was at St. Swithin's, model house as it may have been, in more ways than one, in the expenditure, in the social life, and in the results, a good deal that must have jarred painfully on the minds of men like Fox and Gardiner; and makes it no wonder that the one devoted to other purposes the college he had designed to found at Oxford for the monks at St. Swithin's, and that the other was turned into an ardent adherent of monastic reform. It is plain that there had been serious mismanagement in the Priory's resources; serious carelessness, too, as to running into debt. Its whole system was hopelessly and absurdly antiquated.

But that is not all, nor nearly all. It is not what the brethren did so much as what they failed to do, which is in fact the heaviest charge which their own accounts lay against them. The Priory had completely outgrown or had forgotten the purposes for which it had been founded. The world had been moving on: they had not only failed to move with it; they had not even stood still; they had positively receded. They ate and drank and enjoyed their pittances, their afternoon naps, and the services in their glorious church, and made merry at their O's and exchanged their courtesies, sublimely unconscious that a new England had come into being in which they were at best centres of stagnation. It is the intense pettiness, the moral feebleness of these courtesies and pittances in the days when, for example, the New Learning was struggling for existence; it is the utter failure of the house to play the part its founder had designed it to play in the national life, which moves one's indignation. And, as Chaucer's priest asked, "If gold rust, what shall iron do?" If this was the case at one of the intellectual centres of England, what was the state of the provincial convent, buried in the recesses of some remote county?

Probably the brethren of St. Swithin's felt something of this themselves. Certainly they had no opposition to offer to the royal scheme by which they were converted into a Dean and Chapter. Probably, too, the knowledge of the summary way in which the Tudor sovereigns were apt to take order with people who kicked against the pricks, was not without its effect on their deliberations. A more potent reason was the excellent terms which Bishop Gardiner had secured for them. The change was rather to be a change in name than in reality. Prior Kingsmill was to become the "first original and modern Dean"; room would be

[1] It is, however, only fair to point out that there are in the two Treasurer's Rolls of the thirteenth century a couple of entries of sums of money given by the Prior, which may include alms in the modern sense.

found among the twelve Prebendaries and twelve Peticanons for such monks as cared to continue the religious life. There was no question of any change in beliefs; to some considerable extent the old common life, or as much of it as still survived, was to be kept up. There would be increased freedom certainly, and increased opportunities of usefulness. The new Chapter was to become something of a Theological College; it was to maintain twelve divinity students, pension as many old soldiers, contribute liberally to the poor and to the making of highways. Pecuniarily they would all, individually as well as collectively, rather gain than lose.

There was not a murmur of resistance to the Royal Commissioners when they arrived at the Priory in 1538. They found the Prior and all the Convent, they reported, very conformable. The Mayor and Citizens, if we are to believe the Commissioners' report, were so enthusiastic in their support of the royal intentions as to attend in person and give laud and praise to God and the King's Majesty. Conformable as the Convent might be, and well assured as their future was, it must have been a sore wrench to them to watch through the night these royal iconoclasts making an end of the famous shrine of St. Swithin's, in which the Commissioners were disgusted to find no gold nor jewels, and in the domestic portion of the Convent, owing to the foresight of the late Prior, so little plate that they could not in common decency make it less. The Church-plate proper, crosses and images, chalices, pectorals, candlesticks, paxes, turned out better. Much of it was wrought in gold, in particular part of the high altar, which the Commissioners pulled down, grumbling sorely at their trouble, after the destruction of St. Swithin's shrine, though they were careful to protest against the imputation that they did it more for the sake of the treasure than for destroying "the abomination of idolatry." Altogether the royal treasury did not do badly. In spite of its metallic deficiencies the shrine turned out to be worth some £16,000; and the total amount of treasure which passed into the royal coffers was, 1,035½ ounces of gold, 13,886 ounces of silver gilt, and 300 ounces of silver and parcel gilt, to say nothing of certain crosses of emeralds and gold which seem to have mis carried; in all considerably more in modern values than £75,000.

By the early months of 1541 all was at an end. The Priory and all its possessions had been surrendered to the King; and by letters patent of March 28th, 1541, St. Swithin's under its new title of the Church of the Holy Trinity, purged of its "idolatry" and with the great bulk of its old estates and something more regranted to it, was free to enter upon the career of enlarged usefulness which had been marked out for it.

GIUSEPPE PARINI.

None can say where History begins; and, once begun, her page has no full stops. But we may deem Charles the Fifth a sort of semicolon in the history of Europe; or we may liken him to a forest clearing whence many paths diverge, or to which they converge if we shift the point of view. He is an epoch-marking man in the story of the nations, especially in that of Italy. It was in his time that she began to be what she has ceased to be in ours, a geographical phrase. To Milan and its territory, called of old the Milanese, this wide-ruling potentate played the part of a kind of deputy-providence or fate. When settling the affairs of Italy at the grand congress of Bologna towards the end of 1529 he treated Francis the Second, the last of the Sforzas, Dukes of Milan, as a mere puppet, under whose reign he took good care to govern. And to tighten his hold upon this puppet he wedded him to his niece Cristina, daughter of Christian the Second of Denmark by Elizabeth of Austria, Charles's sister. The marriage was solemnised in the spring of 1534, the bride being fifteen years old, the bridegroom forty-two, and so broken in health that he had to hobble to the altar on crutches. Still poor Milan did her best to welcome the young bride, whom she regarded as a harbinger of peace and of better days after the long and cruel wars that had unpeopled the Milanese and made it a howling wilderness where the wolves ranged the fields at will, and the grapes hung rotting on the vines for lack of hands to pluck them.

But the Duke Francis, who married with one foot in the grave, died within little more than a twelvemonth after his wedding, and with him died the promise of peace. For Francis the First of France coveted Milan as eagerly as Charles the Fifth, and said with cynic wit: "My brother Charles and I are quite at one. Each ardently desires the same thing,—Milan." Hence came fresh plots, new quarrels, more wars, and, above all, heavier taxes. Then followed divers schemes for reconciling Charles's claims with those of Francis. Among these was a scheme for marrying Charles's daughter or niece to a son of the French king. But here came a hitch. Francis insisted that his second son should be the happy man; Charles insisted that the third son should be preferred, lest the death of the first (the Dauphin) should make the second both King of France and Duke of Milan. Neither would give way. The venerable Pope Paul the Third strove to make peace between the rival sovereigns, and at last it was decided that Charles should give his daughter Donna Maria to the Duke of Orleans. But within a few days of the time fixed for the wedding the Duke died. The blow broke the spirit of the French monarch, old before his time and pressed by the arms of England. And finally, on July 5th, 1546, Charles gave the Duchy of Milan to his son Philip, well known to us as the husband of our Queen Mary Tudor.

Thus did Milan become Spanish, and Spanish she remained for one hundred and sixty-seven years, till the unwieldy Empire of Spain was broken up by the Peace of Utrecht in

1713, when Milan passed to the House of Hapsburg. Meanwhile those years of Spanish rule had made a deep and lasting impression on all her ways of life and modes of thought; so that she was half Spanish at the date of the birth of Parini, the subject of this hasty sketch.

He was born in the year 1729, in the village of Bosivio, some twenty miles north of Milan, where his father owned a few acres of ploughland, pasture, and vineyard. The boy, christened Giuseppe (in plain English Joseph) soon showed a marked taste for literature, and this induced his father to sell his acres and flit to Milan, for the sake of giving the lad the best training within his reach. The crafty man seems to have acted on the old and not wholly trustworthy adage,

When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

But much depends on the kind of learning, and as a bread-winner the craft of shoemaking has generally been found superior to that of making verses of any kind. Accordingly we find Parini in after years begging the loan of ten sequins from a certain Canon Agudio, in the following rhyme:

As for the luck of a mass to say,
God knows when that may come my way;
And of friends in need I know not one
To reach me a helping hand under the sun.
My mother, poor mother, has none but me
To stand between her and misery;
And unless from you you let me borrow,
I shall lack a crust to give her to-morrow.

This fragment incidentally shows that Parini had become a priest without a benefice, willing to keep the wolf from the door by chanting a chance mass; just as there are in the Anglican Church of this island a few clergymen unattached who pick up a precarious livelihood by undertaking roving duty. Meanwhile, in his twenty-third year Parini published a volume of poems under the name of Ripano Emilio; and this juvenile performance, whatever its intrinsic worth, served to bring him into notice, and earned him the patronage of sundry noble families, notably that of the Borromei and Serbelloni, who employed him to teach some of their scions. Thus, and as a writer of what we now call society-verses, the young priest contrived to keep himself from starving.

In his appearance he was tall and had a broad forehead, lively large dark eyes, an aquiline nose, with shapely features to match, a frank and open expression, and a sweet and sonorous voice. Altogether he was a man of commanding presence, and he walked with such peculiar grace and dignity that when the Emperor Leopold the Second came to Milan to see the capital of his Italian heritage, he was so struck by the then elderly poet's appearance that he asked his name, and, being told, ordered a carriage to be kept for him at the public cost. The municipality, however, seem to have thought that the Emperor had no right to be generous with their revenues. Anyhow the poor poet never got his carriage, but went on footing it gracefully to the end of his days. With Emperor, as with meaner mortals, the adage holds good,

'Tis money makes the mare to go;

and these Emperors of Germany, of the first breed, were always pinched for money, from the days when the luckless Charles the Fourth was arrested for the sum total of his butcher's bill at Worms.

The Austrian governors of Milan found they had their work cut out for them, for the city had been so long under the sceptre of Spain that she

rebelled at the yoke of the Teutons. However, they seem to have done their best, according to their lights, for the welfare of the people whom they ruled. Firmian, the best of all these Teuton governors, took a fancy to Parini, and did his best to befriend him, though sometimes with more zeal than discretion. He began, for instance, by making Parini editor of the official Gazette. Parini, too, we doubt not did his best in that capacity; yet we fear that the printers suffered keenly under the rule of this poetical editor. Once, when at the eleventh hour the Gazette ran short of copy, Parini met the demand by inventing and publishing as the latest news from Rome, a full and circumstantial statement that the reigning Pope, Clement the Fourteenth (Ganganelli), had resolved to stop the time-honoured practice of fitting male singers to sing *soprani* parts in the papal chapel by the cruel means so long in vogue, and said to have been invented by Semiramis. The hoax succeeded beyond all expectation. The LEYDEN GAZETTE reprinted it; and thence it spread all over Europe. Everybody praised the Pope's humanity; and Voltaire, the grand sceptic of the age, was so completely deceived by Parini's pious fraud that he sent the Pope a hearty letter of congratulation.

Probably Governor Firmian now discovered that his client's gifts did not lie in the way of editing a newspaper; and we soon find him engaged in the far more congenial task of lecturing on the fine arts at the Palatine School of Milan, where a new professorship had been created expressly for him, in spite of the stubborn opposition of his foes the Jesuits. Afterwards, when the Jesuits were for a season suppressed, Parini was appointed Professor of Rhetoric at the Brera, and this post he held as long as he lived, acquitting himself to the satisfaction of all who heard him. Read now-a-days, no doubt, his lectures seem as shallow and meagre as Blair's BELLES LETTRES or Lord Kames's ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM; but we should, in justice to these men, remember that they were pioneers, and that those who have profited by their labours ought to be the last to laugh at their shortcomings.

Parini now spent his leisure hours in the company of the aristocracy of Milan. The manners and morals of the Italian city exhibited at that time a strange compound of Spanish ignorance, sloth, formality, and pride of birth with a dash of French frivolity and licence of the newest fashion, which the Austrian governors vainly strove to check by stringent legislation, thereby only aggravating the evil they meant to cure. They wrought mischief with the best of intentions, like other governments before their time and since.

Literature, meanwhile, was not neglected by the leisured classes of Milan. They read poetry, and they wrote it. One bard penned a sonnet on each of the hundred invocations in the Litany of the Virgin Mary. Another aimed a hundred sonnets at the head of a man to whom he owed three shillings. A third poured forth five dozen sonnets on a miser, describing them on the title-page as written by Sir Lullo, Sir Lallo, and Sir Lello, annotated by Sir Lollo, and dedicated by Sir Lillo. One learned Society held its meetings with a child for chairman, to whom they propounded all sorts of abstruse problems, and who was instructed to answer each question with one word. Then these solemn triflers would choose two of their number to demonstrate that the chairman's one word solved the question propounded, or at least pointed straight to the right solution of it. Verse, however was the chief business

of the society with whom Parini mingled, among them, but not of them; verses on births, deaths, and marriages, christenings, confirmations and first communions; on a nun's taking the veil, or a nun's mother taking a new *cicisbeo;* on a young priest's first sermon; on a lady's pet, or a gentleman's bet, or a beauty's shifting her patches. Two whole volumes once came forth on the death of a favourite cat; albeit the poet (to give him his due) showed himself conscious of the frivolity of this flood of rhyme he had helped to swell. One of his stanzas runs:

> An Iliad written
> On the death of a kitten
> In rhymes that are faultless, if not very new,
> May teach you musicians,
> Players, poets, physicians,
> To prize at its worth the verse lavished on you.

In those days the pulpit competed with the stage in the art of entertaining. One sermon, still extant, contains a full and elaborate description of all the fashionable dances of the period, and a lively delineation of the manners of the dancers. And one famous Jesuit preacher, Father Granelli, would often interrupt his sermon to pay an appropriate compliment to any person of distinction who chanced to enter the church while he preached; and would then calmly resume the thread of his discourse just as if nothing had happened.

Under the long rule of Spain the custom of forcing the superfluous daughters of high families to become nuns had grown almost universal at Milan. Whether destined for the veil or not, all high-born damsels received their schoolings within the walls of a nunnery, where they were deliberately taught to regard a cloistered life as the happiest of all lives for a woman. This training seldom missed its aim. But it did sometimes; and we read of a young Milanese lady, forced to take the veil, greeting her parents with a storm of curses through the grating of the convent-parlour, and then strangling herself with her girdle before their eyes. Marriages for love being inconsistent with the system thus indicated, the girl who did not take the veil was brought out of her convent-school to be mated to a man whom she had probably never seen, and who was often as old as her grandfather. Hence the well-known institution of the *cicisbeo.* Lord Byron was the *cicisbeo* of the Countess Guiccioli, whose husband, thrice her age, had no hold on her heart whatever; but he felt himself aggrieved because his wife and her chosen friend defied the standing rules and regulations of the order. For such rules it had; and, these duly observed, nobody thought any the worse of a married dame for taking a *cicisbeo.* On the contrary, she was despised if she lacked one; the institution was indeed so fully recognised that the name of the bride's future *cicisbeo* was often inserted in the marriage-settlement. And once chosen, he might not be lightly discarded; infidelity of this stamp exposed the lady to social ostracism.

The *cicisbeo's* duties were many and arduous. He was expected to attend his lady's *levée*, and bring her the day's news; to keep an eye upon her servants; to accompany her to the church, to the ball-room, to the theatre, and to carry her prayer-book, fan, or scent-bottle, as the case might be. Meanwhile his own wife would be receiving all these attentions from some other lady's husband; and no one thought a whit the worse of any of the three parties to the arrangement. Society was scandalised only when the wife proved false to the lover.

Many writers (Dr. Johnson's Italian friend Baretti among them) have laboured to prove that the custom was perfectly innocent; and innocent in one narrow sense it may have been. Nevertheless sturdy John Bull shakes his head at this systematic philandering, and regards it as anything but harmless, even if technically innocent. And as Philosophy also shakes her grave pate at the whole business and the social system out of which it grew, the reader will probably judge that John Bull, for once at least, is perfectly right.

The dress of any period is always a matter of interest to women and to wise philosophers. The Milanese dress of this period, before French fashions invaded it, was fearfully and wonderfully made and weighty to wear. The women robed themselves in brocades and silks so solid and substantial that a dress would last a lifetime, and sometimes descend from mother to daughter; such also were the coats and waistcoats of the sterner sex, who strutted about in their unbending garments like so many hogs in armour. Consistently with this style of dress, the hair of both sexes underwent the most elaborate treatment at the hands of the artist thereunto addicted; an architect in his way who delighted to build the lofty pile of tresses, tier above tier aspiring to the skies. Then came the powdering; an art by itself, perfected by a genius of the age who devised what may be called, without figure of speech, the powdering-chamber, from whose perforated ceiling the powder fell like snow from the heavens. Every well-appointed mansion had its powdering-room. The patient, released at length from the hands of the hairdresser, entered the room, wrapped from neck to foot in an ample sheet. The floury shower began to fall, and within a few minutes the patient emerged, half choked, but beautiful to behold as a cabbage covered with hoar-frost, and not a hair disarranged upon his sacred head.

A long chapter might be written on hairdressers, their rights and wrongs and revolutions; but they have always been staunch Tories in their hatred of wigs. England had her wig-riot in the reign of George the Second; Milan had hers in the reign of Maria Teresa. It arose from an audacious attempt by some restless innovator to cover every fashionable head in Milan with a wig of steel or silver wire, warranted to save some three hours' daily toil and endurance in the dressing of the hair. Up rose the hairdressers like one man, and petitioned the Empress to save them from the threatened ruin of their art. The Empress listened to their prayer, and straightway decreed that any one wearing one of these new-fangled periwigs must pay a fine of fifty sequins or be thrice scourged in public. She further empowered the police to search private houses for the offending article, and to destroy it if found. To this imperial legislation Goldoni alludes in the doggerel lines:

In that great day it came to pass
That a gentle countess was forced, alas!
For her hairdresser's sake to forgo her mass.

He kept her too long at her toilet. Ten years later another satirist published an ACCOUNT OF A PRODIGIOUS COMET LATELY SEEN AT MILAN, the comet being a transcendent specimen of the hairdressers' art, erected on the head of a certain noble dame.

Along with these eccentricities of costume went others to match, such as the carrying of two watches, two handkerchiefs, two snuff-boxes, two everythings capable of duality. "All was twofold in those blessed times," says a contemporary writer. "Even

the watches reposed in a double case, which made much work in winding up at bedtime." This entertaining writer, a sort of Milanese Pepys, singles out the priests as the most ceremonious of all classes in customs, habits, and ideas. These were the unattached priests known to the French as the *abati au petit collet*, among whom Metastasio holds the most conspicuous place in literary history. But Parini deserves a place by his side. While Metastasio,—a wiry little man with a ferret eye and a brown wig of corkscrew curls atop of his wizen pock-pitted face—haunted the Court of Vienna, Parini, as unlike him in outward aspect as a falcon to a sparrow, dwelt at Milan in high favour with Maria Theresa's deputy, Governor Firmian, and much caressed by all the leaders of fashion in that cathedral city. But, in him they had unwittingly admitted a traitor within their charmed, and charming, circle; a spy who was slyly, but busily taking notes of every folly, vice, and absurdity that caught his eye as he sauntered to and fro among those gay lords and ladies. But though he might safely take notes, and even shape them into polished satire, to print them was quite another matter. Nothing could be more alien to the stereotyped theory of the ruck of Austrian Governors of Milan than to tolerate an attack on the existing system that would set society seething and bubbling with wrath. *Quieta non movere* was the ruling maxim of these worthy men. Governor Firmian, however, happened to be a man of other mould, and when a friend whispered to him that his favourite Parini had penned the first part of a satirical poem entitled THE DAY, intended to be a minute and faithful portraiture of the daily life of a Milanese noble, and, further, that the poet thought of publishing his work, the Governor promptly replied: "So much the better. I'm sure some such work is sorely needed."

Accordingly, forth came THE MORNING, and woke all the world of Milan to a sense of the utter emptiness and nullity of the life that all the world was leading. Meanwhile as in the case of NICHOLAS NICKLEBY half a dozen Yorkshire schoolmasters vowed vengeance against Dickens for libelling them as Squeers, so now every exquisite in Milan declared that the silly hero of THE MORNING was a caricature of himself. And one of them, the Prince Belgiojoso of that age, a dandy of the dandies, felt so sure that the cap fitted his peculiarly brainless noddle, that he warned Parini against continuing the poem, as he would not live to see the evening of that day when THE NOON appeared. But though this meant in plain English, "I'll hire a band of cut-throats to murder you," and the threat was no idle one in those evil days, Parini did not flinch. His MORNING had its NOON, its EVENING, and its NIGHT. His DAY saw its completion, and the author of it died in his bed.

Much has been written in Italy touching the style and diction of Parini's masterpiece. We English hold these matters cheap, maybe too cheap, though 'tis a fault on the right side. But Parini had to encounter special difficulties that lend a certain serious interest to the vexed question whether he did well to discard his native Milanese, his cradle-tongue, in favour of pure Tuscan. Great is the charm of that cradle-tongue to a Milanese. And one need not be a Scotsman to feel with the lady from the shores of Lake Como, who, dining in Paris side by side with her compatriot the brave Confalioneri, was afterwards congratulated by a friend on having enjoyed a good bout of Italian chat. "Far better than that," she replied. "Con

falioneri and I have been talking Milanese.' Parini would surely have echoed that sentiment; but he wished to command a wider circle of readers for his masterpiece than he could hope for had he penned it in a provincial dialect; hence his choice of pure Tuscan. At the same time he felt it was a choice of evils. The language of Tasso does not readily lend itself to the treatment of the trivial incidents and paltry matters Parini had taken for his theme. It is far too stately, and, truth to tell, too hidebound and too poor. The Classicists had purified it into poverty; and that so effectually that, during the tyranny of these terrific purists, the need of uttering the vulgar word "handkerchief" was deemed an almost insuperable bar to placing a version of OTHELLO on the Italian stage. Even so, we may add, was it in France before the victory of Victor Hugo and his brother Romanticists. The Classicists could not stand Othello's handkerchief decorously disguised as *bandeau* by the discreet Ducis. But when Alfred de Vigny, greatly daring, frankly Frenched it *mouchoir* in his version, the actor had to face such a storm when he uttered the forbidden word as might have scared the valiant Moor himself. By way of evading the kindred difficulty that lay in his path, Parini resolved to adopt the mock-heroic style, and part of his glory consists in the skill he displays in sustaining it throughout a poem of between three and four thousand lines without wearying the reader.

One word in conclusion. We venture to think that Parini's satire has been unduly neglected by English students of Italian literature. No one, of course, would dream of ranking him among the great masters of Italian poetry; but THE DAY is an unimpeachable authority for the language, and its subject throws a clear light on one of the factors of modern Italy. This claim, we submit, cannot be urged on behalf of Petrarch or Tasso, of Ariosto or Alfieri.

THE MEN OF THE HILLS.

The Vale of the Upper Tweed is distinct from the neighbouring dales of Clyde and Annan, and no less from the rich strath into which the Border river enters in its maturer course, in a way which may seem strange to one superficially aware of their proximity. You pass almost at a bound from the fat lands of Dumfries, or the wooded holms of Melrose, to a country of miniature and yet greater beauties. There you have wide vistas and broad streams; here we have vistas, waters, hills, woods, an epitome of landscape, small in the acreage of the surveyor, but large by that curious measurement which is the prerogative of the mind of man. It is indubitably a country of surprises, a dapper arrangement of landscapes which charm by their contrast. The cotter's garden, gay with all seasons' flowers, runs into the heather; reapers ply their trade within hearing of the thrush and the curlew; a meadow of hay is own neighbour to a grim pine-forest; and a sullen stream in one field may be an eddying torrent in the next. The art of the epigrammatist would be expended in vain in searching for the applicable word. One might call it austere, but for the grace of the woods; barren, but for the fresh green meadows and fruitful gardens; homely, were it not for some great blue shoulder of hill which bars the sky and gives solemnity to the little ridges. It is a country of contradiction, blended into harmony by that subtle Border charm which relates the crags of Moffatdale to the lowlands of Berwick.

The people of this Arcady are in certain ways akin to their countryside. They, too, are full of surprises. Harshness and gentleness, worldly prudence and the most insane recklessness, humour and a crass stupidity, unite in varying degrees in their composition. In these narrow valleys tragedy and comedy dwell side by side in a confusion as grotesque as any Wonderland, and to the seeing eye there are plays enough acted every day of the year. To the casual traveller there is incongruity, to the man who has long known them there is none; for he feels each whimsicality of character to be the artistic companion of the variant landscape.

Celtic and Saxon meet here, but Saxon has the predominance. Apart from such far-away histories there is one near and living fact of their genealogy. Their forefathers were those gallant gentlemen or disreputable ruffians (call them what you please) who played fine havoc with well-stocked Northumbrian pastures; who, and here is the sad part of the tale, so far forgot themselves as now and then to plunder their Scots brethren. Days and nights of riding, when a false step may be death, make a man's senses wonderfully acute. He learns to use his wits, which is well nigh a lost art among us; he becomes versed in the lore of woodcraft and hillcraft; he can mark a glimmer of spears six miles away, and the saddle is more easy to him than his bed. Such a trade is not over good for morality, save for the virtue of courage which it undeniably tends to foster; but it is the very finest school in the world for the natural man. The folk of Tweedside to-day are sprung of this fighting stock. The fathers had little time to settle on their lees and sink into the country lout; and the children in consequence are of keener temper and

finer spirit than the ordinary rustic. The difference is vividly seen when one looks at the Westland folk who have come from the remoter lands of Ayr and Lanark to settle by the Tweed. Honest and worthy, courageous and kindly, they lack few of the sterling virtues of life; they manage their farms with commendable industry; they fear God and do good in their several ways. But to set them on a level with the true-born Uplander is to rate butter-milk as high as burgundy. It is conceivable that at certain times the former may be the more salutary diet, but this cheap quality of wholesomeness does not make the estimate any the more true. To this day you may find a certain enmity between the two strains, dislike on the one hand and distaste on the other.

To the chance traveller in their midst that which appears the most prominent quality of the people is their singular acuteness of mind. To call them cultured or learned would be to brand them with an undeserved reproach. They have indeed something of a contempt for book-learning; the Scots phenomenon known as a "dungeon of wit" meets with less respect among them than elsewhere. The Book of Life is a volume which makes all printed matter of small significance. But in native shrewdness we should venture to set one of them against any other average inhabitant of the globe. Two well-known Scots philosophers, both sprung from humble origin, hailed from this place; but they are types and not exceptions. You may see any day, behind the plough or on the shearing-stool, men with faces as ponderously thoughtful as an Aquinas. This may seem an exaggerated picture, but we fancy it is not far from the truth. To be sure this intellectuality of countenance is often deceptive, and its possessor may have no thought above whisky or mole-catching; but again it is not unfrequently only the index of the sagacity and gravity within.

It is curious to note the floating fragments of learning which perambulate the countryside, stories derived, we know not whence, often strangely marred in the telling, but hinting at some share of the humanities (to use the fine Scots word) which was the possession of some prior generation. One old woman of our knowledge had a distant acquaintance with some of the tales in the ODYSSEY. She surprised us on one occasion by declaring that her son's socks were no better than Penelope's web (she did not sound the last letter of the virtuous queen's name), for what she mended in the morning was a hole again at night. She had never heard of Homer; the story was just an "owercome," which she had got from her mother. Still stranger was the tale which another was wont to tell as a warning to those who take pride in ugliness, dirt, and poverty. There were once two men, she would say, a farmer and a ploughman, the one rich and the other poor, the one humble and the other proud as Satan. One day the ploughman came to the farmer's home in his muddy boots, and was taken to the best room, where there was a very fine carpet. He had no sooner entered than he stamped his clogs upon the floor with every circumstance of scorn. "There," said he, "I trample on the pride of Platto,"—Platto was the farmer's name. "Ay," says the other, "but with still greater pride." This is no less than the story of Diogenes and Plato, but the teller had no inkling of its source. "Did you ever hear of any one whose name was Platto?" we asked. "No," she said, "but,—well, there's folk called Latto, and Platto will just be an auld way of writing it."

Dr. Penicuik of Romano, who

wrote a book on Tweeddale in the beginning of last century, did full justice to the good qualities of the folk, but added that there was one curious defect in all,—a total lack of music; "For," he says, "music is so great a stranger to their temper, that you will hardly light upon one amongst six, that can distinguish one tune from another." We combat the assertion root and branch, and cannot help suspecting that the worthy Doctor had himself no very shrewd ear for music. No people who had not a true love and gift for melody could have produced so many fine airs, and their written songs, though few in number, are yet choice of their kind. To cite one instance, there is that excellent drinking song, "Come sit ye doon, my cronies," which we would willingly set down were not our memory so feeble.

But to pass to graver themes; there is one side of Scots life which no man can afford to neglect, though of late years it has rather been thrust down our throats. We mean the religious. It is a fine thing to say of any folk that their religion fills a large place in the world of their thoughts. But in the Border country we venture to think that it is weighted with a healthy worldliness, so much so that frequently it disappears from the surface altogether. For, say what we may, the men of the uplands are on the whole a worldly people. Explain it as you like by their descent or by their countryside, the fact remains. They are not the stuff of which fanatics are made; the temporal and the tangible are too much before their eyes. For this very reason in the days of the Covenanters and the Persecution the Peeblesshire men did not rise like the Westland Whigs. The fugitives in the Tweedside hills were mostly men from Annandale or gaunt-faced wanderers from the moors of Clyde. To be sure there were Habb Dab and David Din, who "dang the Deil ower Dobson's linn," and who might have been expected to save the reputation of the place. These two worthies, hiding in a cave at the head of Moffat Water, were assailed by Satan in the guise of a pack of dried hides, and being strong in the faith they promptly kicked him over the waterfall. As the song has it:

> Like a pack of barkit skins
> Doon fell Satan ower the Linns.

But from the very fact of their supernatural intercourse it is to be inferred that these were the exceptions, and that the zeal of the arch-enemy to convert them may be attributed to a laudable desire on his part to keep the countryside consistent. It would be a hard task to rouse the people over any mere matter of scrupulousness, any nicety of ceremonial or refinement of Church-government. We have in our midst a sprinkling of earnest Whigamores, but almost to a man they are of alien birth. The true Uplander conceives it to be a matter of little moment whether priest or presbyter chide his erring steps, or whether he worship his Maker on his knees or on his feet.

Yet to call them a godless race would be to make a vast mistake. They are a devout people according to their light, which after all is not inconsiderable. In their daily life they are punctilious in the observance of certain minutiæ of the law, though when pressed they will admit that they scarce see the reason of their conduct. The reason, we take it, is their deep-rooted conservatism, holding to the old customs as far as possible because their fathers did so and their grandfathers before them. They are in general excellent attendants on the Kirk, coming down from their distant glens with grave, decent faces, sitting

like statues through a sermon which may be mere pulp to their strong brains, and returning home with a sense of duty fulfilled. They will rarely speak ill of a minister, believing, like George Herbert, that any want of appreciation on their part is due to the hardness of their hearts, which is a charming doctrine for the preacher. On the matter of the Sabbath, too, you will find them rigid with a most whimsical and pertinacious rigidity. One man of good character but no pretensions to piety made the writer's boyhood a burden by forbidding the reading of any secular book on the Saturday, Sabbath, or Monday. "For," said he, "though there's naething in the Bible about it, I hold that the Lord's day shall aye get plenty of room to steer in."

Nor are the humours which attend the Church in Scotland wanting here. There was the minister of Tweedsmuir who on a certain Sabbath found a salmon stranded in shallow water, and who, being unable conscientiously to take it out on such a day, built a hedge of stones around it, and returning on the morrow claimed his prize. There was the old farmer who could not go to the Kirk because he had neglected to shave on the Saturday night, and he would not profane the day by the use of any edged tool. There was the minister of Broughton who prayed for dry weather in the midst of a perfect downpour, and when notwithstanding his prayers the great blasts of rain still beat on the window, exclaimed in his aggravation, "Lord, Lord, but this is maist reedeklous!" There is the story of the eminent Dr. Robertson the historian, who preached an eloquent sermon in the kirk of Peebles, but forgot that the door was just behind the pulpit. He concluded in a whirl of rhetoric and gracefully sank back upon his seat; but the door was open and the congregation saw only the heels of the orator as he disappeared down the back stairs. There is no limit to such tales save the memory of the narrator and the patience of his hearers.

We have said that there still exists in no inconsiderable measure the old fighting Border spirit, as dour as steel and as quick as a stream in flood. Few opportunities now remain for its appearance, for peace broods like a shadow over the land and fines for the breach of it are not desirable. But one outlet exists in an election contest. Politics to these folks are a matter of the most vital importance. We know from Lockhart that not even his age, ill health, and great name could save Sir Walter from insult at the hands of a Jedburgh mob. A man seriously adopts his party, not without grave consideration, for he knows that it will bring him lifelong hostility from the other side. There is no half-hearted hob-nobbing with the enemy. Each sticks to his camp, and if by any chance he sees fit to change it he will be pursued with such a storm of contumely as may make him wish himself back with a hearty good-will. Family ties are of no moment in the matter. We have heard of a farmer of undoubted respectability and a large kindliness whose own brother, just dead, had been of the opposite persuasion. He was talking gleefully of the decrease of the enemy in the place where his brother had lived. "There were a terrible lot o' Tories," he said, "and we were sairly bothered wi' them; but our Maker was very merciful to us and took a guid wheen o' them to Himsel'."

There is something Spartanlike in this devotion on one side, but there is something little short of demoniac on another. The sight of the country town on an election day, when, contrary to all hopes, the Tory candidate

has been returned, is one which a man will remember all his days. The proletariat are deeply conservative in nature, but for no earthly reason they are Whig to a man by profession. They fill the street, a crowd of brown determined faces, howling profanity. The result is announced; there is Bedlam for twenty minutes, then a mighty rush, and the honourable gentleman and his escort escape gracefully by a back close. Windows are shattered and a few heads broken; there is much marching and shouting; then the excitement calms by degrees, and by and by the men go home, very wearied, sometimes very drunk, and perhaps also a trifle ashamed.

But a more agreeable proof of their spirit is the catholic fondness for sport which is common to both high and low. There is something admirable in this liking, for sport in itself is a good thing. It brings out all the virile and sterling qualities of a man; it leaves little room, it is true, for some virtues, but it keeps the ground against the more unmanly vices. The true sportsman is a prince of good fellows; and by the name we do not mean a good shot or a skilled rider, but a man who has a love for motion and the open air, and the two valuable qualities of courage and self-repression. It is indeed this element of sport which redeems many characters. A poacher may be a blackguard in very truth, but he would be a worse man if he were not a poacher. In him, too, is that love for danger and enterprise, that skill of hand and lore of nature, which go to ennoble his betters in the trade. To us it is something affecting to see the ragged weaver, out of work maybe, up to his knees in the stream intent upon his fishing, the herd-boy who whips the mountain-burn with his home-made rod, the village grocer who gets a day's shooting now and then from the laird. They love it, and are learned in it above the common. It would be a blessing to the land if this love were infused into all sorts and conditions of men, and the wealthy landowner would give the humbler tenants a share in the sport on his estate if they sought it, and the great merchant would set his poor, town-bred clerks to fish his waters, instead of filling his country houses with people who scarcely thank him.

Again, this common taste sets all classes on a level. The curling-pond is a fine instance, where the laird, the minister, the farmer, and the labourer used to meet on a common ground. We well remember one man, the sheriff of a county, a scholar and a gentleman of birth, whose bosom friend on such excursions was one Rob Tait, an inveterate poacher. The sheriff would be *skip* and Rob was beyond all question a most noted player. "Come on, Rob, my man," he would say; "show us what ye can dae. Eh, man, but that's great; that's the kind o' shot ye read about in books. There's no your match in a' the countryside. I love ye like a brother, Rob." A week later the speaker would be on the Bench, and the great player arraigned before him for some one of his manifold offences. "Robert Tait, sixty days," would come the sentence in cold, judicial tones; and Rob would take it all in good part as from a friend, knowing that when he came out from prison and the winter returned there would be no estrangement.

So much for the broad characteristics of the people, but what of the multitudinous interests and details of their daily life, their trades and professions, the little social ranks among them, the countless acts and scenes in the drama of their lives? It would need a new Sir Walter to do them justice, unless perchance the

Laird of Abbotsford has done it already. It is a fact of some celebrity that a man from Tweedside loves his native valleys with a love so indiscriminating that it will admit no rival. The story of the nameless enthusiast who refused to have the mud of Tweeddale cleaned from his shoes, proves the affection which the gray old-fashioned land can inspire. So for one with a flying pen to venture to depict its arcana is a presumption more rash than that of the men who sought to carve the Koran on a nutshell.

There is a great variety of character, but scarcely, we think, much choice of trades. Life is simpler there than elsewhere, and men have only a few narrow paths wherein to direct their energy. There are the farmers, slow-spoken and hard-headed, hospitable, kindly, with little of the cloddishness of their brother of the lowlands; the herds and labourers, big men, clad in the "shadow'd livery of the burnished sun," reserved of speech, humorous, and silently contented; the more volatile folk of the towns who have seen more of the world and are sharper in their talk; lastly the dregs of the people, the poachers and black fishers, sullen fellows enough but amusing if you take them aright, and full of stories as Chaucer's pilgrims. Then there is the leaven in the lump, the lairds and ministers and country doctors, and the wealthier townsfolk, provided always they be of the true indigenous stock and not alien settlers.

But there is a dark side to the picture, one which can be shown of every community on the face of the earth. They have all the virtues of a high-spirited, high-handed race, and, let us add, not a few of its vices. The old description of the county town as "drouthy and God-fearing" holds true, unless the former attribute has overwhelmed the latter. A thirsty place it is and a thirsty people, as any one will declare who has witnessed a market-day or a convivial gathering. The old punch-drinking times have not quite gone from the land. To be sure the men have strong heads and vast capacities, and what would make a speedy end of an urban bibulist is to them but milk and water. But it is playing with fire and does not always keep within bounds; and the end too often is much dismal and sordid tragedy.

The riff-raff of the place, the ne'er-do-weels and outcasts, are the main upstays of riot and debauch. Stories could be told of queer doings among these ragged, sunburned fellows, who spend their time in and out of jail. The salmon-poaching in the close season is the refuge of the vagrant and unsettled part of the community. It is hazardous in the extreme, for the waters are often swollen high, and men in the pursuit of sport have no care of their lives. The bailiffs, too, are keen-eyed and always on the watch, so that the game is pursued under the ban of the law and the hazards of the weather. "Firing the water," as it is called, consists in flaring torches, made of pine-knots or old barrel-staves dipped in tar, over the surface of the river, and so attracting the fish. Who does not remember the inimitable scene at Charlieshope in GUY MANNERING? The *leister* with its barbed prongs is a deadly weapon in a skilful hand, but in the use of it a novice is apt to overbalance himself and flounder helplessly in the wintry stream. The glare of light on the faces of the men, the leaping fish, the swirl of the dark water, the black woods around, the turmoil of the spot in contrast with the deathly quietness of the hills, the sack with its glittering spoil, the fierce, muffled talk, are in the highest degree romantic. Then, when the

sport is over for the night, and if by a lucky chance they have escaped unmolested, they will often return to some cottage, and there with barred door and shuttered windows boil a fish, sup the *broo*, and finish with deep potations of whisky. But if some bailiff meets them, then Nemesis has them by the heels, and they make the best of their way to the county jail if they lack money to pay the fine. If, as sometimes happens, the might of the law be the weaker, a sharp scrimmage may ensue, some heads may be broken, and the band will scatter in hot haste to their homes. But we live in civilised times, when violence is sure to recoil upon the head of the transgressor; and sooner or later they will be brought to book for their misdeeds, and have leisure to repent in the quiet of a prison.

There is, indeed, among the people a good deal of what sentimentalists name the Woodland Pan, what plain people call the old Adam, or plainer still, the Devil. But where does this not exist? At any rate if it has been driven out in one form, it has returned in a worse. Some are old-fashioned enough to prefer plain, strong virtues and vices to those refinements which pass by the name among a certain portion of God's creatures. If such antiquated people are alive to-day, they may get some satisfaction out of the rough and tumble life of the hills.

For the place is still unspoiled, still much as it was to Walter Scott and to the Ettrick Shepherd, when they wandered over its moors, drank at its ale-houses, and slept in its homes. Christopher North came often thither, and to him succeeded John Campbell Shairp, who has written the song which of all others most expresses its peculiar charm. It tells of the "Bush abune Traquair," a scrap of birch on the hillside above the Quair burn, and of those who once met there.

Frae mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam' ane hour to spend on the greenwood swaird.
But long hae lad and lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green, green grass o' Traquair kirkyaird.

They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trysting there,
Among thae greenest hills shone on by the sun;
And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyaird when a' was dune.

But alas, we can scarcely hope for the long continuance of the old freshness and vigour of the people, the old unsullied beauty of the valley; for the process of ruin is even now beginning. The old men are fast dying out, and the younger seek the cities, and so a new race is fast springing up which knows not the land. Waterworks and the attendant horrors of brick houses and cheap shops are contemplated to fill the glens; the shrill whistle of the engine is even now seeking to scare the curlews; landlords are leaving their estates to dwell elsewhere, and ere long we may look to see Tweed tinged with another hue than the autumn floods. But that day is not yet, and if it ever comes it will scarce be regretted; for by that time the valleys will be stripped of their kindly folk, the towns of their worthies; and if the people are gone, he who once loved the land will seek elsewhere for his pleasure.

A DECAYED PROFESSION.

JUST underneath the brow of the hill, where the cart-track runs beside a small plantation, we passed an old fellow of fifty or sixty, seated on a bank with a covered basket or good-sized bundle by his side. His beard was long and ragged, his dress torn and stained with travel, his figure bent with long toil, and his whole attitude expressive of weariness. Dirty, shabby, unkempt as he was, there was a look of sharp intelligence underneath the shaggy eyebrows, and he scanned us narrowly as we passed. You did not notice him?

There is a sort of actions which, though intrinsically good or at worst neutral in their moral quality, may take an ill colour from the circumstances in which they are done; and there is a class of men whom the whirligig of time and chance has robbed of utility and importance and reduced to the level of public contempt or reprobation. The pedlar of to-day is a person upon whom society turns an eye of indifference or rather of grave suspicion. When met in the roads he is to be ignored; if he rings the house-bell he must be ordered away; especially should the curiosity of infancy be shielded from his contaminating influence; his dog had better be shot. If, notwithstanding, he persists in his nefarious course, he shall be restrained by Act of Parliament and made to pay tax for his folly. At best he is an anachronism and an absurdity. And yet in this shabby, threadbare, sometimes cringing vagabond the world may recognise, if it will, the author of much of its boasted civilisation and refinement, the instrument, if not the arbiter, of some of the greatest changes that can pass over the life and thought of man. Commerce, seated on her splendid throne, whose ends are served by toiling millions in every land, whose beckoning signal is attended by the armies and navies of the earth, and the right ordering of whose affairs occupies some of the deepest brains among statesmen and philosophers, may vail bonnet before the itinerant pedlar, and acknowledge in this apparently insignificant tatterdemalion the original of all her greatness.

An ingenious friend once defended the pig as the primal source of human refinement. Accident alone has given the above contention a similar air of paradox; the accident of language on the one hand, the accident of history and the writing of history on the other. The antiquity and universality of the pedlar's calling has been obscured by a name given him in days when that calling had lost much of its importance, a name whose etymology, though still uncertain, unduly specifies or belittles it. Modern philology dismisses with a smile Johnson's explanation of a contraction from "petty dealer," or the more picturesque derivation from *pied pouldreux*, and observes that the word came probably with Danes or Norsemen into England and has its origin in the *ped* or panier in which fish was brought to market in Norfolk, while the *peddir* (pedlar) of Lowland Scotch is equally of Scandinavian origin. *Peddar* (spelt *peoddare*) is found in the general sense of a small hawker in the ANCREN RIWLE that is, before 1237; and *pedler*, or *pedlar*, is probably formed from *peddle*, an

unrecorded diminutive of *ped.* But the point to observe is that all these derivations, right or wrong, either unduly narrow his calling or emphasise its hardship and insignificance. He is dowered with a name that unfairly depreciates him at the outset.

Nor has the historian been more kind to him; as historian, indeed, it was generally out of his power. History has not been slow to recognise the importance of trade in the development of nations, and to show how the peaceful operations of commerce are often the precursors of military conquest or at least of political dominion. But history does not go back far enough. When the historian speaks of trade he conceives of it on a large scale, as an affair of ships and caravans, and neglects its humble origin in the periodic fair and the itinerant pedlar. Of these first beginnings history is, of necessity, silent. But from sociology we learn that the function of the distribution of goods must have appeared soon after the emergence of mankind from the savage into the tribal state; its appearance, that is, must have long preceded the capacity to make a record at all. The earliest commercial relations between tribe and tribe, or between scattered members of the same tribe, seem to have taken the form of meetings for purposes of barter, of fairs or markets in fact, such as were observed in modern times among the Sandwich and Fiji Islanders, and in a more frequent and developed form among the semi-civilised races of Africa, for instance among those on the Lower Niger. The delegation to special individuals of the distributive function was but another instance of that division of labour which first rendered commerce necessary. Long before the introduction of money there would arise persons naturally better fitted to do business than others; and to these the conduct of barter at the fair would come, by gradual and informal process, to be intrusted. Only after the rise of such a distinct trading-class would the distributive function come into play, and the itinerant trader convey the rude products of industry to those who could not attend the market. The introduction of a symbolic representation of value would extend the system of itinerant distribution, in lessening the distributor's toil. Commencing, then, a little later than the practice of holding fairs, itinerant trading must have developed concurrently with it, and have combined with the needs of military communication to maintain that permanent system of paths or roads, through forest and marshland, over moor and mountain, which is among the first conditions of civilised life. The function at first discharged by individuals and on a humble scale would eventually develope into transactions between province and province, coast and coast, of which the historian may find record, direct or indirect, and may take note; but in every country the internal trade at least must for a long time have been carried on by persons travelling on foot or horseback from place to place.

That we hear nothing of such trade in the Homeric age is not surprising. It is maritime Greece of, and for, which the poet sings. Thucydides's conjecture as to the barbarism of the Greeks of that period is confirmed by the details he gives of the condition of the Ætolians and the Ozolian Locrians at the time even of the Peloponnesian War. There was no internal trade in that land of mountains, where communication was so difficult, and where the genial climate enabled each little city or village to supply its own necessities within the narrow circle of its surrounding hills.

It is to the Lydians that Herodotus attributes the origin both of coined money and of κάπηλοι or hucksters. But modern archæology, with its revelations of the enormous antiquity of civilisation in the basin of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and the claim of an antiquity not less remote for that of Egypt, India, perhaps of China,—of every country, in fact, where mighty rivers and flat alluvial plains made intercourse easy—may well make us smile at Herodotus's cautious limitation, "the first of whom we have any knowledge." But though the part first played by the pedlar in the civilisation of mankind is still shrouded in the mist which hangs over the dawn of history, we may gather something of his importance from observing his operation in more recent times, in countries whose advance has been slow or long delayed, as in the Scottish Highlands or in South America, and also from the persistence of the type through century after century of civilised life.

For though throughout his history the pedlar has been sowing the dragon's teeth, he still maintains unequal combat with the bristling crop they have produced. The impulse towards trade and the acquisition of property which he fostered was certain in time to operate in a sense unfavourable to himself. From the moment when, in any locality, increase of population and security made the fixed shop the rival of the itinerant, would trade begin to spurn the base degrees by which she ascended. Her residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. In Saxon England, for instance, it seems probable that two early laws of Edgar,—one introducing a uniform coinage and system of weights and measures, the other forbidding the sale or purchase of anything in towns except before sworn witnesses, the latter of which at any rate is not easily explicable,—were directly intended to favour fixed, as opposed to itinerant, trading. The pedlars, however useful, must always have been a little troublesome to the local authorities. Their attendance in great numbers at the annual fairs in these early English times gave rise to disorders which caused the removal of the fair from the immediate vicinity of the monastery or church. Here to-day and gone to-morrow they could not easily be brought to book for their offences, nor called upon to contribute directly to the well-being of the places whence they drew their profit. We may conclude that the immunities of vagrancy were counterbalanced by their growing unpopularity in the towns, and in the obvious difficulties in the way of their combination. Some approach to the latter does seem to have existed, at least in Elizabethan times. Dekker, who has no good word to say for these "tawny sun-burnt rascals," whom he considers all alike worthy of the halter, gives some details of a common cant or lingo current among them, represents them as frequenting the same places of lodging, and as making a point of attending fairs, "though they hop thither upon one crutch," partly to share the gains of previous pilfering, partly "to enact new warm orders for fresh stealing of cloths for the body, but especially stamps [shoes] because (being beggars) they are seldom set on horseback."

But from that increase of wealth, security, and dignity which accrued to fixed traders by the formation in every great town of the Trade Guilds, these wandering Ishmaelites were for ever excluded. Among the numerous subdivisions of trades revealed by those accounts of the celebration of Miracle Plays which have come down to us, we find no mention of any that

can be twisted into a resemblance to that of these itinerants.

Yet their existence was far too deeply rooted in popular need to be in any danger. Whatever the development of external commerce, or the growth of fixed establishments in the towns, it was ages before the country could dispense with the itinerant vendor, a type to which in periods of lawlessness and insecurity trade would always tend to revert. It was not until the establishment of more settled government in Tudor times, that English law paid any attention to them. In the Middle Ages, says M. Jusserand, pedlars swarmed along the road, carrying to the smaller towns and villages the necessaries and conveniences of life, household wares, vests, caps, gloves, musical instruments, purses, girdles, hats, cutlasses, pewter pots, &c.—all the varied stock, in fact, which they carry to-day. That their calling was not without its profits may be argued from the fact that the travelling friars, expert judges in all matters of business, did not disdain to add this to their numerous other vocations, as is proved by allusions and statements in the writings of Wiclif and Chaucer.

The utility of the pedlar throughout the whole of this period cannot be measured merely by the material comforts and conveniences which he brought with him. Consciously or not, he was one of the chief educational agencies of the time, the bearer of news, the circulator of inventions, opinions, ideas. As one who had travelled he knew more than the home-keeping folk whom he visited; as one who was bound to make himself as acceptable as possible, he was always cheerful and communicative. He appears in one of the Roxburghe Ballads (iii. 184) as the Jovial Pedlar, heralding himself wherever he came by his cry for "conyskines" and offering in exchange the contents of his pack—

> All of points and pins
> With laces and braces
> And other pretty things—

to the maids of Camberwell and other places, who collect the skins against his coming, while he would sell them to the leather-workers. In what is probably a later ballad (Roxburghe, iii. 656) the contents of his pack are worth £20, and he is exceedingly happy and careless. A Scotchman playing on the bagpipes, he is here the Proud Pedlar, trim and smart; and in this character, indeed, he is guilty of the most deplorable impropriety of conduct. It is painful, too, to have to admit in regard to our clients that the popular impression of a certain unscrupulousness, or, let us say, a certain joyous freedom of temperament that transcends the strict letter of the law is not unfounded. That one of the class who possesses the strongest hold on our affections reflects, among its other characteristics, the prudent temper of provision, the ready perception of utility to himself of goods which seem useless to other men. He is, his author tells us, "a snapper up of unconsidered trifles." It seems, moreover, that the usurer who personates in Langland's poem the vice of covetousness, has in his early youth been a pedlar, and has, by his own confession, served an apprenticeship in various devices which might in the harsh moralist's eyes almost amount to dishonesty.

That in spite of these little irregularities there was no attempt made to suppress them, proves how indispensable they were. If we except the doubtful case of those early statutes of Edgar already mentioned, there was no legislative action against them before the sixteenth century. Hawkers are mentioned in an uncomplimentary

sense in a statute of Henry the Eighth; and shortly before, in 1519, there is a recurrence of the old complaint of irreverence consequent on pedlars attending festivals and holydays and driving their trade in the porch or immediate neighbourhood of the church. But that they were not yet in any general sense unpopular is clear from the position assigned to a representative of the class in John Heywood's interlude, THE FOUR PP, whose appearance dates probably about 1540.

A dispute between a Palmer, a Pardoner, and a Pothecary as to their relative merits and utility to mankind is interrupted by the entrance of a Pedlar who tries to do business. Asked what his pack contains, he replies:

What does thou not know that every pedlar
In all kind of trifles must be a meddler?
Specially in women's triflings:
That use we chiefly above all things.

. . . .

Who liveth in love and love would win,
Even at this pack he must begin,
Wherein is right many a proper token
Of which by name part shall be spoken:
Gloves, pins, combs, glasses unspotted,
Pomades, hooks, and laces knotted;
Brooches, rings and all manner of beads,
Laces round and flat, for women's heads.
Needles, thread, thimbles, shears and all
such knacks,
Where lovers be no such thing lacks,
Cypress, swathbands, ribbons and sleeve
laces,
Girdles, knives, purses and pincases.

He has the pedlar's proverbial cheerfulness, which remains quite unaffected by their refusal to purchase. He can spare a customer or two, and proposes some game instead. "Why," says the Pothecary, "is he so universal a genius that he can do anything?" "Let them put him to the proof," he replies; and, in truth, at singing and what else they try he holds his own. Finally he is begged to decide the original dispute. He will be no judge, he answers, in matters of weight such as this question of relative merit. The dispute shall be decided by their skill in a province where they are all at home, the art of lying, one in which he may himself boast some modest proficiency. The competition begins by the Pothecary calling the Pardoner an honest man. Much discussion follows on the real mendacity of this statement, and a fresh display of skill is at length demanded. Last of the three competitors, the Palmer asserts that he never saw a woman out of patience; and the Pedlar, who for his part is fully convinced that of every three women two, if not three, are shrews, at once pronounces him the winner. It is into the Pedlar's mouth that the author puts at the close the general moral that every man has his peculiar gift and excellence, the possession of which is no ground for despising that of another; and appeals by him for a charitable estimate of every act and person.

But where ye doubt, the truth not knowing,
Believing the best good may be growing.
In judging the best, no harm at the least;
In judging the worst, no good at the best.

The qualities here exhibited would earn the pedlar a deserved popularity, and Autolycus is evidence sufficient that he had not lost it in 1610. But his palmy days were over. Long before this a law of Edward the Sixth declared him "more hurtful than necessary to the Commonwealth of this realm," and restrained him from travelling without licence from two Justices of the Peace in that district. It was followed by his inclusion in an equally discourteous statute of Elizabeth, called "An Act for the punishment of Vagabonds;" and the effect of this legislation, or of the superfluousness which induced it, is seen in another of the Roxburghe Ballads (ii 404), entitled THE SORROWFUL LAMEN TATION OF THE PEDLARS AND PETTY

CHAPMEN FOR THE HARDNESS OF THE TIMES AND THE DECAY OF TRADES. It dates probably from the early years of the seventeenth century (the figure in the woodcut wears a small ruff) and appeals pitifully for groat or tester to help the poor pedlar to a new licence. This is a terrible descent from the gay, careless creature we have known hitherto. Contemptuous reference to them by men of letters is frequent enough from a time long anterior. Such is found in Foxe's BOOK OF MARTYRS (1555), in Hakluyt's NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, AND DISCOVERIES (1589), in Hall's SATIRES (1597) and later works, in Overbury's CHARACTERS (1614), in Milton's OF REFORMATION IN ENGLAND (1641), and in Swift. Finally the FRENCH ENCYCLOPÆDIA dismisses the *mercerot* in 1784 with magnificent indifference: "A name applied to those petty dealers who offer goods for sale at village fairs, and to those who carry bundles or packs of small finery about the country on their backs, or, in the streets of Paris, little baskets hung from their necks and filed with combs, pocket-knives, whistles, and other such small wares, and cheap toys for children."

It is possible that their utility and profit lasted longer on the Continent. The earliest known work on vagrancy is the LIBER VAGATORUM, compiled shortly after 1509 by an unknown author, but founded perhaps on those reports taken down by Johann Knebel, chaplain of Basle, of the trials at that place of a great number of vagabonds and mendicants in 1475. The book was one which Luther turned for a moment from the heat of controversy to edit, with an economy of editorial comment of which the secret has since been lost; and it is remarkable that among the various classes of vagrants which it enumerates there is nothing that can be interpreted of the itinerant salesman except the very last paragraph, which runs thus: "Item, there is yet another sort among the land strollers. These are the *tinkers* who travel about the country. They have women who go before them and sing and play; some go about full of mischief, and if thou givest them nothing one of them mayhap will break a hole in thy kettle with a stick or a knife to give work to a multitude of others."

Similarly of the thirty-eight chapters of LE VAGABOND, the translation made with slight additions in 1644 by Des Fontaines from IL VAGABONDO of Giacinto Nobili, only two are concerned with dealers in any sort of goods; the fifteenth, which is devoted to those who sell saffron to the ignorant at an exorbitant price, and the eighteenth which describes *des Changeurs* who barter false jewellery and gold for good clothes, exhibiting first some genuine articles and substituting false ones at the moment of exchange. Of the ordinary *mercelot* (or *mercerot*, to use the more modern form,) the book says no word; yet perhaps these distinctly marked species are sufficiently representative of the genus. He must still have flourished wherever there was an absence of fixed local trade. In Poland, for example, where there were no manufactures, trade remained for ages entirely in the hands of travelling chapmen. In the time of Charles the Second there were no less than fifty-three thousand Scotchmen so engaged in that country. Sir John Denham, in some humorous doggerel, records the result of a journey he took with Lord Croft into Poland before the Restoration, to levy contributions to the royal necessities; on which occasion the wriggling of the Scotch merchants did not enable them to escape mulcting to the tune of £10,000 collected by permission of the Diet from every tenth man.

Even at the time when the aforesaid description in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA was written, and later than that, the pedlar preserved his importance undiminished in certain countries. The connection between the public estimation of his trade and the amount of profit to be drawn from it is clearly shown in the case of Spanish and Portuguese America about the beginning of this century. The decayed gentility of the most punctilious nation in Europe made no scruple of sending its sons across the Atlantic to repair by itinerant trade the family fortunes, or at least to secure their own. Pedlars were then the sole distributors of European commodities through South America. They met with free hospitality and assistance from the Indians, and a cordial welcome everywhere. Making Panama their base, they went by sea to Payta, and travelled thence overland through Caximalia or Truxillo to Lima, whence they would return by sea to Panama, and so round again. In Koster's TRAVELS IN BRAZIL (1816) we hear of the speedy doubling of the population of one village, Mamanguape, because its situation made it a convenient station between Guiana and Rio Grande for the travelling pedlars, who are described as the great instruments of civilisation, of advance in material comfort and moral refinement, and as a useful, industrious, and generally honest set of men. The mode of trade was generally the primitive one of barter; and, though it was sometimes a year before the property could be turned over, the profits amounted to two or three hundred per cent. Bolingbroke's VOYAGE TO THE DEMERARY (1808) gives similar testimony to the important services rendered by the itinerant storekeepers in Guiana, and to the cordial welcome they everywhere received.

In the Scottish Highlands, again, the profession was long held in high repute. Robert Heron, a miscellaneous writer of the last century who lived at, or near Perth, tells us that much of the prosperity of that town was due to the capital accumulated by its inhabitants in the pursuit of the pedlar's calling through those parts of the Highlands that were destitute of market-towns. "The chapman," he says, "was always entertained with the best fare and free hospitality, and had besides the advantage of selling his goods at his own price. It is not more than twenty or thirty years [he is writing in 1793] since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England on purpose to carry the pack was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman," and on his return some twenty years later did in fact take rank as such. He computes that most of the smaller gentry, those whose position and rank did not descend to them from times long past, owed their estates and influence to this trade. Mr. Heron is an ingenious gentleman, and we might possibly suspect him of a little covert satire on his canny and frugal neighbours, were we not forbidden by the obvious sincerity of the following eulogy. After showing, as we have already done, how much of material civilisation is due to this class of man, he proceeds to maintain that in their personal manners they contribute much to the refinement of those among whom they travel. "Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention and the most insinuating address. As, in their peregrinations, they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. As they wander, each

alone, through thinly inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and sublime contemplation," and thus they act as "mirrors of fashion" and "censors of manners" to those they visit. This must, one would think, be melancholy reading to the present representatives of the class. With difficulty can one conceive the mirror of fashion accepting an old pair of trousers, or the censor of manners submitting his character to the vulgar judgment of a policeman.

There is a remarkable coincidence, if nothing more, between this passage and certain parts of THE EXCURSION. The chief character in that poem, or rather the person of widest intellectual range and most philosophic attitude, is a retired Scotch pedlar, who has plied his vocation, apparently, in the English lake-district towards the close of the last century.

An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
A vagrant merchant under a heavy load,
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent rest;
Yet do such travellers find their own delight;
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times;
When squire and priest, and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration—all dependent
Upon the pedlar's toil—supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought.
Not ignorant was the youth that still no few
Of his adventurous countrymen were led
By perseverance in this track of life
To competence and ease; to him it offered
Attractions manifold.

Later in the poem the Solitary institutes a bold comparison between this profession and that of knight-errantry; but the Wanderer sadly dismisses the parallel, and pronounces in one of the poem's best passages, from which we can only give a line or two, the doom of the pedlar through the development of commerce.

With fruitless pains
Might one like me now visit many a tract
Which, in his youth, he trod and trod again,
A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came,
Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill;
Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of some stern castle, mouldering on the brow
Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
The footpath faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
And formidable length of plashy lane,
(Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
Or easier links connecting place with place)
Have vanished,—swallowed up by stately roads,
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth has lent
Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
Glistening along the low and woody dale.

It is even so. The paths, which his feet were, perhaps, the first to wear, have become roads; and the intercourse which he was the earliest to foster has grown into a commerce which chokes his petty trade.

The same law of social progress which brought him into being has relegated the pedlar for ever to a wholly subordinate position in the social scale. He represents a stage, the farthest possible advance of the social organism in one limited direction, a case of arrested development. Himself the product of man's earliest effort after co-operation and division of labour, he is doomed to obscurity and probably to final extinction by the fresh application of those very principles. In an age of small things he was all important; in an age of gigantic enterprise and organisation on the hugest scale his petty function has become superfluous and ridiculous to all but the poorest, the loneliest,

the least intelligent. The pioneer of civilisation wherever he went, he is now on the point of being swallowed up by its advancing tide. Only where advance was retarded by the conditions of climate or geography, where political oppression or a decay of national energy choked commercial enterprise, has he been able to retain repute and custom; and his survival in the social world is almost as pathetic as that of the anthropoid ape in the sphere of biology. Like the ape, he is an object of contempt or dislike to those wealthier traders in whose evolution he formed an essential stage; and should he, being still partially arboreal in his habits, seek by untoward chance the sheltering Grove of Westbourne, one can imagine him gazing at a well-known emporium with the same dim wonderment and puzzled sense of injustice with which the ape must regard the being who so much resembles and so far surpasses him.

One limited sphere, perhaps, is yet open to him. Just as the monkey is put into a cage and ticketed to make sport for a crowd, so may the pedlar enjoy a St. Martin's summer of importance and consideration as a property in art. For, in spite of his eye to business, romance is as the garment wherewith he has been ever clothed. In an age when poetry was passing away from the life of knight and burgher, the ranks of vagabondism were recruited by hundreds who still hoped to find it there. A Ulysses for travel, words, and wits; an evening paper for stories true and false; the associate of contraband trade and daring doings; the confidant of every village wife; the ally, in virtue of his pack, of every lad who loved a lass; alternately the bugbear and the delight of childhood—how should he now escape this last destiny? The caged monkey tickles us with his gravity and his daring tricks, as he snatches and adjusts to his own snub nose the glasses of the old gentleman who was investigating him; and honest Bob Jakin shall have our laughter and our sympathy as he turns the tables on sharp Aunt Glegg and teaches that matron the width of his thumb.

Yes, this is the true vocation for thee now, poor monument of a faded greatness, relic of a primeval past,—to stir the jaded imagination of modern men and form a picturesque accessory to a drama of the fancy. In the real world thy function is almost gone. And yet, is it gone, so long as to us toilworn mortals, sentient of

> the fierce confederate storm
> Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
> Within the walls of cities—

thou canst bring back, as thou dost, the sounds and scents and sights we love and lack,—the taste

> of Flora and the country green,
> Dance and Provençal song and sun-burnt mirth—

memories of summer eves heavy with the odorous breath of fruit and flower, of winter nights when the great vault sparkled clear and keen above our heads; pictures of forest nook and cottage porch; the sound of bee, and carolling bird, and the dashing of the village weir; murmurs and scents from sea-beat cliff and thymy down, and airs of cool Spercheius? All this thou dost for us, with small profit, if with small labour to thyself; and for all this we are duly grateful. Nay, more; we hail thee brother in the love of wandering, in the impatience of fixed duty and restraint, in the intolerance of a single roof. And in respect of that our famous pair of old boots, the staff of many winters, which now in their advanced maturity we were minded to have clouted and to use yet again, they shall be thine instead, old friend, at thy next coming. Nay, perchance we will have them clouted for thee ere thou comest.

THE AMEER'S JUSTICE.

There was no happier man that day in the city of Cabul than Toorab Khan, the horse-dealer, as he rode in at the city-gate one morning in May, 1873. Eight months previously he had started for the Punjaub from Seidabad, a village between Cabul and Istaliff, with a string of horses that represented all the available capital of his father, his maternal uncle, his brother, and himself. Many and long had been the consultations held in family conclave before all the preparations for his journey had been finally completed. His uncle, Osman Khan, who had travelled many times into India, trading and horse-dealing with the family money, had broken his leg, and, thanks to the village doctor, would probably never be able to set foot in stirrup again. Surfuraz Khan, his father, was getting on in years, besides being so orthodox a Mussulman that he would not speak to a Hindoo or a Christian without spitting, a proceeding that was not calculated to facilitate trade with the infidels. Sirbulund Khan, his elder brother, was an officer in the Ameer's army, and could not be spared leave for so long a journey; besides his position in the family required that his leisure moments should be given up to the exigencies of the family feud that had been in existence for forty years, and blazed up every now and again at unexpected intervals. So it fell to Toorab Khan to look after the family fortunes in distant lands.

Carefully and laboriously all through the summer was the stock-in-trade collected; not a single horse was bought without prolonged haggling, nor until it was quite certain that the possesser would not abate another farthing of the price. Then followed long family discussions on the value of each horse, how much was to be asked for it, and what was the least to be taken for it, till the selling price of each was fixed. After which Osman Khan gave Toorab a private recipe for condition-balls, which was on no account to be communicated to anybody, together with much sage advice as to the sale of the horses: how the gray Turkoman horse, with curbed hocks, must be ridden as little as possible; how the bay Herati horse, with the blood-like head, must be picketed always at the end of the line, where he would be likeliest to catch the eye; how too high a price must not be asked at first of the Angrez Sahibs[1] who generally disliked haggling, and rarely reopened negotiations after they had once failed to come to terms. Then, as the time for departure drew nigh, a family feast was convened to which the village *moollah*[2] was invited, and at which a fat-tailed sheep with rice and raisins and pistachio nuts was served up, while everybody present belaboured Toorab with advice on every conceivable subject. He must not go among the *Lallkoortis*[3] who fear neither God nor man, and who have no money; he must avoid trouble with the police, and be ready to quiet them with rupees if any difficulty arose; he must not be cheated by the Hindoos, those

[1] *Angrez Sahibs*, Englishmen.
[2] *Moollah*, priest.
[3] *Lallkoortis*, red-coats.

sons of burned fathers; he must not forget about drugging the vicious Wazeeri horse with the wall eye, or about the cloth and muslin and chintz that he was to buy; he must not allow himself to be beguiled from Islam by the missionaries, but must speak them fair as being men of the Book; he must buy plenty of percussion-caps, and conceal them in bales of cloth; and, finally, he must turn northwards after the *Nauroz*,[1] whether he had sold all his horses or not. After which the moollah bound a charm on his arm to guard him against the evil influences of goblins and fairies, and declaring the moment to be propitious for a start, Toorab mounted his nag amidst the discharge of guns, and shrill cries from the women, "May God go with you! may your steps be prosperous!" and joined his caravan that had already en camped two miles away, ready to start before daylight on the following morning. And so, full of youthful elation and self-importance, Toorab Khan set forth on his first independent trading-venture.

Everything went prosperously with him from the beginning. The Ameer's *darogah*, who levied the export-duty on horses, did not delay him more than a day, and was satisfied with a moderate present for himself; the Khyber was passed without adventure, and before he had been a week in Peshawur he had sold a horse at a good profit. At Rawal-pindi and Lahore he found purchasers, and by the time he reached Umritsur he had already made a good sum of money. This was judiciously invested in broadcloth and flannel, not forgetting the percussion-caps, and sent back to Seidabad with some of the grooms whose services were no longer required. Then travelling on by Delhi, Ulwur, and Jeypore, selling a horse here and there, Toorab Khan felt that his journey had indeed been a fortunate one as he knelt at the sacred shrine of Mohin-oo-deen Chisti at Ajmere, to which in the fulness of his heart he made a most liberal offering. Thence, turning eastward, he travelled by Boondi, Kerowlie, and Gwalior till he reached Bolundshur, whence a second consignment of chintz, muslin, looking-glasses, knives, and percussion-caps was despatched to Seidabad. By the time Hurdwar was reached he had only two horses left, and these speedily found customers. It was with a light heart, therefore, that Toorab rode into Cabul with two hundred and thirty golden *ashruffees*[1] sewn in a leather belt round his waist, and half-a-dozen rupees tied up in the corner of his turban for expenses by the way.

Dismounting at the caravanserai and leaving his followers to their own devices, he was wandering toward the Chandool quarter, when catching sight of a mosque he bethought himself that, as a true believer who had been favoured by fortune, it behoved him to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for his safe return from the land of the infidel. The mosque stood in a large courtyard shaded with plane trees, and when he entered through the outer door Toorab found himself alone there. Within the mosque, seated at the foot of the pulpit, was a single moollah engaged in reading the Koran, who took no notice of him. Proceeding to the cistern in the corner of the courtyard, he divested himself of his upper garments, placing the precious belt in a convenient niche in the wall, and made his ablutions; after which he knelt and prayed. From time to time he glanced toward the moollah who continued to chant monotonously in a low voice the

[1] *Nauroz*, New Year's Day; the vernal equinox.

[1] *Ashruffee*, a gold coin, equivalent to the *mohur* and analogous to our old English *noble*.

contents of the holy book, swaying his body backward and forward, apparently lost to all sense of surroundings. Resuming his clothes Toorab left the mosque, and before long found himself at the cook-shop of his old acquaintance Abdoollah Khan, where, after many greetings, he sat down to an unctuous fry of sheep's liver and fat, impaled in alternate slices on a wooden skewer. Hardly had he put one of the savoury morsels into his mouth, when, clapping his hand to his waist, he became aware that the belt, the precious belt, had been left behind at the mosque. Throwing down the skewer, and without waiting to wipe his hands, he ran like one possessed back to the mosque. As before, there was nobody in the place except the impassive moollah who was still reading the blessed book. With a heartfelt exclamation of relief Toorab ran to the niche, but found it empty; the belt was gone! Hurriedly searching on the ground to see if it had dropped, he burst into loud lamentations, and dashing his turban from his head, he mingled curses on his evil fortune with invocations to the blessed Imaums if they would only restore him his money. Then, catching up his turban, he strode bareheaded up to the moollah who looked up as he approached.

"Tell me, oh Flower of the Faith," he exclaimed brusquely, without giving the customary salutation, "what man has been here since I left?"

"What do I know?" replied the moollah. "Many men come and go; it is nothing to me."

"Yes, it is so," said Toorab, moderating his tone, and grasping the moollah's skirt, as he spoke; "but help me, oh Syud, or I am undone. Listen; I came here to bathe and pray about an hour ago, and left my money in the niche by the cistern, and now it is gone."

"*Allah Kerim*, God is merciful! why make so much noise about a few rupees? What saith the blessed Khojah Shums-oo-deen Iraki who now enjoys the mercy of God? Gold is as clay, and silver as stone; but the true faith is a jewel more precious than rubies of Badakhshan."

"A few rupees! *Allah il Allah!* There were three hundred golden ashruffees. *Ahi, ahi!*"

"*Wallah Billah!* but this is serious," said the moollah without moving. "This must be looked to; a reward must be offered."

"Intercede for me, oh Syud. I will give two ashruffees to him who shall restore me the belt and the money."

"Two ashruffees to regain three hundred! Are ashruffees or honest men so plentiful that you expect to get back the belt for such a pitiful reward? Go! I have enough to do without looking for the ashruffees of such a miserly fellow. Go!"

"Nay, oh Syud, be not angry. Verily thou must have seen the man who took the belt; I will give five ashruffees to him who restores it to me. Is not that enough? Well then, I will give ten, yes, ten ashruffees, to the man who brings back my money."

"Now thou speakest more like a wise man; but ten is not enough. Tie on thy turban and bear not thyself like a madman. Ten ashruffees must be given to the man who restores thy belt, and ten more for the use of the musjid in whose grounds it was lost."

Al-aman, Al-aman! Mercy, mercy! Twenty ashruffees! How can I give twenty ashruffees?" And Toorab paced up and down the enclosure like a wild creature, as the moollah calmly resumed his studies. This wretch of a priest evidently knew who had got his belt, and would probably share in the plunder. He was in despair. However there was no help for it

but to agree to the terms; so, approaching the moollah again, he said, with a deep sigh: "*Kabool*, I agree; but show me the man without delay, for my heart is like ice with anxiety."

"Patience; first describe the belt; was it of cloth or of leather?"

"Of leather, of red goat's leather, such as is made at Akbarabad in Hindostan. Delay not, oh Syud!"

"See then, my brother, God has restored thy money to thee," and the moollah, opening the box that served him for a reading-desk, produced the missing belt.

With eager hands Toorab snatched the belt, and, sitting down, ripped open one end of it and emptied the contents on to the ground. He then proceeded to count the coins while the moollah looked on with avaricious eyes. Two hundred and twenty-eight! Two hundred and twenty-nine! Two hundred and thirty! They were all there, not a coin was missing. Quickly slipping the coins back into the belt he fastened it tightly round his waist next the skin, and above the outer garments wound his blue check cummerbund. Then rising he said: "Blessings on thee, oh moollah! Thou hast saved me from ruin. This money belongs to my father; when I return to Cabul I will reward thee;" and he strode towards the gate. But the moollah was not to be trifled with.

"*Allah Talah!* By God! whose dog am I that I should eat dirt?" and he rose and followed him; but a slash from Toorab's long knife was not to be risked, and he did not attempt to stop him till they reached the open street, when he raised his voice. "Help, sons of Islam! I am robbed! The Faith is attacked! This Kafir has robbed me and the holy musjid likewise!"

When a Mussulman gets involved in a quarrel, and loses his temper, his first impulse is to challenge the orthodoxy of his adversary, and to get public opinion on his own side by protesting that it is a matter of religion, and that Islạm is endangered in his person. And so the moollah continued to bawl out accusations of infidelity and theft against Toorab, till, as his neighbours and acquaintances gathered to his call, he snatched Toorab's turban from his head. With a bitter oath Toorab turned on the moollah, and, had they been alone together, it would have gone hard with the latter; but prudence counselled Toorab to keep his knife in its sheath. He contented himself with seizing his turban in the moollah's hand, while in a blustering tone he protested that if there was any Kafir in the case it was the moollah, and that he himself had been robbed.

"Listen," said the moollah to the bystanders. "This unsainted dog lost a belt full of gold. God only knows how such a fellow became possessed of so much; not honestly, I'll be bound. Through the help of the blessed Prophet I found his money after much trouble, and now he refuses to give me what he promised for recovering it for him. He shall account for it before he leaves the city," and he gave another vicious tug at the end of the turban.

The expression on the faces of the crowd was not reassuring, and Toorab looked in vain among them for a face that was known to him. But assuming a conciliatory tone he said: "Patience, oh friends, I am a true believer like yourselves. This money belongs to my father, Surfuraz Khan of Seidabad. I left it by the cistern while bathing, and forgot it, and the moollah restored it to me. I have paid him for doing so; and now he faithlessly tries to extort more from me by calling me a Kafir and saying I stole the money."

"He lies, by my father's beard he

lies!" roared the moollah. "His father indeed, who knows in what jackal's earth to look for him? He has probably lost his hand for stealing and is obliged to send out this unsainted one to thieve for him. Surfuraz Khan of Seidabad indeed; who ever heard of Surfuraz Khan of Seidabad?"

The challenge was unexpectedly taken up. Two stalwart sepoys forced their way through the crowd and addressed Toorab: "Sirbulund Khan, son of Surfuraz Khan of Seidabad, is our comrade; is he thy brother?"

"Allah be praised! he is my own brother, born of the same father and the same mother. Stand by me, comrades; these unsainted dogs would plunder me."

At this unexpected reinforcement the crowd fell back, and the moollah relaxed his grasp of Toorab's turban; but he was not to be defeated so easily. "If he is an honest man," said he, addressing the two sepoys, "why does he refuse to pay me the reward he promised me? I will have justice: let him come to the Cazi;[1] the Cazi shall decide between us."

"You are lost if you go to the Cazi," whispered one of the sepoys in Toorab's ear; "he is an unsainted villain, and is brother to the moollah. Appeal to the Ameer; he is sitting now in the *Diwan-i-Am*.[2]

"Why should I go to the Cazi, who is of the same litter as thyself?" roared Toorab Khan in his turn, with regained confidence. "The yellow dog and the jackal are brothers"—and a laugh went through the crowd. "Come to the Ameer, if thou wantest justice."

"It is a bargain, I agree; the Ameer shall decide," replied the moollah, though visibly disconcerted; but in the face of Toorab's newly found friends he dared not refuse. If there was a thing in Cabul upon which it was dangerous to hazard an opinion it was as to the decision a cazi was likely to give in a case involving the possession of ready money; but uncertainties of this kind become converted into the wildest of lottery-chances when such cases were heard by the Ameer. The influence of relatives might be brought to bear on a cazi; or, as a last resource, a judicious sacrifice of a portion of the property in dispute might secure a fairly equitable decision as to the remainder. A cazi was, moreover, restrained in some degree by the fear of public opinion, from giving decisions of too manifestly unjust a nature. But the Ameer's judgments were far more startling and unexpected. Not unfrequently both suitor and defendant went away sorrowing; and the possessor of the strongest and simplest case might chance to find all subtle distinctions between civil and criminal jurisprudence brushed aside, and himself subjected to condign punishment on some irrelevant point that had come out in the course of the proceedings. So it was not without misgivings on both sides that Toorab and the moollah found themselves hurried by the idle crowd toward the Bala Hissar, where the Ameer was to be found.

Every day, from early morning till noon, the Ameer Shere Ali sat in the *Diwan-i-Am* where all might have access to him. Here, surrounded by attendant sirdars and secretaries, he received reports, issued orders, dictated letters, discussed the affairs of his kingdom, and gossiped with those who presented themselves. From time to time idlers lounged in and listened to what went on, or joined in the discussion without ceremony; and many a plain truth was spoken to the Ameer by fearless tribesmen; for an Afghan

[1] *Cazi*, or *Kadi*, a judge.
[2] *Diwan-i-Am*, Place of Public Audience.

pays little respect to his superiors, and an Afghan chief cannot hedge himself round with forms and ceremonies like other princes.

Passing through two courtyards filled with lounging soldiers and picketed horses, Toorab and his companions entered a smaller courtyard. At the end of it, in a broad open verandah raised three or four feet above the outer level, sat the Ameer, a stout, stern-looking man, plainly dressed in a long tightly-fitting coat of brown cloth edged with black lambskin, and a high Persian cap of black lambskin on his head. Round his waist was a sword-belt of broad gold lace, and he held his sheathed sword in his hand as he sat in his chair. In front of him, in the courtyard, ran a wooden railing about three feet from the raised verandah, inside of which stood two soldiers with loaded rifles. Common persons to whom the Ameer gave audience were allowed to stand at the railing, but no man durst pass it under pain of being instantly shot down. As Toorab and the moollah approached the Ameer was listening to a long-haired *powindah,*[1] who had lately returned from the south and was relating his experiences.

"And so you saw the new *Lat Sahib*[2] in Calcutta; what was he doing?"

"Yes, I saw the new Lat; he was riding the same horse that the old Lat used to ride. He is not a big man like the old Lat, but he is not a small man either. Like many of the Christians he had no beard, but he had large eyes that looked every man in the face, like a man who is not afraid. He was reviewing the *Bullumteers,*[3] a new kind of soldiers that the Angrez have got now."

[1] *Powindah,* a travelling-merchant.
[2] *Lat Sahib,* the Lord Sahib; *i.e.* the Viceroy.
[3] *Bullumteers,* the Volunteers.

"I have heard of the Bullumteers Say, now, what were they like? Were there many of them?"

"In Calcutta I saw about ten thousand; but there are Bullumteers in all cities—in Lucknow, in Allahabad, everywhere. They live in their own houses, not in barracks like other soldiers, and they get no pay."

"No pay! What lie is this? How can they live without pay? Do they plunder the country for a livelihood?"

"Not so; it is no lie. They are traders and shopkeepers, tailors, barbers, money-changers, clerks, and such like. I asked many of those who bought my grapes, and they all told me they got no pay. It is a *hookum*[1] of the Queen that every ten houses shall furnish one Bullumteer to fight the Russ."

"*Wah,* this is a great *hikmut!*[2] By Allah I will have Bullumteers too." Then turning to a secretary he went on: "Write now to the Hakim of Maimena, who is always asking for more troops, to issue an order for every five houses to furnish one Bul lumteer, and that they are to get no pay like the Bullumteers in Hindostan." Then, dismissing the merchant, the Ameer looked towards the moollah and Toorab, who understood that their turn for a hearing had arrived. At once both of them raised their voices and began to relate their grievances simultaneously.

"Peace, you dogs! How can I hear what you say if you both yelp together? First say what you have to say," motioning to Toorab.

"My Lord, I am the son of Surfuraz Khan of Seidabad; I have been away in Hindostan selling horses, and returned only this morning. I went into the mosque to pray, leaving my belt full of money in a niche in the

[1] *Hookum,* an order.
[2] *Hikmut,* mystery.

wall of the cistern. When I went back I found that this moollah had taken and hidden it. He refused to give it back till I promised to reward him. By Allah, he deserved no reward; but he insisted, so I gave him what he demanded, and took my belt from him. Now the rogue asks for more; who can satisfy a moollah?"

"Where is the belt now?" asked the Ameer.

"My Lord, it is here," said Toorab touching his waist.

"Show it to me," persisted the Ameer, and with reluctant fingers Toorab unfastened the belt which was promptly handed up to the Ameer. "Now, moollah, what have you to say?"

"My Lord, it is a lie. This faithless one came to me like a mad fool, and promised me twenty ashruffees if I could find his belt for him. I searched everywhere, and found his belt; but when I restored it to him he refused to give me anything. Surely he is a thief. He has stolen the money, and now he wishes to rob me."

"Why do you not pay the moollah what you promised him?" asked the Ameer of Toorab.

"My Lord, I have paid him; that is, he paid himself before giving me back the belt. There were two hundred and fifty ashruffees in the belt when I placed it in the niche; now there are only two hundred and thirty."

The coins were promptly turned out of the belt and counted, and sure enough there were but two hundred and thirty. Toorab's eyes sparkled as the Ameer turned with a frown to the moollah.

"The rogue, the Kafir, the *shaitan!*[1] He lies, my Lord; he is the father of lies. There were never two hundred and fifty ashruffees in the belt," shouted the moollah. "Lo now, replace them in the belt, and see if there be room for two hundred and fifty." This was quickly done, and the stitching of the belt showed that not a single additional coin could have been packed in.

"Enough, moollah, you have spoken the truth; here, take your twenty ashruffees and go." Then turning to Toorab, "Be off with you."

"But my money, my Lord; at least give me the remainder of my money," said the disconcerted Toorab.

"Thy money! What dirt hast thou eaten, thou dishonest dog? This is not thy money. Thou saidest thy belt had two hundred and fifty ashruffees in it. This is not thy belt; it contained only two hundred and thirty. This is some other man's belt which I will keep till the owner appears. Be off! Thou art fortunate to take both thy ears with thee. Here, take this dog and cast him forth!" And Toorab found himself seized by two stalwart guards who ran him through the courtyard to the outer gate where they flung him on his face in the mud.

There was no sadder man in Cabul that day than Toorab Khan as he rode out of the city gate towards Seidabad, lamenting his evil fortune.

[1] *Shaitan*, devil.

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THE NICARAGUA AND PANAMA CANALS.

THE Congress of the United States has voted twenty-five thousand dollars to cover the cost of an inquiry into the feasibility and chances of the Nicaragua Canal; and in accordance with the decision of Congress the President has appointed a Commission of Investigation. The construction of such a waterway has now, therefore, entered the sphere of public discussion. It may be taken as certain that at some time or other a waterway for ocean traffic will be constructed between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans over the narrow ridge of land which connects North and South America. The necessities of international commerce plainly point to this as one of the great engineering enterprises of the next, if not of the present century. It will be interesting therefore to consider the present prospects of the two rival schemes to which are respectively committed in a greater or less degree the great Republic of Europe and the great Republic of North America. The elements of the problem to be taken into consideration are not wholly, or even chiefly, those of the relative advantages, as regards cost and ease of construction, of the Nicaragua and Panama routes; or their relative chances of competing for the trade of the world now carried on round Cape Horn or by railway across the United States. Here, no doubt, are to be found important considerations bearing on the feasibility and the commercial success of one or both projects; but the determining causes affecting the construction of the canals are not exclusively to be found in the sphere of finance.

The construction of one or other, or of both canals, depends mainly on political considerations weighing with the Governments of the United States and of France. The power of controlling an international waterway would be of obvious advantage in case of war; the direction of such a waterway, and the receipt of the tolls levied on its traffic, would no less obviously be a great financial advantage. The phase of international rivalry which has taken the form of governmental co-operation in the enterprises of trade renders the last consideration one certain to weigh with both Governments. The political interests of the local Governments of Nicaragua and Columbia may require some slight attention, but cannot be of great importance.

It is necessary to bear this political aspect of the question clearly in mind, as the usual tendency is to regard the construction of a canal through the American isthmus as one solely or chiefly to be determined by

the action of private investors, who of course would be exclusively influenced by the prospect of profit. But many other than financial considerations have in the past facilitated or retarded designs for the construction of this waterway, as well as its prototype, the canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. At the same time, the prospects of the financial success of the canals must weigh with both Governments to a great extent, though not so much as they would weigh with private investors, should the undertaking be left in whole or in part to private enterprise. These prospects depend mainly on the volume of trade between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the route of which would be shortened; on the saving effected in the cost of transhipment; and on the existence of motives, political or purely commercial, which may be expected to determine traders to the adoption of one or other route. Among the latter is chiefly to be noted the existence of the competition of the trans-continental railway system of the United States, and the influence, direct or indirect, wielded by these powerful corporations.

A plan for cutting the narrow neck of land which connects North and South America is as old almost as the discovery of the Western World by Columbus. Nothing but that narrow strip prevented the realisation of the project of the great discoverer,—to reach India by sailing west from Europe. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the many schemes which have been projected since the time of Charles the Fifth of Spain. It would be sufficient to notice only the Nicaragua Canal projected in 1850, which became the subject of the Treaty of Washington usually styled the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the project for a waterway at Panama destined to darken the closing days of the great engineer who constructed the Suez Canal.

The Treaty of Washington refers primarily to the projected canal through Lake Nicaragua, but also applies similar provisions, as to protection and neutrality, to the canal projected through the Panama route. It will be necessary later on to refer to the effect of that treaty on the present situation of the rival projects; for the present it will be enough to note that all the schemes of construction came to no practical termination for twenty years. First among the causes of this quiescence stands, of course, the great Civil War, which naturally distracted the attention of the American people for a considerable time from peaceful enterprise. In Europe again the energy and resource of De Lesseps and his French supporters were absorbed in the Suez Canal. As an immediate consequence of that successful enterprise, men's minds were once more turned to the project of an inter-oceanic canal both in France and the United States. In 1872 the President of the United States, on the request of the Senate, appointed a Commission to consider the subject of communication by canal across, over, or near the isthmus. After a study of the surveys of the various projected routes, including that of Panama, the Commission in 1876 reported in favour of the route by Lake Nicaragua.

Notwithstanding this report, presented in 1876, no steps were made to construct the canal by way of Nicaragua, and the next scene opens in Paris. In 1879 an International Congress met in Paris under the presidency of De Lesseps to consider what should be the site of the inter-oceanic canal, as to the financial success of which no doubt was entertained. The preference of the United States Government for the route through

Lake Nicaragua was laid before the Congress. That route was not adopted for one reason, among many, which was regarded as decisive. Both for permanency and convenience it was deemed desirable to construct a sea-level canal on the model of that at Suez. Now no route over the isthmus is so short as the line about fifty miles long drawn north and south from Colon to Panama. Therefore, the place of De Lesseps's ill-fated project was fixed at Panama.

The history of that project need not be recapitulated. It was one long series of miscalculations: as to the nature and extent of the gigantic cutting rendered necessary by the height of the mountain-chain; the delays owing to the climate and its effects on the health of the labourers; the unexpected difficulties arising from the weak nature of the soil preventing the damming of the River Chagres, and necessitating the construction of a channel to draw off its superfluous waters; the miscalculation of the time necessary to complete the project, and the consequently inadequate period fixed in the concession granted to the French Company by the Columbian Government; the improvident financial operations in Paris and the wasteful expenditure at the isthmus, which disposed of four hundred and eighty-five millions of francs (upwards of £19,000,000), and which finally involved the collapse of this great undertaking,—all these facts are now ancient history. In 1887 the greatest miscalculation, that of time, became apparent. It was found that a sea-level canal would take at least twenty, and possibly many more, years to construct, a term exceeding that granted by the Columbian Government for the completion of the canal. Then the sea-level project was abandoned. A smaller cutting through the mountain range would take less time, and a canal with locks was decided on. The ocean-going ships would have to climb by means of locks up one side of the mountain-range, pass through a small cutting which could be constructed in five instead of twenty years, and descend on the other side by another series of locks. The moment this course was resolved upon the Nicaragua project necessarily became a rival. If a canal with locks were to be constructed, the Nicaragua Canal was in as good a position as any other.

In 1887 an American Association was formed for the construction of a canal through Lake Nicaragua, and a concession for this purpose was obtained from the Nicaraguan Government. In 1889 an Act of Congress of the United States incorporated the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, which has since had the direction of the project. Owing to the want of adequate financial support, however, no steps have as yet been taken, other than the construction of some preliminary works. In the same year the Commission appointed in France to carry out the liquidation of the Panama Canal made various efforts to reorganise the works of their Company. The prohibition of the intended lottery to supply the funds, and the abstention of the Government from supporting a scheme of reorganisation, have placed the project in a position of suspended animation. The official statements of the Nicaragua Company on the one hand, and of the Liquidation Commission on the other, give sufficient data for comparing the engineering difficulties and the cost of the rival schemes.

A glance at the map will show that the route by Panama is that which at first sight would present itself as the natural route dictated by the geographical situation. The American isthmus is at its narrowest point where the present works are situated. The isthmus runs east and west, the

route of the canal running north and south; the distance from the Caribbean Sea on the north to the Pacific on the south being about fifty miles. If the land here were a stretch of level country it would not have been left for the nineteenth century to dig a canal between the two oceans; it would probably have been cut in the time of Charles the Fifth. It may be taken as granted that any future attempt at completing the canal at this point will utilise the works already completed by the defunct Company; and the plan adopted by the Commission of Liquidation in 1890 may be regarded as the basis of our present inquiry. What remains to be done to carry that plan into execution? What are the engineering works to be constructed, and what would be the cost? The Commission of 1890 approved of the abandonment of the original idea of De Lesseps's project, the construction of a ship-canal at sea-level. A sea-level canal, such as the Suez Canal, requiring no locks, would of course be the ideal construction for permanence and for facilities to trade. But the Commission, in view of the fact that the concession from the Columbian Government would expire in 1899, and that a canal dug so deep as to have sea-level throughout would take not less than twenty years to construct, and might take much longer, and in view of the enormously increased cost of diverting the stream of the River Chagres which the construction of so deep a cutting in unstable soil would involve, determined to relinquish a task beyond its powers. A canal with locks is therefore the present project for completing the Panama Canal.

The plan of the proposed canal is as follows. The main chain of the Cordillera is to be cut by a channel five miles long and twenty-three feet deep at its least depth. On either side of the Cordillera, at San Pablo and at Paraira in the valleys of the Chagres and the Grande, dams are to be constructed at a distance of twelve and a half miles from each other. Between these dams, and passing through the cutting of the Cordillera, will extend an artificial channel one hundred and thirteen feet above the level of the sea. This channel will be the middle section of the canal; in effect it will be a lake composed of the dammed-up valleys of the Rio Chagres and the Rio Grande, fed by the waters of the former. The descent from this middle section of the canal to both the oceans will be effected by means of two double lock ladders on the Atlantic side and one double ladder and two separate locks on the Pacific side. The depth of each lock will not exceed thirty-six feet. On either side of this middle section of the canal will be two sea-level sections, freely communicating with the sea. The one on the side of Colon, the northern port on the Atlantic, will be fifteen miles long; that on the side of Panama, the southern port on the Pacific, seven and a half miles long. The execution of this work would require the removal of eight million cubic metres of earth and stone, and is calculated to take about eight years to complete. The cost of construction,—that is, to a reorganised Company which would not have to pay for the expenditure already incurred—has been estimated by the Commission of Liquidation at £19,432,000.

The special difficulties of construction from an engineering point of view, apart from the question of expense, are the nature of the soil, the liability of the canal to be flooded by the Chagres in the rainy season, and the climate.

As regards the nature of the soil, the report of the Commission of Liquidation states that it is too unstable and porous to stand any great strain such as the pressure of a large

superincumbent mass of artificial works, and of the water retained in these works, would entail. Hence the necessity of fixing the level of the central section of the canal at one hundred and thirteen feet above sea-level. If the central section could be raised higher, the canal could be constructed much more quickly, by obviating the necessity of cutting through the rocks of the Cordillera. The liability of the canal to be flooded by the Chagres is largely due to this low degree of resisting strength in the soil. Attempts were at one time made to dam the river, at a cost of upwards of three millions sterling, and to rely on this dam as the sole method of dealing with the superabundant waters; but experience showed that the soil would not support a dam of the height requisite to dispose of the whole of the floods in the rainy season. Consequently the present plan is to make a smaller dam, and to supplement this by constructing a channel for draining away part of the superfluous waters through another valley and into the Pacific. The climatic conditions, although serious from one point of view, can be discounted in any calculation of the difficulties in completing the work. By taking the rate of progress formerly attained as constant, sufficient allowance is made for delay due to the illness of the workers.

Although the route through Nicaragua is not the route indicated on the map as the shortest from point to point between the Atlantic and the Pacific, yet it has many favourable features. From a point twelve miles from the Pacific, two great lakes, Managua on the north-east continued by Nicaragua on the south-west, and the River San Juan flowing from the latter, form a continuous natural waterway to the Caribbean Sea. Sever the narrow neck of land on the western side and a channel is open for the whole way, though not as yet navigable for ocean-going ships. The project of the Nicaraguan Canal Company is, therefore, to utilise this natural waterway, deepening it when necessary, and at the western side of Lake Nicaragua to construct a cutting to the Pacific.

The works proposed are as follows, beginning on the Atlantic side:—A breakwater is to be constructed at San Juan del Norte, and the harbour is to be deepened. A sea-level canal is then to be dredged in earth for about nine miles from the coast, terminated by a lock of thirty feet lift, followed at an interval of a mile by another lock of thirty-one feet lift. A dam across the small stream Deneado is to be followed by two basins, separated by another dam and a third lock of forty-five feet lift. After five miles of free navigation comes a cutting through the rock about three miles in length. Twelve more miles of free navigation is to be found in the valleys of two small rivers, the San Francisco and the Machado. Here the water is to be raised by dams and embankments, forming basins which will connect directly with the San Juan above a large dam across that river. This dam is to raise the level of the river and of Lake Nicaragua and secure free navigation of sixty-four miles and a half on the river and fifty-six miles and a half across the lake. Leaving the western shore of Lake Nicaragua, a canal through earth and rock, nine miles long and proceeding towards the Pacific, will issue into the Tola basin, with five miles and a half of free navigation obtained by damming a small stream, the Rio Grande, which flows into the Pacific. At this dam a series of locks lower the level eighty-five feet, and the canal proceeds in excavation down the valley of the Rio Grande, a distance of two miles,

to the last lock, a tidal lock of twenty to thirty feet lift. Below this point the canal enters the upper portion of the Harbour of Brito, one mile and a half from the Pacific. Here a breakwater is to be constructed, enlarging and making more commodious the present harbour.

The minimum depth of the water is to be thirty feet. With the exception of the rock-cutting in the eastern and western divides, the canal will be at all points wide enough for two ships to travel in opposite directions. Through the artificial basins in Lake Nicaragua, and in the San Juan River, vessels can pass each other and navigate with entire freedom.

The estimate of the time required for constructing the canal is put at seven years. As regards the cost of construction, the original estimate by the chief engineer of the Company was £13,000,000, but an engineering Commission has since estimated the cost at £17,500,000. If interest be added to this amount, the total capital required may be placed at £20,000,000.

The prospects of a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans depend, in the first place, on its commercial utility, in shortening routes and saving cost of transhipment; and in the next place, on the probability of its being employed by ocean-traffic. On this latter branch of the question depends the financial outlook of the canal, and it is affected by more than geographical considerations. The incidence of tolls must play a great part. It is obvious that a canal which levied no tolls might be largely used, if the smallest saving were effected in length of transit; while a canal which, geographically speaking, was perfection itself, might drive away traffic by the heaviness of its tolls, or, if the balance of advantages were almost level, by levying any toll at all. Then again, the competition of rival routes must be considered, and the possible tariff-war which might be waged by the Suez Canal and certainly would be initiated by the Pacific Railways across the United States. If rival canals were constructed, national preference for one or other route would inevitably come into play.

The table on the opposite page, issued by the Nicaragua Canal Company, of the distances saved by the construction of a canal across the isthmus, may be taken as substantially accurate.

This table, however, does not take into consideration the competition of the Suez Canal. For instance, the distance from New York to Hong Kong by Suez is 11,796 miles; by the proposed American canal it is 11,038 miles. The importance of this will be seen presently when we consider the probability of trade seeking the isthmus route.

The next element of trade-advantage to be considered is the saving effected by eliminating the cost of breaking bulk in transit. This, of course, would be considerable, but cannot be accurately estimated without considering what amount of trade is likely to seek the canal-route, what are to be the tolls levied, and the rival attractions of the Suez Canal and Pacific railways. The actual amount of trade carried by the Panama Railway as given in the STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK for 1885 is £17,000,000.

As to the shortening of trade-routes, the advantages of the rival schemes of Panama and Nicaragua may be taken to be equal. Trade from the United States would no doubt find a slightly shorter route by Nicaragua; but on the other hand, the Panama route would geographically be more advantageous for the States of South America on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

We now come to consider the

TABLE SHOWING DISTANCES IN MILES BETWEEN COMMERCIAL PORTS OF THE WORLD AND DISTANCES SAVED BY THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

FROM	*Viâ* Cape Horn.	*Viâ* Cape of Good Hope.	*Viâ* Nicaragua Canal.	Distance saved in Miles.
	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
New York to San Francisco	14,840	—	4,946	9,894
,, ,, Behring Strait	17,921	—	8,026	9,895
,, ,, Sitka	16,105	—	6,209	9,896
,, ,, Acapulco	13,071	—	3,122	9,949
,, ,, Mazatlan	13,631	—	3,682	9,949
,, ,, Hong Kong	18,180	15,201	11,038	4,163
,, ,, Yokohama	17,679	16,190	9,363	6,827
,, ,, Melbourne	13,502	13,290	10,000	3,290
,, ,, New Zealand	12,550	14,125	8,680	3,870
,, ,, Sandwich Islands	14,230	—	6,388	7,842
,, ,, Callao	10,689	—	3,701	6,988
,, ,, Guayaquil	11,471	—	3,053	8,418
,, ,, Valparaiso	9,750	—	4,688	5,062
New Orleans to San Francisco	15,052	—	4,047	11,005
,, ,, Acapulco	13,283	—	2,409	10,874
,, ,, Mazatlan	13,843	—	2,969	10,874
,, ,, Guayaquil	11,683	—	2,340	9,343
,, ,, Callao	10,901	—	2,988	7,913
,, ,, Valparaiso	9,962	—	3,987	5,975

FROM	*Viâ* Cape Horn.	*Viâ* Cape of Good Hope.	*Viâ* Nicaragua Canal.	Distance saved in Miles.
	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
Liverpool to San Francisco	14,690	—	7,694	6,996
,, ,, Acapulco	12,921	—	5,870	7,051
,, ,, Mazatlan	13,481	—	6,430	7,051
,, ,, Melbourne	13,352	13,140	12,748	392
,, ,, New Zealand	12,400	13,975	11,349	1,051
,, ,, Hong Kong	18,030	15,051	13,786	1,265
,, ,, Yokohama	17,529	16,040	12,111	3,929
,, ,, Guayaquil	11,321	—	5,890	5,431
,, ,, Callao	10,539	—	6,449	4,090
,, ,, Valparaiso	9,600	—	7,436	2,144
,, ,, Sandwich Islands	14,080	—	9,136	4,944
Spain to Manilla	16,900	13,951	13,520	431
France to Tonquin	17,750	15,201	13,887	1,314
Hamburg to Mazatlan	13,931	—	6,880	7,051
,, ,, Acapulco	13,371	—	6,320	7,051
,, ,, Fonseca	11,430	—	5,530	5,900
,, ,, Punta Arenas, Costa Rica	11,120	—	5,515	5,605

New York to Eastern Entrance of Nicaragua Canal, 2,021 miles.
Liverpool ,, ,, ,, ,, 4,769 ,,
Hamburg ,, ,, ,, ,, 5,219 ,,
Amsterdam ,, ,, ,, ,, 4,994 ,,
Havre ,, ,, ,, ,, 4,874 ,,
Cadiz ,, ,, ,, ,, 4,220 ,,
New Orleans ,, ,, ,, ,, 1,308 ,,

San Francisco to Western Entrance of Nicaragua Canal, 2,776 miles.
Valparaiso ,, ,, ,, ,, 2,518 ,,
Callao ,, ,, ,, ,, 1,531 ,,
Portland ,, ,, ,, ,, 3,219 ,,
Victoria ,, ,, ,, ,, 3,428 ,,

NOTE.—The distances have been measured by customary routes most convenient for sailing ships and slow freight steamers.

prospects of trade using the isthmus canal, were it constructed by either route, and were merely financial considerations to be regarded. On this receipts will depend, and the financial success of the canal as a private enterprise.

The Nicaragua Canal Company gives the following estimate.

From statistical records it appears that the number of ships trading from our Eastern ports and from Europe to the North and South Pacific was, in 1879, 2,647, with an aggregate tonnage of 2,671,886 tons. Eight years later, in 1887, statistics show the following facts:

Trade across the Isthmus of Panama	1,217,685	tons
Trade between Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States	145,713	,,
Trade between Atlantic ports of the United States and foreign countries west of Cape Horn	752,585	,,
Trade between Pacific ports of the United States and foreign countries east of Cape Horn	879,844	,,
Trade around Cape Horn of European countries (Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Russia, not included as statistics are not accessible)	1,471,399	,,
Trade of British Columbia with Europe	39,818	,,
	4,507,044	tons

Excepting the trade across the isthmus, this is all the trade round Cape Horn. No estimate is made of the trade round the Cape of Good Hope, much of which would seek the canal if it were open, nor is any estimate made of the trade which, rather than break bulk for transport by the transcontinental railways, would continue on shipboard when the question of the long voyage around either Cape resolved itself into that of a passage through the canal.

These statistics show that the traffic which would naturally seek the canal was, in 1879, 2,671,886 tons, and that it had increased in 1887 to 4,507,044 tons, the percentage of increase being nearly 69 per cent. A similar increase in the next eight years would make it in 1895, 7,616,904 tons.

A searching criticism of this estimate of the Nicaragua Canal Company appeared last year in THE TIMES from the pen of Mr. G. E. Church, who, on the invitation of the chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics, studied the question in 1880 with the assistance of the staff of the Bureau. The writer found that in that year, crediting the canal with every vessel and cargo which might have made a saving of distance by using the canal, the result was 2,818 ships yearly, carrying 2,938,386 tons of cargo, valued at £48,362,000. The probable, as distinguished from the possible, number of ships using the canal was only 55 per cent. of the latter, amounting to 1,500 vessels yearly carrying 1,625,000 tons of cargo, valued at £32,136,000.

It was found that the commercial utility of the canal, with respect to the Atlantic and Gulf ports of the United States, would be practically limited to trade east of 110 degrees of longitude east of Greenwich (from New York to Hong Kong viâ Suez is 11,796 miles, and by the proposed American canal 11,238 miles); and that it would be probably utilised but little by vessels making voyages between the eastern seaboard of the United States and Australia, and between the same seaboard and Chili. It was also not doubted that almost the entire west coast trade of South America, from Callao south, would continue to use the Cape Horn route for its trade with Europe, as being more economical than the projected canal route, and, in the case of sailing ships, much more advantageous. For these reasons, deductions of 1,337 vessels, carrying 1,312,602 tons of cargo, were made from the possible to arrive at the probable traffic. This estimate appeared to receive confirmation by applying the same basis of calculation to the then traffic of the Suez Canal, which showed 6,312,742 tons of possible against 3,291,553 of actual traffic, the latter being 52 per cent. of the former. It was found that the proposed canal might have a possible traffic as follows:—Of United States commerce, 7·5 per cent.; of English commerce, 2·76 per cent.; of French commerce, 1·53 per cent.; of the international commerce of the globe 3·00 per cent. For the purpose of argument, let us suppose

that the increase of commerce which would probably pass through an American canal will be double the above estimated quantity at the close of this century (say 3,252,000 tons), by which time one if not both of the canals may be completed. The canal toll on this tonnage, at the high rate of 8*s.* per ton, amounts to £1,300,000 gross income; of which, let us assume, 70 per cent., or £910,000, would be net profit, or 5 per cent. on £18,200,000.

In all ordinary enterprises it is the custom of the projectors to have an elaborate and even minute calculation made of probable income before venturing to solicit the aid of capital; but it is noticeable that, in the case of Panama and Nicaragua, the usual estimated traffic receipts are largely imaginary; six, eight, and even ten millions of tons per year have been put forward as a basis for finance; and little besides national glory, patriotism, sentiment, and *élan* have been enlisted as proofs of accuracy. If, for instance, the Panama works are to be continued, why not proceed in a businesslike way, appoint a perfectly independent commission of commercial men and experts to examine into the question of what portion of the world's commerce will in all probability make use of the canal? I am not aware that the promoters have ever caused such an independent examination of the problem to be made. With a proper staff it might be done with extreme accuracy in ninety days; but it should be absolutely uninfluenced by any consideration except a desire for the truth; and the truth would be a great boon, not only for the past shareholders, but for those whose contributions may be invited for the future. The Panama Company calculated that its canal would, the first year it was opened, have a traffic of 7,250,000 tons; but an analysis of the inflated *data* upon which this tonnage is based only shows how blindly the company plunged French capital into their Danaids' sieve. Strange to say, I find the promoters of the Nicaragua Canal not only using the same *data*, but swelling the tonnage to 8,159,150 tons.

The probability of European trade seeking the American isthmus-route has been taken as granted. But the enormous distance which separates manufacturing Europe from the canal on the Atlantic side, and the western exit of the canal from the east of Asia on the other side, renders the probability somewhat indeterminate. The resemblance to the case of the Suez Canal is only superficial.

Does not the Isthmus of Panama exactly resemble Suez, inasmuch as it is a narrow strip of land connecting two grand continental divisions? Yes; but here, unfortunately, the comparison ends. To the westward of the Suez Canal, and almost at its gateway, are the manufacturing and trade industries of Europe; and eastward, within reach, hundreds of millions of Asiatic people exchanging their own products for European goods. Westward of the proposed American canal is the vast stretch of waters of the Pacific Ocean, over 6,000 miles wide; and eastward, between it and the activity and resources of Europe, the whole width of the Atlantic Ocean. In the case of the Suez it is land, populated and full of trade life, on either hand; but for Panama it is water, water, and interminable water as far as the influence of the canal can extend either east or west.

What then must an American interoceanic route principally depend upon? Must it not be the commerce of the United States *plus* such part of that of the west coast of South America as may be coaxed through it? Above three-fourths of the west coast foreign trade of South America is now carried on by sailing ships, as being the cheapest method of transport. It is a well-known fact that sailing vessels in approaching the bay of Panama almost invariably encounter prolonged calms, sometimes for weeks together. Again, after leaving the canal a sailing ship would have to beat north and east against the current and trade winds in her effort to reach her European destination. Is it probable that under such circumstances a sailing craft would select this route and pay a canal toll for the privilege? If this statement be admitted as true, does it not determine that nearly the entire commerce of a Panama canal, and only to a less extent that of a Nicaragua canal, must be carried on by steamships?

We are forced, as a final main source of traffic, to look to the Pacific coast of North America, its trade with Europe and the Atlantic coast of the United States, and the eastern Asiatic trade of the latter. Much reliance is placed by the canal promoters upon the wheat trade of the Pacific coast with Europe—say, between 700,000 and 800,000 tons yearly. If it go in sailing vessels it might reach Liverpool cheaper *viâ* Cape Horn, owing to prevailing winds and cur-

rents; but let us credit it to a canal, and allow it will go by steamship, despite the canal-toll burden, which, however, may be offset in part by reduced freight. Let us add to this the large trade between the eastern and western sea-boards of the United States in illuminating oils, canned and dried fruits, wines, brandy, hops, and wool, and eliminate the competition of the Pacific Railways; then add the growth of new industries and commercial exchanges, and we shall find that if we give a Panama or Nicaragua canal a yearly traffic of 1,700,000 tons from these sources during the first year of its existence, it will be most liberal.

But it must not be forgotten that for much of this traffic there will be brave competitors—the Pacific Railways. In 1869 the first one was completed. In that year the trade between New York and San Francisco, *viâ* Panama, was £14,000,000 value; in 1870 it was reduced to £3,800,000, the remainder, including bullion, having taken the rail route across the continent.

In the traffic estimates of both Panama and Nicaragua too little notice is taken of the controlling influence of the Suez Canal. If a voyage between two ports be approximately the same distance *viâ* Suez or *viâ* an American canal, which route would be preferred?

The competition of the railways both in the United States and in Canada must be of the greatest importance in determining the use of an isthmus-canal which depends on tolls for its support. In addition to the present conditions which render that opposition most formidable, one of the immediate future, not referred to by Mr. Church, is likely to play an important part. The inter-colonial conference of British Colonies has practically rendered certain the completion of a subsidised line of steamers from Australia to British Columbia.

Lastly, as influencing the probability of trade seeking one or other canal, there remain for consideration what may be described as non-financial motives. That Trade follows the Flag is now admitted, and that national preferences for a national enterprise weigh even with traders is conclusively established. If a Panama canal were constructed by French hands, it may be assumed that national preference would be equally divided between the Suez and the Panama routes, other conditions being equal. But if the Panama canal were finally abandoned, and the Nicaragua canal constructed by the United States, then the element of national rivalry would come into full play, and no trade capable of going by Suez would go by Nicaragua.

The prospects of a ship-canal at Panama or Nicaragua being constructed by private enterprise, by French or American capitalists, do not seem favourable. Any enterprise which requires a capital of over £20,000,000 would have to face enormous difficulties, even were there no considerations other than the mere difficulty of getting the money together. But both in the case of Panama and Nicaragua there are other deterrents. In neither case is there any sure prospect of profit. Besides this, the whole Panama scheme has been discredited, to say the least of it, by the mismanagement and miscalculations which characterised that ill-fated project. The melancholy close of the great career of De Lesseps was only one of the results of a failure which spread financial calamity among millions of the French people, and seems to have effectually stopped the springs of further contributions to the bottomless pit of Panama. The Nicaragua project, from the point of view of the private investor, seems to have prospects hardly better. Almost equally with the Panama scheme it has shared the discredit arising from the failure of that project. Special objections also exist calculated to deter the private investor. The organised opposition in the United States Congress on the part of the

trans-continental railways has to be reckoned with, so far as regards legislative facilities or subventions for the Nicaragua canal. Again, the United States Government, in the event of the canal being constructed, would have to provide for a great increase in their navy both on the Pacific coast and in the Gulf of Mexico. There remains also the constant probability that the French Government may take up the rival Panama scheme, which would render perilous the financial success of the Nicaragua canal; and last, but not least, there is the burning question of the control of the Nicaragua canal, and the claim of the British Government to exercise a joint supervision under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850. All these considerations do not tend to induce the private investor to hazard his capital.

The prospects of one or other canal being constructed by the Governments of France or the United States are decidedly more favourable than those of construction by private enterprise. In both cases the initial difficulty of obtaining the necessary capital of £20,000,000 would be practically absent. Either Government would only have to ask for the sum to get it. Again, the probability of profit would not weigh so much with a Government which, assuming an absolute loss of the capital in either case, would hardly feel the burden; and in any event it would be able to wait many years for a remunerative return.

As regards the Panama Canal, it is quite conceivable that it might in a few years become a popular undertaking on the part of a French Administration to resume the last work of De Lesseps when time has somewhat effaced the bitterness of the initial failure. Such an undertaking would not only constitute a monument to the memory of the great French constructor, but would conciliate national pride by making France continue to be the pioneer in important engineering enterprises. France, having cut through the Suez isthmus, seems marked by fate to sever the only other isthmus of equal geographical importance. It would manifestly also be to the advantage of French commerce to secure the return to France of the revenue of the canal; and the political advantage of controlling the canal, if French sole control were permitted, would be obvious. Lastly, it is not at all inconceivable that the rivalry of the United States, manifested by pushing on the Nicaragua design, may arouse a corresponding feeling in French commercial and official quarters and in France generally.

It is plain, however, that the question is in the main one of French home-politics, and the somewhat temporary character of French Ministries does not augur well for any far-seeing or steady policy in foreign affairs. *La revanche* and colonial extension seem to be the only two lines of foreign policy pursued by the Third Republic, and of the two the first only has been unswervingly followed; the policy of colonial extension having been more than once checked, as by the Tonkin failure, and by the waste of French energy manifest in the French opposition to the British government of Egypt. And any political advantage to be hoped for from controlling the Panama canal would be rendered problematical by the prospect of the intervention of the Great Powers at Panama as at Suez.

The likelihood of the Nicaragua canal being constructed by the United States Government appears to be not inconsiderable. It is true that the Bill of the Canal Company was rejected in March last by Congress, but a sum of twenty-five thousand

dollars was voted for an inquiry into the best method and the cost of construction. The military and naval authorities in the United States appear to be in favour of the project, and it is noticeable that the President has appointed as chairman of the Commission of Inquiry the late Military Attaché at the United States Embassy in London. The idea finds favour with the American people generally, whose desire for doing the greatest things in the world is here strengthened by that modification and extension of the Monroe doctrine popularised by Secretary Blaine,—"America for the Americans." The advantages in time of war of having the canal in American hands are set forth in glowing language by the Canal Company.

> To this possibility the geographical location and natural features of the Nicaragua canal are most advantageous, and Lake Nicaragua, the summit level of the canal, a mighty body of fresh water a hundred miles in length, by forty-five in width, deepening to fifty feet, swept continually by the trade winds, with a delightful and healthy climate, gives to the route a political and international importance unique and significant. The nation that controls this canal under terms of amity with Nicaragua will here find rest and refreshment for its fleets, and a *point d'appui* from which either ocean may readily be reached in case of need.
>
> To this sheltered stronghold its squadrons, after service done on either ocean, at the bidding of a telegraphic sign from the home Government, may return to refit and rest in absolute security until some renewed need of action calls again for their services. There cannot be imagined a more potent means of avoiding difficulty than such efficient preparation in advance to quiet promptly any disturbances which may arise.
>
> Placed thus advantageously, one fleet would readily do the work of two, and with a naval depot thus conveniently located, the Pacific Coast and our Alaskan possessions, as well as our commerce on both oceans, would be as well guarded as our Atlantic Coast.

On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the opposition of the United States Railways may be counted on as implacable; that the creation of a huge fleet is an absolute necessity to the construction of the canal by Government; and that the altered political importance of Cuba and the West Indian Islands generally which would result from the construction of the canal would supply a new cause for anxiety to the United States Government and a source of constant complications with European Powers. Again, any chance of the canal repaying the cost of construction would be modified if not destroyed by the French Government completing the Panama canal. Lastly, there is no certainty that if the United States Government were to construct the Nicaragua canal, it would be allowed to retain the control. There is the British claim to joint control under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to be considered.

The binding force of the Treaty of Washington of 1850, usually called the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty from the names of its negotiators, has been consistently maintained, and has been acted upon at considerable loss by the British Government. The history of the treaty is briefly as follows.

On California being annexed to the United States in 1847, a company of American citizens obtained from the Nicaraguan Government a concession to construct a ship-canal from the Pacific by way of Lake Nicaragua. As the project of piercing the isthmus was obviously of as great moment to the British Dominions on the northern Pacific as to the State of California, the United States Government and the British Minister at Washington thought it desirable to provide beforehand for common action in regard to the various possible projects of constructing canals or railways across the isthmus, and for joint control of these undertakings when constructed.

Although the immediate occasion which seemed to call for the conclusion of the treaty was the canal then in contemplation through Lake Nicaragua, nevertheless the provisions were perfectly general, and intended to cover all means of communication over the isthmus to be constructed at any future time.

The preamble of the Convention of Washington of the 19th of April, 1850, recites the fact of "Her Britannic Majesty and the United States of America being desirous of consolidating the relations of amity which so happily subsist between them, by setting forth and fixing in a convention their views and intentions with reference to any means of communication by ship canal which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by the way of the River San Juan de Nicaragua, and either or both of the Lakes Nicaragua or Managua to any port or place on the Pacific Ocean." The sixth article declares that, "The Contracting Parties likewise agree that each shall enter into treaty stipulations with such of the Central American States as they may deem advisable for the purpose of more effectually carrying out the great design of this Convention; namely, that of constructing and maintaining the said canal as a ship communication between the two oceans for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all, and of protecting the same." Both parties further agree not to occupy territory in Central America which might lead to the assumption by one or other party of a preponderating control over the canal when constructed. Finally the eighth article declares: "The Governments of Great Britain and the United States having not only desired, in entering into this Convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulation to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama."

The canal contemplated by the treaty was never completed, in consequence chiefly of Nicaraguan opposition to the extension of United States influence,—an opposition originating in the hostility evoked by Walker's filibustering expedition in 1855. Nevertheless the Clayton - Bulwer Treaty was consistently regarded by both the British and United States Governments as binding. It was the subject of frequent negotiations from 1855 to 1860; and its permanent character was unchallenged until 1881, when the canal at Panama seemed in a fair way of accomplishment.

In 1881 Secretary Blaine raised the contention that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was no longer binding, and announced that the United States Government would claim with the territorial Columbian Government the exclusive control of the Panama canal, and would regard any attempt of European Powers to neutralise the canal as "indicative of unfriendly feeling," and partaking of the nature of an "alliance against the United States." This argument of Secretary Blaine was continued by Secretary Frelinghuysen.

In view of the probability of the completion of the Nicaragua canal, it may be as well to recapitulate the British position as regards the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Lord Granville, when the contention was raised in 1881, firmly maintained that the

British Government relied on the binding character of the treaty. From this position the British Government has never retired. The suggestion that the treaty lapsed on the non-completion of the original canal is sufficiently refuted by the fact that for years after that project was abandoned, the treaty was insisted on by the United States, so as to induce the British Government to surrender British territory in Central America. In compliance with the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the British Government ceded Ruabon and Bay Islands to Honduras in 1859, and the Protectorate over the Mosquito Coast to Nicaragua in 1860. Furthermore, the eighth article expressly declares the desire of the contracting parties to establish a general principle applicable to all projects of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The suggestion that the treaty has been abrogated by change of circumstances is equally untenable. The same material interests of the Dominion of Canada exist, giving rise to international rights to control over the means of communication across the isthmus. These rights increase those necessarily residing in the British Government, in common with all European Maritime Powers, to a voice in the control of a great international waterway. Some minor contentions of Secretary Frelinghuysen hardly deserve notice. To pretend that the retention by the British of their possessions in Belize was a violation of the treaty approaches to the disingenuous. By letters of the same date as the ratification of the treaty the British and American negotiations expressly excluded that territory from the scope of the self-denying ordinance. And to say, as Secretary Blaine maintained, that the prevention of the United States from creating military stations to control the canal on land leaves the sole control to the British Government is really to argue against the good sense of the American negotiators.

Another point should also be borne in mind. Nothing but the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty prevents the British Government from extending its possessions in Central America. As Lord Malmesbury pointed out in 1858, if the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is to be torn up, the British Government recovers its liberty of action. At the very least it might reasonably claim the retrocession of the Mosquito Protectorate from Nicaragua and of the Bay Islands from Honduras.

Of course, it is conceivable that, as not unfrequently occurs, the British Foreign Office may resign British treaty-rights, as has been done in Japan, without consulting opinion at home, and relying on the absorption of public attention in domestic politics. But even if this contingency should occur, it must not be forgotten that the same right to secure free passage for commerce which justified the Great Powers in neutralising the Suez Canal will exist in the case of any canal constructed across the American isthmus. If the control of the Nicaragua canal is not shared by the British and United States Governments, or if the control of the Panama canal is not shared by these Governments and France, it is tolerably certain that a general control of the Great Powers would take the place of the more limited supervision.

The best solution of the difficult question of inter-oceanic communication across the American isthmus will obviously be that which reconciles the interests of commerce (chiefly concerned with the shortening of routes) and those of international peace. It would be nothing short of a calamity if the completion of this great engineering enterprise should leave as an after consequence a permanent cause

of rivalry and possible war between the Great Powers of the world.

It seems certain that such a calamity cannot be averted unless by a frank acknowledgment on the part of the United States and of France on the one side, and on the part of the British Government, the greatest commercial Power, on the other, that in the American as in the African isthmus the whole civilised world is entitled to a voice in the control of the canal whenever and wherever it may be constructed. Once this is acknowledged, the way is perfectly clear. For, if the Great Powers are entitled to control the canal when finished, it is obvious justice that they should be expected to contribute, in proportion to their commercial interests, to its construction.

Now it so happens that the very combination of the Great Powers for the construction of the canal which would secure the continuance of peace, or at least the elimination of one powerful element of possible war, supplies the conditions most favourable for the selection of the route dictated by geographical considerations and therefore most useful for commerce. To a combination of the Great Powers the sum of forty or even seventy millions would be comparatively unimportant, being less than the sum which Western Europe spends every year on maintaining its armies and navies. Financial difficulties disappearing, the only point for consideration would be the selection of the route most convenient to trade, and, as a consequence, that dictated by geographical considerations.

Any one who looks at the map will see that the route which is plainly the shortest is that by Colon and Panama. The International Conference of Engineers, held in Paris in 1879 under the presidency of De Lesseps, came to that conclusion. A sea-level canal, running from the Atlantic to the Pacific for about fifty miles, one-third of the length of the Nicaragua route, and without locks, would not only be the shortest but the most permanent improvement of inter-oceanic communication. It would be a work for all time, and might be described as a great correction of the hand of Nature in its fashioning of the globe.

To appreciate this matter it must be distinctly borne in mind that financial, and not engineering, difficulties are the greatest in the way of the completion of the original project of De Lesseps. The engineering difficulties, as has been already shown, are great, but are by no means insurmountable. To cut a sea-level channel through the mountain-chain at Panama is a task of difficulty involving much time and expense; but in the face of the resources which the Great Powers could command those difficulties would disappear. Within a reasonable period a sea-level canal, requiring less cost of maintenance relatively than the Suez Canal, would be in existence, and would remain for ever as one of the great monuments of the skill and enterprise of the twentieth century. For if a rock-cutting be difficult, it is also permanent.

The Commission of Liquidation appointed by the French Government did not confine themselves to studying the reconstruction of the Panama Company as a French commercial undertaking. As an alternative to the reconstruction of a Company of private persons, they went on to consider the probability of carrying out the original scheme of a canal at sea-level, under the guarantee of all the Great Powers. The Commission fully recognised the right of all the States of the civilised world, interested through their commerce, to a share in the control of this great undertaking. With the aid of the Great Powers

(which might or might not be limited to a guarantee of interest on the necessary capital) it could no longer be said that the sea-level canal was impracticable. On the contrary, it would be the very route which would be likely to be selected. This solution of the problem would place no restriction on the number of ships passing through, or on the size of the ocean-going ships which would traverse the canal.

The more the situation is studied, the plainer it becomes that this solution of the problem,—the construction of a sea-level canal at Panama by the joint action and under the joint guarantee of the Great Powers—is that dictated by a combination of considerations of the greatest moment and deserving the most serious attention of statesmen concerned with the highest interests both of commerce and of peace. It is the route recommended by geographical considerations, and its construction would be a permanent improvement of the trade-routes of the world. The cost would be in great part saved of the already considerable expenditure of the wealth of the French people. The United States, whether by the medium of its Government or of its private citizens, would be spared a venture into a hazardous undertaking. The question of tolls would at once become a minor one. It might even become a question whether any tolls should be levied, or whether the cost of construction should not, as a payment once and for all, be divided among the commercial nations in proportion to their commerce. In any case, it would be feasible for a combination of the Great Powers to provide for the ultimate extinction of tolls through a sinking fund.

Again, from the purely political side sources of possible conflict would be removed. Such a solution would be in complete harmony with the principles of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, so that that burning controversy would be permanently extinguished. It would also harmonise with the principles adopted by the Great Powers with reference to the Suez Canal, the interest in which is admitted not to be confined to one Power, and the regulation of which is provided for by a general international compact. For the constitution of the governing body of the canal an appropriate model can be found in the International Commission of the Danube, which now superintends the navigation of the waterway of Eastern Europe. An International Commission of Superintendence over a sea-level Panama Canal would not merely avert the creation of a standing menace of war, and of conflict between the commercial Powers of the world, but would serve, as does the Danube Commission, as a symbol of the solidarity of the civilised world and of that restored unity of the European race of which the Roman Empire was the first foreshadowing. A canal created under such auspices would be not alone a monument of engineering enterprise and a permanent subvention to the trade of the civilised world, but would stand for ever as one of those triumphs of peace which has its victories no less than war.

FROM A WAR-BALLOON.

Last October I had the good fortune to be one of those allowed to attend our School of Ballooning at Aldershot; and, as my experiences while there had all the charm of novelty besides being of some little interest, I venture to give this account of what I saw of our War Balloons and their uses. I do so with the greater confidence since many of the points in connection with balloons and ballooning which, as a novice in the art, struck me most on first being made acquainted with them, have since been the subject of constant inquiries from friends who have asked me for my experiences in the air. I need hardly say that I am talking of friends who, like the great mass of the general public, are totally unacquainted with aerostatics, and who, like myself, were all the more impressed at hearing for the first time certain well-known physical facts in connection with ballooning which they had hitherto not realised or taken into consideration.

For example, how many people know that in the most furious gale that ever blew, the occupants of a "free" balloon are in an absolute calm; so calm indeed, that a newspaper might be opened and read with the same comfort as in a room, and, saving the danger of the gas, a lighted taper might be held in the hand with no possibility of its being blown out? When one sees a captive balloon beating about and struggling to be free in a strong breeze, it is hard to realise this fact; yet a fact it is, for the balloon, the car, and its occupants then become of the wind itself, and travel with it as if they were part of it. Imagine yourself looking out of a window during a storm and seeing a balloon drift past at, say, seventy miles an hour; on land it is hard to stand up against the gale, and everything which the wind catches hold of is whirled away, but in the balloon the occupants would be as quiet as in a room; I will not add as unconcerned, for the prospects of effecting a landing in such a wind would be decidedly unpleasant.

Captive ballooning is so utterly unlike "free" work that it will be best to deal with it separately.

First and foremost, an ascent in a captive balloon except in calm weather is by no means a pleasant experience. The balloon is of course doing its utmost to free itself from the restraint of the wire rope; as the wind lulls, it may rise rapidly, while next moment a gust will cause it to dive after the manner of a kite, perhaps one hundred feet in a second; meanwhile the whole machine is jerking and quivering with the resultant forces of the ascensional power of the gas, the unequal pressure of the wind from moment to moment, and the strong, vibratory, retarding force of the wire rope. As the wind increases the balloon cannot rise against it, but is beaten down towards the ground; hence it is that with a strong, or even with a moderate wind, captive balloon work becomes simply an impossibility, for apart from the discomfort of a most intensified type of sea-sickness, which absolutely prostrates nine men out of ten, the violent motion of the balloon renders all observations impossible, while should it be beaten too near the ground there is the greatest danger of a regular smash. It is said that in the Suakin Expe-

dition of 1885, owing to the violence of the wind and the small ascensional powers of the gas sent out, the captive balloon would not rise properly, but was driven down close to the tops of the mimosa trees in the scrub which was swarming with fanatical disciples of the Mahdi. It is difficult to imagine a more trying situation than that of the unfortunate reconnoitring-officer thus placed between the Scylla of appalling sea-sickness and the Charybdis of the Arab sword and spear.

It is this inability of a captive balloon to be of any use in windy weather which has caused some sceptics to declare ballooning to be a useless whim. It is certainly one of the greatest objections to the use of balloons in warfare; but in ordinary weather the value of captive balloons is unquestionable. As one ascends and sees the panorama of the earth unfolding itself below, and the network of roads assuming map-like proportions, it is not hard to realise the important part which captive balloons are likely to play in the warfare of the future.

But captive balloons become essentially the more valuable in proportion to the numbers of men forming the army to which they belong. It is of course possible that a captive balloon might afford very useful information to the commander of a small force of five or ten thousand men; but the value of such information would be altogether out of proportion to that which a balloon might give to a commander of one hundred thousand men. To give a rough example,—had the French army been provided with captive balloons and able to work them on the heights of Amanvilliers on the 18th of August 1870, it is almost certain that the wide out-flanking march of the Twelfth Saxon Corps would have been detected at an early hour, with the obvious result that Bazaine would have had time to move his powerful reserve of the French Guard Corps, some twenty thousand strong, from the left of his position, where they were not wanted, to the right, a distance of seven miles, and thus materially alter the situation at that critical part of the great battlefield. Many such examples will present themselves to any student of military history; but the occasions upon which balloons would probably have been of inestimable value, are those where large armies were actually concentrated on the field of battle such as at Waterloo or Königgrätz.

An important feature in captive work is the method of communication between the balloon and the earth. This is absolutely provided for in theory by means of an insulated telephone wire in the core of the steel rope. In practice, however, owing to the vibration, the noise of the cordage, &c., it is found to be more certain and convenient to send written messages in small canvas bags, which clip on to the rope and run down by the force of gravity. A message can be sent up, in ordinary weather, by simply shouting, while if it be required to send up any light articles, they can be placed in a bag attached to a small balloon, which, being clipped on to the wire rope, runs up to the captive at once. There is a frivolous story to the effect that at a certain inspection, the thing which most interested the Great Personage who was inspecting the troops, was seeing a bottle of claret and some luncheon sent up to the occupants of a captive balloon by this means.

The principal danger in captive work is the always present possibility of the wire rope parting, not because of the obvious result that the balloon, being set free, would at once make off at speed, but for reasons of a very

simple technical nature, albeit, none the more pleasant by reason of their simplicity. It must be understood that when a captive balloon has been sent up the required height, the neck of the balloon has to be tied up so as to prevent the wind from exerting a pressure on the envelope and forcing out the gas, which would result in the balloon very shortly losing its lifting power and descending. In free runs the neck must always be wide open, for otherwise any sudden expansion of gas might burst the balloon. Hence, if a captive breaks away, it is bound to make an unduly rapid ascent since it is suddenly released from the restraint as well as the weight of the wire rope. Of course in such an emergency the gas would at once commence to expand furiously, and, unless the neck of the balloon were instantly opened and kept open, the envelope would inevitably burst. In the shocking accident at the Crystal Palace in 1892, when poor Dale and his comrades lost their lives, the balloon was started with too much lift and commenced to rise with undue rapidity. Dale, the aeronaut, realising the danger opened the neck and, in his anxiety to see that it was clear, looked into it; and it is supposed that his head checked the outrush of heated gas, with the result that the envelope instantly burst with terrible results.

The obvious remedy, if a balloon be thus rising, is to open the valve; but here again there is a chance of doing more harm than good, since if the valve be opened too freely, not only will the ascent be checked, but a rapid descent substituted. Here, again, the obvious thing is to throw out ballast; but if this be also done in a panic, too much is sure to be thrown, the balloon will again rise with dangerous rapidity, and the last state of that aeronaut be decidedly worse than the first. From all this it will be seen that occasions may very easily arise in balloons as on shipboard, where a cool head and thorough command of nerve are the only way out of a dangerous accident.

Photography from a captive balloon is not as a rule of much value for military purposes. The ground immediately below can indeed be instantaneously reproduced in map-like form; but the perspective is so forced, and the distances so exaggerated, according to my small experiences, that the results are of little worth.

During last autumn we had many days of foggy weather, during which time we never saw the sun and when balloon-work was necessarily interrupted. On the 8th of October there were both dense fog and frost, and for the sake of practice a captive balloon was sent up. When about four hundred feet above the ground we lost sight of the earth altogether, and rose with the peculiar vibratory motion due to the action of the line and windlass of a captive balloon in still weather. The fog was very thick, and all we could see outside of the balloon was the wire rope descending almost vertically until lost to view about one hundred feet below the car. At seven hundred and fifty feet it became less foggy; another fifty feet brought us into a stratum of vapour through which the sun's rays were feebly struggling, and at eight hundred and fifty we suddenly seemed to burst forth from the nebulous atmosphere into the most brilliant sunlight. As we did so, a huge spectral balloon was to be seen shadowed on the clouds below. Up we went, the aneroid running back as quickly as the second hand of a watch, until it registered one thousand five hundred and twenty-five feet above the ground. Here we felt the brake

was being applied far in the depths below, and we remained anchored in mid-air for some time. The scene was a very beautiful one; hundreds of feet below us lay a sea of billowy, soft white clouds, extending in all directions for many miles, while above, the clear and dazzling blue sky seemed to belong to a Mediterranean climate. It was hard to realise that below the brilliant atmosphere we were in lay Aldershot and the surrounding country enshrouded in impenetrable gloom. Save for the wire-rope, which hung below us for over seven hundred feet before it was lost to view in the clouds beneath, we seemed to have no connection with mother-earth, but to be poised in a universe of our own.

We now come to the far more pleasant part of ballooning, namely, free-run work. Here the greatest importance is attached to having an adequate amount of ballast on board, since it is an axiom in ballooning that the life of a balloon depends on the amount of ballast it will carry. Perhaps there is no single thing in ballooning which requires greater experience than a knowledge of how to expend ballast judiciously. It is a common saying, that a skilled aeronaut is worth a couple of bags of ballast; in other words that he will economise that amount in a given run, and so prolong the life of the balloon proportionately. When only one bag, say of fifteen to twenty pounds, is left, it is necessary to descend without delay, for the safety of a descent often depends upon having sufficient ballast to check the fall properly, or, should some unforeseen danger appear, such as telegraph wires, &c., to have the power of rising clear and descending again at a more suitable spot. Experience has proved that about twenty-five pounds of ballast should be allowed for every hour's run; hence a war-balloon, which is required to keep up for eight hours, should have two hundred pounds of ballast. The process of ballasting up a balloon previous to the start is a delicate operation. The crew take their places and all the gear is stowed, instruments lashed at convenient places for use, and the bags of fine sand placed in the car until the balloon is in perfect equilibrium. Suppose a lift of four pounds to be required; this is obtained by taking out that amount, and the aeronaut in command, when he feels the balloon lifting to his satisfaction, lets go the hand of the man on terra-firma and the balloon is off.

One of my principal objects in volunteering for the balloon-course was to ascertain to what extent it would be possible to make a useful reconnaissance sketch of the country passed over during an extended free-run. From former experiences of sketching under all sorts of circumstances and in all sorts of manners, conventional and the reverse, I was convinced that by a slight modification of the process known as time-sketching, it would be quite possible to do very accurate topographical work from a free balloon with one of the late Colonel Richards's cavalry sketching-cases. Ten years ago I had used one of these excellent inventions when sketching similarly by time, one day by the rate of the camels marching across the Bayuda Desert at two to two and a half miles an hour, and another by the rate of Gordon's famous penny steamers, steaming at three or four knots against the strong Nile current, or at ten to twelve with it. All travellers and explorers, as well as all military men, owe Colonel Richards a debt of gratitude for having, by means of his simple system of sketching, placed it within their power to delineate a country while actually moving through it.

The first free run I made was

from Aldershot to Portsmouth, a distance of about thirty-two miles, which was accomplished in a little over two hours. We ran to Frensham Ponds at about two thousand feet altitude; but, on getting above the damp and marshy land, the cold air therefrom caused our gas to condense and, bringing us down one thousand feet, we became becalmed for a time. Water seen from a height has a very curious effect, inasmuch as it is so transparent as to give the idea that a pond or lake is dry. In Frensham Great Pond the weeds were seen to lie in great wreaths or curves as if stranded by the receding waters, while between them appeared the brown banks of mud; it required the presence of a boat on the lake to dispel the optical illusion that the pond had been drained. At the lower level we shortly picked up another current of air, which took us two points westward of the first current, and we kept this with us to our destination. As we neared Petersfield we entered a dense bank of clouds and ran in them for some three miles, emerging over the chalk downs and skimming about a hundred and fifty feet over a windmill. Passing over a large rabbit-warren it was amusing to witness the alarm of the bunnies as they dived into their burrows, which from above presented the appearance of hundreds of circular black spots. Balloons have a very terrifying effect on all birds. As one passes over a farmyard there is always a regular stampede of the fowls under cover, while ducks dash into the ponds and dive frantically to avoid the supposed danger. The effect of the diving is most absurd as seen from above, for often, owing to the transparency of the water, the violent efforts of the ducks to hide themselves are plainly visible. Wild birds, especially game, are also much perturbed at the sight of the balloon, pheasants crowing loudly and running off, while partridges which have been flushed drop like stones into a neighbouring hedgerow. Sheep also seem much alarmed, but cattle and horses appear to take no interest in the matter.

On another day we ran from Aldershot to Winchester, the wind being eighteen miles an hour throughout. Our course lay exactly over the barracks where the depot of my regiment was quartered (this was before the late disastrous fire there), and as we drifted over the square, we could see the Riflemen swarming out to look at the balloon, so we pulled the valve and, making our descent at Oliver's Battery about two miles beyond, paid them a visit.

It was with the experience gained during the preceding runs that I proceeded to put into practice the system of sketching from a balloon which I had thus evolved, my wish being to sketch fifty miles, or more if possible.

On the morning of a dull cloudy day towards the end of October, we left Aldershot with a fresh breeze, reckoned at eighteen miles an hour, each one-inch division of my paper being taken as three minutes. As we rose rapidly and scudded over the Long Valley, the well-known statue of the Iron Duke, so long familiar to all the world at Hyde Park Corner, seemed to point severely at us as if in protest against the march of culture which had banished him to that sandy waste, and now sent British officers to cruise aloft in balloons. Everybody is tolerably acquainted with the painful anatomy of the gallant old horseand its rider as seen from below; but in order to rightly realise the extraordinary liberties taken by the artist in delineating the Duke and Copenhagen, the two should certainly be viewed, as we viewed it, from above.

After running our measured mile we found that we had under-estimated the wind, and that it was nearer thirty miles an hour. In consequence I altered my scale and called each inch equal to two minutes' run instead of three. The results of this change will be seen later. Half-an-hour after our start we passed the Loddon River and the Duke's old home, Strathfield-saye House, at the same time touching the lower edge of the clouds at an altitude of two thousand two hundred feet.

I should here mention that, in order to thoroughly test the practicability of sketching from a balloon, I had come unprovided with a map, save and except the well-known sheet from Bradshaw's Railway - Guide. My aeronaut, Sergeant - Major Greener, R.E., had a small-scale map of the vicinity of Aldershot but I did not refer to it, and before long we ran out of it altogether. Hence I was unable to identify the names of many villages, &c., we passed over. The railways, however, gave me a very good idea of the line we were taking, and by noting where we cut across them, and the magnetic bearing of our course, it was not difficult to mark in where we were at any moment.

Within one hour from the start we passed the Newbury-Didcot line and sighted about ten miles ahead of us some considerable hills; these proved to be the Berkshire Downs, a large town lying to our right on the north side of them. Half an hour later we crossed the Great Western Railway main line close to a station whence a single branch line led to the north, and within a few minutes we were over a good-sized town where the branch line terminated. Here Bradshaw proved invaluable, for it was perfectly clear that we were over Faringdon, that the station behind us was Uffington, and the big town Wantage; and such proved to be the case. Three miles beyond we passed a small river running east, and again two miles beyond a single line, the Fairford-Oxford branch; the small river, as we saw on our Bradshaw, being the Upper Thames or Isis. It was now 11.52 a.m.; we had been running since 10.6 a.m., and according to our dead reckoning had come fifty miles, a distance corroborated by Bradshaw's map. Our sketch showed fifty-two miles, and subsequent comparison with the Ordnance map gave the true distance run as fifty-one and a half miles, an error of only a shade over one per cent. In common honesty I must admit that this extraordinary accuracy was as much due to good luck as to good management, if indeed the latter term is admissible in connection with such an eminently unmanageable machine as a balloon.

Hitherto fortune had certainly favoured us. I had started with the hope to make a fifty-mile sketch, and so far had succeeded beyond my expectations, as subsequent comparison with the Ordnance map proved. Heavy masses of rain-clouds now confronted us, and my aeronaut assured me that unless we could rise above them the extra weight of the rain on our sensitive chariot would inevitably bring us down in a very few miles. I accordingly decided to make the attempt, and trust to luck to keep a record of our run by dead-reckoning and such occasional glimpses of the land as chance might favour us with. Some ten pounds of ballast thrown out caused us to rapidly rise a thousand feet or more, and, as we gradually lost sight of land, it was easy to perceive that we were entering a slower current of air, for the clouds below us were drifting past at speed. How much slower we were travelling it was impossible to

say, so I drew a line at 11.52 a.m., and noted *slower* on my sketch. By noon we had risen to two thousand seven hundred feet and sharp rain had set in, which warned us to get the grapnel ready and otherwise make preparations for an unavoidable descent. While so engaged we suddenly emerged from the clouds to find ourselves drifting across an open and undulating country falling gently to the north-west, and intersected by numerous stone walls. Some eighteen to twenty miles ahead of us loomed a range of high hills capped with dark masses of clouds. The barometer showed us to be two thousand two hundred feet up, while a rapid observation with the compass gave our course as N.W. by W. ½ W. Our rate was also perceptibly slower than before. The rain now came on in earnest, and in ten minutes we had fallen to one thousand seven hundred feet. My companion now asked me to hold on, (which I did,) while he "shook the balloon," a curious sensation while it lasted, but resulting in our getting rid of some pounds of water which had collected in the crown and netting, and rising to one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet. But the rain still persisting, we soon began to fall again; so we agreed to have done with the clouds and with sketching, and to continue our voyage above them altogether. Another ten pounds expended caused us to rise steadily, and at 12.28, when at an altitude of seventeen hundred feet above sea-level, we hailed some labourers ploughing with oxen below us and got the name of their village, Salperton, and of a long straggling town we had passed five miles back as Northleach. We had some difficulty in making them hear, as we were probably about thirteen hundred feet above them, but their replies came to us clearly enough. These names, however, were no use to us for the purposes of navigation, since Bradshaw did not condescend to notice them. Still, by prolonging the general curve of our course from Aldershot by Faringdon, it was easy to see that the current we had entered at 11.52 (half an hour back) whatever its speed might be, ought to take us a bit west of Cheltenham and towards Worcester.

At 12.32 we crossed a single line of rail which we reckoned to be probably the Cheltenham-Chippenham branch, but possibly the Cirencester line. To solve this point a magnetic "back bearing" of Salperton was taken, showing us to be on our old course of N.W. ½ W., and as we were discussing this we suddenly ran into a dense white cloud at an altitude of two thousand six hundred and fifty feet. As we fast lost all trace of the earth, we once again noticed that the clouds below us were scudding faster than we were.

And now commenced a grope in the dark; on all sides of us was the soft, white vapour, and, since there was no object outside the car to fix our eyes on, it became impossible to say whither we were bound. True enough we had the compass, but although it religiously performed its bounden duty and pointed unswervingly to the magnetic north, it made us none the wiser as to our course. All we could tell by its aid was that we were gyrating slowly, for at one moment Sergeant-Major Greener was north of me, the next east, then south, and so on; interesting enough, no doubt, but of no practical utility.

Being thus denied any assistance from our eyes we sharpened our ears, and before long became aware of a dull, roaring sound ahead of us. "Can it be the sea?" was the natural but illogical surmise. The sound grew nearer, and came to us in a regular cadence like the breaking of surf on a

shore. Memories of tales of balloons entering upper currents of seventy miles an hour at right angles, or in an opposite direction to the lower one, flashed through my brain; and as the strange sound grew louder, I wondered if possibly (how unpleasant at such a moment!) we were bound down the Bristol Channel for Lundy Island. My experienced companion, however, after a minute's hesitation suggested that the sound must come from big woods not far below us, and reminded me that some twenty miles back we had seen high hills ahead; so on the map was noted *Qy? Cotswold Hills*, and so it proved sure enough to be. Hardly had I scribbled this note when we suddenly emerged above the clouds into the most brilliant sunshine, while almost at the same moment through a deep rift in the clouds we caught a glimpse right below us of a considerable town and a wooded hill to the north of it. True, it was only a glimpse and conveyed to us no idea of our whereabouts beyond the inexpressibly comforting assurance that we were *not* near the Bristol Channel. Later on, over the brim of the great basin formed by the bank of clouds, we sighted land to the west many miles distant, while to the south-west we detected first the smoke and then the presence of a very large town. *Qy? Cheltenham, eight miles*, was my note, to be answered later by the Ordnance map, *Cheltenham, seven miles*, while the town we had seen through the rift was Winchcomb, and the wooded hill, Stanley Hill.

The rolling masses of cloud soon again shut out all sight of land, and we proceeded in dazzling sunlight with blue sky above us and naught but mist below. At two thousand eight hundred feet altitude I was able to take a few photographs of the great billowy clouds below us, heaped up like snow-mountains. Once again we drove into dense white fleecy clouds, and at 12.56 heard right below us trains shunting; at Beckford Station, we discovered, on the Tewkesbury and Evesham branch. Soon we emerged once more into the sunshine, and at a height of over three thousand feet could hear cows lowing and ahead of us a threshing-machine at work. Then the clouds again, and through a deep funnel in them could clearly discern some wooded ground. It was only a momentary glimpse, for next instant we drove into a white mist and commenced to fall rapidly. A judicious expenditure of ballast checked this, and at 1.14 we passed over the threshing-machine which we had heard for five miles before we reached it. Now followed a run veritably in the clouds; for some fifteen minutes we drifted through the dense vapour, slowly falling meanwhile, and with no token of the existence of mother earth save for the sound of the ubiquitous trains. *Junction on east*, is a note on the sketch; *Evesham Junction four miles east*, is the reply of the Ordnance map. Finally, at 1.26 p.m., emerging from the lower edge of the clouds, we again sighted land, and saw, some two thousand feet below us, a farmstead in an enclosed and undulating country.

By dead-reckoning off Bradshaw we calculated we ought to have come over a hundred miles, and, as we now had to expend another five pounds of ballast to check our fall, we judged it expedient to look out for a suitable landing-place. About four miles ahead of us we sighted some woods on a bluff with low ground beyond, and pulling the valve made preparations for our descent. Crossing over a valley with a stream and a road in it, we skimmed over some cultivated fields and a copse beyond; here we cut adrift the grapnel, and as it flew down the rope there was just time to realise at what a pace we

were travelling. Next moment the grapnel caught, and the balloon swooped downward, a judicious expenditure of ballast bringing it gently into a grass field well sheltered by the wooded bluff we had anchored in. After a few plunges it settled down quietly, and pulling open the valve we waited until the "life" had gone out of it. Soon some labourers came running up, as usual, too much out of breath to speak or answer questions. "Where are we?" was our first query. "Why, at Crowle to be sure." "Where's Crowle?" "Why, Crowle,—why it's close to Droitwich." This gave us our landfall, and we soon had the balloon emptied, packed in the car, and placed on a farm cart, while a six miles drive took us to Worcester. Here we were fortunate enough to catch a fast train almost at once; but whereas the run from Aldershot to Crowle by balloon occupied but three and a half hours, the railway journey back was not completed under ten.

Little more remains to be said. A careful comparison of the run, as sketched in the balloon, with the Ordnance map, showed that we had actually run ninety-two and a half miles, and that my estimate of thirty miles an hour had resulted in a practically correct sketch for over fifty miles; but on ascending above the clouds to avoid the rain we had entered a slower current of only twenty-five miles, and hence the last forty miles of our run were on a scale of one and a quarter inches to a mile in place of one inch. By reducing therefore the last part to the correct scale it was possible to check the various places noted now and again between the clouds, and also by the sounds when in and above the clouds. The result was interesting, as proving that we had run at a uniform rate in the higher current, albeit at a slower one, and each place we passed was in consequence easily identified.

"Never prophesy unless you know," said Artemus Ward, and the advice is good. Nevertheless it seems sure that under favourable conditions balloons, both captive and free, will be of enormous value in military operations; and hence, in the endless competition among nations in perfecting the engines of warfare, we certainly cannot afford to be without a well equipped and organised Balloon Staff, such as we can now boast of at Aldershot,—not at any rate until the Flying Machine or some equivalent has rendered War-Balloons things of the past.

V.

JOHN ZIZKA.

Few figures in history remain wrapped in so mysterious and so terrible a gloom as that of John Zizka. He is vaguely remembered as a great hero in a little-known religious struggle: there are dim rumours of his skill in the field of battle and appalling tales of his cruelty; and there is the apocryphal, though characteristic legend, that after his death his skin was made into a drum to cheer his Orphans to the fight. But it is not known to every one that he was one of the most remarkable soldiers that ever trod this earth, a stern disciplinarian, a heaven-born leader, a consummate tactician, the first of the moderns who taught men to manœuvre in face of the enemy, and in fact the inventor of our present tactics of the three arms.

And the man was blind when he did his best work. He fought the greatest of his campaigns after he had lost the sight of both eyes; yet even blind he remained the ablest general of his time, and was more dreaded than ten thousand seeing men. What we know of him we learn almost exclusively from the report of his enemies; but even they, for all their bitter hatred against a rebel and a heretic, are moved to unwilling admiration by his astonishing genius. They abuse him, they curse him, they call him devil, they denounce him as anathema, but they cannot resist the fascination of his strength. The best account of his tactics in war comes from the pen of Æneas Sylvius, better known as Pope Pius the Second.

John Zizka von Troknow was born, so nearly as reasonable conjecture can fix the date, about the year 1354. Little is known of his youth. It is certain that he was of noble family in Bohemia, that he enjoyed high favour with its king Wenceslaus, that, as was the fashion of the time, he devoted himself from the first to the business of war, and that he fought with the Poles at Tannenberg (1410) in the great battle which broke the power of the Teutonic knights. He seems to have been in every way a pugnacious man, for we find that in 1409 King Wenceslaus interposed to reconcile him with the magistrates of Budweis, whence we may reasonably infer that he took an active part in the eternal quarrels of the barons and royal princes during those troubled times. Yet he lived to the age of past sixty, a long life in those days, without making any particular mark in the world: he had fought like his brothers of the nobility, and had lost an eye on active service; and that was all. Suddenly, in five short years, years of blindness and old age, he leaped above the horizon with the swiftness of the tropical sun. We have no space to more than mention the cause that called him to arms. The small flame kindled by the humble parson of Lutterworth had found fuel in Bohemia; and the claim to receive the Sacrament in both kinds, which gave the followers of Huss the name of Utraquists, with the insistence on the sole authority of Scripture in matters of religion, had led to open revolt against the Church of Rome and all its abuses. Thereupon, as usually happens, there followed collateral rebellion against all constituted authority, with vague schemes of a kingdom of God upon earth, democracy,

republicanism, socialism, communism, what not,—all the hidden fires which burst out periodically from the depths of human doubt and unrest, to be quenched for a time in blood and tears, and to blaze up in due course once more. The Church and the Emperor Sigismund (who was likewise heir to the kingdom of Bohemia) met the first movement by the burning of John Huss (1417), and from that moment it would appear that Zizka, a passionate adherent of the martyred man, made up his mind to war. Nicholas von Huss came to the same decision at the same time; and the pair then determined that their war must be waged, not with mere force only, but with art.

The death of King Wenceslaus in 1419 and a violent outbreak in Prague, headed by Zizka himself, brought matters to a crisis. There seemed to be little chance for the Hussites, seeing that the whole fighting power (as it was then esteemed) of Bohemia was against them. The barons and the aristocracy generally were, for the most part, loyal to Pope and Emperor, and they with their following, mailed knights on barded horses, were still held to be the only arm of strength in war. The Swiss, indeed, had beaten such knights with pike and halberd at Sempach, and the English with the cloth-yard shaft at Crecy, Poitiers, and quite recently at Agincourt; but Zizka had no peasants trained for centuries to war, nor archers unmatched in their skill with the bow. His recruits were hard-working citizens, handicraftsmen, and peasants, who had no skill but in their own trade, no strength but in their devotion to the cause, no arms but their waggons and their flails. Waggons and flails! never surely since Samson took his sword of bone wherewith to smite the Philistines was chosen stranger material of war; but for Zizka, as for Samson, it sufficed. In October the barons formed a league and bound themselves to put down all disturbers of the public peace. They raised a considerable number of troops, including German mercenaries, of all men most hateful to the Bohemians, and on the 17th of the month formally began the siege of the rebellious city of Prague.

They had not lain before it more than a week when Zizka made a sally against the Imperial garrison of a castle that overawed the south of the town, drove it out, and replaced it by one of his own. Then came a critical time. The country people of the Hussite following had been bidden to assemble at Prague on the 10th of November, and were beginning to stream towards it from all sides, when they were met and dispersed by the Catholic nobles. Only those that came from the south and south-west made any resistance; and after some bloodshed, the first of the war, they succeeded in forcing their way to the city. They reached it on the 4th of November, on which day Zizka made a second sally against other of the hostile garrisons, and after some sharp fighting drove them out. A number of irregular combats followed until the 9th of November, when an armistice was agreed on, to last until the 23rd of April, 1420. Zizka, who had strongly opposed this truce, now withdrew in dudgeon to Pilsen; but for the present he had done enough in Prague. He was recognised as the military leader for the coming war, and had work waiting for him elsewhere.

At Pilsen he set to work to strengthen the fortifications and to drill his men to win victory with waggon and flail. The flails were shod with iron, and the waggons equipped after a fashion which, though known even in the time of King Wenceslaus in 1413, was most proba-

bly of Zizka's invention. They were fitted with hanging planks and penthouses (*sturmdächer*, storm-roofs) to make them individually impregnable, and with "wings" of wood which could be thrust out and fastened to those of adjoining waggons, in order to form a continuous bulwark. So cunningly were the joints fitted that they could be opened and closed in a moment at the general's direction. A stationary waggon-fortress was of course no new thing; but Zizka had thought out his plans for a movable waggon-fortress, and this was the task that now engaged his attention. The first essential of course was perfection in drill, discipline, and organisation, and this he accomplished with astonishing success. The details of his drill have been apparently to some extent preserved, but in the old Bohemian language only, and remain therefore unintelligible even to experts in Czech dialects. But his articles of war were fortunately brought to light in the year 1792, and give us a fair idea of the order on which he insisted and of the severity of his discipline. We can here note only the strictness of obedience enjoined upon all ranks alike. He would suffer no distinctions of birth or position to interfere with discipline; the man who disobeys orders shall be punished in body and goods, "be he prince, knight, noble, burgher, handicraftsman, or peasant, no one excepted!" But the organisation of the waggon-fort must have been perfect. Every soul had his appointed place (as at quarters in a man-of-war), and was taught exactly where to go and what to do. This must have been a difficult matter in itself; but it was a trifle compared to the lessons to be taught to the waggon-drivers. For Zizka made his waggons a manœuvrable arm; the drivers were taught distinct and complicated evolutions, which enabled the whole form of the *laager* to be changed at a given signal. How admirably these were executed is plain from the recorded fact that nothing astonished and puzzled his enemies so much as the various "figures" assumed by the waggons.

The whole organisation of the force, when finally perfected, was based on the unit of the waggon. Every thousand of Hussites was made up of nine hundred foot, one hundred horse, and fifty waggons. To every waggon were appointed twenty men,—one driver, two horsemen, thirteen crossbowmen or arquebusiers, and four others, two of whom were especially told off to protect the driver. Let us note in passing the wisdom of this last provision to enable the drivers to concentrate the whole of their attention on their peculiar duty. For action Zizka's favourite plan was to form the waggons in four parallel columns, two outer and two inner, each waggon being attached by chains to that moving immediately behind it. The whole army, excepting the cavalry, was stationed within the waggons, a due proportion being detailed for the defence of each, so as to secure the flanks, and the remainder drawn up to fight in the front. As the enemy advanced within reach, the two outer columns advanced likewise, and then wheeling inwards joined each other so as to enclose the enemy completely, who, being encompassed by a ring of combatants, were inevitably annihilated. If it were necessary to open a gangway in the bulwark of waggons, either to admit the cavalry for defence or to set free the infantry for attack, the general had but to give the word and the thing was done without difficulty. When artillery and cavalry were added, as in due time they were, to the moving fortress, it became in Zizka's hands impregnable; but at

the first he started, as we shall see, with waggons and flails only.

We must picture to ourselves as best we can the training of the Bohemians in these tactics during December, 1419, and the first three months of 1420. Trying and provoking work it must have been, for it was long since manœuvres so elaborate had been known in Europe; but it was accomplished without quarrelling or profane swearing, for these vices were as strictly forbidden as in the regiments of Ironside. Early in 1420 the country people came flying into Pilsen; for a prophet had declared that the end of the world was at hand and that vengeance was in store for every town in Bohemia except Pilsen and four others. So they came in fast, with bag and baggage, placed their goods in the hands of the clergy, and formed themselves into communities that had all things in common; and a fresh batch of recruits, with their waggons, was moulded into shape by the master's hand. Shortly after an ally of the Emperor Sigismund came down against Pilsen with two thousand men, but was met and beaten off by Zizka with but three hundred and a due proportion of waggons; and then the Imperial army moved down in overwhelming force to formally besiege the town. Zizka then sought out a new stronghold, the famous Tabor, which still keeps its name, strengthened its already strong position by fortification, and installed therein the greater part of the garrison of Pilsen. He then agreed, on certain stipulated conditions, to evacuate Pilsen, and accordingly marched away.

While making his retreat he was pursued by five thousand cavalry under the command of Herr von Sternberg, a body of troops so perfectly equipped that they were known at the time, and for many years after, as the Iron Men. Against these Zizka could oppose but four hundred men of all ranks, and twelve waggons; but seeing that an action was inevitable, he fixed swiftly on an advantageous position, drew up his waggons by a pond which protected his rear, and awaited the attack. On came the enemy, but found that if they hoped to carry his position they must dismount and storm it on foot. Zizka had foreseen this, and ordered the women to throw their shawls about the spurred heels of the knights to trip them up. The struggle lasted many hours, amid what din of Czech curses, clank of sprawling knights, and shrill female laughter we can but faintly imagine, until night fell and the enemy retired from before the waggon-fortress discomfited. So ended the battle of Sudomer, fought on the 25th of March, 1420, while English landlords were peaceably collecting their rents for Lady-day. Zizka halted for the night in the battle-field, having lost several men killed and thirty prisoners, but next day made good his retreat. Ten days later (April 5th) he surprised two thousand of the Iron Men in the town of Jung Wozic before daybreak, defeated them with heavy loss, released his own captured men, and took a large number of horses and a quantity of arms. He was thus enabled to organise a body of cavalry.

Meanwhile the Emperor had not been idle. On the 1st of March Pope Martin the Fifth had, at his request, issued a Bull of Crusade calling all Christendom to arms against Wicliffites, Hussites, and other heretics. The news reached Breslau on the 17th of March and caused great consternation in Prague. The rich Catholics fled almost to a man, leaving the Hussites practically alone in the town. The latter organised themselves for resistance and urged all of their following in Bo-

hemia to send deputies to take measures for the future. Then, immediately on the expiration of the armistice (April 25th), they turned to plunder the Bohemian churches, reputed the most splendid and wealthy in the world. Zizka himself, after an active share in this work, marched in force against the castle of Rabic, where the Catholics had stored their most precious possessions, and took it. His men saved only the actual coin, the horses and arms; the rest they burned with fire, together with seven monks, as unprofitable lumber. It is one of the most terrible features of this terrible war that account must be taken not only of the slain on both sides, but of the burned.

During these weeks Sigismund was slowly advancing with such forces as he could raise, pending the arrival of the Army of Crusade, and by the 12th of May was before Kuttenberg. The Pragers offered to surrender if he would grant them amnesty and allow them to receive the cup in communion; but Sigismund in his blindness would not hear of such terms, and it became more than ever clear that the war must be fought out to the end. All now hung on the issue whether the Hussites would be able to concentrate in Prague before it was completely shut in by the enemy. Could Prague but be held against the Army of Crusade for a sufficient time, that army must necessarily break up; for always in the warfare of the fifteenth century the greater the numbers of the host, the swifter its dissolution. Sigismund knew this and Zizka knew it, and each set himself to outdo the other. Zizka won; he burned Beneschau to the ground, utterly defeated ten thousand of the Imperial cavalry in a night attack, and on the 20th of May led his army safely into Prague.

Freed for the moment from the pressure of immediate danger, the Hussites at once began to fight among themselves. The lower ranks of the Taborites could not endure the luxury and worldly display of the Pragers, the moustaches of the men, and the gorgeous clothing of the women. There was, in fact, much the same difference between the parties as between the followers of Essex and Cromwell in our own Civil War. The rough peasants tweaked the offending moustaches openly in the streets; their wives, fortunately finding a safer victim, wrecked a convent in the new town and drove out the nuns. The schism was to be deepened before long, but for the moment it was fortunately healed by the arrival of the Army of Crusade. A more motley host than this was rarely gathered together. Every country in Europe, excepting Italy and Scandinavia, and not excepting England, was represented; Duke Albrecht and Markgraf Frederick of Brandenberg and other distinguished leaders were at their head, and bishops and prelates abounded. On Sunday, the 30th of June, 1420, the siege of Prague began.

For a whole fortnight the huge unwieldy host, a hundred thousand men in all, lay inactive round the city. The Germans indeed taunted the besieged with yells of *Huss* and *Heretic*, and the Taborites sallied out from time to time with their flails to thrash them into silence. At last, on the 14th of July, Sigismund delivered his attack on three different quarters. Sixteen thousand men were launched against the western half of the city on the left bank of the Moldau; another body assailed the eastern half from the south, and a third from the north. But the fiercest struggle of all was destined to be fought on the Witkowsberg, better known as the Zisca-

berg, which lies without the town on its eastern side. Zizka, appreciating the importance of the position for preserving his communication with the exterior, had erected thereon two wooden forts which he had surrounded with a ditch and a wall of earth and stone, and garrisoned the position with twenty-six men, two women, and a girl. At vespertide on that summer Sunday, seven or eight thousand cavalry advanced with loud shouting and clang of trumpets against the Ziscaberg, carried an outwork on a lower slope of the hill, and passed on to the tiny fortress above. The garrison waited quietly. "No Christian should give way to Antichrist," observed one stout woman as she gathered up her skirts for action; and so the fight began. How long this tiny garrison fought against these overwhelming odds is unknown, but fight it did with unconquerable tenacity; while the knights, compelled perforce to advance with a narrow front, needed all their courage to face the terrible whirling flails. The Taborites were sorely pressed; the woman who had spoken so bravely, acted up to her words and fought to the death; they seemed likely to be overwhelmed, when the assaulting force was suddenly alarmed by an attack in the rear. It was Zizka, who with a small body of men had sallied out from the town. The fight became more furious than ever, and Zizka himself was only saved from the midst of a throng of enemies by his devoted flailmen. Those in the town watched the contest in agonised suspense, till at last a party of them, headed by a priest bearing the Host, issued suddenly from the gates, fought their way to Ziscaberg and fell suddenly upon the the flank and rear of the attacking knights. Such was the fury of their onset upon the hated Germans that they laid five hundred of them dead on the field. The rest staggered back, and then men and horses in wild panic crashed headlong down the scarped precipice towards the town. Hundreds perished in the flight untouched by an enemy's hand. Meanwhile the Pragers manned their guns in the town and made fearful gaps in the other attacking columns. Finally the assault was beaten off at all points; fifteen hundred Imperialists lay dead around the town, and the rest were utterly beaten and demoralised. Then, as the din of battle died away, there rose up jubilant *Te Deum* from the victors in the town, and Sigismund, devoured by wrath and chagrin, withdrew in silent fury to his tent.

Next day the watchful Zizka strengthened his fort in the Witkowsberg; but the work was done. The besiegers, maddened at their defeat, could hardly be kept from fighting each other; and finally, on the 2nd of August, the unhappy Sigismund withdrew with so much of the great Army of the Crusade as had not already marched off on its own account, and the siege of Prague was over.

Zizka now addressed himself to the reduction of Southern Bohemia. During the winter Sigismund made one unavailing attempt to rescue his adherents; but always as he advanced the schismatics of Tabor and Prague, ceasing their quarrels, drew together against the common foe. At last, in February, 1421, he evacuated the country altogether, while Zizka went on his conquering way, leaving his mark everywhere in fire and blood, till Bohemia was wholly subdued to the Hussites.

Though the Emperor was forced for the present to remain inactive from want of money, the Pope's legate with the Electors of Cologne, Treves, Mayence, and the Palatinate formed a

league against the heretics, while the Prince of Silesia invaded the country from the east and visited the unhappy villages with frightful cruelty. This new force, however, retreated before the advancing Hussites, who now taking the initiative avenged themselves by massacre and burning until checked by a first and crushing defeat at Brux. Zizka was not with them at this time, being engaged at the siege of Rabi; and there also misfortune awaited the new communion. The great chief was struck by an arrow in his one seeing eye and blinded for ever. He hurried back to Prague, learned that all chance of cure was gone, and bating no jot of heart or hope started off, his wound still unhealed, to avenge the defeat of Brux. Shortly after (September 10th) the second Crusading Army, some hundred and twenty thousand men strong, crossed the Bohemian frontier at Eger, and besieged Saaz. A bare report that the blind General was coming was enough to raise the siege, and the huge host drifted back,—drifted into space, it would seem, for history is almost wholly silent as to its subsequent movements.

But now Sigismund was in the field once more with eighty thousand Hungarians and Croats, and aided by twelve thousand men under Duke Albert of Austria was advancing through Moravia to recover his kingdom. One week sufficed to organise the defence of Bohemia and to collect supplies, and on the eighth day, though the host opposed to them was of thrice its numbers, well led, well equipped and inured to war, Pragers and Taborites, united once more by the common danger, marched eastward against it in confidence under the leadership of an old blind man.

Kuttenberg was the centre of operations, and the point for which Zizka first made; but Sigismund marched so slowly that it was not until Sunday the 21st of December that the priests, when service was over, bade the Hussites arm themselves for battle. After a frugal breakfast they marched forth to the music of the church bells, but had not advanced half a mile when they met huge herds of bullocks, which the Imperialists were driving before them in the hope of blunting the edge of the Hussite attack. Zizka formed his waggon-fortress at once, massing his artillery on the outer columns. For the whole day the Hungarians tried in vain to storm it; but meanwhile Kuttenberg had been surrendered to Sigismund by treachery, and Zizka's retreat was cut off. His little force now lay like an island in a sea of enemies. At dusk he fought his way out, took up a fresh position, and halted for the night, only to find himself surrounded again on the following morning. His men were much distressed by cold, hunger, and want of space, but he refused to move until midnight when he suddenly opened his attack by loud alarms and a furious artillery-fire, which so startled the enemy that they allowed him to march away in safety without the loss even of a scrap of his baggage.

Sigismund in his infatuation now made up his mind that the heretics were finally dispersed, and taking up his own quarters at Kuttenberg distributed his troops among the villages around for convenience of obtaining supplies. Zizka, leaving his force at Colin, hastened away to raise reinforcements. In a fortnight he returned, and on the 6th of January, 1422, he suddenly burst upon Sigismund's scattered troops like a thunderbolt. Hundreds of Hungarians were cut down at the first onslaught, and the panic spread with awful rapidity from village to village, until Sigismund himself, fearful of falling into the hands of the heretics, took horse and

fled with the rest. In his fury he set fire to Kuttenberg in several places, but the Hussites were so hard on his track that they extinguished the flames almost immediately. Not for two days could Sigismund's general rally his army, when he drew it up at Habern, half way between Kuttenberg and Deutsch Brod, and offered battle; but at the mere sight of the advancing Hussites the Hungarians once more broke and fled. That evening they were again induced to rally under the walls of Deutsch Brod in order to cover Sigismund's retreat. The light was not gone before Zizka came up with them and attacked without a moment's hesitation. The Hungarians were again defeated with great slaughter; many were driven headlong into the town; others fled across the frozen Sazawa, where the ice broke under the weight of the fugitives and delivered hundreds of men and horses to a miserable death. The next morning Zizka opened the siege of Deutsch Brod, and on the following day the garrison parleyed for surrender. But while the negotiations were in hand the Hussites, without Zizka's orders, stole into the town, and then all was over. The inhabitants were literally exterminated; and for seven years Deutsch Brod was a home only for dogs and wolves. Never was victory more complete than this, and never one more worthily gained. The story of the week's action reads rather like that of Napoleon in his prime than of a blind old man four hundred and fifty years ago. Yet he alone of the victors was sorrowful, for his men had dealt treacherously with Deutsch Brod. To the day of his death he lamented the massacre, and so soon as he could, he led his army thither again, "to do penance in the spot where it had sinned."

Then, as usual, the divisions among the Hussites broke out afresh, and Zizka found himself opposed to the Pragers on the one side and an extreme section of his own Taborites on the other. We have no space here to enter into the distinction between them; it must suffice that Pragers, Zizkaites, and extreme Taborites stood towards each other in much the same relation as Anglicans, Lutherans, and Calvinists. In August the meeting of a Reichstag at Nuremberg to concert measures for a third crusade did little to draw the contending parties together; and the schism finally ended in the expulsion of the Taborites from Prague. Warlike operations against the Catholics were ended in the autumn by an armistice until Martinmas, 1423, and the complete breakdown of the third crusading force left the Hussites at liberty to fight it out among themselves. In April Zizka's difference with the barons of the Hussite communion became so acute that he marched against them with an armed force from Deutsch Brod. At Horec the two armies met, Zizka, with his usual craft choosing his position so that he could place his artillery to advantage, and compel the knights to dismount for the attack. He took care to select ground which gave his enemies no opportunity of tying up their horses, so that from the necessity of detailing men to hold them the effective strength of their force was inevitably diminished. Needless to say the chivalry was hopelessly defeated.

Meanwhile the Pragers on their side were fighting as hard against the Taborites though with poor success. In June, however, they marched into Moravia to disperse an army that was in course of assembly by Sigismund, and at Kremaier routed it completely. Then hearing that Zizka, at the invitation of the inhabitants, had occupied the town of Königgrätz to the exclusion of their own party, they actually

forsook the fruits of their victory to turn against him. On the 4th of August the old blind man met them before Königgrätz and defeated them disastrously; and then without delay he marched into Moravia against the common enemy. Little is known of this famous campaign. It is certain only that he traversed the whole of Moravia and marched far into Hungary; that the Hungarians sought to entice him deeper and deeper into the country, and that he refused to be entrapped. He fought his way into the country and he fought his way out; he was perpetually attacked on his march, but always without success. Whether his way lay across rivers or forests, over mountain or valley, the waggon-fortress was always deftly accommodated to the ground and formed into an invincible stronghold. At last after incessant fighting, once for six days running, the Hungarians sulkily gave up the struggle. "It was the Devil himself, that advised him," they said. "How could we get at him?" So the old man returned, as it were from the deserts of space, always and unceasingly victorious.

We now enter upon his last year, which is called his year of blood. It is difficult to follow him through this bitter campaign against his former friends of Prague. He was hard pressed by superior numbers and more than once in great peril, but he managed to effect his retreat to a position which pleased him at Maleschau, close to Kuttenberg, where on the 7th of June he turned and faced his foes. He posted himself on a hill, which he carefully entrenched, and drew up his waggons wheel to wheel, setting apart a certain number which he filled with stones and hid behind his force of cavalry. The Pragers came on with alacrity, for he had long retreated before them, and they thought that he was afraid. He suffered them to advance to the foot of his hill, and then his cavalry wheeled off right and left from his front, while his footmen brought the loaded waggons forward and launched them down the hill into the enemy's ranks. All order was broken among the Pragers; Zizka's artillery opened a heavy fire, and the first line of the attack falling back in confusion drew the whole of the rest with them into flight. The Pragers lost fourteen hundred men killed, with all their baggage, guns, and ammunition. As usual Zizka pressed on after his victory, and was busy taking possession of the Pragers' strongholds one after another, when he was called away southward towards Pilsen to fight his legitimate king Sigismund.

The rest is soon told. The Hussites laid siege to Prebislau and there (says the old Chronicle), "Brother Zizka fell sick of the plague and ended his life, commending his soul to our dear Lord, on the Wednesday before St. Gall [October 11th, 1424]. And therewith his people took the name of Orphans, as though it was their father that had died; and when they had vanquished the town they burned them that had defended it with fire, even to the number of sixty men that bare arms; the town also they kindled and destroyed it. And Prokopak and Ambros, the priests, took the body of Zizka to Königgrätz and laid it in the Church of the Holy Ghost by the high altar, but not to its last rest, for afterwards the corpse was taken to Czaslau and buried in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul."

So ended Brother Zizka; brother to the last, for though in religious matters he had moderate opinions, politically he was a determined democrat: "He that disobeys orders shall be punished, be he prince or peasant, without favour or exception." He was cruel and relentless, but those were relentless and cruel times, and he never broke faith with

an enemy. As a man he is not easily judged, but as a military genius he is difficult to match. To have created an army out of nothing and raised its prestige to such a height that even seven years after his death the first generals in Europe fled before it without a blow; to have invented a completely new system of tactics; to have trained men in manœuvres more intricate than had been known since the great days of the Roman legions; to have handled infantry, cavalry, and artillery in combination, and to have shown the strength of field-artillery two centuries and more before the rest of Europe,—this is part of his title to military fame. To the present writer he seems entitled to rank with the great soldiers of history, with Hannibal and Cæsar, with Marlborough, Wellington, and Napoleon. He fought countless actions without a single defeat, always against troops superior in number and equipment; and the greatest of these he won after he had lost the sight of both eyes. Blindness seems only to have increased his powers of strategic divination. His part in restoring the art of war has been sadly neglected by military historians, and yet his work is immortalised even in the English language. For the words *pistol* and *howitzer* are both taken from the Bohemian, and would never have stamped themselves upon military terminology but for old, blind, unconquerable Zizka.

A NIGHT ON THE HEATHER.

There are certain days in August when the air is soft and lucid, and the pale skies have a delicate fragility which is unknown at other times. The Lammas floods have worked their boisterous will and clarified earth and air, and the drenched meadows and abundant waters sleep under sober heavens. This is the first warning of the autumn, the fore-hint of frost and decline; but as yet these things are not, and to all wearied men there is a subtle peace in the harmonious monotony. In the lowlands there may be torrid heat and all the sultriness which one associates with the harvest month; but in the hill country a cool grayness is on nature.

As if to make amends for the dearth of colour in the daytime, the evenings are extraordinarily splendid. Then the restraint is loosened and the colours of sunset are things for a man to remember with delight all his days. The world becomes jovial once more, and in the rich light all natural things grow hilarious. Birds sing with an unwonted fervour as if they had entered on a second spring; flowers are fresher and more brilliant; the turf has a new elasticity, and in the streams the trout are on the alert for their evening meal. The earth dries quickly after the rains, and one may walk dryshod in the meadows by the great swollen streams and find an enchanting union of spring and summer.

On such a night, the angler who has tried in vain in the daytime to allure the sluggish trout, goes out to his fishing with some good hope of success. We have spent many an hour in the morning and afternoon casting across the stream when water and sky seemed alike favourable; but only when the bright evening came had we any great sport. But it is still better to fish in the hours about midnight, for then the largest trout come to feed, and if you are not town-bred and over-dainty to sleep on the heather, you may make a great basket and see something of the mysteries of night and dawn and the sleeping world.

One such evening we remember in the high glens about the source of Tweed, when we spent the night in the solemn fastnesses of the hills. Leaving a rug in the shadow of a rock behind a belt of pines, with our rod and creel we went up a burn which loitered down a flat upland valley. The water was flooded and clear, and made a pleasant noise twining round the corner of a weather-stained rock or winding among odorous thickets of thyme. The quietness of the hills,—so great that the most distant sounds fell distinctly on the ear and one heard the running of far-away waters,—was enlivened by the gorgeous sunset-light and the activity of bird and insect. The flash of brown bees, the wavering flight of snipe, the dart of water-ousels gave liveliness to the quiet valley. The hills stood out against the saffron sky, great violet-coloured shoulders and peaks looking remote in the evening air. The wholesome smell of the moorlands, which stirs a man's blood strangely, had a lowland luxury in it from the crushed summer flowers. At every cast the flies, as they trailed on the surface, caught a

glow from the sky and looked like dancing fireflies. The trout, when they rose or splashed in mere wantonness, made wide circles of light in the darkening water. The first fish we landed on a spit of green land came out so quivering with a thousand colours that it seemed almost sacrilege to break his neck and put him in a common wicker creel. But the sport was good and many gleaming trout, three or four to the pound, were brought dripping to the crisp heather. The gathering dusk made the stream the one vivid thing in the scene, inky in the shadow but living fire in the open places.

A strident voice hailed us through the darkness, the voice of our excellent friend the shepherd of the Redswirehead. His tall form seemed all but gigantic in the failing light, but his walk was sufficient to mark him far off. A rough gray plaid hung on his shoulders, his homespun clothes had a healthy smell of peat-reek, and his hand grasped a great horn-handled stick which he dug into the earth as he walked. Clearly the stick was too old a companion to be left at home, for in his other hand he held a gun, and few men think it needful to carry both. He peered into our basket and nodded, for he was a man of few words; we looked at his gun, and he answered our unspoken question. "Ay," said he, "it's an auld bitch fox that gave me sair work i' the lambin'-time. She's hidin' in a scrog o' birk on the hill there, and I'll hae a shot at her, though I should sit tae mornin'." We also were out for the night; we would come with him, for one fox was better in our eyes than many trout; so in a trice it was agreed that we two should keep watch on the hill and plot the death of this ancient mother of evil. In the upper parts of the Tweed valley this shooting of foxes is no crime but a necessity, for they make deadly havoc among the young lambs in the spring of the year. A price, too, may be had for the skins, and so it comes about that every mountain-shepherd traps the young and shoots the old ones as enemies of his profession.

We rolled in our line and made to put up the rod, but the water had swelled the wood, and the joints, like the locks of Doubting Castle, went "damnable hard." The shepherd could no more move them than we, so perforce we had to leave it as it was and carry it aloft like some pennon stript of its blazonry to our quarters for the night. In the back of the pine-wood we found our rug, and there we gathered armfuls of dry twigs and some broken fir logs. With these we made for a little hollow half-sheltered by an out-jutting crag, but commanding a wide view of the glen. Below was the patch of birch and brackens where the miscreant fox lay hid. In a few minutes we had built and kindled a fire which cast a fluttering glow over the sombre hillside. The pine-splinters crackled merrily, and in the red embers we placed the finest of our trout till they were browned to a nicety. Then we found each a seat on the heather and settled down for the night. For ourselves we chose a bush in flower, but the shepherd stoically and with an eye to his business selected a harder couch looking steeply down on the valley.

The great dappled hills in front, over which the sun had just set, were still fired with a ruddy light. A yellow afterglow was on the sky, a shifting, elusive light which hung now over one hill and now on another, growing fainter with each passing minute. Darkness, like the clear blackness of a moss-pool, grew over the world, blotting out nothing from the landscape, but rather presenting all things in monotint which before had been a

richly coloured picture. "It's a comfortable sicht," said our friend; and indeed the whole scene, the sunset and the hills, the smell of heather and burning wood, and the low cries of wild birds, had a delicate comfort in it.

The shepherd talked, as only such a man can, of many things, of fishing and shooting, of the hills, of the people of the place, of old-world times. His racy speech, so accurate and expressive, seemed wonderful to one accustomed to the inanity of civilised talk. The moorland shepherds are a fine set of men; we know few finer. With seeing eyes and understanding hearts they go about their duties, battling with fickle weather, inured to danger and discomfort, seeing a little of the wonders of the earth. Life for them is no colourless existence, but varied and full as any man's. The quiet of retired glens and summer valleys is known to them, the fury of winter among snow-clad hills, the gladness of a returning spring; and in their everyday life they must travel to lowland markets and meet with men from the four corners of Britain. In their own way they have some share of book-culture, for in the long nights they have ample leisure for reading. Many have a tincture of theological learning; some go further afield and try the subtleties of philosophy. One man we remember, a shepherd on a lonely mountain-farm, who by some strange chance had got together some of Hamilton's books and was a vehement follower of Sir William. He used to meet us often by the waterside and would reason and dispute with the relish of a Schoolman. In the interests of our fishing we schemed for his overthrow, and one evening we boldly propounded the most advanced Hegelian views. Never shall we forget the expression of incredulous disgust on the man's face. Thereafter we avoided the hill on which he made his rounds; ethics lurked in the hollows of his glen; nay, there was something metaphysical in the very swirl of his dog's tail.

The man at our side was of a different type. His learning concerned other things; the ways of the wind, the vagaries of bird and beast, the art of fishing in difficult weather. It was his boast that he could walk by night in a snowstorm to any place in Tweeddale. He was a veritable mine of knowledge on every feathered thing that had ever been seen on his hills. Few things pleased him more than to hear of the birds of the sea-coast, which he knew by their rare winter visits to the moors. The great flocks passing southward in the autumn had a romantic interest in his eyes, coming from their distant northern breeding-places, tarrying a little, then hastening onward to unknown lands. He would lie out of nights among frozen bogs to get a shot at a flock of wild geese or a stray swan, and count it the height of pleasure. He was one of the two men we have ever known who could tell the time to within a quarter of an hour by the sky. The other was an enterprising drover who ultimately fell out with the law of the land and betook himself to easier latitudes.

The shepherd lit his pipe and smoked with a composed pleasure. We care little indeed for the odour of the finer kinds, but we dearly love the smell of bad tobacco. There is something about it at once so wild and home-like, recalling warm fires and desolate peat-bogs, fishermen and sailors and gipsy caravans, storms and summer days, keen-eyed weather-beaten fellows, and all the things which give zest and savour to life. From your choicer kinds we can get no associations beyond stifling thoroughfares and vacant young men.

As the evening grew late the birds of the moorland ceased their quavering concert, and except the bolder sorts, the rough-riders and moss-troopers of the clan, lay still in the heather. Brown owls hooted and fluttered overhead, and we heard at intervals the long, measured sweep of their wings. A few belated curlews piped in their melancholy way, answered from the far distance by the restless call of the plover. Night, which gives strangeness to familiar things, lends a new note, a wild, unearthly one, to the cries of birds. A thrush screaming through the thicket in the daytime is a lively thing, but at night he is a shadow, an eldritch apparition, a startler of calm. If this be true of homely birds, it holds still more with the wild creatures which cry ceaselessly over the hills. At night in the dead silence they make the wayfarer think of kelpies and brownies and a whole mythology of malignant spirits. We heard the sound of a weasel from the whin-bushes below. A flock of sheep, affrighted by something or other, crowded together and ran aimlessly along the slope. All else was quiet save for a few rustling winds which blew down the side glens and stirred the thicker darkness of the valley. Tweed could scarce be discerned, a black line with quivering points of light from the marsh-fires on its banks. A faint smell of heather-blooms and damp moss filled the air, varied by the strong whiffs from the shepherd's pipe.

A strange pleasure, a man might say, to be perched like a crow on a gaunt hillside among rough moors and uniform ridges; and truly, if it be put in this hard way, the pleasure seems scarce in evidence. But to one who has lived his life among these haunted valleys the old gray hills and bare glens are splendid in the fair light of romance, and every bald rock is dearer than the richest flower-garden. The birds of the place are old associates; the whistle of a curlew is to him the choicest music; the soft ripple of the Tweed is a perennial and delectable interest. Fantastic sentiment, it may be, but sentiment better than reason. It was a great saying of De Lisle Adam's, "Without illusion there can be nothing (*sans illusion tout périt*)." For all that each man holds dearest may seem illusion to another; and what in all times have been thought of the highest value,—the mysteries of faith, insight and joy in nature, the fitful path of honour, the pleasures of life and motion, of thought and imagery, of art and music,—may be called by this name by a cold and practical people. Like Corin, we are in a "parlous state" when honest sentiment and generous illusion serve only as matter for scorn and reproach.

The shepherd lay stretching his great length with his eye still fixed on the birches. We were moved to wonder by the size and powerful look of the man, and could not refrain from saying, as we regarded him with drowsy eyes: "You're a big man, shepherd; there are few like you nowadays."

"Ay," said he, "and d'ye ken, some inspector body came up the glen to look at my hoose, and he was aye threepin' that the rooms were far ower sma', and that it was unhealthy past a' tellin'. So I just lookit at the cratur, and says I: 'My man, I could mak' three o' ye, ony day, and I was brocht up in a room sae wee that I couldna get on my coat without stappin' my airm up the lum.'"

It must have been far on in the night when we were startled from sleep by a loud report which awoke the echoes from every hill, and with half-opened eyes saw the shepherd

fling away an empty cartridge and lay down his gun. A yellow blur at the far end of the thicket marked where the old fox had met her fate. Her executioner stretched his limbs, yawned mightily, and, settling himself among the deep heather, was asleep almost before the smell of smoke had died away in the air.

The true time of awakening is just before sunrise, as the real sleeping-time is a little before sunset. Then the world awakes, and in the activity of life sleep is impossible. As we, scarce fully aroused, looked down from our perch on the valley, we felt the indefinable feeling of returning life. A rustle among the heather, a tossing of birches, a louder murmuring of streams, the first shrill pipe of a moorland bird,—all told of a renewal of energy, an electric thrill passing through the earth. The air was cold and fresh, and over the opposite hills the gray fore-glow of the dawn was spreading. A white mist clung to the low grounds, making the fields seem deep in snow; but above on the brown and purple shoulders the faint light fluttered among deep shadows. It was a strange and beautiful sight for any man to witness, as the early sun sent his first shafts through the spaces of the hills, waking chill splendours among pines and wildwood. In his train came the pomp of many-tinted clouds, of long vistas of light and shadow, an affluence of riotous imagery tempered and chastened by the cold pallor which still held the uplands. The darkness of the sky changed imperceptibly to a lucid blue, which each new light flushed with rare colour. Then suddenly the distant fields and cornlands caught the sun, and the golden sheaves and green, shorn meadows were flooded with a dazzling brilliance. The remote distances became clear, and down the valley woodlands, a score of miles away, grew as vivid as the grass at our feet. But the grim hills still kept darkness in their nooks, though their summits were flaming like beacons.

The birds awoke and a twittering and singing filled the glen. Larks with their high trills, desultory pipits, curlews, snipe, ill-fated grouse, lackadaisical plovers made the moor lively with their varied notes. A hawk sailed high, bent on some morning foray, and so clear was the air that it was possible to see the motion of his wings. The whole hillside seemed alert with life; only the black ashes of our fire were left to remind us of the silent dark.

"Let's try a cast wi' your rod i' the burn," said the shepherd; "there's a great troot i' the pool below the brig. We micht grip him." So we went down by rocks and brackens and stunted trees to the green, lawn-like turf by the stream. Here we must needs walk with caution, for the rain had made the waters high, and in places a turbulent current had overpassed its banks and left treacherous marshes for unwary fishermen. Below the wooden foot-bridge a great pool was formed by a little fall, black and girt with masses of scented fern which dipped in the swirling eddies.

The shepherd went stealthily forward and dropped a fly in a space of still water. Twice he cast in the place, but still his lure remained unheeded; then in the whirl at the foot, but with no better success. Once again he cast in an eddy below the further bank, and now he had a mighty rise. His fly sank and darted down stream, then up again to the rough water, where he had much ado to keep the fish from grating his line on a jagged rock. For full ten minutes the contest lasted, until he drew it, spent and unresisting, to a

patch of shingle and brought it to the grass, a shapely trout of near a pound's weight, delicately marked and glittering in the cold sun.

"On my word, master," we said, "this is a gallant trout; what shall we do with him?"

"Dae wi' him?" quoth the shepherd, who was ignorant of Walton, though he gave me the very answer which Piscator gave to Viator on that May morning long ago; "hae him to your breakfast. He'll cut red, and taste like a saumon."

So we put him in the creel and together we went down the valley. At the foot of his glen our friend halted. "I maun awa'," said he. "I've my sheep to look to, and a wheen lambs to fauld; syne I maun ower to Megget to meet a man wi' twae score o' yows. I've mair to dae than fish and lie among the hills. So guid mornin' to ye, and I'll see ye anither nicht."

The road went down by the babbling stream, among heather and bog, till the waters grew quieter and green fields appeared and larks were commoner than curlews. Then past banks of harebells and white yarrow and great red clover, and beech-hedges with leaves just tinged with the red of autumn. The sweet-scented moorland hay lay in swathes by the waterside, and there was a gallant show of yellow corn-sheaves above the stubble. Late-flowering meadowsweet lined the ditches; sneezewort, ragweed, and many flowers of unlovely names but rare colours made a gay little world by the roadside. In front lay homesteads among trees, and lowland meadows and still waters, a rich country, smiling and peaceful; but the choicer scene was behind, where the giant hills, purple and gray and black, lifted their foreheads to the pure skies.

RACHEL AND LEAH.

"AND so that was the end of it?"

"That was the ind of it, yer Honour."

"And there was nobody hanged?"

"How would there be, yer Honour? Didn't I tell ye, she swore she didn't see the one that done it?"

"And do you believe that?"

"Well, I'm not sure that I do," said Murty, scratching his red head; "but it might be thrue for all that."

We had come over the mountain by a short cut, from the fishing which I had rented for some years past, on our way to the cottage where I spent my summer holidays; and my henchman, Murty O'Sullivan, and I were resting after the steep ascent, and looking down at a comfortable farmhouse in the plain, where an old man had been murdered during the past winter.

"That was the ind of it," repeated Murty after a long pause; "but meself thinks the biginning was as bad, or worse."

"But you never told me the beginning," said I.

"Yes I did, but yer Honour misremimbers. Begannies yer right; I was goin to tell it to ye last year, the day we hooked the big salmon near Innisbuy, and that fairly put it out of me head. This is how it was. Ye remimbers Norry O'Halloran, the ould man's youngest daughther? Of coorse ye does. Many's the time ye noticed her whin she was a shlip of a girl, and the beautiful goolden head of her, and the big eyes that was nayther blue nor black, but like the deep of the sky behind the full moon in the summer night; and 'tisn't wanst nor twice that we come on her unbeknownst, when herself and Patsy Foley was coortin, and we on our way to the river, whin yer Honour and meself was younger, and the pains wasn't in me bones as they is now. 'Tisn't so long ago ayther, but we're goin down hill, there's no denyin it, and 'tis a little stone will thrip ye whin the road is steep down, and yer a bit tired; but that's nayther here nor there, and yer Honour anyways is a fine man yet, God bless ye.

"Well, ye know very well, and I needn't tell ye, that in this counthry the matches is mostly made by the ould people, and the young ones has little to say to thim. 'Tis many's the boy and girl that never sees aich other even, till the ould ones has agreed upon the match; and very covetyous they does be about the fortune, and as most of it is in cattle, they'll brake it off for the sake of one heifer or even of a little miser of a calf. Ould O'Halloran was a sthrong farmer, and well-to-do, and he had only the two daughthers, Norry and Judy, and no son; and that was quare, for he had two wives, and Judy was the daughther of the first, and a good bit oldher than Norry.

"Patsy's father had a dacent farm too, and the grass of ten cows; but he had another son, and Patsy was the youngest, and the landlord was always death aginst dividin farms, and meself doesn't blame him for that same; so O'Halloran wouldn't agree anyways to a match between Norry and Patsy.

"Well maybe ye remimbers, that one night, two year ago or more, Tim (that was the eldher son) got a conthrairy sthroke from a boy of the O'Learys,

and he comin from the fair, and havin a dhrop taken, more be token, and he lingered on the hinge of death for nearly a year, and thin he died; and the father he tuk sick wid frettin afther the boy, and he got a grate impression on the heart, and a tearin cough, and he died too, and Patsy come into the farm; and then ould O'Halloran made no more objeckshun, and Patsy and Norry was to be married that Shrove.

"Faix 'twould make ye young agen (not that ye're be any manner of manes so ould as meself, God bless ye) to see them two when they'd be meetin be accident, forsooth, at the crass roads, or for that matther anywhares; the light would be in her eyes, like the glancen of the mornin off a mountain lake wid the shadows of the hills all round it; and as for him, whin he'd be walkin along the road, he'd shtip that proud, ye'd think he wouldn't brake an egg. But the Divil was walking about too, or I'm grately mishtaken, and the ould priest that was always fightin him and batin him, was away in Dublin, whare he tuk the faver, and there was no man in the parish but the coadjuthor, and he was a sthranger and young; and the Divil was ould and crafty.

"Well, as ye very well knows (for ye has an eye for a purty girl yet, small blame to ye for that same, if any), Norry was a girl that a man would notice even if he was sellin a pig at the fair and a buyer was comin to-wards him, and she was as good as she was purty; God help the crayture this day; and there was others that had an eye on her besides poor Patsy. There was Thade Mulcahy at the cross roads, a sthrong farmer, wid the grass of twinty cows and money in the bank besides, and he a widdy wid only two childher, and he thrown an eye on her wid a long time. I knows it bekase of a raison. He meets ould O'Halloran at the fair, and they goes and they has a dhrop together, and 'Tom,' ses he, 'isn't this a quare thing I'm afther hearen, that ye're going to marry Norry before the eldher sisther?'

"'Ah! don't be talkin,' says the other; 'sure no wan would marry Judy, along of the blind eye of her; moreover, she have a tongue, as maybe ye knows.' 'Och! what matther?' ses Mulcahy. 'All wimin has tongues; and as for the blind eye, shtick a ten-pound note in it, like an ould hat in a windy, and ye may take yer affidavy no man will see the hole.'

"Ould O'Halloran said nothin, but he tuk a dhraw of the pipe, and he kep his eye on the other, and they havin a noggin of whisky aich of them, and dhrinkin always. Afther a good spell he says, 'What would I do wid Norry thin? 'Twouldn't be dacent to lave her widout a husband afther what's past and gone.'

"'Whisper,' ses Mulcahy. 'I know a man that will take Norry, and won't ask for much fortune ayther.'

"They parted so; for I know it from one that heard them, though they didn't think it.

"Well, Patsy and Norry was to be married in her father's house; for in this wild counthry they houlds to the ould custom still, though in Cork and Tipperary I'm tould they won't be contint unless they're married in the chapel. Somebody (I won't mintion names) gets hould of the poor boy, and gives him more of the whisky than he can carry along wid his sinses, and the ould divil of a father enticed poor Norry into the barn, and turned the kay on her, and she dhressed for her weddin and all—and they kep a little blaggard boy of ould Mulcahy's outside, to be batin the pig from time to time, in the way the people wouldn't hear her screechin; and the fool of a coadjuthor, who was just loosed from

Maynooth, and who thought it a sin to look any kind of a horse godmother of a woman in the face, married him in the dusk to Judy; and as they had been slashin about the whisky for the last two hours, I don't believe any single soul was aware of it, except thim that was in the saycret.

"Afther a while they puts the light to the candles, and they goes to supper; and Patsy was gettin a little sober by that time, and he looks about, and he sees Judy sated alongside of him.

"'Where's Norry?' ses he.

"'What d'ye want of Norry?' ses she.

"'What do I want of her?' ses he, laughin. 'Why wouldn't I want her, and I married to her?'

"'Indeed ye'r not,' ses she. 'Ye'r married to me.'

"Oh the poor fellow! Ye'd pity him when he found it was thrue. 'And oh, Father John,' ses he, 'can't ye untie it. Do in the name of the great God, and His blessed Son. Sure 'tis well ye know, and all of ye knows, 'twas a mistake.'

"And whin he saw it couldn't be done, he fell down on the flure in a faint, and he cried like a child. The people they was ashamed like, and they melted away one by one, and thin Judy she come up to him, and, 'What are ye cryin about,' ses she, 'and disgracin me? Get up out of that, or maybe I'll give ye something to cry about.'"

"Well?" said I, after Murty had been a long time silent; for all this was news to me.

"Well, sir, that's all."

"But what has that got to do with the murder?"

"Ah!" replied he slowly, as if collecting his thoughts. "I'll tell ye. Patsy was never the same man since. The wife have the whip-hand of him, no doubt, except when he have the dhrop taken, and thin he's dangerous, and he takes it fraquently now. As for Norry, maybe ye'v noticed (for ye notices many things) a praty garden in the summer time wid the bloom on it, fresh and smilin in the mornin, and rich wid the promise of the harvest; and the poor man that owns it walks round in the evenin, and he takes off his ould hat, and he thanks God for the good provision for his poor childher in the winter time. And in the night there comes a blast, and a mist from the sea, and next mornin the stalk withers, and in place of the perfume of the flower there is a stink, and for bloom there is blackness, and the winter's hope is faded and gone. It was that way wid poor Norry. No man could make her marry Mulcahy, and they gave it up; but she just dhried up and withered. Her temper went, and her beauty. She said nothin; but if she had poured out curses on the ould man's head out of a bucket, I think he would have been better plazed."

He was silent again, and his eye wandered over the plain beneath us, till I saw it settle on the farmhouse, where a tall powerful woman was driving a flock of turkeys from the door.

"Look at her," said he; "rich, and warm, and well-to-do. Ye would think, if ye had no sinse, that God was weak, and that it was better to sarve the Divil.

"Ye axed me, sir, what was the ind of it. I am only a simple man; but I don't believe the ind of it is yet.

"Well, they was married, as I tould ye. The old man gave the half of the farm to Judy, she to pay the rint of it, of coorse; but divil a farthin would she pay, and she tould him so plump and plain, so he sarved her wid notice of ejectment at wanst; thinkin that would bring her to raison.

Divil a bit. She just wint mad, and more thin one heard her to say that she'd throttle the ould villain.

"One winter's mornin, before the fair of Glanbeg, he was found dead in his bed, sure enough, and they had an inquist on him; and whin the jury cum to view him, there was the mark of the fingers on his throat black and plain. There was no one in the house but himself and Norry, and they slep up stairs in a loft wid a wooden wall between them.

"The poliss they arrested Norry, and they tuk her before the crowner. 'Ye may sind me to jail,' ses she, 'or ye may relase me; I don't care; but I'll tell ye all I knows. I heard a noise in the latther ind of the night. I thought it might be the ould man gettin up, for he intinded to go to the fair airly wid some heifers. Thin it sounded a little quare, as if he was chokin, and all at wanst it flashed on me that Judy was throttlin him, as she swore she would!'

"'And didn't you get up and see?' asked the crowner.

"'Why would I?' said she. ''Twas no business of mine. Moreover, I knew, if it was Judy, she'd throttle me too. She's well able,' ses she, houlding up the poor arms that was once so beautiful and round, and that you could now amost see the daylight through.

"'Yer own father!' ses the crowner.

"'Father!' ses she. That was all she sed.

"'And what did ye do?' axed one of the jury.

"'I turned round and wint to sleep till mornin. What else would I do? And whin I got up, the door between the rooms was locked on the inside, and whin I come round the ould man was dead as ye seen. Why would I kill him? If I wanted to kill him,' said she bittherly, 'I should have killed him before I was born.'

"'Twas terrible to see her, wid the tired voice of her, and the eyes like the eyes of the dead.

"The poliss they tuk up Judy of coorse; but where was the proof? Norry swore she didn't see her; belike 'twas thrue for her, and they had to let her go; and Norry sold her share in the farm to Judy, and wint away to America."

"And what was the verdict of the coroner's jury?"

"Well, first they wanted to bring in a verdict of manslaughter agin Judy, as there was no proof of the murder; but the crowner wouldn't take it, for some raison; and so they brought in a verdict of 'Died by the visitation of God under suspicious circumstances.' The crowner he do be very conthrairy in himself at times, and, faix, he wanted them to lave out the latter part of it; but they wouldn't listen to him any more; and sure now wasn't that a very fair verdict, yer Honour? The hand of God was in it anyways, for the ould man deserved what he got; and there was suspicion enough agin Judy likewise."

"Well, that's one way of looking at it; but it's hard to believe, after all, that his own daughter killed him," said I.

"Kill him, is it? Me own opinion is, that there's a good many more than her in this barony, who if they had a dispute about a bit of land wid him, they'd throttle the Pope!"

THE ROAD TO ROME.

II.

I HAD studied the time-table, and talked to every one who could give me information about the route to Florence, where I was to meet my friend. I was to start by the southern train at 7 A.M., and was assured that I should reach Florence the same night, late it might be, but before midnight. I should have to change at Verona, and wait there two hours, which would give me time to explore the famous arena, and perhaps also allow me a glimpse of the fair city. I might, too, hope to get some dinner if I met any one who could understand either of the tongues at my command. So off I went in excellent spirits. "Italy is a better land than I expected," mused I. "There is plenty to look at, if even I have to look in silence."

Fortune sent a German-speaking interpreter to my assistance at Verona station, who put my luggage in safety and told me I should have ample time to do all I wished, for that owing to the floods the train from Venice which would carry me to Bologna was not due till three o'clock, and would probably not be punctual.

"But at what hour shall I reach Florence?" said I.

"Not to-night; your train only goes to Bologna."

"Ah, well, I shall taste the renowned sausage," I reflected, and was content. So I viewed the city and thought upon Romeo and Juliet, sat in the arena and admired its graceful architecture, carefully keeping my mind a blank as to what had been transacted there in the awful days of old. And then I ate my modest dinner, sitting in the street under an awning to shade me from the hot sunshine. The veal cutlets, fried crisp in oil, were good, and so was the glass of foaming Asti.

To the minute I was at the station, for I would run no risk of losing even an unpunctual train. My ticket to Bologna was soon taken; since my money was giving out, only a second class, but I might just as well have taken a third for all the good I got out of it.

As I wandered up and down in that circular waiting-room into which, by foreign custom, all intending passengers were safely locked, I had plenty of time for observing my fellow-travellers. We eyed each other. There was a party of six or seven ladies, Americans by their tongue, whether they spoke in English, French or German, and equally forbidding in all: fifteen or more *commis-voyageurs*, (for which profession I do not know the Italian name) recognisable at a glance, pushing, eager, garrulous, and gesticulating; and, serving as a fine contrast to both parties, three brown monks with sandalled feet and grave demeanour. One was young and Italian, the other two elderly, and, as I gathered from their talk, Tirolese. I watched their embraces with much interest, as the Italian presently took his leave; the kiss on each cheek which he gave them, and their humble return of the salutation on his hand, betokened him

as a superior. They spoke in Latin to him, and he gave them his blessing in the same tongue ere he left.

But Latin did not suffice for the comfort of these poor souls. After much eyeing of me they stepped forward, as in my journey round the room I passed near them.

"We kiss the hand of the reverend mother," said the elder of the two suiting the action to the word to my intense surprise. "We heard her speak in our tongue; she can tell us doubtless the way to Rome. For we are poor brethren from Schwatz in Tirol, and we do not know which road to follow."

Slightly taken aback at the title given me, and repudiating all knowledge of Rome or the way to get there, I replied in my best Tirolese German that I would call the interpreter to their aid. But that worthy could only satisfy the wants of mundane travellers who desired information about trains and time-tables. Of what use was such information to poor monks who knew little of geography and less of railways? What they wanted was the advice of a fellow-Christian as to how they should proceed on their pilgrimage: where they should halt; what it would cost them; and how long it would take to reach St. Peter's and lay their errand at the feet of his Holiness. So they sat down again disappointed and tucked their hands in their long sleeves. By and by I passed that way again, and with a sudden glance at his brother the younger of the two jumped up.

"The gracious lady is certainly an Abbess; will she permit me to kiss the hem of her garment? She has surely been to Rome herself, and can tell her poor brethren how to get there."

"But indeed I am no Abbess," said I. "I have never been to Rome in my life, nor ever before have I set foot in Italy; how can I help you?"

"Still she is a Tirolerin, and assuredly on her way to Rome now," persisted he.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated I hastily. "I am only going to Florence to meet a friend." In saying which I was far enough from the truth. The unlearned monk, in the coarse brown frock, saw further ahead than I wrapped up in my conceit as to free-will. But he was at fault when he thought he discerned a Lady-Abbess hidden away under my long black cloak and close-tied hat. Perhaps it was the gleam of a silver cross round my neck which misled his imagination, as indeed it misled the Pope himself later on.

"I am from England," added I in pity for his embarrassment; "but I have learned geography, and I think if you can take a ticket for Florence, which will cost you so much (naming the sum for a third-class ticket), you will find brothers of your own order at St. Mark's who will direct you further on."

"An *Engländerin!*" said they both together in a tone of deep respect. "Ah, the English are a wonderful people." And once more wrapping their robes around them, they sat down to reflect and count their little moneys; and finally, before the train came in, I saw them with tickets in their hands.

By that time it was so nearly dark that I could scarcely see the labels on the carriages. I could, however, see the conductor as he flashed his lantern on the insides while he demanded the tickets from their occupants. "*Per signore sole*" at last I read on an open door; and my intelligence leaping to the conclusion that "Reserved for ladies" was what the

words meant, in I jumped, regardless of the expostulations of the party of Americans who declared it was full, —a statement anything but true, even if, as they asserted, there were three more to come who were looking after the luggage. However the clamour they raised was so great that the conductor motioned me to get out again, and took me up and down the platform looking in vain for another vacant seat in either first or second class. The line was but just open again after weeks of delay and disappointment to travellers, and every one was eager and crowding. I saw no English person to appeal to, though I found afterwards that there was more than one in the train from Venice. But at last, just as the bell for departure sounded, the worried official opened the door of a third-class and found but three men sitting there. Hastily he helped me in, when, before he could shut the door, seven more dashed past him, and as the engine was already in motion my relief that no one fell through, to be crushed by the rolling train, swallowed up for the first few minutes my discomfiture at finding myself in such company. A third-class carriage and ten noisy Italians with a long journey in the dark before me! Picture my feelings; but what could the strongest determination do for me now? Resignation was clearly the part I had to play. Furtively I let down the window a few inches from my corner of vantage hoping that no one would notice it. "Roystering commercials coming home from a spree," thought I, "doubtless each with a dagger hid somewhere about him, are not persons to be opposed, but humoured. I must keep my eyes open and pretend to be asleep."

Presently, when with much clamour and pushing they had settled down in their places, one suddenly arose and, turning to me as I sat rolled up in my Abbess's cloak, seemed with many gesticulations to be urging some fact on my attention. With my most affable smile and a quick-beating heart I replied gently, "*Non capisco, signor.*" The noise redoubled; all spoke at once. I appealed to them in German to talk but one at a time; I asked them in plain English what they wanted; I shook my head in French. All was useless. Three brown hands drew up the window which I had let down; two lean forefingers with dirty nails pointed to the inscription on the door, "*For smokers; to carry ten.*" Alas, we were eleven, and the eleventh was poor me! Clearly I had no right there. Still when it is impossible to move, I have always felt it best to sit quite still. Thus I sat now, motionless in my corner pretending to sleep, with my head on my bundle of wraps, which was too tightly strapped for me to attempt to unbuckle it in these straitened circumstances, and my precious bag on my lap.

"Where is my guardian angel now?" thought I somewhat reproachfully and very foolishly. As it happened she was hidden in the form of the stoutest and most forbidding-looking of the Italians, and the one who smoked the largest cigar. All ten of them smoked, and their tobacco was the vilest I have ever smelled. "Shall I suffocate?" was my next thought, as I watched out of the corner of my eye one after another compose himself to sleep; and I meditated on the best way of letting down an inch of my window when all should be snoring. But the remembrance of the daggers, which I had been informed all Italians carry about them and are apt at using, restrained my hand.

The long hours went by. The stars of heaven were reflected in the waters of earth as we sped along. Poplars in straight line flanked the road, and I saw them dark and ominous lifting their heads to a stormy sky. On we went, sometimes slow and sometimes slower, but never once coming to a stop. Station after station was left behind, and still the ten slept and snorted, and the eleventh watched and wondered. Well might I wonder; what would be the end of such a journey? Suddenly down my neck I felt trickling something cold; my neighbour awoke with a start and an oath, and was on his feet in an instant. Something red was running down his forehead and standing in big drops at the end of his nose; the next man had spots of blood on his shirt-front; I put up my hand to my neck and my glove was stained purple. The babel of tongues broke out again. We all rose to our feet with exclamations of horror. The wooden seats had pools on them, and the red stream ran to the floor. Need I say that I was terrified? But being ever of the opinion that a calm front is a woman's best weapon of defence, I drew out my pocket-handkerchief and proceeded to wipe my throat. The Italians, not having one between the whole ten of them, made shift to mop their faces and the bench with pieces of paper. And then the stout man with the evil countenance invited me by gesture to take his seat in the opposite corner, which was the only dry spot. It was not till I was ensconced there that I perceived what had happened. The seven men who jumped in at the last moment had each brought a flask of wine encased in basketwork and stopped, as is the custom of the country, with a piece of cotton-wool instead of a cork. This acts very well so long as the bottles are kept upright, and they are furnished with a loop of string round the neck so that they may be easily carried in that position. But placed in the rack above our heads, they had turned over with the jolting of the train, and drop by drop the red Chianti had dribbled away till at last an extra jolt had emptied the flasks on their careless owners.

Just when all were lamenting, and scolding, and laughing by turns, the brake was put on, and with many a creak and jar we drew up at a station. "Padua!" shouted our guard, as he threw open the door of our compartment, adding some other words which I did not understand. The ten men took their departure with much scuffling and noise; the fat man turning on the step, as he got out last of all, to say to me in a loud voice "Padua," pointing as he did so to a dark passage down which the rest were hurrying.

"*A Bologna, Signor,*" was my reply, pointing to myself to signify I was going further. That was all I said to him, but in my heart I said, "Thank Heaven you are all gone; now I shall have the carriage to myself;" and I let down both the windows and unstrapped my rug. Just as I was comfortably settled in my dry corner the door was burst open again by the fat man, who snatched up my bag, and saying with an air of determination, "*Komm, Frau,*" plucked me by the sleeve and motioned me to alight. Gathering up my rug and umbrella I did as he bade me, knowing expostulation to be useless. "*Komm, Frau,*" said he again, and then he turned and fled. What could I do but flee after him? Had he not my bag and all my money? Even into a den of cutthroats I was bound to follow him. Away he went, and away I ran in his footsteps,—away from the station,—away from lights,—away down a muddy, stony road, on and on with no

time to think and my heart in my mouth. At last turning a corner I saw lights again, and a long row of conveyances ready to start. At the door of the first, which was a heavy omnibus, the fat man was standing, my bag in his hand waiting to help me in. I had no breath left to say "Thank you," even had I known how to say it in his language; but I kissed my hand to him as he took off his hat to me, for I recognised my guardian angel under his ugly mask. "I will never judge by appearances again," thought I, as he disappeared in the darkness, and with much cracking of whips and shouting of voices we were off.

The Americans were in the same omnibus, and from their conversation I gathered that the line of rail being flooded for several miles we were to be conveyed to the next station, the name of which I forget. Where should I have been but for the kind Italian's help? But certainly his looks belied him; and I think that no one could have guessed that the wings of my guardian angel were tucked away under his dirty coat.

At the next station, where we found a train waiting for us, the confusion was great. With my bag in one hand, umbrella and rug in the other, I managed to push up close to a tall man speaking English (oh, blessed tongue!) who was steering a lady, a nurse, and a baby through the crowd. "Where are we going?" cried I. "To Bologna," said he, "if we can all find room in the train. Catch hold of my coat-tail and come along." And I did so, thinking of the words of Isaiah the prophet, beginning "In that day." They are not in the least appropriate to my case, I acknowledge, but when one is off one's base, memories come unbidden. Nourished on the Bible from my mother's lap, the familiar words of Scripture come bubbling to the surface of my mind whenever it is stirred to the bottom by fate or fright. "Seven women," said the prophet? Nay, we were but three, and the baby; and the man being large was competent to us all, and we were landed safely in a first-class carriage. My ticket was only second, and when the guard came round he began to gesticulate and throw about wild words. "*Non capisco,*" said I, falling back on my formula. "*Non capisco,*" repeated I with my sweetest smile, as the storm of words ceased for an instant. "English," I added with emphasis, and bethought myself to say "*Signor*" with a bow. The worthy man returned my salutation as well as my ticket, and I saw him no more.

At last, at long last, we rumbled over the stony streets of Bologna, and I was landed without any volition on my part at the doors of the Hôtel Braun. Almost before I could lay my head down on the clean pillows at two o'clock A.M. I was fast asleep without giving a thought to my boxes. However, when I opened my door next morning there they stood outside. When it is so easy to lose one's luggage in a general way, I could but marvel to find mine there, albeit they were legibly directed to Florence. But by this time I was used to marvels and descended calmly to eat my breakfast in the spacious coffee-room. A little frail old lady in a pink cap, followed by a stout and smiling husband, sat down opposite.

"We are on our way to Rome," said they after a few preliminary remarks; a lady in a cap was of course English. "I presume you are going there too?"

"Indeed, no," said I. "I am separated from a friend by a series of misadventures too long to relate; but I go to meet her at Florence since

that seems the only route open, and I shall probably return home by the Riviera if I am prevented from getting northwards."

"I think you will come to Rome," said the little lady; "and if you do, ask for me at Pension B. All the English know it."

"I will remember," said I, "if I go; but I have no intention of going. The seven hills have no attraction for me."

Meanwhile I must see Bologna since I was there willy nilly. Summer had come again, it seemed, and I sought the grateful shade of the arcades, where barbers shaved their customers, coopers hammered their casks, women cooked macaroni, and men fried fish, vending it with shrill cries. Tomatoes, grapes, and golden pears piled in heaps gave colour to the shade, and light was flashed back from the sparkles of the fountain that foamed and splashed in the centre of the Piazza. Such was my first impression of the town, and it remains clear on my retina. But in the background I remember there was a dull University and the chairs of Professors; a gallery of pictures, and some cross-lines and confused arches belonging to the churches and leaning towers mentioned in the guide-book.

The next morning saw me at the railway-station again, watching with amused interest the embraces of two brother officers in blue uniform. The farewell kisses were given with effusion; arms were thrown round manly necks; swords clanked on the stony platform; spurs glittered in the early rays of the sun. "*Addio, addio!*" cried they, and wiped tears from their eyes with parti-coloured pocket-handkerchiefs as the train slipped out of a tunnel and swept on through meadow and vineyard, which by and by gave place to valleys and rounded hills. I heard the sound of running brooks, and I saw little maidens with bright-coloured petticoats and golden earrings twirling their distaffs as they herded a few sheep or a lean cow. Very pretty, very pleasant was this rapid change of scene, this journey so full of incident and adventure; but I felt rather like a shuttle-cock tossed hither and thither by no will of my own.

That same afternoon I was sitting in the coffee-room of the Hôtel de l'Europe at Florence reading a telegram which had just arrived. My friend could not get out of Davos even yet: "Go on to Rome," it said; "we will meet there shortly." I suppose I looked rather forlorn, as well I might, for a sweet-faced old lady with silver hair, coming in to the room to fetch a newspaper, stopped to speak to me, and after a little chat invited me to come to her sitting-room in an hour's time, where she promised I should find a real English cup of tea; "And we can then discuss your plans," she added kindly.

A bath and a change of dress freshened me, and I tapped at the door of No. 81 at the appointed time. A respectable English maid was cutting bread and butter; a courier of most genteel appearance was folding up maps; and the old lady with the snowy curls was inviting me to sit on the sofa beside her, as I entered. How like home it all seemed! "You must not go to Rome alone," said she, and laughed at my strange tale of adventure. "If you can wait here till Monday, you shall travel with me. To be alone in a land of which you cannot speak the language is neither pleasant nor proper for a lady. Come with me to Rome, and my courier shall look after you and your boxes. My maid shall find us cups of tea, and my son shall entertain us *en route*. You will be sure to

like Rome when you get there. Come, what do you say to my plan?"

What could I say? If there was no road open to me but the road to Rome, then to Rome I must go. So I said "Yes," and "Thank you," as I drank my second cup of tea.

"I do not dine at the *table d'hôte*," said the old lady, "so you will not see me again to-night. To-morrow I shall be out all day; but on Sunday afternoon, if you will find your way here at the same hour, we will make our final arrangements for starting."

So I ate my dinner that night with a tranquil mind, in company with various specimens of travelling humanity all more or less entertaining, of whom I retain but a vague remembrance, save of one, who told me she always carried about her parrot with her for the sake of its society, and she strongly advised me to get a bird of some sort for a companion. "A dog," she remarked, "makes itself a nuisance, and you must pay for it wherever you go. But a parrot is no expense, for I carry it in my hand, and its cage hangs in my bedroom. I have taken mine all over the world. Last winter I was in Japan, the year before in New Zealand; and when I come back to London in May, Polly's cage hangs in my pretty flat in Victoria Street for the season."

It was with this lady I went the next afternoon to Fiesole, having spent the morning among the galleries. She was a most amusing companion, and I enjoyed myself extremely in her society. Whether the parrot would have accompanied her in this drive had I not been there, I know not. As it was she left him in his cage hanging outside the window of her room on the first floor, from whence he swore at her in Dutch just as we were stepping into the carriage at the hall-door, and the porter let her guide-book fall into the mud in consequence of the start it gave him. What a charming drive it was! There was not a care on my shoulders, since my journey on Monday was all planned for me without a thought or trouble on my part. To-day I was drinking in the sights and sounds of a wholly new city; and to-morrow I should go to church and say my prayers in the company of my own country-people, adding a special thanksgiving, not printed in the book of Common Prayer, for the special Providence haunting my steps.

But what was the name of my angel with the silver hair? No one had seen her but me, I discovered; no one knew her name. I could not possibly travel with any one whom I did not know how to address. She had asked my name; would it have been impertinent had I returned the question? But since that opportunity was lost, I stopped the hall-porter on my way to church and begged to know the name of the lady in No. 81, adding, to excuse my curiosity, that I was going to tea in her room.

"Madame la Comtesse d'Avigdor," said he in a tone of deep respect, looking at my rather shabby self with surprise.

"Dear me," thought I, "what an escort for a hospital-nurse! This time my angel has made a very wise choice of a body to play bo-peep out of. She may fold her wings and take it easy; the Countess will do the rest." And when I knocked at the door of No. 81 I knocked humbly, and thought perhaps I had made a mistake in venturing to knock at all. But Madame la Comtesse answered "*Avanti*," and looked just as friendly and English as if her name had been Mrs. Brown, and she had merely said, "Come in." Everything was arranged; the courier had secured a first-class

carriage all for herself, and her son and her maid could not fill it; there would be plenty of room for me. And there would be a lunch-basket provided; I was to take no thought for the morrow.

"Truly, truly my angel has been busy," I reflected, and I gave thanks.

"You were at the English church doubtless," said Madame.

"Surely," I replied; "did you not see me?"

"I was not there; I am not of your persuasion," she answered smiling.

"Ah, Madame la Comtesse is a Catholic," I said. "I might have known that from her Spanish name."

"Not so," answered she simply; "I am an Israelite."

"What on earth could take a Jewess to Rome?" asked I of myself, as I lay down in bed that night. "But I am glad I was not angry with the poor hunchback at Salurn;" and so thinking I fell asleep.

In those days I was so much more used to looking after other people than being looked after myself, that the eight or nine hours of our transit to Rome passed in amused contemplation and elation of spirit. Did I want to look out of the window? The old lady was ready to talk, and had something worth hearing to relate about every place of importance we passed, for she had often made the journey before. Did I want to read when the prospect was tame? Monsieur Sergius was most polite in offering me books and papers. Was I hungry? The maid gave me meat and wine, spreading a clean napkin over my knees first. And once (I think it was at Orvieto) we saw a little pig being roasted whole on the platform where we drew up, and the ever-ready courier came up with a plateful of savoury roast pork. Of course the nationality of my companions compelled them to decline it; but I ate with a relish, partly owing to the novel flavour of the prune-sauce which accompanied it, but partly also to the sense of fun in my whole surroundings which was strong upon me.

"Where shall I tell the man to drive?" said the polite courier, as by the Countess's orders he put me and my impedimenta into a carriage at Rome station. "Pension B.," said I, remembering the pink-capped lady at Bologna.

"*Au revoir,*" said my Angel as she waved her hand. "Come and dine with me next Sunday."

"A thousand thanks," said I, "and still some left for our next meeting! I shall never forget you."

It was the 12th of November when I rang the bell at Pension B., humbly asking to be taken in for a week or ten days till my friend should join me, and we could take an apartment together; it was the 12th of March when that door shut behind me for the last time! Meanwhile the good ladies who owned that house looked me up and looked me down, as I sat in their ante-room on the day of my arrival. They were not accustomed to take in chance boarders, said they; they had a large connection and their rooms were all bespoken, if not actually occupied.

"But I am alone," pleaded I, "quite alone, and I do not know Italian; surely you will house me till my friend comes from Davos?"

"We are so very particular," murmured they; "the reputation of our Pension depends on our guests," and they shook their heads. "All sorts of people come to Rome." And I wished heartily that they had been Israelites, instead of genteel maiden ladies belonging to the Church of

England. Still they had several rooms empty, and when I had faithfully promised to give up my quarters if required to do so, they at last consented that I should occupy a large double chamber opening out on the Piazza de Spagna. And so that first night in Rome I laid my head on the pillow, and dreamed of the scarlet lady sitting on the seven hills.

I never felt more Protestant in my life than when I walked about the streets the next day. I had come there against my will: I had protested at every convenient opportunity; and what had been the result? What indeed? But you shall hear.

It was weeks before my friend could get away from Davos, and when she came her sick child had to be left behind, the travelling being still too rough and uncertain for an invalid. So her visit was a flying one, and her chief errand an interview with the Pope.

Pension B. was really full by that time, for it was Christmas, but I had not been turned out. An apartment could not be found in the height of a busy season. So my friend put up at a Catholic hotel near, and ran in and out of Pension B. at her pleasure. Together we made a round of the sights, while the strings were being pulled which would obtain the wished for audience.

With her it was not a case of kissing his Holiness's toe, and talking of it ever afterwards as the tourists do. To her his voice came as a voice from Heaven saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it." See him she must; had she not come on purpose? "But there are difficulties in the way, dear Miss," said she as we walked up and down the Pincian Hill, watching the sun set behind St. Peter's. "I was to have come with the gracious lady von Reisewitz, and the high-worthy Herr Pfarrer Albertus would have smoothed the road. But the Pope's Chamberlain has promised his endeavours, and I await his answer."

This was one evening at sunset as I have related. At six the next morning she was at my bedside. "Awake, awake, dear Miss, the order has come! His Holiness will see me to-day at noon. There is to be a small audience of some sisters of the Sacré Cœur, and I am to be admitted with them, and you must go with me."

"Go with you! Certainly not; I am not a Catholic; I want nothing of the Pope," said I startled out of my manners.

"But, Miss, reflect, I cannot go alone; one lady alone without a *chaperone*; it is impossible! And the Chamberlain said I might bring you when I asked him. You will have nothing to do, nothing to say; and his Holiness will take no notice of you, when he hears you are of the Anglican Church. Think what a favour it is that you should be admitted to his presence!"

"Me think it a favour to see the Pope?" exclaimed I ungrammatically and fervently. But observing a grieved look on my friend's hitherto joyful face I became calmer. If she really could not go without me, it would be unkind to forsake her. But she must understand; I did not go to pay my reverence to him, or to acknowledge his supremacy over an Englishwoman. I would go simply as a *chaperone*, regardless of the fact that we were of the same age and she was a widow. A black dress and a black scarf over my head was all that etiquette required, and I promised to be with her at half-past ten, that we might start in good time. The hour found

me waiting, but she was not ready. In a fervour of excitement she had rushed from shop to shop choosing rosaries to be blessed and carried home to her friends. "Hasten, my friend, hasten!" said I. "The Pope is not accustomed to be kept waiting; you will lose your audience after all." And I adjusted her beautiful lace over her more beautiful hair, and arranged the strings of mother o' pearl and silver over her arm and then we were off. "You will promise that I may keep in the background," said I. "I would not for the world pretend what I do not feel."

"I promise," said she, and we drew up at the Vatican.

"What would my dear dead father think of me?" was my reflection as I mounted the long flight of stairs. "Am I really going into the house of Antichrist after all the teaching of my childhood?" I remembered how Naaman the Syrian felt, and like him I said, "Pardon me in this thing."

Then we were ushered into a vast empty ante-chamber hung with tapestries, with a brazier of charcoal in the centre, where the Chamberlain presently came and chatted with my friend and the sisters who were there before us. Soon we were moved forward (like chessmen, I thought), into the audience-chamber, where some nuns were kneeling in a row, and a sprinkling of bright uniforms relieved their blackness on the opposite side. Down went my friend on her knees, and the Chamberlain touched my shoulder. "It is a form," said he in English; "comply with it." There was a Swiss Guard with a drawn sword just behind, and what could I do but obey the voice? "Pray Heaven I get safe out again!" was my cry in spirit as I cast a terrified glance over my shoulder, for I have ever had a dread of soldiers.

When I turned my head again there was a mild-looking old gentleman clothed entirely in white even to his slippers and mittens, talking gently to the nuns in soft Italian speech. I drew back behind my friend as far as I could, without impaling myself on the Swiss Guard's naked sword when his Holiness came near us, and devoutly hoped he would not see me. But he gave us each a hand to kiss, and exchanged question and answer with my friend, whose family had known him when he was only a Cardinal. I had plenty of time to look at him, for she had much to say, and of course I understood not a word of their talk. I was just recovering from my nervousness when he turned to his Chamberlain, or ecclesiastic in attendance, and asked in French, "Who is this lady, and why is she here?"

"Oh," returned he, "she comes but as escort to her friend, and she is a heretic; your Holiness need not trouble to speak to her."

"If she is a heretic," said he, "why does she wear the sign of our faith?" touching as he spoke the cross round my neck. The Chamberlain shrugged his shoulders in embarrassment but my friend took up the word.

"She is no heretic, Holy Father," said she warmly. "She is a good Christian who nurses the sick and the poor, but she had the misfortune to be born in England, which is not to be laid to her door as a fault."

"My daughter," said the kindly voice of an old man, as he laid one hand on my head, and gave me the other to kiss for a second time. "I give you my blessing; prosper in your good works," and he moved away. The Chamberlain followed; the Guard formed round him; he turned on the

threshold to wave his hands in benediction and then the audience was over and he was gone.

My poor friend! Picture her feelings as we drove back to Pension B. together. "You have stolen my blessing," said she; "and here are all my rosaries which I was just going to ask him to touch for my friends! You have got my blessing; *you* who do not value it!" And she wept bitter tears. It was long before I could pacify her, but at last she said: "I will forgive you, Miss; it was not your fault that the Holy Father thus singled you out for a special blessing in place of me his devoted child. Doubtless he knew how much more you needed it."

"Yes, I have been to Rome," said I when I got back to England, and my favourite niece questioned me as to my travels. "I went because I could not help it. The Pope nevertheless received me kindly and blessed me particularly. He is a very nice old gentleman, and I am no longer afraid of him. But I am still a Protestant."

"Aunt Hannah," said she gravely, "you are romancing."

But I give you my word it is all true.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

V.

When we were boys, the farthest horizon from the windows, to our childish eyes, was a stretch of rolling blue hills at ten miles or so of distance. Blue they were generally, but often in that moist western county shrouded with the sweeping curtains of the rain-storms which rolled up under gray skies from the Atlantic; sometimes, when the sun shone with an unwonted treacherous brightness, painted distinctly enough in the colours of the seasons. When the distant hills stood forth thus clearly, with fine-cut outlines and colours of Pre-Raphaelite hue, they would tell us, "The hills look too close, we shall have rain."

It was generally a safe prophecy. We tried to draw better augury from the laugh of the green woodpecker who spent much of his time pecking away in the rough tussocky lawn which sloped down from the house towards the arable land below. We believed that the green woodpecker knew whether it was going to rain; but we did not believe that the human people about us knew. We had often found them wrong, but the green woodpecker we had never found wrong. We had often thought that the intonation of his laugh had said rain, and rain had not come; but we knew that it must have been we who were at fault, and that in our stupidity we had failed to understand him. We were certain that the woodpecker intended to tell us about the weather, for Joe said so, and we did not think that any one was his equal for general knowledge. Joe was by a few years our senior, and we believed in him as unreservedly as in the woodpecker. It appeared to us that he knew everything,—everything, that is, which was knowledge in our eyes. By birth he did not belong to our county but to Cornwall, whence he had come up, along the North Cornish coast, in a succession of carriers' cars. He used to tell us wonderful stories of the people whom he had met on his journey; folk who lived on the cliff-side facing the sea, and never had any communication with a town save through the medium of the weekly carrier; a folk sufficing to themselves. We have often wondered since whether these stories of his were quite true, but have never had the opportunity of testing them; at the time we accepted them as absolutely above suspicion. But, once arrived from this momentous journey, Joe's experiences had been no more extended than our own. He could tell us nothing of what was beyond the line of blue hills which presented themselves to us as the edge of the world. How we longed to get to the top of them and to peep over! We never doubted for an instant that what we should see from them would be a vision utterly new and unlike anything of which the world within them gave examples; and it was the one gap in Joe's knowledge which seemed to put him into touch with our own finitely informed humanity, that he was ignorant of this world beyond. More than that he seemed strangely incurious about it, as it struck us, evincing an indifferent attitude which inspired us with mixed feelings; for whereas we reverenced it as betoken-

ing an extended experience which nothing could astonish, we also criticised it severely as showing a deficiency of imaginative power. Joe thought that beyond those hills we should see just another world,—a succession of hill and dale and hedgerow—very like that in which we lived. It was the sole point on which his judgment appeared to us open to criticism.

On going out of our front door you found yourself on a broad circle of gravel slightly sloping down to the lawn on which the woodpecker was so often pecking. In rainy weather the water used to run down and collect in a little pool at the junction of the gravel and the grass, and here, so soon as it collected, used to come a water-wagtail to hunt for insects. We often used to lay plans for the destruction of this wagtail, but he was always too clever for us. In point of fact he did not give us a fair chance. The width of the gravelled stretch was twenty yards or so, without a blade of cover. From the windows of the house the little puddle was within practical catapult-range, but then the windows were rarely open in rainy weather and in dry weather the wagtail was not there. He was off instantly, with his dipping flight and squeaky note, on the slightest sound of the most cautiously opened window. It is true that there were two doors to the front entrance,—the house-door proper, and the door of a porch under glass, in which were plants—and that the outer, or porch-door, was sometimes left open, even while it rained, for the benefit of these exotics; but the inner door never opened without a considerable noise, and the wagtail was always alive to it. After a certain age we ceased to try to molest him. Attempts at stalking him had failed so often that we grew weary of them and used to sally forth, even when fully armed with catapult or cross-bow, regardless of the wagtail who would fly up to the roof of the house and wait there till we had disappeared. He was safe from us there, even if we could still see him, for it was a three-storied house, and reverence for the windows had been severely instilled into us.

Probably, of all the common birds, wagtails are those which least often fall to the weapons or snares of a boy; they are so very quick and wary and, though bold enough, generally frequent places where there is little cover and where they are likely to see before they are seen. Their black and white plumage blends well with wet stones and glancing water. Joe said that the right name for the water-wagtail was "the dish-washer," a name under which he is always known in Devonshire. It is not hard to guess its derivation; he is always running about on the edges of streams and places where the cottagers are likely to be washing their dishes.

From the circular gravelled stretch gravelled drives led off in two directions; one towards the left which bent upwards to the entrance gate, past the stables and the little house in which Joe lived with his father the coachman, and the other, towards the right, past the croquet-lawn, past an orchard, bending in a wide circle to embrace the rough lawn beloved of the woodpecker. It completed its circle, and the embrace of the lawn, at a point very little below the stables. Below the lawn, as we have said, was an arable field, and on either side of this field the gravelled drive joined a rough macadamised road leading on the right through a series of gates to the main road, and on the left to a footway along the banks of a little stream which prattled through glen and marshes down to a broad tidal

river. The sea was only at two miles' distance, though not within sight of the house.

This path to the left of the arable field, as one looked from the house, led also to certain pastures which sloped down towards the stream; and up this path, in the evening time, the cows were driven for the milking, to take their place in the lin-hay, as we, in the Devonshire parlance, called the cowshed. Joe's abode, where he lived with his father and mother, was above this lin-hay, and the access to it was by a flight of stone steps leading from the stable-yard. On the opposite side of the yard were the stalls and loose boxes for the horses, and the harness-room. The north side of the yard had a pump-house and wood-house. The third side of the little quadrangle was open, and a cartway led round to the back of the stables, where were the finest of our preserves. For, first of all, there was the pigs' place, enclosed by the wall of the stables, by a boundary hedge, and, on two sides, by paling. In the corner was the sty, tenanted by pigs in numbers varying as they were killed off or replenished; but the sty-door was always open and its occupants spent most of their royal leisure either in grouting among all the beautiful refuse of stables, garden, or lin-hay which was indifferently tossed into their charming place, or in lying prone, in the glorious sunlight, on the kindly germinating heat of the manure heap.

It is impossible to think of a better occasion for the high beating of little hearts than that which was offered by the stealthy cat-like approach, round the corner of two outbuildings of the stables, to get a shot, with stone or catapult, at the little cloud of sparrows which invariably flew up from contesting their dinner with the pigs. It was seldom that one had a shot on the ground. The sparrows learned the manœuvre very quickly, and between us and them were the palings and gate of the pigs' place. Occasionally one had a shot through the gate-bars; and then, if the missile were a stone, it as often as not rattled with a clang on the gate or the paling, and the uprising of the cloud of sparrows was accompanied by a hysterical outburst of porcine consternation and a scamper which recalled the Scriptural miracle. Moreover, if the stone evaded the timbers and flew home to the heart of the pigs' place it remained there, a testimony to our misdeeds, an occasion of wrath to the under-gardener who had charge of the pigs and objected to stone-throwing which might injure one of his cherished ones. The catapult was the better weapon, and it told no tale. But, after all, it more often happened that the appearance of a little head round the corner was the signal for the uprising of the cloud before a shot was fired. At the back of the pigs' place the hedge was crowned with elms of moderate height. In these the cloud would settle clamorously and pause to reconnoitre. There was a chance for a shot or two then, but it was always an open question if it were not better policy to steal forward yet a pace or two in case of some greedy laggard having stayed behind among the pigs, who would give us a better shot than any of those in the hedgerow. Often we would steal forward with this hope in view, tantalised the while by the chirps of definite farewell coming successively from the elms as one after another the sparrows took their departure, only to find that after all no loiterer had stayed. Then we cursed fate by all our childish gods and repented us sorely that we had not taken the chance which lay before our hands. Or again, if we tried the other venture and assaulted the elms with all our batteries, it seemed as if it must then

always happen that a bird would rise from the very spot on which we might with most advantage have assailed him. One could cry with vexation now at the annoyance of it all.

Generally, after the dispersion of the sparrows, there would yet be left in the elms a chaffinch, uttering his sweetly monotonous note of protest, and we could send a shot or pebble from the catapults spattering among the branches by him, till he, too, took the hint to leave.

"Oh, I say, that *was* a shave!" That was the invariable formula with which we concluded the unavailing assault. Once in a while, but so seldom that *invariable* is not too strong an epithet, we would fondly hug to ourselves the belief that we had seen the bird fall. Then we would climb through the hedge, or, if it were summer-time and the brambly defences defied a breach, go round by way of the front gate and push ourselves into the bushes of the great overgrown hedgerow in search of our quarry, knowing well in our heart of hearts that we should find nothing, yet saying to one another again and again, to keep hope warm,—"I know I hit him; I'm certain I saw him fall."

When the flock of sparrows had gone from the elms it was not to say that they were lost to us. We knew where they went to then, to a big elm-tree at the back of the coach-house which was close to the main house, some fifty yards from the stables. Thither we could follow them, but with no good prospects of a shot. They had no clinging affection for this elm-tree; they only occupied it as a post of observation from which they could drop down into a tiny little yard just outside the kitchen, or fly over, behind the house, to a matted thicket of thorn and bramble which was beyond the wash-house and was the corner of the boundary-fence of the orchard. Thither it did not well suit us to follow them, unless for an extended campaign in the orchard, for such pursuit entailed going through the back premises of the house (which was forbidden by Authority both above and below stairs), or trespassing on land which was not ours behind the house (and we had a respect, which we have since wondered at, for the law of trespass), or finally going round the front of the house, a matter of some hundred yards, and this did not seem good to our invincible boyish laziness.

Our laziness we have since wondered at quite as much as at our respect for the law. The latter is fairly explicable, the terrors which surround any breach of it are so indefinite to a boy; he is so ignorant, so utterly unable to measure the violence of the penalty which "old So-and-So," the farmer, will exact on his hide if he be caught red-handed. It is excellent that it should be so. If a boy were to know that old So-and-So would be looked upon as a villain and a butcher too bad to live if he were to give a trespassing boy any but the mildest of castigations, there would not be a field or coppice or orchard that would not be black with boys in the bird-nesting season. The laziness is a wonder beyond explanation. Later in life, with a covey of partridges before one, one would walk a quarter of a mile for each one of the yards which seemed too long in those days for the pursuit of the sparrow-covey; yet assuredly we were filled with as much ardour then for a sparrow as a partridge can inspire in us to-day.

Plato has written, with justice, that of all wild beasts none is so savage as a boy. He might have added that none is so little known. This invincible laziness which is so large a

factor in a boy's character is hardly recognised and never analysed. It is hard to recognise because it may co-exist with the greatest keenness in pursuit of an immediate object. It is only when the object is at a distance that the laziness shows itself; but then it shows itself in a degree which is almost terrifying. A boy cannot be made, of his free will, to choose the greater good in the future in preference to the present lesser good. He may be induced to do so by motives supplied by another's will, but of his own will never. It is only after he has come into his inheritance, in the shape of an ability to apply his reason to the moral problems of life, that he begins to do this; and when he begins to do this he is no longer a boy but a man. It is all of a piece, this, with his laziness, analogous on the mental side to the looseness of limb in all young things. When we went our walks abroad we found it impossible to reach the goals of our errands without much loitering by the way. One can perceive now that we made tacit confession of this weakness, for when a man with his solid purposeful trudge passed us, as we tarried searching the road-side hedges for birds or their nests, we would say, one to the other, "Let us keep up with him and try to get there as soon as he." It was no use, however. For a quarter of a mile, perhaps, we would keep on the pedestrian's heels, sorely, no doubt, to his annoyance; but then a chaffinch would fly up off the road or a tit be pecking in the hedgerow, our childish powers of concentration would fail us, and when we had finished with this passing diversion the wayfarer would be far on his road ahead. Measuring distance by the full-grown standard of to-day, one laughs often and often to think of the length of time which we deemed requisite for traversing the distance of a mile, and this not at all by reason of any weariness of our sturdy little legs, but simply on account of the lightness of our foolish little brains. To all which divers causes the sparrows generally owed an immunity from further persecution when they betook themselves across the back premises of the house to the neighbourhood of the orchard.

Our hunting-grounds at the back of the stables were not exhausted when we had chased the birds away from the pigs' place. The hay, which the pasture-land furnished in the summer, was stored in one large stack within the boundaries of the hedge, part of which served as one side of the pigs' enclosure. Behind the hay-stack, and between it and the hedge, a blackbird was generally pecking among the rubbish at the stack's foot. He gave us little sport. The moment the head of a stalker appeared round the corner of the rick, and long before a catapult could be brought to bear upon him, he would be away, up and over the hedge, like an arrow, with a hysterical laugh of terror which we felt to be affected. This is a very favourite manœuvre of a blackbird, the darting up from the foot of the hedge as you approach him, then the dart downwards on the other side so soon as he has topped the branches; and you hear his wild laugh growing more and more distant as he goes away, low-flying and invisible, to dart into the thickest cover of the hedge-row further on. If he has a nest in your vicinity he will perform a similar acrobatic movement, but will not fly so far. His laugh will break off shorter, and you will hear instead, from a bush at no great distance, his anxious chuckle of alarm. If you do not move away, his alarm will grow more intolerable, his chuckle louder, until it does not permit him to remain concealed, but he must needs hop up from his hiding-place to see

what you are doing, restlessly flitting from branch to branch, telling you (foolish bird!) as plainly as a bird can tell it, that you are hard by his nest on which his mate, perhaps, is sitting, almost within arm's length of you, motionless, silent, but watching you with an intently anxious eye.

Joe always knew what the birds were saying, and it was he who taught their language to us. None of the other people about us understood a word of it; it was no wonder that we gave them no credit for knowing anything about the weather. How could a boy be expected to have faith in people some of whom actually believed, on the strength of a foolish nursery story, that Jenny Wren was the consort of Cock Robin? We really did find people, grown-up people, who positively believed it; and to the days of our respective deaths we shall remember the shock that the discovery caused us. It seemed to us incredible that any human being could be so foolish when we could show them, at the season of the year, half-a-dozen robins' nests, cup-shaped, with the ruddy-speckled eggs lying in them, possibly even with the red-breasted mother in person seated upon them; when we could show them, too, as many wrens' nests in quite different situations,—nestled against the ivy growing on a tree or an old wall, whereas the robins' would be by preference in a hole or ledge of some hedge-bank—dome-shaped nests utterly unlike any that ever a robin built, and entered by one tiny little hole in the side through which no robin could possibly squeeze himself, filled, likely enough, with many more eggs than a robin was at all likely to lay, much smaller eggs, besides, marked with darker speckles on a much whiter ground. How could a boy, having all these things most clearly before his mental eye, be expected to credit any wisdom to people who could believe that Cock Robin and Jenny Wren were man and wife?

Close beside the hay-rick was the shed in which the one cart, sufficing for the agricultural business of our home, was laid up. The butt-linhay Joe called this building, *butt* being the Devonshire word for cart; and in its roof there often was a dome-shaped wren's nest. The first year the dome was never used for family purposes. Joe, absolutely denying that he had ever so transgressed, asserted that one of us must have put a finger into the hole, and he had repeatedly warned us that if ever one so invaded the sanctity of a wren's nest before the eggs were laid the mother always deserted. We stoutly declared that we had done nothing of the sort, but it is possible that once, in the hope of finding a tiny egg within, we may have been guilty; really it is very hard on a boy that a bird should build a round nest and put it in the roof of a shed so that he is not able to see into it! However it happened nothing came of the wren's nest that year. We watched long and zealously, but no little, creeping, fluttering, brown bird came to see what we were doing there, nor scolded crossly from the bushes. Since those days we have read that so many wren's nests are found deserted and unfinished that it is the opinion of many naturalists that the wren habitually builds one or two trial nests to get its hand in for the one it means ultimately to finish and inhabit. It is easy to put these theorists into the difficult position of those who have to prove a negative, and we are quite as much inclined to Joe's view, though later experience has taught us that he too was not absolutely exempt from human error.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERALISM.

It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and it may be supposed that he is a singularly mean-spirited Liberal (to use the term, for the present, in its narrower sense, as connoting Lord Rosebery's followers) who cannot squeeze some drops of consolation even from an overwhelming Liberal defeat. It may be impossible indeed to claim the moral victory which a by-election seems invariably to yield to the losing side; yet concealed among the figures there are often found to lie strange portents, and one or another of the usual experiments in elementary mathematics will to a certainty establish the comforting fact that if only a certain small percentage of the voters had voted the other way the result would have been altogether different. The man in the street is of course quite clear upon the subject. There always have been and there always will be two political Parties in the country and no more, Whigs and Tories, Liberals and Conservatives, placed alternately in and out of office by the see-saw of public opinion; and the whirligig of time will, in due course, bring about the Liberal revenge. No doubt, looking to the history of the last two or three decades and no more, our friend in the street is almost right. His weak point, and the weak point of the average politician, is that his view is too limited. As a matter of fact, if we take a broad survey of British politics since its modern history began with the accession of George the First, both halves of his statement are untrue. There was one period, for example, in later English history (1714—1763) during the greater portion of which there was for practical purposes only one Party, the Whigs, and some pulverised fragments of what had been a Tory Party; for that was the penalty paid for the obstinate adherence to a policy which had neither principle, common sense, nor national feeling to recommend it, and which rapidly sank into hopeless ruin in the hands of its supporters. Nor is the great principle of political see-saw invariably true. From 1786, for instance, to 1827 the Tories were all but continuously in power; from 1847 to 1874 there were six Liberal administrations, which, though not literally continuous, immensely outnumbered the intervening periods of Tory rule. There is certainly nothing in the science of politics which would lead us to a belief of the powers of any political Party to rise perpetually, like the Phœnix, in new and glorious majesty from the ashes of its former self.

Nor is there anything in the British character to warrant the idea. If there is one thing in the national character more clear than another it is the intensely conservative instincts of the average Englishman or Scot; and national character, unless under the stress of such an upheaval as the French Revolution, changes but little in a century. He is entirely, or all but entirely, devoid of the sympathetic, imaginative powers of the Celt beyond the water. He dislikes new ideas and new methods; he is not quick at grasping them, and the time spent upon their consideration he regards as more or less wasted. The mere fact that they are new is itself good

ground for their rejection. Even if he be the most rabid of Radicals, the intense conservatism of his nature is visible in almost every detail of his daily life. Consciously or unconsciously he resents change, whether it be a change in the dinner-hour or in the fashion of his hat, in the shape of a hayfork or the wording of a bill of lading. He is profoundly distrustful of experiments, and above all of the experiments of doctrinaires. Few men are so difficult to convince; once convinced, few hold with a more desperate tenacity to an idea or a principle.

There is, in short, in the English character scarcely anything in sympathy with the spirit of modern Liberalism; and it does not require a very keen imagination, or a very deep knowledge of political history, to realise that the creation of the modern Liberal Party out of such uncompromising materials was no child's play. The bow-window politician is apt to think a Liberal Party as essential a part of the British political organism as the Crown. He forgets the tremendous struggles that were needed before the crust of sluggishness and prejudice could be broken through; the lives willingly sacrificed, the careers ruined, the fortunes flung away, the imprisonments and dragooning, the ostracism and social persecution readily accepted before a Liberal Party in the modern sense could come into existence. He forgets that there have been whole generations of English, and more particularly of Scottish, history in which there has not been perceptible on the part of the people the slightest desire for the political and social changes which are as the breath of life to modern Liberalism, generations in which the natural bias of the two nations towards inaction had free scope. A Whig of Walpole's day would have regarded a modern Liberal as a monstrosity, and his doctrines as inspired by the Devil. Even the Radicalism which sprang into somewhat feeble being at the close of the eighteenth century was rather the product of a few men of ideas than of any serious political Party. The Liberal Party indeed owes certainly its strength, to some degree its very existence, to a chapter of accidents. Had it not been that public attention during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was too fully occupied with a succession of grave national crises to admit of legislation making any serious effort to keep pace with national development,—had not the character of the French Revolution driven the Tory Party into an unreasoning opposition to all change—modern Liberalism might never have come into being at all; certainly it would never have attained in Great Britain to one-half its actual influence. In itself, as has been said, there is little in Liberalism which is attractive to the genius of Englishman or Scot; but when at every turn a man who did not chance to belong to one of the privileged classes, and for the matter of that many a one who did, found himself confronted by some stinging injustice or inequality for which he had no means of redress, it was not strange that his natural conservatism of character should be overborne by a new force. On the other hand, when once the abuses were removed which the neglect of years had allowed to accumulate, when the legislative machine had been rescued from its deplorable state of disrepair, above all, when the Tory Party had abandoned its old obstinate attitude of opposition to all reform, there was no reason in the character of Englishman or Scot, or in the political history of either, why his innate conservatism should not again assert itself and his vote be

steadily cast against the Party of Change.

It is difficult to doubt from a careful survey of the facts, that this is precisely what has happened and is still happening. The removal of each abuse snapped a tie which bound a particular class to the Liberal interest, and left it free to follow its natural gravitation to the Conservative Party. Nothing is clearer to the fair-minded political student than that there has been during the last twenty years in particular, but to an appreciable extent ever since the date of the Reform Bill, a steady transference of Liberal votes to the Conservative side. Whole classes, the smaller traders, for example, which once were practically made up of Liberals, are now notoriously the reverse. Entire districts, such as Lancashire which fifty years ago was the very bugbear of the Tory Party, are now steeped in the most stolid Conservatism. If there were any constituencies in the kingdom to which the Liberals might fairly have looked for a continuance, if not a perpetuation of their predominance, it was in the great industrial communities of the North and Midlands. Nowhere was political intelligence so keen, Dissent nowhere more vigorous; nowhere had political education been carried so far; nowhere were deeper debts of gratitude due to the Liberal Party. Yet what is the result? Great cities such as Manchester or Bradford, where in our grandfathers' days to be a Tory at all required some courage, now return fully as many Conservatives as Liberals, and often more; on their exchanges, where a generation ago a Tory merchant had, like Agag, to walk delicately, the trend of opinion is now overwhelmingly Conservative. The mere fact that in 1895 the Liberals were compelled to abandon one hundred and twenty English seats, and most of them borough constituencies, as hopeless, is in itself a striking example of the revolution in political sentiment which has taken place during the last generation. And what would Cobbett have said had he been told that on a trebly extended electorate the Liberal Party could only secure one hundred and sixteen out of a total of four hundred and sixty-five English seats, and that of the fifty-eight Lancashire seats just nine are Liberal? More startling still are the results revealed by an analysis of the results of successive elections in Liberal strongholds. Taking the aggregate vote in twenty-five constituencies in Great Britain, which twenty years ago would justifiably have been regarded as veritable Liberal preserves, nothing is more curious than to watch the steady increase in the Conservative percentage of the total vote.[1] In 1874 it was thirty-five per cent., in 1880 thirty-three, in 1885 forty-two, in 1886 forty-six, in 1892 forty-seven, and finally at the recent election more than half the votes polled were cast for the Unionist candidates. In the dark hours of 1874 every one of these twenty-five seats stood firm for the Liberal cause; to-day, setting aside those held by the Liberal Unionists, nineteen of the forty-six modern seats are in the hands of the Conservatives, some to all appearance permanently so.

[1] The following are the constituencies in question—Scotland and Wales have rather more than their due proportion, and seats occupied by Liberal Unionists have been so far as possible avoided: West Aberdeenshire, Bradford, Bury, Derby, Dudley, Edinburgh, Gateshead, Glamorgan, Halifax, Inverness Burghs, North Lanark, Leicester, Leith Burghs, Middlesbrough, Morpeth, Rochdale, Sheffield, South Shields, Stockton, Sunderland, Swansea, Tynemouth, Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, Walsall. London has been necessarily avoided from the impossibility of comparing the seats of 1874 with those of 1895 on account of the changes made by the Redistribution Bill, or the increase would have appeared considerably larger.

Nor has Liberalism any similar gains to set off. In the counties, from which so much was hoped, it is positively weaker than it was twenty-five years ago; and the net results of the Liberal policy in Ireland and Wales are not only petty in themselves, but are successes which have proved more disastrous to the Liberal Party than defeats.

Other causes have no doubt co-operated to produce the same result. To say nothing of the blunders of management which have broken up a great Party, or of home affairs, in which it is usually the peculiar property of Liberal measures to arouse the keenest opposition without evoking more than the feeblest show of gratitude, few men have been in a double sense more unfortunate in their foreign policy than Mr. Gladstone. Some of his ill success could doubtless not have been prevented by the ablest minister in the world. The public, unhappily, is not apt to draw nice distinctions as to how far the causes of national failures are due to mischance, and how far to mismanagement. It was sufficient for them that a series of the bitterest national humiliations, the verdict in the Alabama arbitration, the withdrawal from the Transvaal, the death of Gordon, took place under Liberal administrations, to identify the Party and the principles of Liberalism with a half-hearted and feeble foreign policy; a suggestion to which the French leanings of one section of Liberals, and the "Little England" pronouncements of another, lent only too much colour. Nor has the Party been without unpleasant signs of internal degeneration. One misses sorely the old moral enthusiasm, the spirit of Bright and Cobden. Its educational power seems to have quietly rotted away. An unpleasant, snarling spirit, utterly alien to all the older traditions, has crept over a good many of the party utterances. There is a strange want of dignity, of the sense of proportion, as well as a lamentable confession of weakness, in the virulence of the abuse with which any politician who has the misfortune to disagree with the Gladstonian doctrines is promptly bespattered. Disraeli was an adventurer, Mr. Chamberlain is a Judas, Lord Salisbury a domestic Napoleon, and any bishop who for the moment stands in any prominence, a Trimmer. All Liberal Unionists are traitors. Never before has the Liberal Press, or so considerable a portion of it, sunk to such a level of vapid scurrility. A still graver symptom is the open want of loyalty, the suspicions of the leaders' good faith, the covert attacks on the head of the Government in the interest of this or that section. A schoolboy could surely realise the seriousness of the change.

On the other hand forces of which far too little notice has been taken by the Liberals have come into play. To the superior mind of the average Liberal Disraeli was nothing more than a charlatan of politics with a taste for intrigue and Oriental display. It became the fashion to sneer at the cheap sentiment of his Imperialism, and to point to the pleasing contrast presented by the doctrines known as those of the Manchester School. The British elector unfortunately is not as a rule possessed of a superior mind, and never did a sneer cost a Party so dearly. It enabled the Conservatives to pose, as they never had been able to pose before, as the inheritors of the Palmerston traditions, and threw permanently upon their side huge masses of voters, who from reasons of commerce, philanthropy, or even pure sentiment, regarded the consolidation and the extension of the British

Empire as a cardinal principle, perhaps the cardinal principle, of British policy.

Unhappily too for the Liberals there sprang into existence at this juncture an organisation which was fully capable of taking the amplest advantage of their mistakes. Never since the days of the Corn-Laws has there appeared so powerful a force in British politics as the Primrose League. In its organisation, no doubt, there was much that was ridiculous, that almost justified the jeers with which the Liberal Party have been in the habit of greeting any development upon the Conservative side. The gravest of men can hardly suppress a smile when he sees the local pork-butcher transformed at a stroke into a Knight Harbinger, or the most sheepish of canvassers decorated with something after the nature of the Victoria Cross for his hardihood in defending the Constitution against the onslaught of the village cobbler. But human nature is after all but common clay. The League, its garden-parties and its duchesses, its hotpot-suppers and banjo-performances, its solemn appeals on behalf of the empire, religion, liberty, and other important institutions which appeared to be threatened by some person or persons unknown, became no laughing matter for the Liberals. More fortunate than its predecessor, which had to carry point after point by sheer weight of logic and argument, the Primrose League had not only nothing more serious than its own absurdities to contend with, but it found in every town and every village a mass of material so inflammable that all that had to be done was to apply the match. The parson who had seen one Church disestablished and trembled for his own, the peer who scented death duties and other Radical abominations in the air, the colonel whom Liberal inaction had condemned to half-pay, the grocer who saw co-operation looming huge on the country horizon, the old men who hated Gladstone and the young who worshipped Disraeli, the huge army of unemployed damsels who saw the Crown, freedom, even religion itself in peril from the powers of evil, all found themselves in a moment swept within the magic circle of active politics. A new avenue to distinction suddenly opened before them. In a few years there had sprung up as if by enchantment over the length and breadth of the country a ready-made, inexpensive, and supremely efficient educational and electioneering agency which, however questionable some of its methods may be, has completely altered the aspect of rural, and seriously affected urban, politics.

It is undoubtedly a serious crisis, possibly the most serious crisis in the history of Liberalism in Great Britain. The Liberal Party, to use the term in its larger sense, has been shattered and riven to its very centre by its Home Rule policy; its ablest lieutenants, and no small part of the flower of its rank and file, have been driven into the camp of the enemy, not indeed without noisy protestations that their departure was a positive relief, and that their loss would be very soon repaired. That section of the Party which claims to represent in the fullest degree Liberal traditions stands humiliated and broken by one of the most crushing defeats in all parliamentary history, committed to a policy so unpopular as to have twice produced what is little less than a national uprising. It is not without its own serious schisms and discords, though for the moment they are chilled into silence by the magnitude of the disaster. It has seen the pre-

dictions and prophecies upon which it has almost existed during the last nine years falsified in slow and certain succession. As things are it stands paralysed, impotent, still mumbling the old phrases and dreaming the old dreams, seemingly without capacity to learn anything or to forget anything. Its thinned ranks are confronted by the best disciplined enemy they have ever met in the field, immeasurably superior in numbers, equipment, spirit, and strategy. There is certainly no burning question visible to cause any serious dissensions in the Unionist ranks; there is undoubtedly one question which burns quite hotly enough to prevent the growth of any minor misunderstandings.

The prospect is not an inspiriting one for a Liberal of any section. It is likely enough, from the facts before us, that, even granted a reunited Liberal Party, Liberalism will never in the future be as powerful a force in British politics as it has been in the past. In some sense its work is done. Too large a proportion of the political intelligence of the country has settled down into a steady Conservatism, with grievances removed and its old grudges against the Tories forgotten, to admit of the Liberal star ever being again in such ascendance as it was in 1832 or 1868. The Conservative Party has learned too much from the uses of adversity to ever again adopt the old policy of negation, and every year, as the High Tories die off, decreases their chance of reverting to it. Conservatism has become a constructive force. Its programmes now are in some cases only discernible by their superior practicalness from those of Liberalism. Yet there is still useful work for the Liberals to do. There are still unsolved questions, some of them colossal in their magnitude, which in our children's days, if not in our own, will press for a solution, and with which the Liberal Party have a right to claim an inherited aptitude to deal. The whole future of Liberalism indeed hangs upon the action of the Party led by Lord Rosebery. If they are prepared honestly and frankly to recognise the national verdict, if they will at last see that one question and one alone keeps Liberalism divided and helpless, and seek some reasonable ground upon which the Party may again in course of time be united, well and good. If not, they must be content to play, and not for one or two administrations only, the humble part which the Jacobites played under Walpole, helplessly watching others preside over the national destinies, impotent themselves to influence them either for good or evil.

A PAGE OF PHILOSOPHY.

THERE was a break in the soft stream of Rameau's eloquence when somebody spoke of Krowtosky. The interruption came from Louis Gaston, a brilliant young journalist, whose air of sanctified rake and residence in the Rue du Bac, in front of a well-known shop, earned him the nickname of *Le Petit Saint Thomas.*

Krowtosky's name diverted the channel of the murmurous, half-abstracted discourse to which we had lent an attentive ear, physically lulled, and though charmed, not boisterously amused by Rameau's sly anecdotal humour and complaisant lightness of tone. Rameau always talked delightfully, without any apparent consciousness of the fact; above all, without any apparent effort. He never raised his voice, gesticulated slightly, accentuated no point, and left much to his listener's discretion; and his calm drollery was all the more delicious because of the sedate and equable expression of his handsome face.

"Krowtosky," he repeated, as he turned his picturesque gray head in Gaston's direction; with a deliberate air he removed his glasses, slowly polished them, and interjected "Ah!"

"You must remember that queer Russian who used to hold forth here some years ago," Louis Gaston continued in an explanatory tone; "a heavy, unemotional fellow, with desperate views. He began by amusing us, and ended by nearly driving us mad with his eternal *nirvana.*"

"Oh yes," somebody else cried, suddenly spurred to furnish further reminiscences. "His trousers were preternaturally wide, and his coat-sleeves preternaturally short. You always imagined that he carried dynamite in his pockets, and apprehended an explosion if you accidentally threw a lighted match or a half-smoked cigarette in his neighbourhood."

"He had small eyes, and a big nose, the head of an early Gaul, and a hollow voice," I remarked.

"A monster to convince the Tartars themselves of their superior ugliness, if they entertained any doubt of it," half lisped a Frenchman recently crowned by the Academy, and as unconscious of his own ill-looks as only a man, and above all a Frenchman, can be.

"The good-nature of your remarks and your keen remembrance of Krowtosky prove that he must be a personage in his way," said Rameau mockingly.

"What became of him?" asked Le Petit Saint Thomas, between slow puffs of his cigarette.

"Poor fellow! He has fallen upon evil days."

"Naturally; it is the great result of birth. A love-affair?"

"Worse."

"Blasphemy, Professor! 'Tis the sole sorrow of life. The rest are but the trifling ills of humanity." Gaston spoke with all the authority of a young man who is perpetually in and out of love, is backed upon the thorny path of literature by rich and devoted relatives, and has never known a day's illness upon his road.

"It can't be marriage, for that violent resource would merely drift him into deeper depths of pessimism, which would be a gratifying confirmation of his theories."

"It can't be love either," I sug-

gested. "Pessimism and love don't mate. Marriage it might be; for even a pessimist may be conceded the weakness of objecting to a demonstration of the nothingness of marriage in the person of his own wife."

"It might be debt, if that were not a modified trouble since the inhuman law of imprisonment was abolished."

"Behold the force of imagination, Professor," exclaimed Gaston, pointing to a visionary perspective with his cigarette, in answer to Rameau's glance of contemplative irony. "I see our monster married to an unvirtuous *grisette*, or an amiable young laundress, who discovers the superior attractiveness of an optimist poet on the opposite side of the way. She can hardly be blamed for the discovery; for though we may applaud the courage of a woman who marries a monster, it would be both rash and cruel to expect her to add fidelity to her courage. Where women are concerned, it is a wise precaution to count upon a single virtue."

"Your wit, the outcome of natural perversity, flies beyond the mark," said Rameau, shrugging his shoulders. "The real sorrows of life are very simple, and command respect by their simplicity. The others are the complications, the depravities of civilisation at which we cavil and laugh. Krowtosky has not stumbled in double life, but he has just lost a baby girl."

There was dead silence. A perceptible start of emotion found expression in an interjectionary arch of brow, a sigh blown on the puff of a cigarette, and an uneasy shifting of attitudes. A baby girl! What a slight thing in the hurry of life, what a simple thing in its crowding perplexities! The tragic end of men and women whom the years have worn and fretted; the sudden death of happy youth in the midst of its bright promises; the peaceful sadness that accompanies the departure of the old, who have honourably lived their lives and accomplished all natural laws:—but the closed eyes of a little baby girl! What is it more than the tumble of a newborn bird from its nest, leaving no empty space? Upon a boy paternal pride might have feasted, and the sting might remain that new avenues to fame and fortune were closed by his sharp withdrawal.

Yet despite the insignificance of the loss, none of the faces round Rameau wore a look of indifference or surprise. For a moment each man was serious, touched, and uninclined for wit at poor Krowtosky's expense. Upon dropped lids I seemed to see the big grotesque head, so full of honesty and strife, bent in grief over an empty cradle; and I was wrung by a smart of anger when Gaston lightly asked, "Is there then a legitimate Madame Krowtosky?"

"All that is most legitimate," replied Rameau gravely.

"You have followed the story?"

"Since I played the part of confidential friend—why, I know as little as you."

"And the lady?"

"Ah, the lady! Her I only know on report that cannot exactly be described as impartial."

"Is it a story worth telling?"

"In its way it is curious enough, especially unfolded in the illumination of Krowtosky's jumble of crude philosophy and speculative theories, and, above all, told in his queer French. He has honoured me with a correspondence in the form of a journal. It is extremely interesting, and I have preserved it. Some day I will publish it,—when the philosopher is dead, of course."

"Then begin now, my dear Professor," I urged. "Try its effect *en*

petit comité." We read assent in the Professor's way of crossing his legs, while he drew one hand slowly round the back of his head. When he had carefully polished and adjusted his glasses, each of us chose a commodious attitude, and looked expectantly at him. After a pause, Rameau began in his soft conversational tone, subdued like the indefinite shade of the lamp-screen that cast its glimmer over heads and profiles, showing vaguely upon a background of dull tapestries.

"Krowtosky looked much older than his age. He was, in fact, very young, pessimism being one of the most pronounced symptoms of the malady of youth. He is still young, and the malady has yet some years to run. He came here with a letter to me from an old friend in Moscow, and a very big bundle of hopes.

"I hardly know what he expected to make of Paris, but Paris, I imagine, made nothing of him. I did what I could for him, which was not much, and from the first I had no illusions whatever upon the nature of his probable success. I found a lady ambitious to read Turgenieff and Tolstoi in Russian. I sent Krowtosky to her; but after the second lesson she dismissed him on the plea of his unearthly ugliness; his heavy Calmuck face diverted her attention from Turgenieff's charming women and Tolstoi's philosophy, and gave her nightmares. I encouraged the poor fellow to come here, which he did, and most of you met him frequently. He was interesting in his way, very, but crude and boundlessly innocent. He had the queerest notions upon all things, and having sounded the *Décadents*, he professed to find them hollow. I think he suspected those gentlemen of an unreasonable sanity and an underhand enjoyment of life. The French Realists he dismissed as caricaturists; he said they were reading for the Devil when he was drunk and in a merry mood. I daresay he meant the Czar.

"He railed at the mock decay of modern civilised life, and imagined that a glimpse of pessimism beyond the Pyrenees would prove instructive. He was convinced that he would find it there of less noxious quality, exhibiting the sombre melancholy and dignity of a great race fallen into poetic decay and unvexed by the wearisome febrile conditions of its development here. 'You understand nothing of the spirit of calm fatality,' he would say, apostrophising the nation in my humble person for lack of a more enlightened audience. 'You are everlastingly in strife with your own emotions and despairs; and these you decorate, as you idly decorate your persons, with persistent vanity and with wasteful care.' I deprecated the charge upon my own account, and assured him that it took me exactly four minutes to decorate my person each morning. Four minutes, I claimed, cannot be described as an exorbitant charge upon Time for the placing and adjusting of eighteen articles, and as he seemed to doubt the number, I told them off, including my hat and *pince-nez*. I mentioned a few Frenchmen who I thought accepted the luxury of unemotional despair calmly enough, and were as incapable of strife as a tortoise. He shook his head; he was not easily to be convinced. His pessimism was so black that our own De Maupassant was a captivating Optimist beside him. And provided with this meagre intellectual baggage, he set out for half-forgotten and ruined lands, beginning with Spain."

"He fell in for a fortune, I suppose," Gaston interrupted.

"He had not a sou, which is the best explanation of an expensive voyage. Remark, my friends, that

a man only becomes really extravagant and reckless upon an empty purse. An empty purse and an empty stomach are equally effectual in producing light-headedness, and vest us in the cloak of illusion. Illusion I opine to be one of the things that look best in rags. Krowtosky travelled third-class, and was prodigiously uncomfortable, which, after all, is another method of enjoying life upon his theory. He ate Bologna sausages, and refreshed himself with grapes upon the wayside.

"His first letter was dated from Bayonne. It was a long and a curious letter, and so interested me that I resolved to follow up the correspondence with vigorous encouragement, for it was not an occasion to be missed by a student of mankind. I will read you some extracts from these letters, which I have here in a drawer of my writing-table."

The packet of letters found, Rameau went on reading with the perfect and polished irony and charm of enunciation that could cast an intellectual glamour over an auctioneer's inventory. "'I have chosen you as the recipient of the impressions and incidents of my voyage,—why, I hardly know; I am not inspired by any strong sympathy for you. My esteem and my liking are very moderate indeed; you have a face that rather repels than invites confidence, and I ought to be discouraged by the fact that I have no faith in your sympathy for me, and have every conviction that you are the last person likely to understand me. The friend who would understand me, and for whom I should enjoy writing these impressions and the adventures that may lie ahead, is at present voyaging in far-off waters; I think he is somewhere about the Black Sea, but I don't know his address, or when or where communication might chance to reach him. So, having cast about me for a confidant, choice alighted upon you; but you need not read my letters if they bore you. They are written rather for my own gratification than for yours. If I possessed literary talent, the public would be my natural victim. . . .'

"This was a flattering beginning, you will admit, but it sharpened my curiosity. After that I began to look forward to Krowtosky's post-day, as some people look forward to the *feuilleton* of the morning paper. His queer minute handwriting never found me indifferent or unexpectant of diversion.

"At Toulouse he wrote again: 'A young girl got into the carriage with me. We were alone, and she soon gave me a visible demonstration of the strange eccentricities oddly explained by the single word *love*. Why *love?* It is simply a malady more or less innocuous and only sometimes deadly; but love, no! I was not flattered; I am above that weakness, because nothing pleases me. I was interested, however, and investigated the case with scientific calm. So might any physician have diagnosed a disease. It struck me for the first time as a form of mild insanity. I asked myself why the poets and romancers amuse themselves in writing of it rather than of the other fevers and bodily illnesses that overcome us. For everything about this young girl convinced me that love is but a sickness. I studied her gestures, her expression, her tones of voice and her attitudes; all served to prove my theory. One minute I offered to open the window, and the next I suggested that perhaps it would be better to close it. She assented. Though curious, it was rather monotonous, but she assented to everything I proposed. If I looked at her, she looked at me; if I looked away, she continued to look at me. After a couple of hours' study, I felt

that I quite understood love and all its phases. I found it in the main a silly game, and an excitement only fit for brainless boys and girls in their first youth. But the most remarkable feature of humanity is its crass stupidity; it is a monstrously shabby and feeble institution, male and female. This young girl, now; I daresay you and others would call her pretty. Bah! I can see but the ugliness of women. Behind their forehead thought does not work; their eyes only express the meanest and most personal sentiments. Big black empty eyes and sensual red lips; a round lazy figure and nerveless hands! I protest there is more intelligence and matter for study in a dog than in these insipid creatures, all curves and no muscles. Men, say they, don't understand them. Are dolls worth understanding? They are actuated solely by impulse and personal claims. What is there in this worth understanding? I escaped from my conquest, now grown irksome, upon the frontier, and I am resolved never to give evidence of a similar weakness. It is degrading folly. What, for instance, can women see in us to inspire this most infelicitously-called tender passion, and, in the name of all that is eternal, what are we supposed to see in them to justify it? . . .'"

"A sympathetic dog to go snarling in that cantankerous way through life because the Almighty has seen fit to cast a flower or two across his path," growled the indignant Petit Saint Thomas, to whom love was the main object of existence.

"Scenery does not interest him much," Rameau went on, with an acquiescent nod; "but he has a good deal to say upon his impressions of the Spanish race in particular, and of all other races in general. The subject is not a new one, and Krowtosky is only really entertaining when he is talking of himself, or of his next-door neighbour in connection with himself.

"'I am on the whole much disappointed in Madrid,' he continues further on, 'not because it is a duller town than I had imagined, but because local colour and national individuality are almost extinct. It proves the disastrous tendencies of all races to amalgamation and imitation. Yet, after all, Rameau, what is the real value of local colour? It is more often than not a mere matter of imagination, and one of the illusions we fancy we enjoy. Any one with a lively imagination can invent a more vivid local colour for all the countries he has never visited than he is likely to find in any of them. Witness Merimée and his band. They duped their public like the vulgarest literary conjurors, and showed us that a trick will serve us instead of what we are pleased to call Nature. And the deception was but the result of our stupid hunger for the unusual. As if anything under the monotonous stars of an unchanging heaven can be unusual; and as if everything in this old and ugly world is not hideously familiar! The more varied our travels the more similar our experience. For, Rameau, our real ills are monotony and stupidity. Man resembles man, as rats resemble rats, only he is a good deal less interesting and more noxious. You have a fine head, and I have a mis-shapen one. Well, the same perplexities, needs, instincts, appetites, passions, and impulses agitate us, and explain our different actions, which, *au fond*, have no variety in them whatever. We change the symbols of our faiths, while these remain fundamentally the same, and we give our countries different names to represent the unchangeable miseries of humanity . . . .'

"Here you have the malady of

youth in its crisis. A *décadent* poet could not chant more lugubriously, though perhaps less intelligibly. The sick youth laments in the same irritable tone the vulgarity of the *madrileñas*, the exaggerated prowess of the gentlemen of the arena, exalts the patient and noble bulls, rails at the puny byplay of the picadors and at the silly enthusiasm of the spectators. He rushes distractedly from an inexpensive inn, where a band of merry rascals joined him and over wine sang the praises of the Fair. Praise of the eternal feminine he cannot stand. Poor wretch! Had he been Adam in the garden of Paradise, Eden would have ceased to be Eden upon the impertinent introduction of Eve. We find him complaining that he should have left a score of maundering youths in Paris doing dismal homage to the Sex, to drop upon a sillier band in Madrid hymning the everlasting subject. He protests the Spanish women, for all their eyes and arched feet, are untempting and insipid, like the rest. They are not the dolls of the North; they are the animals of the South. He confines his curiosity to Spanish literature, and is in pursuit of its apostle of Pessimism. 'I am taking lessons in Spanish,' he writes from another inn. 'I teach Russian to as poor a devil as myself, in exchange for his help in his own tongue. Between us we are making creditable progress. He is writing an article on the Russian novelists for a review that will pay him something like twopence a page. Yet he preserves his faith in literature! Mighty indeed is man's capacity for cherishing illusions. I advised him to break stones for a lucrative change, but he seems to doubt the value of the advice since I do not follow it myself. This is one of the things that prove man a rational being. We read Çastrès together. You have doubtless heard of Castrès, the poet of Spain, and said to be sufficiently sedative as regards the happy hopes of youth. Such is my Spaniard's description in reply to a question of mine upon his tendencies. I have inserted the phrase as a concession to the perverse taste for local colouring. The phrase paints the man; he lives upon onions and bread into the bargain, and dreams with a cigarette between his lips. This morning I went to see Castrès. . . . . I found the great man writing and smoking at the same time in a big sparsely furnished bedroom. He is low-sized and heavily built, with soft black eyes and a forest of hair round and about his sallow face. He looks as if he dined well and liked women. There is always something unctuous and fatuous about a man who likes women, which becomes intolerably accentuated if women should happen to like him too. The expression suggests a mixture of oil and sugar. We discussed the *Décadents* under their new name, and hardly appreciated the advantage of exchange, symbolism being no whit less empty and vapid; another demonstration of the worthlessness of novelty, since, however much we vary things, we end where we start, at the Unchangeable. Castrès agrees with me that Naturalism is dead; but what the devil, he asked, is going to take its place? Naturalism under a new name, I replied, which is only romance upside down. Whether we invent animals or angels, it matters little. It is romancing all the same, and only proves that one man likes *eau sucrée* and another likes *absinthe*. It is a concoction either way, and about as useful in one form as in the other. . . . Of Castrès the man I thought as indifferently as I did of Castrès the poet. I asked him how Pessimism stood in Spain, and who were its re-

presentatives. He shrugged, spat, and surveyed me dismissingly, and with his big soft eyes. . . . . "*Caramba!* I can't say I know much about it. But I believe it will never flourish here. We have too much sun, and life is, on the whole, easy enough for us. An hour of sunshine, a crust of bread and a bunch of grapes, or the taste of an onion and a lifted wine-skin upon the roadside, and there you have a Spaniard built and ready for love-making. What more does he want? And in a land where women are fair and facile, wherefore should he whine, and see black where God made blue? I have here a volume of poems just published by a young girl —Señorita Pilar Villafranca y Nuño. I have glanced through the volume, and I don't think you can ask for anything finer in the way of Pessimism. It is enough to make a sane man cut his throat, if he had not the good sense to pause beforehand, in distrust of the sincerity of the writer who could survive the proof-reading of such dismal stuff. It reminds me of what I have heard of Schopenhauer, who, after wrecking all our altars, could sit down and enjoy a heavy dinner. He despised none of the pleasures of life in practice, while decrying them all in theory. You'll probably find that this young woman dines heartily, and employs her evenings over her wedding-outfit, if she is not already married and nursing her first baby." I took the book away and read it with my poor devil that evening. You will not be surprised to learn that I found it very much superior to anything of Castrès' I have read. He might well sneer at her in self-preservation, that being the weapon the strong have ever preferred to use against the weak. It is bad enough to find real talent in a young woman, but absolute unbelief, the doctrine of complete negation! To find in this land of To-morrow, a feminine apostle of the *Nirvana*. . . . .''

"Ah," interrupted Gaston, "I was wondering what had become of the word."

"'A feminine apostle of the *Nirvana*,'" continued Rameau, with an expressive smile. "'Judge if masculine opinion in Spain would be indulgent. Even my poor devil, though no less struck than I with the poetry, found it much too strong for a woman. "But she is doubtless old, and then it matters less. The discontents and disappointments of old maidenhood have drifted her into deep learning and irreligion," he added by way of consolation. "Old or young," I exclaimed, "it is all one to me. For me she is a thinker, not a woman. And I am going straight off to her publisher, from whom I'll wrest her address, if need be, by reason of a thick stick."

"'The services of a stick were not required. My request was immediately complied with. I carried the lady's book in my hand, and was no doubt mistaken for a recent purchaser. My poet lives on the fourth floor in a very shabby house, in a very shabby street at the other end of Madrid. I deemed it wise to defer my visit until after dinner. It was half-past eight when I climbed the four flights, and stood on the landing, anxiously asking myself if I had made up my mind to ring. Had it not the air of an invasion? While I was yet debating the door opened, and an untidy-looking maid shot out into the passage. I captured her before the twilight of the stairs had swallowed her, and demanded to see the Señorita Pilar Villafranca y Nuño. I understood that it would not serve me in her eyes to give evidence of uncertainty or bashfulness. "She is inside; knock at the middle door and you'll find her," screamed the untidy maid, and in

another moment she was whirling down the stairs, and I was left to shut the hall-door and announce myself.

"'The house was tidier than the maid. I crossed a scrupulously clean hall and knocked at the middle door, as I had been directed. A low, deep voice shouted, *Come in!* While turning the handle gingerly, I thought to myself, the poor devil was right; only a woman of massive proportions and very advanced years could bellow that order. The scene that met my eyes was prettier than absolute conformity to my ideas demanded. In a neat little sitting-room, lit by a shaded lamp, were seated three persons; a stout Spanish woman engaged with a basket of stockings, a pale, thin young girl with melancholy eyes of an unusual intensity of gaze, and a small lad sitting at her feet, and reading aloud from a book they held together. The child had the girl's eyes, but while curiosity, belonging to his years, brightened their sombreness with the promise of surprise and laughter, hers held an expression of permanent sadness and soft untroubled gloom. It was superfluous information on the mother's part, in response to my mention of the poet's name, to indicate her daughter majestically, as if she wished it to be understood that she herself had no part in the production of matter so suspicious in a woman as poetry. I was on the brink of assuring her that nobody would ever deem her capable of such folly, and begging her to return to her stockings as occupation more appropriate than the entertainment of an admirer of the Muse she despised, when Pilar quietly said, "Be seated, sir." From that moment I took no further heed of the Señora Villafranca than if she had been the accommodating *dueña* of Spanish comedy, and I the unvirtuous, or noble but thwarted, lover who had bribed her. In ten minutes Pilar and I were talking as freely as if we had known one another from infancy; far more freely, possibly, for in the latter case we should long ago have talked ourselves to silence. How do these young girls manage to get hold of books, Rameau, when all the forces of domestic law are exercised to keep them apart? There is not a living Spanish or French writer with whom this child, barely out of her teens, is not acquainted. Her judgment may often be at fault,—whose is not, if backed by anything like originality? But to hear her discuss Naturalism! Castrès, puffing his eternal cigarette, walks you through *les lieux communs*, but this girl takes flights that fairly dazzle you. And then her Pessimism! The queer thing is that she has found it for herself, and Schopenhauer has nothing to do with it. For that matter, nobody living or dead seems to have had anything to do with the forming of her. She is essentially *primesautière*. You French do manage to hit upon excellent words; *primesautière* perfectly describes this Spanish maid. She is all herself, first of the mould, fresh, though so burdened with the century's malady. So young, and she believes in nothing—but nothing, Rameau! She hopes for nothing, for nothing! She plays with no emotions, feigns no poetic despairs, utters no paradoxes, and is simplicity itself in her gestures, expressions, and ideas. She calmly rejects all the pretty illusions of her sex, without a pang or regret, because her truth is above personal happiness.

"'We talked, we talked—talked till far into the night, while the fat mother slumbered noisily in her chair, and the little boy slept curled up at his sister's feet. Can you guess what first put it into my head to go? The smell of the lamp as the wick flickeringly lowered. "*Dios mio!*" cried Pilar, "it is close on two o'clock, and

we have been chattering while my mother sleeps comfortlessly in her chair, and my little brother is dreaming on the carpet instead of in his bed. Good night, sir; I must leave you and carry my baby to bed." She stooped and lifted the sleeping boy with her arms. Such bodily strength in one so frail much astonished me. I would have offered her help, but the little lad had already found a comfortable spot in the hollow of her neck, and with a cordial nod to me, she disappeared into the inner room. I had not expected this evidence of womanly tenderness from her, and the picture haunted me on my way down the dark staircase and through the dim starlit streets.'

"The extracts from the next letters are singularly characteristic," said Rameau, well pleased by our profound attention. "Krowtosky, upon his return to Paris, has taken a third-class ticket from Madrid to Bayonne. To the poet he has said his last farewell, and probably wears upon his heart her precious autograph. Not that Krowtosky is ostensibly sentimental. He rejects the notion of such folly, and if by chance he dropped into pretty fooling, be sure he would find a philosophical way out of the disgrace deservedly attached to such weakness. 'I am travelling to Bayonne,' he writes, 'and I will reach it to-morrow afternoon, but I am convinced that once there I shall straightway take the train back to Madrid. Odd, is it not? Yet I feel that I shall be compelled to return to that young girl. And this is not love, mark you, Rameau; not in the least. I know all about that. Did I not study it in the case of that young girl I met at Toulouse? Well, nothing I feel for Pilar in any way resembles the foolish sentiment her gestures and looks expressed. I am quite master of myself, and do not hang on any one's lips or glances; but I must see Pilar again. Do you know why I hesitated outside her door that first evening I called upon her? I had a presentiment, as I climbed up those stairs, that I should marry her. We may reject a faith in presentiments, but they shake us nevertheless. How slowly this train goes! The landscape, across which we speed in the leisurely movement of Spanish steam, is flat and ugly, an interminable view of cornfields. There is a wide-hatted priest in front of me with an open breviary in his hand. Perhaps I shall find myself craving service of one of his brothers some day. What an odd fellow I am, to be sure! I intend, oh certainly I intend, to take the Paris train to-morrow night from Bayonne, and as certainly I know I shall find myself on my way back to Madrid. And it cannot be for the pleasure of passing a couple of days and nights in a beastly third-class carriage, which is nothing better here than a cattle-pen. . . .'

"Of his reception by the poet, of his sentiments and wooing, he writes very sparingly. His great terror is that I should detect the lover where he insists there is only a philosopher. Philosophy took him from Madrid, and Philosophy brought him back within forty-eight hours. Philosophy sued, wooed, and won the Muse, and led him to his wedding-morn. While engaged in its service, he writes in this jocose strain the very evening of his marriage: 'This morning in a dark little church, in a dark little street of Madrid, we were married. Though neither of us believes in anything, we agreed to make the usual concession to conventional feeling and social law, and were married in the most legal and Christianlike fashion. Nothing was lacking,—neither rings nor signatures, nor church-bells nor church-fees, nor yet the excellent and venerable

fat priest, a degree uglier than myself, who obligingly made us one. While this ceremony was being performed, I could not forget the inconvenient fact that neither of us brought the other much in the shape of promise of future subsistence, not even hope, of which there is not a spark between us. This pre-occupation distracted me while the priest mumbled and sermonised, and a wicked little French couplet kept running through my head:

Un et un font deux, nombre heureux en galanterie,
Mais quand un et un font trois,—c'est diablerie!

Meanwhile the fat priest discoursed to my wife, most excellently, upon the duties and virtues of the true Christian spouse, to which discourse my wife lent an inattentive ear. Perhaps she also was thinking of the future,—somewhat tardily. My dear Rameau, have you ever reflected upon the amazing one-sidedness of religion on these occasions? Wives are eloquently exhorted to practise all the virtues, and not a word is flung at the husbands. It is something of course for us to learn, by the aid of the Church, that all the duty is on the other side, and that we have nothing to do but command, be worshipped, and fall foul of infidelity. The beautiful logic of man, and the profound pessimism of woman! She never rebels, but accepts all without hope of remedy. The real Pessimists are women. They admit the fact that everything is unalterable, evil without amelioration; everything is, and everything will remain to the end. Man occasionally rises up, and takes his oppressor by the throat, but woman never. There is a point at which his patience vanishes, but hers is inexhaustible. She is the soul and spirit and body of the malady only diagnosed this century. Conviction that suffering is her only heritage is hers before birth, and she placidly bends to the law of fate often without a murmur, always without the faintest instinct of revolt. Is she an idiot or an angel? The latter rebelled in Paradise; then she must be an idiot. Man is activity, she is inertia; that is why she yields so readily to his ruling. These are thoughts suitable to the marriage of two Pessimists. There will be on neither side revolt or stupid demands upon destiny. I am simply interested in the development of this strange union of the barbarous North and the barbarous South, and watch this unfamiliar person, my wife, placed in an enervating proximity by a queer social institution. I wonder if she will eventually prove explosive; meantime it is my privilege to kiss her. I have not mentioned it, but she has very sweet lips.'

"After this there is a long lapse of silence. I fear the delights of poor Krowtosky's honeymoon were soon enough disturbed by the grim question of ways and means. As I was only a fair-weather friend in default of the sympathetic confidant voyaging in distant waters, I imagine at this period the traveller must have returned, and received the rest of the journal so wantonly entrusted to me, or Krowtosky must have confided his troubles to his wife. When next I hear from from him, it is many months later, and he has just obtained a professorship in a dreary snow-bound place called Thorpfeld. From his description, it is evidently the very last place God Almighty bethought himself of making, and by that time all the materials of comfort, pleasure, and beauty had been exhausted. 'As Thorpfeld is not my birthplace,' writes Krowtosky, 'I may befoul it to my liking. It contains about seven thousand inhabitants, one poorer and more ignorant than another. What they can want with professors

and what the authorities are pleased to call a college, the wicked government under which we sweat and suffer and groan alone can tell. Six out of a hundred cannot read, and three of these can barely write. The less reason have they for a vestige of belief in man, the more fervent is their faith in their Creator. Nothing but anticipation of the long-delayed joys of Paradise can keep them from cutting their own and their neighbours' throats. They ought to begin with the professors and the rascally magistrates. As if snow and broken weather were not enough to harass these poor wretches in pursuit of a precarious livelihood, what little money the magistrates or the professors leave them is wrung from them by the popes. Even Pilar is demoralized by her surroundings. She has left off writing pessimistic poetry, and has betaken herself to Christian charity. 'Tisn't much we can do, for we have barely enough to live upon ourselves, but that little she manages to do somehow or other. These hearts of foolish women will ever make them traitor to their heads. I naturally growl when I find our sack of corn diminished in favour of a neighbour's hungry children, or return frost-bitten from the college to find no fire, and learn that my wife has carried a basket of fuel to a peasant dying up among snow-hills. She does not understand these people, and they do not understand her, but they divine her wish to share their wretchedness, her own being hardly less; and then she is a pretty young woman! Timon himself could hardly have spurned her. But where's her pessimism? Has it vanished with the sun and vines of her own bright land, or has it found a grave in the half-frozen breast of a strange Sister of Charity unknown to me and born of the sight of snow-clad misery such as in Spain is never dreamed of? You see, I am on the road to poetry instead of my poor changed young wife.

"'Last evening when I came home from a farmer's house, where I had stopped to warm myself with a couple of glasses of *vodka*, I found her shivering over the remaining sparks of a miserable fire. She looked so white and unhappy and alone, so completely the image of a stranger in a foreign land, to whom I, too, her husband, am a foreigner, that I asked myself, in serious apprehension, if I might not be destined to lose her in the coming crisis. "Pilar," I cried, "what ails thee?" And when she turned her head, I saw that she was crying silently. "I want my own land; I want the sun and vines of Spain, where at least the peasants have wine and sunshine in abundance whatever else they may lack!" I should think so, I grimly muttered, remembering that over there the mortar that built up the walls of a town was wet with wine instead of water, and that fields are sometimes moistened with last year's wine when the new is ready. Pilar is right, my friend. There is no poverty so sordid and awful as that of the cold North. But what could I do? I could not offer her the prospect of change. She was sobbing bitterly now, and I had no words of comfort for her. If only she had not forsaken her principles and her poetry! But the baby may rouse her when it comes. She has not smiled since we left Spain, poor girl. We must wait meanwhile; but, Rameau, it is very cold.'"

"Poor little woman! murmured Gaston. "I hardly know which is the worst fortune for her, her transplantation or her marriage with that maundering owl Krowtosky. Krowtosky married to a pretty Spanish poet! Ye gods, it is a cruel jest! There would have been some appro-

priateness in the laundress or the *grisette*, but a Spanish girl with arched feet and melancholy eyes! I vow the jade Destiny ought to have her neck wrung for it. Is there a Perseus among us to free this modern unhappy Andromeda?"

"Poor Krowtosky! he deserves a word too," I modestly ventured to suggest, touched by that little stroke, *It is very cold*, and his fear of losing his wife. "He is more human than he himself is aware, and we may be sorry for him too."

"Ah yes," assented Rameau, and he dropped an easy sigh. "If he is a bear, he is an honest bear. His next letter was just a note to announce the birth of a little girl and the well-being of the mother, which was followed by a more philosophical communication later, as soon as the gracious content of motherhood had fallen upon the young Spaniard. Relieved of his fears, he plunges once again into high speculation, and throws out queer suggestions as to the result of such conflicting elements in parentage as those contributed by Spain and Russia. He has found an occupation of vivid interest,—that of watching the development of his child, which he is convinced will turn out something very curious. Pilar, he adds, has so far recovered her old self as to have written a delicious little poem, which has just appeared in the Revista. It is over there, if any of you can read Spanish."

"And the baby is now dead," said Gaston.

"Dead, yes, poor mite! It had not time to show what the mingling of Spanish and Russian blood might mean. Krowtosky's letter was most pitiful. That I will not read to you; it affected me too deeply. It was the father there who wrote. Unconsciously the little creature had forced a way into his heart, and discovered it a very big and human heart despite his pessimism and philosophy. What hurt him most was the cruel hammering of nails into the baby's coffin, and the sound keeps haunting him through the long wakeful nights. Of the bereaved mother he says little. His mind is fixed on the empty cradle and the small fresh mound in the churchyard, whither he goes every day. I believe myself that it is the first time his heart has ever been stirred by passionate love, and now he speaks of never leaving Thorpfeld,—a place he has been moving heaven and earth to get away from the past six years."

"I promise you, Professor, that I'll never laugh at him again," said Gaston, very gravely. "There can be nothing absurd about a man who mourns a little child like that. Give me his address, and I'll write to him at once."

"It may be a distraction for him, and at any rate it will serve to show him that he is remembered in Paris," said Rameau, eager to comply with the request. We thanked the Professor for his story, with some surprise at the lateness of the hour. The door-bell rang, and the appearance of the servant with the evening letters arrested our departure. With a hand extended to the sobered St. Thomas, Rameau took the letters and glanced as he spoke at the top envelope, deeply edged with black. "*Tiens!* a letter from poor Krowtosky," he exclaimed. He broke the seal and read aloud: "My dear friend, I thank you for your kind words in my bereavement. But I am past consolation; I am alone now; my wife is dead, and my heart is broken."

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THE ETHICS OF TRANSLATION.

AMONG the distinctive features of our democratic days not the least striking is the widespread craving for superficial learning which has produced, and is still producing, such curious educational results. Never before has there been a generation at once so feverishly eager for knowledge and so desperately impatient of study; so intelligently interested in pursuing so vast a variety of subjects through the pages of a magazine article or a course of ten lectures, and no farther. The demand has naturally created the supply; and the condensed foods for which there is now so large a sale, the innumerable extracts and essences whose merits are gauged by the low price at which they may be obtained and the celerity with which they may be swallowed, find their parallel in the numerous popular devices for satisfying the hunger of the mind as cheaply and easily as possible. There are still those who hold that he who begins the Quest of Learning by such anxious insistence upon a short and comfortable route has altogether misconceived its nature and its aim; that no knowledge worthy the name was ever yet come by in such a temper as this. But they are in a minority; and whether they be right or wrong is not now the question. The matter is only referred to here because it is this significant union of indolence and curiosity that accounts, in great measure, for the remarkable increase in the number of translations which find their way to the shelves of our circulating libraries. We are keen to know something of foreign literatures; we have no time to spend in learning foreign languages; there is only one way out of the difficulty.

This attempt to roll from our island the reproach of being insular would be a fairer subject for congratulation than it is, were it not for the opinion prevalent among us that translation is easy work, requiring no particular literary ability, or indeed particular ability of any kind. The translator is reported to be badly paid by the publisher, and this, to the general reader, naturally suggests inferiority in the nature of his wares. He is generally ranked among the unskilled workmen who hang about the market-place of literature and are glad of odd jobs.

If this low estimate of the translator's services were confined to the general reader it would matter comparatively little; but it is unfortunately too often shared by the translator himself. There are, of course, conspicuous exceptions; but for the most part the industrious writers who "do into English" much of the continental fiction read in this country, would themselves readily disclaim any

very close resemblance to Goethe's noble portrait of the "interpreter of the nations," whose office, "whatever may be said of the inadequacy of translation, is and remains one of the greatest dignity and importance." With the dignity of their office they are not concerned: they are ignorant of its importance; and the result is that foreign authors are constantly presented to us in a garb so slovenly, that no company that was not serenely indifferent to the quality of literary workmanship would admit them at all. Those who have given their attention to this matter have sometimes wondered why in so benevolent a world no one has yet attempted to organise a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Foreign Authors. These persons do not indeed always belong to the class described by philanthropists as deserving; yet the wrongs inflicted on them, and the innocent helplessness of their attitude, should surely appeal to some generous soul. We may quote in illustration two or three passages selected at random from a current English version of one of Georges Ohnet's novels; not because it is much worse than many others of its kind, but because it is nearly as good.

Ce fut pour Lucie la soirée décisive. Elle plut non seulement à ceux qui n'avaient aucune propension à la traiter favorablement, mais encore à celui qui avait été appelé pour la juger en dernier ressort.

The evening was a decisive one for Lucie; she not only succeeded in pleasing those who were in no way prepossessed in her favour, but also him who, as it were, had been convened to judge finally.

C'était sans être payé de retour qu'il s'acharnait à aimer quand l'amour était criminel!

He was persistently indulging in a passion not only unrequited but unhallowed besides!

Il se dirigeat vers le pont de Dives.

He took straight for the Dives Bridge.

Est-ce que le comte a quarante ans? Parfaitement; il vient de les avoir.

Is the Count forty? Perfectly, just turned.

Il eut la pudeur de sa souffrance.

His sufferings were too chaste, maybe too shamefaced for words.

Après un séjour d'une semaine à Grey House et un massacre comme il n'en avait pas encore vu.

After a week's stay at Grey House and of partridge shooting like he had never witnessed.

Il va nous tenir compagnie, à Madame de J. et à moi.

He will keep us company, Madame de J. and I.

Il suivit l'allée d'un pas lent et la tête basse.

He walked slowly up the garden, his head reclining on his breast.

Sa femme était debout, immobile . . . et sans voix mais exprimant l'horreur . . . par tout son être, soulevé et pourtant inerte.

His wife was standing rigid . . . and speechless but with horror written . . . in every limb of her body, morally upheaved, physically inert.

Is not this enough to "morally upheave" any novelist? We do not admire M. Ohnet's writings: we fail to see any reason why the novel in question should have been translated at all; but we none the less feel for the unfortunate foreigner who is the victim of these indignities. The difficulty our neighbours find in mastering our language has often been deplored on the ground that it contributes to a lack of international comprehension and friendliness; but it certainly has some advantages. We doubt if M. Ohnet would think the more kindly of us for knowing English.

We have not been able to discover any generally accepted canons of the translator's art. Great men have touched upon the subject, but their utterances bear the character of casual suggestion rather than of serious exposition. Roger Bacon's views are admirable, and in a sense he covers the whole ground when he pronounces it necessary for every translator to understand three things,—his subject and the two languages from which and

into which he is translating.[1] But he abandons the topic too soon. The translator who lightheartedly undertook (according to Bacon) to translate Aristotle without knowing anything worth mentioning either of Greek or of philosophy, could not have been a morbidly conscientious person. And even when he emerges from medieval gloom into the broader day of the Renaissance, he is still a little wanting in respect for his original. He draws no very fine distinctions between translating and adapting; he thought more of edifying his readers than of being loyal to his author; he constantly cherished what Pope calls "the chimerical insolent hope" of improving him. Yet none the less we must recognise that the results he achieved are among the glories of the sixteenth century. It has seldom fallen to the lot of any man to bequeath to his country so costly a legacy as Luther did in his Bible; and we can understand, even while we lament, the superstitious reverence which so sadly frustrated the recent attempt at a revision of this great version. But Luther himself was not trammelled by any such sentiment for his text. He does not scruple, for instance, to substitute *limes* and *beeches* for *poplars* and *terebinths* in such passages as Hosea iv. 13 and Isaiah vi. 13, not because he had any reason to suppose the prophets alluded to these trees; but because German people were more familiar with them than with those mentioned in the original. The same motive probably accounts for his Ark being made of pine wood and his Tabernacle of fir, and for the introduction into the sombre landscape of desolated Edom (Isaiah xxxiv. 14) of the grotesque and very German Kobold in place of those dim terrors, the Hebrew Lilith and the Lamia of the Vulgate.

[1] Opus Majus, De Utilitate Grammaticæ.

Lord Berners's translation of Froissart's Chronicles, to turn from sacred things to profane, is another example of a version so bright and vigorous, so brimful of the spirit of the original, that to dwell upon mere verbal inaccuracies seems ungrateful carping. But a new edition of this old English classic (as, without offending French susceptibilities, we may perhaps be permitted to call it) has been so lately published that our readers need have no difficulty in testing his lordship's capacities for themselves.[1]

But while in this as in every other craft we admit the right of the master to be in some sort a law to himself, this easy treatment of the text is by no means to be freely commended. And if the beneficent society which we have imagined were actually in existence, among the duties that it would no doubt enjoin upon the translator faithfulness to the original would probably stand first.

Like many other moral precepts this one of faithfulness cannot be practised without a good deal of what may be called mechanical support. The translator may be well equipped in honesty and self-denial for the task; he may be ready to efface himself and his own views in order that his author shall stand forth unobscured. But he for whom these sacrifices are made will have little to thank him for if the translator's first technical qualification is wanting; we mean a knowledge of his own language.

Every one who has watched a schoolboy wrestling with his allotted portion of Le Blocus, is aware that the difficulty consists less in making out the meaning of the French than in discovering an English equivalent for it. Long after the sense of the

[1] The Chronicles of Froissart, *translated by John Bourchier, Lord Berners*; edited and reduced into one volume by G. C. Macaulay. Globe Edition, Macmillan & Co., 1895.

phrase has been found with the aid of a dictionary, the boy will be feeling about helplessly for the English turn of the sentence which no dictionary gives him. Consider, again, how many cultivated people there are who can read a French or German novel to themselves with pleasure, who would be alarmed at the idea of reading the same story aloud in English without preparation. The everyday vocabulary of the average Englishman is far too limited to meet such calls upon it as are involved in the transfer of ideas and idioms from one tongue to another; and the translator's worst errors are in fact due, not to ignorance of the foreign language, but to inability to handle his own. It is this that leads him into the most grievous offence that a translator can commit, the sin of being literal; of being, that is to say, at once inaccurate and ineffective, unjust to the author and hopelessly fatiguing to the reader. To this, too, we must ascribe the exasperating practice of transferring foreign words direct into the English version. It may be assumed that we resort to a translation because we cannot readily follow the language of the original; is it then reasonable to credit us with sufficient penetration to interpret at a glance the most un-English word on the page?

If we ask how this necessary command of language is to be acquired, we shall find that there is only one road to it. By dint of translating one becomes a translator. The close and analytical study of good translations, either from or into English, is of very great service; and so is the reading of some familiar book in a tongue not quite so familiar. But this is only another way of saying that the relative value of words can only be learned by the continual handling of them; and in theory, at least, we all know this very well.

It is to be regretted that so few teachers of modern languages seem capable of imparting a working knowledge of this branch of their subject. The failure is often due to the fact that the teacher is a foreigner, and imperfectly acquainted with the tongue of his scholars, who thereby miss, perhaps, the best opportunity they will ever have of developing their powers of precise and graceful expression.

The difficulty naturally increases with the distance dividing the languages with which the translator is dealing. It is easier for an Englishman to succeed with German or Scandinavian than with French or Russian. For our own part we confess to having no Russian, but we are led to this conclusion by observing that many people find Russian writers very hard reading in English. The linguistic gulf between the Slav and the Saxon seems too wide to be bridged unless by exceptionally gifted experts. The Frenchman, by virtue, perhaps, of his wider literary sympathy, is here infinitely more successful.

This brings us to the translator's second requisite, which we take to be sympathy. His attitude need not be invariably and entirely devout, but if he himself is not in touch with his author he will hardly succeed in putting him in touch with the public. He will be tame and cold; correct, perhaps, but never inspiring, and not always even correct. For "in everything," says M. Bourget, "sympathy is the one thing needful." Apart from it we rarely meet with that fine insight into a writer's mind that sometimes does more to illumine an obscure passage than the highest linguistic attainments. The translator is not necessarily the commentator or the critic. "What does he say?" is the question that immediately concerns him, not "What does he mean?" But the first can seldom be answered without

reference to the second; and no translation is more misleading than that which occupies itself merely with the writer's mode of expression, and fails to take account of his mode of thought.

We have said that the province of the translator is not that of the critic; yet some critical instinct he must possess, and that of no mean order, if he is to solve aright the disputed point as to how much of the physiognomy of the original ought to be preserved. When a reviewer says of a work translated from the Hungarian, that it reads as if it had been originally written in English, is he drawing attention to a merit or to a defect? The phrase probably only implies that the translator's English is smooth and easy; if it means more than this, it certainly does not convey an unmixed commendation. For nation is divided from nation by lines deeper than those that geography and politics have drawn; and the difference between one language and another is not merely one of syntax and vocabulary, but of sentiment and flavour, of force and range. To obliterate the characteristics of the original form so completely that its foreign birth may be overlooked, may be a proof of literary ingenuity, but it is not good translating.

Finally, it is well for the translator to recognise his limits. All literature is not his province. "A bishop said once to me," writes Roger Ascham in THE SCHOOLMASTER, "'We have no need now of the Greek tongue when all things be translated into Latin.' But the good man understood not that even the best translation is for mere necessity but an evil-imped wing to fly withal, or a heavy stump leg to go withal. Such, the higher they fly, the sooner they falter and fail; the faster they run, the ofter they stumble, and the sorer they fall." Without wholly accepting this brusque and contemptuous verdict, we may agree with Ascham that it is wiser for the translator not to attempt too high a flight. There are writers whom it is impossible to render adequately into another language; and to this class the poets, with hardly an exception, belong.

Here we are conscious of treading on debatable ground, and there are great names to be quoted against us. But although a good translation of a foreign poet has certainly its uses, we cannot admit that an adequate representation of the original is ever to be reckoned among them. A poet translating a poet does, no doubt, achieve a measure of success; but it is as poet rather than as translator that he succeeds. In Pope's Iliad and in Shelley's Prologue to Faust, it is the genius of Pope and Shelley that confronts us, rather than that of Homer or Goethe; the translator's personality is too powerful to be hidden; it haunts us at every turn. It is difficult to detach any writer, it is impossible to detach the poet from the terms he uses; the tampering with "the musical value and relation of words" (the phrase we think is Scherer's) inseparable from the process of translation, must fatally affect such essentials of poetry as rhythm and cadence, and the inevitableness of word and phrase. The man who could discover an equivalent in any tongue for Milton's "liquid lapse of murmuring streams," would certainly be a poet; but even then his poetry would not be Milton's. The study of a good foreign version of one of Shakespeare's plays will be found a useful argument; it is interesting, it is accurate, it is a conscientious, and in some places an impressive reproduction of the scenes and sentiments that go to make up the play; but how far is it from Shakespeare! Turn but to Othello's words. "But yet the pity of it, Iago!"

One cannot say that "Aber doch ist es Schade, Iago!" is not a fair rendering, but the intolerable anguish of the speaker's soul no longer pierces the sentence through and through. We have lost, perhaps only by a hairsbreadth, that cry of immortal pain.

There are prose-writers who for the same reason are best left alone, writers whose style has a grace as subtle as the delicate odour of some rare essence that escapes if it be poured from one vessel to another. Pierre Loti, for example, in English is not Loti at all.

It may be argued that were this opinion to become general a great many people would be deprived of any share in some of the masterpieces of literature. They would know nothing of the DIVINE COMEDY; to them Béranger would be as Beowulf. But what is to be done? The most ingenious social reformer has yet to discover a means whereby whatever advantage may be derived from intellectual attainments shall be equally shared between those who have them, and those who have them not; and in the meantime, since we cannot believe that the translation of poetry will carry us very far in this direction, we see nothing for it but to accept the situation and to console ourselves by reading our own poets more diligently than we do. The expression of this opinion, however, need not alarm those who do not agree with it; for, as we are well aware, no argument that can be framed will deter the born translator from the task to which he feels called. It is unfortunate that the most impossible lyrics are the poems which he is specially inspired to attack; but that is not his fault. He can no more refrain from turning Horace and Heine into English verse than Sindbad and his companions could refrain from approaching the wreck-strewn shores of the Mountain of Loadstone. Some unholy attraction of the same kind seems also to draw men to FAUST; there is no other way of accounting for the large number of people who persist in translating that work into English, when the number of those who are impatient to read it in this tongue is so small. Of all the Faust-mysteries, this is not the least profound.

MOLL CUTPURSE.

THE most illustrious woman of an illustrious age, Moll Cutpurse, has never lacked the recognition due to her genius. She was scarce of age when the town devoured in greedy admiration the first record of her pranks and exploits. A year later Middleton made her the heroine of a sparkling comedy. Thereafter she became the favourite of the rufflers, the commonplace of the poets. Newgate knew her, and Fleet Street; her manly figure was as familiar in the Bear-Garden as at the Devil Tavern; courted alike by the thief and his victim, for fifty years she lived a life brilliant as sunlight, many-coloured as a rainbow. And she is remembered, after the lapse of centuries, not only as the Queen Regent of Misrule, the benevolent tyrant of cly-filers and heavers, of hacks and blades, but as the incomparable Roaring Girl, free of the play-house, who perchance presided with Ben Jonson over the Parliament of Wits.

She was born in the Barbican at the heyday of England's greatness, four years after the glorious defeat of the Armada, and had to her father an honest shoemaker. She came into the world (saith rumour) with her fist doubled, and even in the cradle gave proof of a boyish, boisterous disposition. Her girlhood, if the word be not an affront to her mannish character, was as tempestuous as a wind-blown petticoat. A very "tomrig and rump-scuttle," she knew only the sports of boys: her warlike spirit counted no excuse too slight for a battle; and so valiant a lad was she of her hands, so well skilled in cudgel-play, that none ever wrested a victory from fighting Moll. While other girls were content to hem a kerchief or mark a sampler, Moll would escape to the Bear Garden, and there enjoy the sport of baiting, whose loyal patron she remained unto the end. That which most bitterly affronted her was the magpie talk of the wenches. "Why," she would ask in a fury of indignation, "why crouch over the fire with a pack of gossips, when the highway invites you to romance? Why finger a distaff, when a quarterstaff comes more aptly to your hand?" And thus she grew in age and stature, a stranger to the soft delights of her sex, her heart still deaf to the trivial voice of love. Had not a wayward accident cumbered her with a kirtle, she would have sought death or glory in the wars; she would have gone with Colonel Downe's men upon the road; she would have sailed to the Spanish Main for pieces of eight. But the tyranny of womanhood was as yet supreme, and the honest shoemaker, ignorant of his daughter's talent, bade her take service at a respectable saddler's, and thus suppress the frowardness of her passion. Her rebellion was instant. Never would she abandon the sword and the wrestling-booth for the harm-

Note.—For the benefit of the uninitiated we append a glossary of the terms in use among the various professions patronised by Moll and her friends. *Rufflers*, notorious rogues. *Cly-filers, Divers*, pickpockets. *Heavers*, stealers of tradesmen's books. *Hacks, Blades, Rumpads*, highwaymen. *File*, the pickpocket. *Bung*, the purse. *Rub*, the runner. *Fence*, a receiver of stolen goods. *Purchases*, stolen goods. *To pinch*, to steal. *Prigs*, thieves. *Garnish*, the footing paid by prisoners on first coming in.

less bodkin and the hearthstone of domesticity. Thereafter, being absolute in refusal, she was kidnapped by her friends and sent on board a ship, bound for Virginia and slavery. There, in the dearth of womankind, even so sturdy a wench as Moll might have found a master; but the enterprise was little to her taste, and, always resourceful, she escaped from shipboard before the captain had weighed his anchor. Henceforth she resolved her life should be free and chainless as the winds. Never more should needle and thread tempt her to a womanish inactivity. As Hercules, whose counterpart she was, changed his club for the distaff of Omphale, so would she put off the wimple and bodice of her sex for jerkin and galligaskins. If she could not allure manhood, then would she brave it. And though she might not cross swords with her country's foes, at least she might levy tribute upon the unjustly rich, and confront an enemy wherever there was a full pocket.

Her entrance into a gang of thieves was beset by no difficulty. The Bear-Garden, always her favourite resort, had made her acquainted with all the divers and rumpads of the town. The time, moreover, was favourable to enterprise, and once again was genius born into a golden age. The cutting of purses was an art brought to perfection, and already the more elegant practice of picking pockets was understood. The transition gave scope for endless ingenuity, and Moll was not slow in mastering the theory of either craft. It was a changing fashion of dress which forced a new tactic upon the thief; the pocket was invented, maybe, because the hanging purse was too easy a prey for the thievish scissors. But no sooner did the world conceal its wealth in pockets than the cly-filer was born to extract the booty with his long, nimble fingers. And the trick was managed with an admirable forethought, which has been a constant example to after ages. The file was always accompanied by a bulk, whose duty it was to jostle and distract the victim while his pockets were rifled. The bung, or what not, was rapidly passed on to the attendant rub, who scurried off before the cry of *Stop thief!* could be raised. Thus was the craft of thieving practised when Moll was enrolled a humble member of the gang. Yet nature had not endowed her with the qualities which ensure an active triumph. "The best signs and marks of a happy, industrious hand," wrote the hoyden, "is a long middle finger, equally suited with that they call the fool's or first finger." Now, though she was never a clumsy jade, the practice of sword-play and quarterstaff had not refined the industry of her hands, which were the rather framed for strength than for delicacy. So that though she served a willing apprenticeship, and eagerly shared the risks of her chosen trade, the fear of Newgate and Tyburn weighed heavily upon her spirit, and she cast about her for a method of escape. But avoiding the danger of discovery, she was loth to forego her just profit, and hoped that intelligence might atone for her sturdy, inactive fingers. Already she had endeared herself to the gang by unnumbered acts of kindness and generosity; already her inflexible justice had made her umpire in many a difficult dispute. If a rascal could be bought off at the gallows' foot, there was Moll with an open purse; and so speedily did she penetrate all the secrets of thievish policy, that her counsel and comfort were soon indispensable. Here, then, was her opportunity. Always a diplomatist rather than a general, she gave up the battle-field

for the council-chamber. She planned the robberies which defter hands achieved; and, turning herself from cly-filer to fence, she received and changed to money all the watches and trinkets stolen by the gang. Were a citizen robbed upon the highway, he straightway betook himself to Moll, and his property was presently returned him at a handsome price. Her house, in short, became a brokery. Hither the blades and divers brought their purchases, and sought the ransom; hither came the outraged victims to buy again the jewels and rings which thievish fingers had pinched. With prosperity her method improved, until at last her statesmanship controlled the remotest details of the craft. Did one of her gang get to work overnight and carry off a wealthy swag, she had due intelligence of the affair betimes next morning, so that, furnished with an inventory of the booty, she might make a just division, or be prepared for the advent of the rightful owner. Thus she gained a complete ascendency over her fellows. And once her position was assured, she came forth a pitiless autocrat. Henceforth the gang existed for her pleasure, not she for the gang's; and she was as urgent to punish insubordination as is an empress to avenge the heinous sin of treason. The pickpocket who had claimed her protection knew no more the delight of freedom. If he dared conceal the booty that was his, he had an enemy more powerful than the law, and many a time did contumacy pay the last penalty at the gallows. But the faithful also had their reward, for Moll never deserted a comrade, and while she lived in perfect safety herself she knew well how to contrive the safety of others. Nor was she content merely to discharge those duties of the fence for which an instinct of statecraft designed her. Her restless brain seethed with plans of plunder, and if her hands were idle it was her direction that emptied half the pockets in London. Having drilled her army of divers to an unparalleled activity, she cast about for some fresh method of warfare, and thus enrolled a regiment of heavers, who would lurk at the mercers' doors for an opportunity to carry off ledgers and account-books. The price of redemption was fixed by Moll herself, and until the mercers were aroused by frequent losses to a quicker vigilance, the trade was profitably secure.

Meanwhile new clients were ever seeking her aid, and, already empress of the thieves, she presently aspired to the friendship and patronage of the highwaymen. Though she did not dispose of their booty, she was appointed their banker, and vast was the treasure entrusted to the coffers of honest Moll. Now, it was her pride to keep only the best company, for she hated stupidity worse than a clumsy hand, and they were men of wit and spirit who frequented her house. Thither came the famous Captain Hind, the Regicides' inveterate enemy, whose lofty achievements Moll, with an amiable extravagance, was wont to claim for her own. Thither came the still more notorious Mull Sack, who once emptied Cromwell's pocket on the Mall, and whose courage was as formidable as his rough-edged tongue. Another favourite was the ingenious Crowder, whose humour it was to take the road habited like a bishop, and who surprised the victims of his greed with ghostly counsel. Thus it was a merry party that assembled in the lady's parlour, loyal to the memory of the martyred King, and quick to fling back an offending pleasantry. But the house in Fleet Street was a refuge as well as a resort, the sanc-

tuary of a hundred rascals whose misdeeds were not too flagrantly discovered. For, while Moll always allowed discretion to govern her conduct, while she would risk no present security for a vague promise of advantages to come, her secret influence in Newgate made her more powerful than the hangman and the whole bench of judges. There was no turnkey who was not her devoted servitor, but it was the clerk of Newgate to whom she and her family were most deeply beholden. This was one Ralph Briscoe, as pretty a fellow as ever deserted the law for a bull-baiting. Though wizened and clerkly in appearance, he was of a high stomach; and Moll was heard to declare that had she not been sworn to celibacy, she would have cast an eye upon the faithful Ralph, who was obedient to her behests whether at a Gaol-Delivery or Bear-Garden. For her he would pack a jury or get a reprieve; for him she would bait a bull with the fiercest dogs in London. Why then should she fear the law, when the clerk of Newgate and Gregory the hangman fought upon her side?

For others the arbiter of life and death, she was only thrice in an unexampled career confronted with the law. Her first occasion of arrest was so paltry that it brought discredit only on the constable. This jack-in-office, a very Dogberry, encountered Moll returning down Ludgate Hill from some merrymaking, a lanthorn carried pompously before her. Startled by her attire he questioned her closely, and receiving insult for answer, promptly carried her to the Round House. The customary garnish made her free of the prison, and next morning a brief interview with the Lord Mayor restored Moll to liberty but not to forgetfulness. She had yet to wreak her vengeance upon the constable for a monstrous affront, and hearing presently that he had a rich uncle in Shropshire, she killed the old gentleman (in imagination) and made the constable his heir. Instantly a retainer, in the true garb and accent of the country, carried the news to Dogberry, and sent him off to Ludlow on the costliest of fool's errands. He purchased a horse and set forth joyously as became a man of property, but he limped home, broken in purse and spirit, the hapless object of ridicule and contempt. Perhaps he guessed the author of this sprightly outrage; but Moll, for her part, was far too finished a humorist to reveal the truth, and hereafter she was content to swell the jesting chorus. Her second encounter with justice was no mere pleasantry, and it was only her marvellous generalship that snatched her career from untimely ruin and herself from the clutch of Master Gregory. Two of her emissaries had encountered a farmer in Chancery Lane. They spoke with him first at Smithfield, and knew that his pocket was well lined with bank-notes. An improvised quarrel at a tavern-door threw the farmer off his guard, and though he defended the money, his watch was snatched from his fob and duly carried to Moll. The next day the victim, anxious to repurchase his watch, repaired to Fleet Street, where Moll generously promised to recover the stolen property. But unhappily security had encouraged recklessness, and as the farmer turned to leave he espied his own watch hanging with other trinkets upon the wall. With a rare discretion he held his peace until he had called a constable to his aid, and this time the Roaring Girl was lodged in Newgate, with an ugly crime laid to her charge. Committed for trial, she demanded that the watch should be left in the constable's keeping, and, pleading not guilty when the

sessions came round, insisted that her watch and the farmer's were not the same. The farmer, anxious to acknowledge his property, demanded the constable to deliver the watch, that it might be sworn to in open court; but when the constable put his hand to his pocket the only piece of damning evidence had vanished, stolen by the nimble fingers of one of Moll's officers. Thus with admirable trickery and a perfect sense of dramatic effect she contrived her escape, and never again ran the risk of a sudden discovery. For experience brought caution in its train, and though this wiliest of fences lived almost within the shadow of Newgate, though she was as familiar in the prison yard as at the Globe Tavern, her nightly resort, she obeyed the rules of life and law with so precise an exactitude that suspicion could never fasten upon her. Her kingdom was midway between robbery and justice. And as she controlled the mystery of thieving so, in reality, she meted out punishment to the evil-doer. Honest citizens were robbed with small risk to life or property. For Moll always frowned upon violence, and was ever ready to restore the booty for a fair ransom. And the thieves, driven by discipline to a certain humanity, plied their trade with an obedience and orderliness hitherto unknown. Moll's then was no mean achievement. But her career was not circumscribed by her trade, and the Roaring Girl, the dare-devil companion of the wits and bloods, enjoyed a fame no less glorious than the Queen of Thieves.

"Enter Moll in a frieze jerkin and a black safeguard." Thus in the old comedy she comes upon the stage; and truly it was by her clothes that she was first notorious. By accident a woman, by habit a man, she must needs invent a costume proper to her pursuits. But she was no shrieking reformer, no fanatic spying regeneration in a pair of breeches. Only in her attire she showed her wit; and she went to a bull-baiting in such a dress as well became her favourite sport. She was not of those who "walk in spurs but never ride." The jerkin, the doublet, the galligaskins were put on to serve the practical purposes of life, not to attract the policeman or the spinster. And when a petticoat spread its ample folds beneath the doublet, not only was her array handsome, but it symbolised the career of one who was neither man nor woman, and yet both. After a while, however, the petticoat seemed too tame for her stalwart temper, and she exchanged it for the great Dutch slop, habited in which unseemly garment she is pictured in the ancient prints. Up and down the town she romped and scolded, earning the name which Middleton gave her in her green girlhood. "She has the spirit of four great parishes," says the wit in the comedy, "and a voice that will drown all the city." But she was no mere braggart, and knew well how to carry her threats into action. If a gallant stood in the way she drew upon him in an instant, and he must be a clever swordsman to hold his ground against the tomboy who had laid low the German fencer himself. A good fellow always, she had ever a merry word for the passer-by, and so sharp was her tongue that none ever put a trick upon her. Not to know Moll was to be inglorious, and she "slipped from one company to another like a fat eel between a Dutchman's fingers." Now at Parker's Ordinary, now at the Bear-Garden, she frequented only the haunts of men, and not until old age came upon her did she endure patiently the presence of women. Her voice and speech were suited

to the galligaskin. She was a true disciple of Maître François, hating nothing so much as mincing obscenity, and if she flavoured her discourse with many a blasphemous quip, the blasphemy was "not so malicious as customary." Like the blood she was, she loved good ale and wine; and she regarded it among her proudest titles to renown that she was the first of women to smoke tobacco. Many was the pound of best Virginian that she bought of Mistress Gallipot, and the pipe, with monkey, dog, and eagle, is her constant emblem. Her antic attire, the fearless courage of her pranks, now and again involved her in disgrace or even jeopardised her freedom; but her unchanging gaiety made light of disaster, and still she laughed and rollicked in defiance of prude and pedant.

Her companion in many a fantastical adventure was Banks, the Vintner of Cheapside, that same Banks who taught his horse to dance and shod him with silver. Now once upon a time a right witty sport was devised between them. The Vintner bet Moll £20 that she would not ride from Charing Cross to Shoreditch astraddle on horseback, in breeches and doublet, boots and spurs. The hoyden took him up in a moment, and added of her own devilry a trumpet and banner. She set out from Charing Cross bravely enough, and a trumpeter being an unwonted spectacle, the eyes of all the town were clapped upon her. Yet none knew her until she reached Bishopsgate, where an orange-wench set up the cry, "Moll Cutpurse on horseback!" Instantly the cavalier was surrounded by a noisy mob. Some would have torn her from the saddle for an imagined insult upon womanhood, others, more wisely minded, laughed at the prank with good-humoured merriment. But every minute the throng grew denser and it had fared hardly with roystering Moll, had not a wedding and the arrest of a debtor presently distracted the gaping idlers. As the mob turned to gaze at the fresh wonder, she spurred her horse until she gained Newington by an unfrequented lane. There she waited until night should cover her progress to Shoreditch, and thus peacefully she returned home to lighten the Vintner's pocket of twenty pounds. But the fame of the adventure spread abroad, and that the scandal should not be repeated Moll was summoned before the Court of Arches to answer a charge of appearing publicly in mannish apparel. The august tribunal had no terror for her, and she received her sentence to do penance in a white sheet at Paul's Cross during morning-service on a Sunday with an audacious contempt. "They might as well have shamed a black dog as me," she proudly exclaimed; and why should she dread the white sheet, when all the spectators looked with a lenient eye upon her professed discomfiture? For a halfpenny, said she, she would have travelled to every market-town of England in the guise of a penitent, and having tippled off three quarts of sack she swaggered to Paul's Cross in the maddest of humours. But not all the courts on earth could lengthen her petticoat, or contract the Dutch slop by a single fold. For a while, perhaps, she chastened her costume, yet she soon reverted to the ancient mode, and to her dying day went habited as a man.

As bear-baiting was the passion of her life, so she was scrupulous in the care and training of her dogs. She gave them each a trundle-bed, wrapping them from the cold in sheets and blankets, while their food would not

have dishonoured a gentleman's table. Parrots, too, gave a sense of colour and companionship to her house; and it was in this love of pets, and her devotion to cleanliness, that she showed a trace of dormant womanhood. Abroad a ribald and a scold, at home she was the neatest of housewives, and her parlour, with its mirrors and its manifold ornaments, was the envy of the neighbours. Thus her trade flourished, and she lived a life of comfort, of plenty even, until the Civil War threw her out of work. When an unnatural conflict set the whole country at loggerheads, what occasion was there for the honest prig? And it is not surprising that, like all the gentlemen adventurers of the age, Moll remained most stubbornly loyal to the King's cause. She made the conduit in Fleet Street run with wine when Charles came to London in 1638; and it was her amiable pleasantry to give the name of Strafford to a clever, cunning bull, and to dub the dogs that assailed him Pym, Hampden, and the rest; and right heartily did she applaud the courage of Strafford as he threw off his unwary assailants. So long as the quarrel lasted, she was compelled to follow a profession more ancient than the fence's; for there is one passion which war itself cannot extinguish. But once the King had laid his head "down as upon a bed," once the Protector had proclaimed his supremacy, the industry of the road revived; and there was not a single diver or rumpad that did not declare eternal war upon the black-hearted regicides. With a laudable devotion to her chosen cause, Moll despatched the most experienced of her gang to rob Lady Fairfax on her way to church; and there is a tradition that the Roaring Girl, hearing that Fairfax would pass by Hounslow, rode forth to meet him, and with her own voice bade him stand and deliver. One would like to believe it; yet it is scarce credible. If Fairfax had spent the balance of an ignominious career in being plundered by a band of loyal brigands, he would not have had time to justify the innumerable legends of pockets emptied and pistols levelled at his head. Moreover, Moll herself was laden with years, and she had always preferred the council-chamber to the battle-field. But it is certain that, with Captain Hind and Mull Sack to aid, she schemed many a clever plot against the Roundheads, and nobly she played her part in avenging the martyred King.

Thus she declined into old age, attended, like Queen Mary, by her maids, who would card, reel, spin, and beguile her leisure with sweet singing. Though her spirit was untamed, the burden of her years compelled her to a tranquil life. She, who formerly never missed a bull-baiting, must now content herself with tick-tack. Her fortune, besides, had been wrecked in the Civil War. Though silver shells still jingled in her pocket, time was she knew the rattle of the yellow boys. But she never lost courage, and died at last of a dropsy, in placid contentment with her lot. Assuredly she was born at a time well suited to her genius. Had she lived to-day, she might have been a "Pioneer"; she might even have discussed some paltry problem of sex in a printed obscenity. In her own freer, wiser age, she was not man's detractor, but his rival; and if she never knew the passion of love, she was always loyal to the obligation of friendship. By her will she left twenty pounds to celebrate the Second Charles's restoration to his kingdom; and you contemplate her career with the single regret that she died a brief year before the red wine, thus generously bestowed, bubbled at the fountain.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

VI.

WHEN we were boys, the season of the year which promised the most glorious possibilities was that inclement time of mid-winter in which it was likely that we might be blessed by a heavy fall of snow. The cold weather drives most wild things nearer the haunts of man and the crumbs thrown, in charity, from his window and the scraps, in carelessness, from his back-door. The big woods then are but skeletons, save for the perennial foliage of an occasional fir. The wealth of their leafage is stripped, and the birds find better covert in those great fences of the western counties where the yellow grasses make a tangle with the bare limbs of thorn and hazel and bramble.

At such a season each sheltered nook of the hedge-banks, where the overhanging grass gave some sort of a shelter from the east wind, would be occupied by a field-fare or red-wing feebly scratching where the soil was least frostbound, feebly flying thence with stiff wings over the snow, soon to return to the sheltering bank, and again to be hunted forth. In a hard winter we would kill many, would find many dead already, without any effort of ours, dead of cold and of lack of food. How was food to be got by these creatures with their soft bills, when all the world was iron-bound in frost beneath a coverlet of snow? Then, too, it was that we might hope to track to its form a rabbit, and running to our friend, the gardener of our next neighbour (our close and well-beloved friend, because he had a gun), bring him to steal over the snow and shoot the rabbit in his form, even as he sat. We had not the slightest doubt that this friend of ours was one of the very finest shots; in fact it is not too much to say that we deemed him the finest shot in all the world, with his single-barrelled muzzle-loader which he loaded with such infinite care and pain. In the first place he quite gave us to understand that there were no better shots; and in the second place we cannot recall that we ever saw him miss, which is a great deal to say. It is true that one can now recognise that his ambition was moderate; he never committed the imprudence of risking his reputation by firing at an object that moved; he always waited until it stopped. Neither did he fire then without prolonged aim, the gun being very slowly raised, held to the shoulder an immensely long time, with the left eye hermetically closed the while. A wider knowledge has led us to place others before him merely as marksmen; but as a stalker he was certainly skilful, for, though a very large, heavy man, he would creep down a hedge-side making himself "as small as a rat," according to his own simile, or, at all events, so small that the wood-pigeon, contemplating the face of nature from the top branches of the high elm-tree which grew out of the hedge-bank, did not observe him neither while he crept down along the hedge, nor while he slowly raised his single-barrelled gun and took his long, monocular aim; nor, indeed, was aware of any hostile presence until it found itself, in re-

sponse to the thundering discharge of the heavily-loaded piece, tumbling head-downwards through the tree, with a wonderful inability to avoid the branches and a refusal on the part of its wings to give it any sort of aerial support. So the deadly marksman picked it up and finished it off by giving its head a few taps on the gun-barrel, while we hurried up to compliment him as his skill deserved and to admire the beautiful pearly tints on the pigeon's neck. Had these been his only achievements,—the killing of the wood-pigeons and of the rabbits which we marked down for him in the snow—we might have thought less highly of his prowess than we did, for on these occasions he always took the quarry. But in return he would always shoot for us any bird whose bright plumage or other qualities (which were not edible) made it precious to us. All quarry useful for the pot he took home with him to cheer his little red-cheeked children; but he was always ready to expend powder and shot, in economical measure, on small birds for our museum of Natural History.

The appearance of the red-wings and field-fares coincidently with the severe weather from which they seemed to suffer so badly, gave us much food for speculation. We could understand the ways of the swallows and warblers, who came to us in the summer and flew for the winter to warmer lands; we could even have understood the manners of these migratory thrushes if they had seemed to enjoy the cold. But clearly they did not: multitudes died of the severe weather; yet we were told that in the summer time, when our weather was warm, these birds sought colder climes. It all seemed very inexplicable, then, and we could only conjecture that these were very foolish creatures who did not know what was good for them. Later we grew to learn that the movements of birds are determined by questions of food rather than of temperature; though doubtless the supplies of food are under the influence of temperature, and so too, indirectly, the birds. And we might have known further, had we ever read the newspapers, and had the papers of that date taken to publishing the weather-reports among their daily news, that the thrushes did not congregate in our neighbourhood only when our weather was cold, but also, and more particularly, when it was cold weather to the eastward, and generally over the island. Then, finding the ground hard to their bills, they would keep pushing down to the milder climate of the western counties where they would be more likely to find their food in a soil that was not iron-bound. This question of supply seems to be at the root of most of the movements of birds, and if thoroughly understood might explain much that is yet obscure. No one, for instance, has yet explained (to the satisfaction of any but himself) the hard and fast line which the nightingale has drawn across England as the western boundary of his migration; and though he sings night and day he tells us nothing of his reasons.

It is with shame we have to confess that we cannot remember the first occasion of our firing a gun, though we can well recall the manner in which it was pressed to the right shoulder by a grown man standing behind, while his arm guided us to hold the barrel at the proper angle. Our dog, Viper, remembers those first great occasions, looking back out of the dim shadowland of the dog's hereafter; we can be confident that he remembers, for his wild excitement over it, his yelps and bounds, are sensible presences to us now.

Whether we killed or no, is also forgotten, and the nature of the quarry we aimed at. But there remains a conviction that we kept our eyes open, unlike our friend the gardener; and that was even more creditable in those days than it is now, for if the cap fitted loosely you were very likely to get some stray powder blown into your eye.

The loading of a gun was no small thing for a boy to learn at that remote period. It was not a mere matter of opening the breech and fitting in a cartridge. First the powder had to be poured in, and a wad rammed down upon that; then the shot and another wad; finally the cap had to be put on the nipple, after carefully noting that the nipple-hole was not blocked and that the grains of powder were peeping up ready for ignition. If the hole was in any way blocked it was necessary to search out the obstruction with a pin. It was highly desirable, moreover, that each step in the loading should be taken in its own order. Obviously it was a bad plan to pour in the shot before the powder, or ram down a wad first of all; but it was above all things impressed upon us that the cap should be put on last. Authority very properly represented that, if the hammers should be released by the jar of ramming, no harm would be done if the detonating cap were not on the nipple; whereas, if the hammer descended on the cap while we were in process of ramming home, it was likely that the ramrod would be fired right through the rammer's body, so far as that body should remain recognisable. In point of fact we never did know a hammer to be released by the ramming, but no doubt there was a chance of it in cheap guns with inferior locks. Authority had every justification of its wisdom in this regard.

It was a tedious business, this loading, in ordinary; but how immensely more exasperating when one was in the middle of a covey nicely scattered among the turnips, and getting up, one by one, all round. Not that any such fortune as this was ever ours in the early days of our shooting with the gun. The first mark at which we practised was the flame of a candle in a room. We soon learned to snuff this out with the blow of the cap at a considerable number of paces. Next we began to wage war against all the small birds in the familiar haunts, and, shooting them sitting without any sense of shame, soon found our hands more than full of taxidermy. We recognised one disadvantage in the use of the gun, namely, that the quarry that fell to it was usually more badly mangled than had been the case with the victims of the catapult. The latter fell to a single pellet; the former often received a dozen. Nevertheless we appreciated that the muzzle-loader was a far more deadly weapon, though by this time the sticks of our favourite catapults were so jagged with commemorative notches, that they felt something like the surface of a fir-cone. But with the gun one might hope for such large quarry! Rabbits and wood-pigeons were now no longer above our ambitions. A wood-pigeon, indeed, was one of our earliest triumphs. At the foot of the kitchen-garden was a bed of winter cabbages, and whenever the snow made other food hard to come by the wood-pigeons loved to settle among those juicy leaves. The upper windows of the house commanded this bed, and if from that point of vantage one saw certain gray forms moving among the cabbage-tops as they peeped up through their coverlet of snow, then forthwith, rushing to that beloved room on the ground-floor, one

would proceed to the hasty loading of the gun with its heaviest charge of powder and biggest shot,—for wood-pigeons were very large game indeed, and their feathers strong and bony. Of course, in four cases out of five, by the time this long process had been accomplished, the pigeons had been frightened away; or Viper, defeating all attempts to elude him, would come barking with joy at the sight of the gun; or Authority would throw open a window (with noise enough to scare away every bird within miles) just to ask, out of sheer idle impertinence, where one was going. But on the fifth attempt none of these exasperating misadventures happened. Boyhood crept unnoticed of Authority, of Viper, or of pigeons, over the snowy lawn, up to the quickset thorn hedge of the kitchen-garden, peeped through a partial gap in the fence, saw three beautiful wood-pigeons (more big and beautiful, to Boyhood's seeming, than pigeons had ever appeared before), quietly, contentedly, and unsuspiciously walking hither and thither among the cabbages and picking wedges out of the leaves. Then Boyhood, with its heart going at a prodigious pace, raised the gun, and, poking it through the gap, brought it to bear on the nearest pigeon. *Bang!* and there is a flapping of great wings; pigeons go cleaving their way up into the gray sky,—only two pigeons, and on the ground there had been three! The smoke is clearing; yes—there a pigeon really lies! Even from here the red line can be seen pulsing from his neck and staining the snow. It is infinitely tantalising to have to run round a hundred yards, for this quickset hedge is not negotiable; it is very hard to believe (so accustomed does Boyhood grow to disappointment) that the pigeon really will be there by the time the cabbages are reached. Yet there the pigeon is, sure enough: no miracle, as one had expected, had been wrought to carry it away; and Boyhood soon is assured by holding in eager hands its warm, beautiful, solid body. There is no doubt about it; Boyhood has killed a wood-pigeon, and henceforward will go about among its fellows feeling at least two inches taller. It is wonderful what a sufficing joy that wood-pigeon affords for a whole day at least. One does not so much want to go forth and kill another as to stay at home and look at this one, to stroke it and feel it and make sure that it is real. One is so busied, for the day, with admiration, that not until the morrow can one find time for the more practical business of skinning it. The cook has promised that she will dress the body afterwards, though she consents with a certain shamefastness, as though she deemed it a little indelicate to exercise her professional functions on a carcase thus denuded. But after the pigeon has been skinned, and his body eaten, Boyhood awakes to the fact that there are still other wood-pigeons in the world: the one that has been killed becemes merely a delightful memory; and wood-pigeons in the flesh and feathers, still to be killed, become again the great realities of life.

No step in life appears so great as this, in the retrospect, since the day that one killed one's first small bird. That former step was biggest of all; for by it one became, out of a boy who had killed nothing, a boy who had killed a bird. The latter step made a boy who had killed a wood-pigeon out of a boy who had killed blackbirds and thrushes; it was immense, but it did not add so infinitely to one's self-respect as the other. By the former one became something, whereas one had been nothing; but by the latter one merely became something bigger, whereas one had been something less.

The former step made a difference in kind; the latter, merely in degree.

But it was a difference not merely in degree, but in kind, to have become a boy whose natural weapon was the gun, instead of a boy whose natural weapon was the catapult. For the present the world seemed to have nothing to offer one that was not within one's reach. Our ambition took wings. Hitherto the modest circuit of the garden, the orchard, and the neighbouring fields, with occasional excursions to a certain well-beloved wood, had sufficed for us. Now, fully armed with a double-barrelled gun, this restricted area seemed quite insufficient. There was, at times, much to attract one even in these few fields. Starlings would come in big flocks in the winter-time: there were wood-pigeons, as has been seen, to be had for the stalking; and there were a few rabbits in the great bank of the stream which wandered down to the river, but these rabbits, from constant hunting, were of preternatural acuteness. Yet all these were attractive quarry, and edible,—which was an added charm, for nothing is more fascinating to Boyhood than to find itself being fed and satisfied by the prey that has fallen to its own hunting; it puts Boyhood into immediate touch and kinship with the hunters and trappers of the story-books. In the hard weather, too, there were the field-fares and the red-wings, which were an easy prey and excellent for the pot. Times begin to be hard for the kitchen-maid when Boyhood goes gunning in the winter and expects all that he kills to be plucked.

Our favourite wood, though we were given free access to it for bird-nesting, and though tacitly we were permitted to do our worst in it with the catapult, was great Taboo to the gun. But some two miles from home, where the river goes out into the sea, was a great marshy common or burrows, with sand-hills on the seaward side, which seemed as if it were made to be a perpetual joy to gunning Boyhood. Being common-land, all had a right of access and of shooting; there was no preservation. And if the birds and creatures that frequented it were made wondrous cunning by the constant persecutions of the long-shore gunners, their wiliness made them only the more attractive quarry to a boy to whom a snipe and a brace of sandpipers seemed a tolerable reward for a day of toil. Had this been the maximum of the possible bag it is likely, indeed, that even Boyhood at its keenest might have wearied. The delightful thing about it was, that there was no maximum, no limit; one might kill any number of things; the prospect was infinite. For besides the common-land proper, there were marshy meadows adjoining, over which one had virtually an equal right of shooting, for they were so far from houses that one was little likely to be interfered with. And in some of these meadows one has known of a covey of partridges which Boyhood could pursue, with beating heart and utter unconcern of such mundane restrictions as game-licenses, a whole day long. Once, even, a far-wandering cock-pheasant had been seen in one of the tangled hedgerows. Then, away out at the other side of the common was a great bed of tall sharp rushes whose stems were multitudinously adorned with cocoons of the six-spot burnet moth; and among these one has seen, in fleeting glimpses, the form of a hare ("as big as a great donkey," in Joe's phrase),—has seen, but has never slain, so that there remains the continual expectation of seeing again. Among the sand-hills, too, were many burrows of rabbits and some of them not untenanted. Some of them had curious tenants, not of the furry four-

footed nature of their excavators, but duck-billed, mottled, web-footed birds; sheldrakes, in fact, which in that country are called burrow-ducks for choice.

In the midst of this great common of marshland was a big shallow pond fed by the streams which came down from the furze-clad steeps above the cliffs from which we took the jackdaws. A sluggish, muddy-bottomed river led from this pond to the estuary. It was in this pond that, long ago, before coming to years of gunning discretion, we had been wading after eels, while Viper looked on uneasily, like a hen at its ducklings, from the bank. A wedge-shaped ripple in the water came towards us, led by a black dot; the whole arrangement meaning a swimming water-rat, whose head formed the dot at the apex. A hand gripped at him, missed his head and his body, but grabbed him fast by the tail. He turned and gripped the small hand of the grabber; but the grabber held tight, and so did the rat. Viper's excitement was fever-hot; so hot as nearly, but not quite, to induce him to take to the water, for which he had an almost feline distaste. Boy and rat came to the bank together, and not till Viper had the rat across the back did the little beast let go. Afterwards Boyhood got much praise for not letting the rat go when he bit, though what harm he did any one in that pond is not evident. That however is the way of Authority; the generalities of Authority know no exception; rats are to be killed, boys are to be scolded, the devil is to be resisted,—universally. Even in this sentence one has committed a serious error, for one used to be told that it showed lack of reverence to write the name of his Satanic majesty in our Sunday exercises with a small "d."

THE PEASANT-FARMER OF LANCASHIRE.

In the vast majority of English rural districts one has about as much chance of finding a group of genuine peasant-farmers as of flushing a bevy of quail. It may be that you will by careful search light upon an odd one among the half-dozen large farms which make up the parish of Plumstead Episcopi. But as a class the peasant-farmers are gone; gone so long ago indeed that throughout great sections of England their very portraits have faded, and it is only by the chance description of an eye-witness of more than ordinary accuracy that one can recall even the outlines of their figures. "Thirty or forty years ago, and perhaps twenty-five years ago," wrote Cobbett in 1815, "the farmers who used to attend the market at Farnham used to walk to the market or ride a tame old horse to sell their corn; when they had done this in the market-place they used to return to the place where their horses were put up, and there drink a pint of beer, price twopence, and perhaps add twopenceworth of bread and cheese, or get a dinner for sixpence or eightpence, and then go home. The greater part of them were dressed in smock-frocks or very plain and coarse coats." A modern writer, one of the keenest and most sympathetic observers of rural life, has noted the further progress in his own southern district of the tendencies which Cobbett so bitterly deplored. "Where is she now," asks Richards Jefferies, "the tenant-farmer's wife, who made the butter and cheese, and even helped to salt bacon? Where are the healthy daughters that used to assist her? The wife is a fine lady, not indeed with carriage and pair, but with a dandy dogcart at least; not with three-guinea bonnets but with a costly sealskin jacket. There are kid gloves on her hands; there is a suspicion of perfume about her; there is a rustling of silk and satin and a waving of ostrich-feathers. The daughter is pale and interesting, and interprets Beethoven and paints the old mill; while a skilled person, hired at a high price, rules in the dairy. The son rides a-hunting and is glib on the odds."

To Jefferies, at least, the peasant-farmer was dead. And the manner of his dying is an old story, which cannot be fully told now and here. It began at the close of the fifteenth and outset of the sixteenth centuries, when the grasping spirit of the Court seemed to have crept over landowners' consciences, leading them to convert into sheep-farms the small arable holdings of which the average English estate was mainly composed, until, as Bishop Latimer complained, where there had been many householders there was then but a shepherd and his dog. Halting for a time while men's thoughts were engrossed with the struggle between King and Parliament, the process was spurred into fresh activity in the early years of the eighteenth century. The agricultural improvements which had been introduced from Holland during the last fifty years, the real discoveries which had been made by such scientific farmers as Lord Leicester, were fast revolutionising English agriculture. Unfortunately

too the new farming, with its deep ploughing and drainage and heavy expenses for plant, pointed apparently in the direction of large farms; large farms could pay a heavier rent, and large farms, with tenants of corresponding means, became the vogue. In nine counties out of ten it was common enough to find a farm made up of what had once been half a dozen different holdings. Some cases were far more startling. Eden, for instance, mentions that in a certain Dorsetshire village he found two farms where twenty years ago there had been thirty. No doubt with the experience of the last twenty years to guide us we can see that the theory of a large farm being essential for the success of the new agriculture was in many respects a mistake; but economically unsound or not, for the time it overbore all opposition, and the peasant-farmer was doomed. His destruction was accelerated by the Enclosure Acts which deprived him of the rough pasture on moor or marsh, which was all important to his farm, and left him practically without any compensation for the loss. And so gradually during the course of the eighteenth and early years of the nineteenth century the peasant-farm was in most counties practically improved out of existence.

But here and there in nooks and corners, principally of our north-western counties, the peasant-farmer has contrived to hold his ground. In Lancashire in particular he has held it so well that in whole sections of the county he is supreme, and the agriculture of the peasant the prevailing type of farming. The peasant-farmer of the North-West is worthy indeed of more ample and exact consideration than is possible in the columns of this magazine. Meanwhile in default of something better, and in view of the continual discussion upon small holdings, a few notes upon the subject may be of service to the social or economic student.

There is one portion of Lancashire in particular, the strip of land between Preston and Southport bordering upon the southern side of the estuary of the Ribble, which might have been formed by Providence for the purpose of providing a Special Correspondent, who has to master the subject in an afternoon, with samples of peasant-farming upon half a dozen varieties of soil. To the north, between Ribble and Douglas, the boulder clay stretches from river to river in gentle slopes and tiny rises, yielding a land of woods and orchards and old pastures. On the eastern side of this Worcestershire-like country comes something totally different; the high dry mosses of Farington and Longton, light, poor, heartless soil, whose natural covering of five to ten feet of peat has almost everywhere been carved off during the last generation and sold for fuel in the nearest Lancashire towns. Cutting off these districts from the marshes to the south the Douglas slowly winds between the low clay slopes, here and there leaving in its valley a breadth of fine alluvial soil. Round the coast, both north and south of its estuary, lie great stretches of reclaimed salt-marsh, rich sandy marl; and where salt-marsh ceases, a mile to the north of Southport, comes in an edging of pure sand curving along the sea-line towards the Mersey in a belt from one to two miles deep, sometimes round the older villages improved into some kind of fertility by generations of manuring. South of the Douglas, and behind the belt of salt-marsh and sand, stretch for miles the flats of reclaimed bog, or moss to give it its local name, pure peat soil, much of it below the sea-level, once a succession of endless swamps and marshes, and now only kept from flooding by an elaborate

system of drainage, with its dead level sparely broken by clumps of poor willows or the spire which marks a cluster of cottage farms on one of the low rises of firm soil. It would surely be difficult to find in the length and breadth of England a strip of land of a stranger variety of soils, and it is precisely that peculiarity which renders this bit of country so valuable an illustration of peasant-farming.

For throughout the length and breadth of our strip the peasant-farmer holds the field. Over the bulk of it there are few other folk. A couple of brick-works, two or three breweries, a stray weaving-shed, are the only manufactures in a district as purely agricultural as Rutland itself. To the north there is a thin sprinkling of country houses of the smaller sort. Here and there, where the land is better than the average, the farms may run to larger dimensions, a hundred or a hundred and fifty acres: on the other hand holdings of fifteen and twenty acres are common enough; but the great bulk of the farms are from thirty to eighty statute acres, on the dairy-districts to the north scattered thickly among the network of lanes, on the marshlands to the south, as a rule gathered together on one or other of the low lifts of firm land. To a southern eye indeed these small farmsteads, between a farm proper and a cottage, are rather puzzling. The farm-buildings are simplicity itself. Frequently a single square of building and a single roof comprise them all. At one end is the farmhouse with its one parlour and kitchen, or often no parlour at all, and its two or three bedrooms; then in the centre the great gray doors of the barn, with the shippon, or cow-house, or in the arable districts the stable, cut out of it at one end; behind these there may, or may not, be some kind of a makeshift dairy or a cartshed. Sometimes, on the other hand, more particularly upon the smaller moss holdings, the low one-storied whitewashed cabins (for they are nothing else) with their thatched roofs and the apologies for farm-buildings, crouching low amid a few stunted willows against the relentless sweep of the winter winds across the marsh, more resemble an Irish cottar's holding, a resemblance carried still further by the miserable peat soil on which they stand. Some of the land in the dairy-districts, for example at Hutton, is as good as land can be; but elsewhere there is much that is no better than second-rate, liable both to flood and burn; and the peat and sand to the south would only excite a southern farmer's contemptuous pity. But whatever the character of his soil and surroundings, given the postulates of a reasonable rent and a reasonable landlord, the peasant-farmer will make his way, though certainly the struggle is bitter enough upon a small moss farm. It is interesting to note how his farming suits itself to the character of the district. Upon the strong land to the north dairy-farming is all important; a little butter is made and some cheese, but the great bulk of the milk is sent for sale to the towns. There is a good deal of fruit grown in the small orchards which stud this northern part of the district, chiefly damsons and early apples (mostly poor and small, it must be confessed, and of inferior kinds), and a considerable amount of garden produce finds its way to Preston or Southport markets. Most dairy-farms will have in the course of the year at least three or four fat calves for the butcher; and on grass-land and arable alike the harmless necessary pig is everywhere visible, Southport in particular having a large and commendable appetite for country pork. On the moss-land dairy-farming is almost impossible, and here there is little to be grown but potatoes, the staple crop

of the district, followed by oats or barley and an occasional green crop, with a little wheat on the rises of stronger soil.

But it is in the small industries of the farm (what the French term *la petite culture*) that the peasant-farm is seen at its best. If any one doubts the possibility of this succeeding in England, half an hour spent in sauntering through Preston markets of a Saturday in any summer or autumn month would speedily enlighten him. Outside the Corn Exchange, thronging its porticoes, overflowing into the street from the two fair-sized rooms set apart for them, and standing through the long day in close-packed rows along the open space in front of the building, are scores upon scores of farmers' wives and daughters, each with her two or three baskets ranged on the benches before her. The husband, meanwhile, is in the wholesale market selling the weightier produce of the farm. And what a conjuror's medley of good things peeps from those roomy baskets. Eggs,—surely there must be at least a hundred baskets infinitely tempting in the perfect purity of their milk-white or coffee-brown tints—ducks, geese, chickens, all ready for the spit; curds and oatcakes; the small apples of the district (pulled in haste half ripe so as to anticipate the American crop), early pears, half a dozen pounds of tomatoes grown in the makeshift greenhouse, or a score of cucumbers from below the ranges of oiled paper in the field; brave old-fashioned nosegays in which one recognises the half-forgotten favourites of a generation ago; in the spring, garden-plants, daisies and southernwood, columbines and bachelors' buttons; in the autumn the harvest of the hedge, bright rowan berries and sloes and crab-apples—you will find them all in one or other of those wide-mouthed baskets amid which the thrifty housewives of Preston are cheapening and chaffering, until, as the long day wears on, and the goodman comes to say that he has sold the last of his hampers of damsons or potatoes, Prince is fetched from the Castle stables, and farmer and wife, among the empty hampers in the high red cart, go jolting home over Penwortham bridge.

In such a market as that of Preston indeed can be gathered the real secret of the peasant-farmer's success. He may not be an ideal farmer from the scientific point of view. There is too much rule of thumb, too great a want of precision, too close an adherence to old-fashioned ways, in his farming, to please an expert. He has no pretension to the infinite care with which the French or Swiss peasant will utilise every scrap of ground. He has many things to learn even in such simple matters as breeds of fowls, management of orchards and the various kinds of fruit-trees, and husbanding of manure. But there is one subject at least in which he is able to teach all the rest of England, and that is attention to small things. It is in truth the little things on which he depends for an appreciable part of his livelihood. He is never above turning sixpence if he does not see his way to make half-a-crown; his wife is not too important to tie up a dozen penny nosegays and stand half a day in the street selling them. Some one may want a few bunches of camomile from the lane, and if none of the dyspeptic townsfolk are in the humour for dandelion-tea on that particular Saturday, why, at worst, there is nothing lost but the children's time in digging the bundle of roots. No type of farmer better deserves his success; none holds out a braver example to his brethren of the South and the Midlands.

Of the economic success of the

peasant-farmers taken as a class, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. There are, of course, and in particular on the smaller farms on the moss-land, instances to the contrary, where the life is one long, hard, and often a miserable struggle for existence; where the rents are not economic rents at all but are paid from the earnings of the son who is a bricklayer, or the daughter at the cotton-mill. The most industrious of farmers, strive how he will, cannot live and make £2 an acre out of say twenty acres of cold clay land full of coarse grass and rushes, or of peat soil so light that in a dry season it almost blows off the spade. But such cases are happily not the rule. In spite of his rent, of which more hereafter, the peasant-farmer in the great majority of instances makes his farm pay. He works hard, extremely hard, far harder and faster and longer than a south-country labourer; at critical seasons, such as getting or setting potatoes, the whole family are at work from dawn to dark. He has, it is true, many advantages. Thanks to the thrift of his forefathers he is generally supplied with ample capital to work a small farm. He can frequently find the bulk of the labour he needs from the members of his own family. The annual tenancy upon which he holds his farm, however contrary to book, tells in his favour, preventing him frittering away his money in expensive permanent improvements, and enabling him to leave the farm at any time without a crippling loss of sunken capital. Then, again, it is easier for the average man to be successful upon one of these small holdings than upon a large farm with the accompanying variety of soil and culture. Less headwork, if not less industry, is needed, less scheming and planning as to successions and crops, far less technical and scientific knowledge; and his personal labour is worth more. He is, moreover, within reach of first-rate markets, and is seldom more than four miles, usually much less, from a railway-station. On the other hand he pays an extremely high rent. His farm-buildings are often inadequate, in some cases that the writer has seen, no better than an artisan might knock together in his spare time out of a few old boards. Nowhere is the pinch of foreign competition, and, above all, competition in butter and pork, felt more keenly than in Lancashire, where every small grocer will calmly offer as home-cured ham the shapeless lumps of half-cured meat which Chicago dignifies with that name. But despite high rents and foreign competition, despite, also, the everlasting beer-house, the peasant-farmer pays his way, and in past years has done a good deal more. Instances are not uncommon where by sheer thrift his savings, in the days before the fall in prices was so severe, have run into thousands of pounds; and though purchase is out of the question on the bulk of the great estates in south-west Lancashire, it would not be difficult to find a good many cases where he or his children now own and work their own land in one part or another of the country.

Such things, however, cannot be done nowadays. Rents are too high for that; certainly higher than is either fair to the tenant or prudent for the landlord. Generally the rent averages over forty and frequently as much as fifty shillings a statute acre; some of the newly enclosed marsh-lands are let at much higher figures. As it is, the farmer is forced to cut down his labour-bill to the lowest possible figure and therefore to starve his land. One hears of a permanent reduction of rent this autumn upon one large estate; and a general reduction is inevitable unless the land-

owners wish to pursue the fatal policy which has left many a southern farm to the docks and nettles.

Socially, no doubt, it would be easy enough to pick some holes in the peasant-farmer's coat. The limited character of his schooling, the isolated position of many of the farms, the absence, until the last year or two, of any opportunities for technical education, of any of the recreations which are easy enough for the townsman, the absence of a class of resident gentry, tend to make him self-opinionated, stubborn, close-fisted, narrow in his views and ideas, usually a hard master because he works hard himself, often independent almost to rudeness in his speech. But brusque as he may be, he is never consciously impolite. He has in his veins a strong dash of fine Norse blood, which has saved him from the dour taciturnity, the brutal coarseness, the banality, which marks the pure-blooded Angle. He is a good listener, a fair talker, and marvellously quick at grasping any point which touches his personal interests. In politics, except where in a few special cases he and his friends have been goaded into Liberalism by crushing rents or an overbearing agent, he carries his attachment to Tory doctrines to the verge of bigotry, though neither he nor any one else can give any logical reason why he should be a Tory at all. His ideas of public duties and their performance are those of two generations ago, that the one aim of every member of any public body should be to keep down the rates. He is quite content with the distinction of possessing some of the worst roads in the county, will oppose tooth and nail a proposal to supply handkerchiefs to the workhouse children, and regards allotments, so soon as he has been brought to understand what the term means, as ridiculous. But if he has his faults, he is not without some solid virtues of the old-fashioned kind. In their tastes and habits he and his wife are simple, industrious, painstaking to an extraordinary degree. They dress as their grandparents dressed, the one in the knitted jacket and corduroys, the other in the quaint sun-bonnet and clean print bodice, with short blue gown, of half a century ago. They are gifted with an astonishing power of battling against adverse circumstances; and there is a masculine strain in the wife which enables her to carry on the farm after her husband's death, often more successfully than he did himself. No man is more rigidly abstemious in his pleasures. He would not dream of shooting unless it were a snap at a string of wild-fowl on a winter's night in the marshes. Riding to hounds has never crossed his mind; indeed he has never seen a pack in the district; and well for him that it is so, or the egg-basket would be emptier. His one form of relaxation, outside such yearly events as coursing-meetings and village fairs, is the evening pint in the cosy bar of the Farmer's Arms. On his forty or fifty acres he brings up his family in respectability, indeed in rude comfort, and can usually give each some sort of a start in life.

MARGARET WARD, SPINSTER.

I.

THE dull young man had outstayed the other guests, and Mrs. Ward was very tired of making conversation for him.

"So they are actually engaged, are they?" she said. "And the wedding cannot take place immediately? Well, but I should think Lucinda a girl with inexpensive tastes; and your cousin is so clever, he will surely make a quick rise in his profession."

"It must be very pleasant to be clever," murmured the dull young man; and his eye wandered sadly to Margaret, who thought him even stupider than he actually was. Margaret was not much to look at. She was fat (worst of trials) and had no complexion; the fashions of the day did not suit her; moreover she was shy, and in manner at once stiff and blunt. For all that, the dull young man looked at Margaret, and not at her mother, who was a totally different sort of person, pretty, positively girlish, and universally liked.

When at last Mr. George Howard had gone away and the long evening was over, Margaret locked the door of her own room, robed herself in a sad-coloured dressing-gown, struck a picturesque attitude, and (being quite ready) began to cry. She wrung her hands, too, and murmured a few lines of poetry and a few texts of Scripture; then she kissed a certain little dead rosebud, and pressed it to her heart; and then she got a needle and thread and sewed it and a forget-me-not on to a page of her journal. And then, occasionally heaving up a sigh, but quite forgetting to go on crying, she took a pen and wrote her entry for the day.

I have heard, quite suddenly, that B. H. is betrothed, and to Lucinda Salmon! So he has never even thought of me. So it has all been a *dream*. Is my life then to be spent in dreams? Well—

"Dreams are true while they last, and do
we not *live* in dreams?"

Better so than no life at all. I would not be without the experience of having *loved*.

Heaven help me to bear this crushing sorrow, and to conceal it from all the world! Henceforward forget-me-not shall be my flower; and I shall neither desire nor expect a future other than a lonely one.

When I see Mary, I will tell her all, for I must have one *confidante*. Though it is true Mary has misunderstood this affair, and will have it B. thought I preferred G.; as if that wretched dull young man could make any one think seriously of him at all! Nor has G. ever paid me any attention. *He* never gave me a rose—

"Ah rose! sweet rose! dear pledge of
coming pain—"

but I must not let my pen stray into verse.

I will tell Mary *all*. True-hearted Mary! at least I have one friend; though affection dearer and nearer is denied to me for ever.

From which it will be observed, that at three and twenty Margaret Ward was a very sentimental young lady.

II.

All that was fourteen years ago; fourteen years, and the fashions have changed; and the girls who were learning to read then are the New Women now; and thin people (like Dr. Ward) have grown stout, and here and there a fat person (like his daughter) has grown almost thin. On the whole,

Margaret is now much better looking than she was at three and twenty. She has forgotten all about B. H. and G. H.; she has given up writing a diary; she talks stern prose even with true-hearted Mary Moore; and she has become a very kind, wise, agreeable woman, who has a modest opinion of herself and is esteemed by everybody. She is Miss Ward still, and, being old-fashioned, she still lives with her parents; and she is so invariably cheerful that it never occurs to any one that she may be a little dissatisfied with her lot. She herself, however, is vaguely aware of the fact. "At thirty-seven" (so she sometimes soliloquises) "one has of course still a future; but one sees precisely what it is going to be. And I do *hate* tapioca pudding when I know it is coming!"

One day, when she had just made this remark to herself, a letter with a foreign postmark was put into her hand. It was from Mary Moore, and she retired to her room before opening it. When she had read the letter two or three times with kindling eyes, Margaret suddenly got up, searched out her old journal, turned up the page with the rosebud and the forget-me-not, and read over all she had written that evening in the days of her youth,—*dans les beaux jours quand nous étions si malheureux!* And then she read Mary's letter again, and then again the journal, all about B. H. And she was no longer in the exasperated mood which had caused the remark about tapioca pudding; on the contrary she was excited, and had forgotten that she was plain, and thirty-seven, and an old maid with a reputation for wisdom. At last she bestowed herself in the little white bed she had slept in all her life, and dreamed delightful dreams; and when she woke up in the morning she was firmly resolved at once to set about doing a most extraordinary thing, which she knew would be shocking to the taste of her entire family.

"I have received a letter from Mary Moore, mamma," announced Margaret at breakfast; "she is at Meyrs in the Austrian Tyrol. She is going on to a place called Santina, where she thinks of staying a month." The last sentence was not true; Margaret's project could not be carried out without the help of prevarication.

"That's very odd," said Dr. Ward, looking up from the proofs of his Parish Report; "I met old Moore yesterday, and he told me Mary was coming home in a week. And her forty-five days' ticket must be nearly out, I think."

Margaret blushed; but added, trembling, "She asks me to join her."

"Really," said Dr. Ward, "some people would ask one to go to the moon."

"I have not been away for a year," urged Margaret.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Ward; "I should like to go too."

This was terrible; Margaret did not want her mother. But now came the Vicar to the rescue, assuring his wife that she would be much happier visiting her sisters in Scotland, and that as Switzerland was universally considered the most correct playground for the clergy, he proposed to accompany Margaret himself. Miss Ward now felt that she did not want her father. She had great difficulty however in getting rid of him; he sent her at once for his Baedeker and pointed out the tour he wished to take; which did not include Mary Moore's Santina at all, and which was almost identical with the three or four tours he had accomplished with his daughter already. She feared her scheme was at an end; however, with the help of her brother and a little more prevarication, she contrived to

bind her father to the British Isles, much against his will. "If you are tired of travelling, Margaret," he said, huffily, "why couldn't you say so? What was the occasion to talk nonsense to James about my increasing age, and to suggest impropriety in your mother's visiting in Scotland alone? Well, I don't want to drag you about against your will. I sha'n't go without you, that is all. I'll make a martyr of myself in Scotland; and you can stay at home as you wish, and see after the Sunday School, and help James with his sermons."

Margaret sighed, for she was no nearer to Santina; she could not go without her father's consent, because he would have to pay for her journey. The position was of course ridiculous for a woman of thirty-seven; and so too was the object of her journey ridiculous. Margaret cursed her single blessedness which placed her in ridiculous situations, and was ready, she believed, to do anything to end it.

But what was she to suggest next? She remembered that to-morrow her eldest brother Frank was coming on his quarterly visit, and she resolved to try a little prevarication on him.

III.

Frank was a doctor; a substantial married man, with a good practice and a growing family. He was rather plagued with relations, his own and his wife's, who were always wanting advice, using his house, and borrowing his money. Mrs. Frank, an officious person, was apt to encourage them, for she dearly loved to be important. To-day, as she walked with her husband to the railway-station, she had a great deal to say about her young step-sister, Evelyn Montague. "That child is allowed to run wild, Frank. My father and his wife have no control over her. I am certain she has been in some scrape lately."

"Very probably," said the Doctor. "My dear, if old Mrs. Jinks sends for her powders—"

"I'd give anything if Evelyn were safely married; though indeed if she marries that silly young Leighton, I suppose she'll defy him just as she defies her mother."

"I should like Mrs. Jinks to have some of our strawberries; and if old Muggeridge—"

"I am sure if she was my daughter I'd never send her roving over the Continent with that effete old governess. I shouldn't be the least surprised if Evelyn had arranged an appointment with Fred Leighton or some one of that sort. I declare it's enough to cause a downright scandal."

"Pooh, my dear!"

"It isn't pooh. Evelyn is so pretty, she gets remarked everywhere. You should have heard Mrs. Magniac talking of Evelyn; Lucinda Salmon that was; you know whom I mean, Frank?"

"Mrs. Magniac is a malignant gossip."

"But why is Evelyn allowed to cause gossip? I do wish, Frank, you'd interfere."

"How in the world can I interfere?"

"There are a dozen ways. We could have Evelyn here for a month, if she wants change. I really can't allow her to go abroad, who knows where, making appointments with her admirers, and with only a dummy to look after her!"

"Good heavens! I don't want Evelyn for a month. We have only just got rid of Bessie and Kathleen; and this girl must be even more troublesome than they are."

"Then will you kindly exert yourself in finding her a proper chaperon? She's my sister, Frank, and I consider myself responsible."

"Pooh!" repeated the Doctor; but his wife was very determined, and he foresaw extreme difficulty in avoiding the visit of the disorderly young lady.

Margaret, when they met, struck him as a little absent-minded and mysterious. She soon took him aside and announced her desire of consulting him. "Frank," she said, "I don't often ask things for myself, but really it is my duty to be selfish this time. I am feeling very ill; so nervous and depressed, and with—with continual headache—"

"Take a pill."

"Yes, yes, I know; it's not that sort of headache at all."

"Show me your tongue; there is nothing the matter with you."

"You are in such a hurry, Frank. I know my tongue is all right, but just you feel my pulse." Margaret thought this quite safe, for anxiety and the strain of prevarication were making "her seated heart knock at her ribs."

"An excellent pulse," said the Doctor; "you are perfectly well."

"But I feel very ill, very ill indeed. I want to go away; I want to go alone without papa or mamma; I want a holiday; I want to go to the Tyrol. And, Frank, I want you to tell papa you consider it absolutely necessary for my health to do so."

Frank stared; was she becoming hysterical? "You surely don't think of travelling alone?" he exclaimed. "Would you join the ranks of those odious unattached women who go everywhere and herd in *pensions?*"

"I tell you I require a thorough change. I can't help it if I am an unattached woman; it's my misfortune. I will try my best not to be odious."

He still stared; this sort of outbreak was altogether unlike Margaret. Then all of a sudden he started to his feet, and, seizing the paper-knife, pounded its handle applaudingly on the table. "I do declare, Margaret! —I have it!—I'll go and speak to the Vicar at once. You are the very person my wife is looking for to take charge of Evelyn!"

"Frank! Frank!" cried Margaret, running after him in dismay; but nothing could stop him. He was gone; and who in the world was Evelyn?

Mincing matters is useless. The spinster's secret must be disclosed. She was going to Santina not to meet Mary Moore, for that lady was already well on her homeward way; she was going to find B. H. In her last letter true-hearted Mary had told her friend several things about B. H. She had come across him at Meyrs and had conversed with him. He remembered Margaret Ward; he was still a bachelor; he was going to Santina; and again,—*he remembered Margaret.* So Mary advised her friend to come off at once, accidentally on purpose, to Santina, and to revive her old acquaintance. Margaret had not thought of B. H. for years; but now at Mary's bidding, and prompted by a satiety of tapioca pudding, she made up her mind obediently to set forth and look for him. If he did remember her, and how he had once given her a rose, and if he was a lonely man, and if he perceived that his old friend had grown slighter, and that her dresses fitted better,—might it not occur to him, as Mary suggested, that after all—— But now here was this tiresome unknown girl, Evelyn Montague, tacked on to her, to pry, and to comment, and to laugh; to get in the way and to keep Margaret inexorably down in the condition of a chaperon and an old maid. It was really very trying!

From the first Miss Montague seemed bent on making herself troublesome. She wrote that *she* wanted to go to Meyrs, for she believed that she

had a friend there. "I am not going to change my plans for the sake of some schoolgirl's friendship," said Margaret stoutly to herself; and was confirmed in this resolution by a note next day from Miss Evelyn's mamma. "Do not on any account take my dear child to Meyrs! An undesirable connection is, I believe, in that neighbourhood." This was followed by unexpected capitulation on the part of the young lady: "I hear my friend has left Meyrs; by all means let us go to Santina."

Miss Ward neither knew nor cared what all this meant, but she devoutly wished her companion at the bottom of the sea. However they started, and it was small consolation to find that Evelyn was a very pretty girl with a demure countenance and a charming manner. She looked fragile as Venetian glass; and the poor spinster, terrified by responsibility, felt certain the child would be broken in pieces long before they arrived at their destination, and that the chaperon would get all the blame for the accident.

IV.

The Croce d'Oro is, perhaps, the cleanest house in the world. Mine hostess is nearly as proud of her floors as she is of her visitors' book, in which she begs every one to write a panegyric, and in which are the autographs of Lord Palmerston, the Princess Alice, and Louis Napoleon. Santina is in a pleasant valley, with clear streams, emerald turf, larch woods, and above them all strange walls and pinnacles of oddly shaped mountains. There is a church with a very loud bell; the women wear little black felt hats, and all the men are in butlers' aprons. The Croce d'Oro, with its spotless floors and its visitors' book, is in the middle of the village, and is the oldest and best of all the inns in the whole wide district. Hither one day came two ladies in a big red velvet carriage from Corblach. One lady got out of the carriage on her own feet; the other was lifted into the house by the coachman. The incapacitated lady was Miss Montague, who had fulfilled Margaret's prediction and broken to pieces on the journey; in other words, on that very morning gathering grass of Parnassus on the side of a hill halfway between Corblach and Santina, she had tumbled down and sprained her ankle.

Well, here they were at the Croce d'Oro, and the landlady was wringing her hands and crying out "Poverina! Poverina!" and Agnese and Anita and the landlady's sister and the bootboy and the message-man were all wringing their hands too; and the English visitors (the clergyman, and the clergyman's wife, the maiden ladies, the widow, the mountaineers, the children and the widower,) were all looking on with great interest at the pretty, helpless sufferer. Margaret glanced at all these people, and observed with some relief that Mary Moore was not among them, nor Evelyn's schoolgirl, nor B. H. She stepped forward without embarrassment, and was not noticed much by any one except the widower, who helped her with her parcels.

The girl was brought in, carried to a pretty room with a balconied window, and laid on a sofa. Margaret sent for the doctor, removed her hat, bathed her leg, unpacked her boxes, all very deftly and kindly. Evelyn thanked her and embraced her, said she was a dear old thing, and tried to be merry in the midst of her suffering. "I am not going to call you Miss Ward any more," she chattered. "You aren't a frump; I must call you Margaret. And, Margaret, may I retrim your hat, please? It's so dreadfully dowdy. Do you know, I don't think it's right to wear a hat

like that! Oh, my leg! And, Margaret, I want you, please, to go down to lunch and find out the names of all the people here; all of them, the men as well as the women. I hope they aren't all women. My leg again! It's worse than the gout, Margaret, I am sure it is! Go down to lunch, please, dear, and learn all the names, especially of the men."

Margaret obeyed, wondering if it were true that her hat (her best hat, the hat she had come to charm a lover in!) were really dreadfully dowdy. So busy were her thoughts that for the moment she forgot B. H.

They placed her between the widow and the widower, sober, suitable company. The widow asked if she were a hospital-nurse, and Margaret replied rather curtly. She was curt too when the widower tried to start a conversation: "We have met before, I fancy?" he said.

"I don't think so," said Margaret.

"Papa's name is Jones," said the widower's little boy leaning forward.

"Perry-Jones," corrected his little girl.

"No, I am sure we have not met before," said Margaret; "I don't know the name. Welsh, is it?" And then she began to think that there was something in the man's face, or voice, or some part of him, not absolutely unfamiliar. The widower was saying to himself: "She has forgotten me; and how young and fresh she looks! Ah me!"

Presently a young man came in and sat between the widower and the children. "Well, old fellow, seen anything new?" said the widower.

"I suppose, Mr. Howard," observed one of the maiden ladies, "you have been making some great expedition."

Margaret nearly jumped out of her chair and a flush rose on her mature cheek. That was the man, that was B. H.!

For a minute she dared not look at him. She listened to his voice, and to her distress had to confess that she had completely forgotten it. When at last she summoned up courage to inspect him, she felt that any day she would have passed him unrecognised in the street; not because of any startling change in him, but because of failing memory in herself. He was really very little changed; he looked quite a young man still. Alas and alas! thirty-five is young for a man, and thirty-seven is old, fatally old, for a woman. However, his appearance pleased her; he was certainly handsome, with a presence, and an air of authority. He was worth making an effort for; yes, certainly, worth a decided effort; but oh dear, oh dear! what would he think of her? Margaret remembered a few gray hairs at her temples, her insignificant stature, her dowdy hat, her seven and thirty years. She could only hope he might love her; and that love would as usual be blind.

An hour or two later she found an opportunity for beginning the alarming task of wooing. She was in the drawing-room reading a note which the romantic and eloquent Mary Moore had left behind for her (a note all about B. H. and her friend's opportunities), when the door opened and the very gentleman himself walked in. Margaret wished the ground would open and swallow her up; she had never felt more terribly afraid of anybody in her whole long life.

"Miss Moore told me you were coming," said B. H. after they had greeted each other. "I have waited on another week in hope of meeting you." This was astounding; never had *any* man spoken to her so. Still his next observation was a little

damping. "I was stupid enough not to see you at lunch."

"I had forgotten you too," said Margaret. He smiled, remembering that she had always been blunt. She checked herself, for bluntness belonged to her usual character, not to the one she wished to assume; she had to appear enamoured, a difficult task. Margaret made a hurried effort to retrieve her blunder. "I remember the past and its,—its,—your——" she hesitated, turning crimson under a panic that now she was uttering a positive indelicacy; "in fact the past,—vividly——"

He remembered her shyness; apparently it afflicted her still. "Ah, yes," he said glibly; "I find myself quite sentimental when I look back. So many old familiar faces gone, so many fancies forgotten, hopes dropped, and all that. And the young fellows, growing up, push us from our stools and remind us unpleasantly that we belong to the past generation. That's the penalty for one's stock of experiences, over which one sentimentalises, and which one does genuinely value."

He was not attending much: he was thinking of a little scrap of paper which he held in his hand and which had blown into his bedroom from the balcony; but Margaret was delighted and thought his talk quite poetical. It was her turn now; what in her assumed character ought she to say? Something unmistakable of course, in obedience to Mary's directions. She advanced a step; she forced herself to look into his eyes, and her voice shook like a bad actress's; she paled, and flushed, and felt sick, and wished it were to-morrow, but she said: "I still have the rose which you gave me at the church."

B. H. started. The good lady's manner was so very unnatural and peculiar; his first impression was that she could not be quite right in her head. A rose! Did he ever give her a rose? What could have made him do that? Why did she speak of it with this reverence and mystery? Stay; Miss Ward's godmother had been buried during his visit to the vicarage, and he had attended the ceremony, and Margaret also, dissolved in tears. There were flowers, he remembered; the rose must have come in somehow there; he must feign recollection. "Ah yes, yes. It was a very touching occasion," said B. H.

The spinster was much moved; he had given her the rose at their parting and now he called it a very touching occasion. It was true what Mary had said; she had not exaggerated; he was ready to fall in love with his old, his forgiving, his tender friend!

V.

Meantime Miss Evelyn with the demure face had been at her pranks. First she made friends with Anita the parlourmaid who had brought her lunch. "Anita, who sleeps in the room next to mine?"

"That is the English Signora widow."

"And at the other side?"

"There is no room on that side, Signora."

"Nonsense; I see a balcony close to mine and a dog in it."

"Ah, but to that room one ascends by another stair."

"All the better. Whose is the dog?"

"The English gentleman's, with the legs [she meant knickerbockers] and the hat of straw; the Signor Hovvard."

"Thank you, Anita; I have finished my lunch," said Miss Evelyn, and dismissed her.

Then the young lady shut her eyes and laughed a little, and clapped her hands. She dragged herself up, and

listened for a moment, her finger on her lip and her eyes dancing; then she hopped on one foot to the table and found a scrap of paper, whereon she wrote one word, *Bertram*, and one initial, *E.*; next she threw the paper from her balcony into the next one where the black bull-dog was snoozing; and then she hopped back to her sofa, and lay down and covered herself up. And when the doctor with Miss Ward came in to examine her black and swollen ankle, she assured them with the gravest face in the world that she had not stirred one inch since they had laid her down on entering. As yet, be it observed, Margaret Ward believed firmly whatever the minx might choose to say.

But the sequel to the crumpled paper came later. Bertram Howard was in his balcony, caressing the dog with his foot, and still examining the document with his name on it, when he became aware of a figure in the next window standing on one leg, and of a pair of lovely gray eyes watching him. He started, and stretched out both his hands involuntarily with a movement of sudden and extreme delight. The two balconies looked out on some chalets at the back, and there were no others; all the windows within view were tightly shut and shuttered; the balconies were not very close; whispering would not serve. Bertram recovered from his surprise, withdrew his hands as sharply as he had extended them, bit his lip, drew up his head, made a stiff bow, and was stepping into his bedroom. Then he committed the fatal error of looking back.

As to Evelyn, she had come out feeling mischievous and gay; for some reason her expression suddenly changed and tears blinded her. But in dealing with lovers she possessed the audacity which Miss Ward only simulated. She hopped nearer. "I want to speak to you," said Miss Montague.

Certainly the man appeared angry, and Evelyn, though smiling, felt her heart beat. "It was you who came with that Miss Ward?" said Mr. Howard, stiffly. "I am sorry for your accident." He held up the scrap of paper. "You sent me this, Miss Montague?"

"Have you forgotten my handwriting,—Mr. Howard?"

He tore it up. "If I might advise—"

She flushed and interrupted him. "No, you mayn't advise. Aren't you coming to speak to me?"

"What can you mean, Evelyn?"

"Why, that I can't go on shouting at the top of my voice; and I can't go down stairs, and I can't stand any longer on one leg. You must get over into my balcony. Bertram! I have come all the way from England to see you; won't you climb one yard to hear what I have to say?"

He did not answer for a moment, but looked annoyed. "How can I possibly get into your balcony? I have more respect for the,—the fashions,—than you have," he said roughly.

"How can you speak to me so?" said Evelyn.

"Have I not cause?" he asked bitterly. Then he turned away. "As you say, we can't shout on these matters; let me wish you good-night, Miss Montague."

"Bertram! Bertram! I want to explain to you——"

"Explanation is useless. I have had the explanation; if one could only believe it. I tell you frankly, I don't believe it. Evelyn, it is hard to say these things; heaven knows I thought differently of you once!" He paused, then went on vehemently: "Why did you come from England to see me? How could you write me

that note? Why are you talking to me now? Why did you invite me to your window? Suppose Miss Ward were to find me here?"

"Oh, Miss Ward——"

"I am acquainted with Miss Ward; I at any rate value her good opinion. Evelyn, it is not my place to blame you, but I have told you we must part; don't give me the pain of repeating it."

Evelyn went back to her room, slammed the window, flung herself on her bed, and cried. Bertram Howard remained for a few minutes in his balcony as if expecting her return. Then he too went in and shut his window. He buried his face in his hands, and sat for a long time motionless, greatly alarming the bull-dog who thought him in a catalepsy. If he did not cry, it was because he was a man and not allowed to vent his grief in that manner; but on the whole, perhaps, it was deeper even than Evelyn's, for she still believed that "something might be done." After a time Mr. Howard got up and packed his portmanteau as if he were going away; then he rang for the landlady to demand his bill. By the time she appeared, however, his resolution had failed him, and all he requested was a room in another part of the house.

VI.

Ten days passed; Evelyn recovered the use of her foot, and gradually fell into the routine of the hotel; but her spirits had not returned, and she was looking like some lovely spectre. She had never seen Bertram since the day of her arrival, except at dinner when he sat at the table's farthest end. Once again she had tried writing him a note, but, remembering his disapproval of her previous communication, could not screw up her courage to give it to Anita for him. Once she thought of confiding in Margaret; but somehow a slight coldness had arisen between the two. Miss Ward had begun to mistrust the girl, and she was quite certain that Sir Francis Anderson was the undesirable connection against whom Mrs. Montague had warned her. Sir Francis was a member of the Alpine Club, the hero of all Santina, and Evelyn sometimes flirted with him audaciously. She had known him in London, she said, and had danced with him eight times at a ball on her birthday. Shocking! thought the spinster. But by this time Margaret was so taken up with her own affairs that she did not feel able to attend to Evelyn's. Margaret's revival of her acquaintance with B. H. had gone on excellently well. The lady of thirty-seven was more interested and more excited than ever she had been in her whole life. She had written to Mary Moore to report progress; had composed the letter to her mother in which she should announce her engagement; and was considering if she were quite too old to wear white satin at her wedding. She and B. H. had walked together not infrequently; he had given her some edelweiss; she had played écarté with him in the evenings, and on Sunday he had borrowed her hymn-book. He had confided to her where he bought his boots, and the names of his favourite authors, his opinion of Local Option, and of the present fashion for Woman with a great big W. Altogether Miss Ward was in a condition of delightful expectancy. She knew now that thirty-seven was not too old for romance, and she hoped that she had for ever done with the daily consumption of tapioca pudding. That she should be loved at last, and by B. H.! It was as good as a fairy-tale, worth having lived all those years for, all the more appreciated because so unexpected and so long delayed. The

only distressing circumstance was that she was still afraid of her beloved, and could talk twice as comfortably with his cousin, good Mr. Perry Jones.

So much excitement made Margaret not quite herself; she really couldn't have been herself that fine morning on which she succumbed to the vulgar temptation of eavesdropping. Miss Ward was behind a rock sketching, when Mr. Perry Jones and Mr. Howard came strolling along the path, and sat down on a fallen tree close by. Margaret was just going to make her presence known, when she heard her own name and became paralysed.

"She's a good, nice woman, that Miss Ward," said B. H.

"So I think," replied Mr. Perry Jones.

"I tell you what it is, George," said B. H. with animation; "you know all the circumstances, so I may as well tell you. I intend, if she'll have me, to marry that Miss Ward."

The listener dropped her sketch-book, and with difficulty repressed a scream. The solid earth seemed to have dissolved. So greatly was she astonished that she had evidently not believed in her own secret predictions about her future. Never in her life had Margaret had a proposal. It was as difficult for her to realise that one was coming to her now as for a healthy youth to realise that some day he shall be a shuddering, garrulous old man. Margaret's physical discomposure under this shock of welcome tidings was such that now she could not escape; she was obliged to remain in her unheroic position of listener.

"You don't approve, George?" said B. H. testily.

"I am—surprised," returned Mr. Perry Jones; "Miss Ward is not young."

"I'm sick of young women! Perhaps they aren't all alike, but it's impossible for a plain man to know which is which of them. I forgave Lucinda; that was a silly business on both sides; but Evelyn, you see her, George, you see the face she wears! Heavens! who could have suspected her? I shall never believe in a *young* woman again, never!" He paused, then resumed: "And how I loved that girl! If I hadn't seen with my own eyes, I'd never have believed it of her. Oh! but I understand her better now! What's she here in the house with me for? Has she no conscience, no delicacy? And looking at me with her false smile, as much as to say, 'Sorry I trod on your toe, sir, and you are too easily offended.' Pah!"

"Why are you in the same house with her?" asked Mr. Perry Jones quietly.

"You are perfectly right, George. I shouldn't be here; I'll leave today!"

"You have stayed on Miss Ward's account perhaps?"

"Ah, just so,—on Miss Ward's account."

"It is a petty revenge on Miss Montague to court her friend before her eyes."

"Good heavens, man, do you imagine I have been courting Miss Ward? I've been making her acquaintance, that is all; renewing it rather, I knew her long ago. She's a woman of my own age—older, I believe. Courting Miss Ward? Evelyn has no more idea of my intention than you had an hour ago; nor let me tell you than Miss Ward has herself." Poor eavesdropping Margaret blushed hotly.

"But you intend to marry her?"

"If she'll have me. I must tell her some of the detestable story, I suppose."

"You will tell her you love Miss Montague?"

"I don't love Miss Montague; I hate her."

"Perhaps Miss Ward will not see much difference."

"Look here, George; I am sorry I mentioned the matter; I see you don't understand me. If Miss Ward and I come to terms it won't of course be a love-match; she's not at an age for sentiment. But she may like the idea of marrying (a single woman's position is despicable), and she may consider that as men go I sha'n't make an impossible husband. But I am sorry I spoke of it. A man of your cut and your history is not likely to understand my circumstances, nor my views either."

They walked on and Margaret was released from her miserable position. She went on with her sketch, no noisy sign of emotion escaping her; perhaps the lines in her forehead and at the corners of her mouth were plainer than at breakfast-time. Only once, when she was rising to return to the hotel for lunch, and was washing all the bright colours off her palette, tears rose for an instant in her eyes. She was thinking of certain things she had missed in this world, and was wondering if their counterfeit could bring her happiness. Poor Margaret! her bubble had burst. Though the prize she had come out into the wilderness to seek was lying at her feet, she had not found it in the way she wished. He had not courted her; he did not love her; he would despise her if he thought she loved him. She reflected with shame upon her conduct and her delusions; for a moment she almost determined to reject his suit. Very slowly she paced homewards, her eyes on the ground, sore and sorry, her bubble burst. And then she thought of Evelyn. It was Evelyn who was her rival, the graceful, unhappy, naughty, sweet young girl. What chance had the woman of thirty-seven against a creature like that? Her first care upon entering was to question the girl with severity. "You told me you had been partially engaged to some one, Evelyn. Answer me; was it to Mr. Howard?"

Evelyn started up, her colour changing, her chest heaving. "Mr. Howard! Why we,—we hardly know each other. Haven't you noticed that?" she cried.

"What was it you did to him? Was it anything actually wrong; anything you know to be unpardonable?"

Evelyn flung herself on her knees before her friend, and seized her hands imploringly. "Margaret, *it was not!*" There was a silence. Then the girl burst out into a cry. "He won't speak to me! He won't let me explain! Oh, Margaret, Margaret, won't you help me? What must I do? What must I do?"

It was not pleasant for Miss Ward; she felt sorry for the girl; only of course she had herself to think of first. Directly or indirectly she could not be expected to act as a go-between for her own B. H. and this young creature, who had had her chances and wilfully wasted them. "Once we are married," said Margaret to herself, "I will induce him to think of her less harshly. Of course I can do nothing for her now, nothing whatever." Nevertheless she pitied the girl, and her own good fortune gave her no satisfaction.

By dinner time Mr. Howard and Mr. Perry Jones were gone, the former without intention of return. He left a message for the spinster that he looked forward to meeting her in England.

VII.

A few days later Margaret and Evelyn were at Josefshöhe on the Pelmer Joch. They had come up for a day's excursion in a rickety rattle-

trap with a wild horse and a sulky driver; but while eating their lunch the weather had turned bad, and now instead of going on to the top of the pass they resolved upon returning to Santina at once. Then came a difficulty; the driver was drunk. Scandalised, Miss Ward summoned the landlord of the wretched inn and asked for another coachman. Mine host was drunk, too, and very surly. He didn't keep coachmen; and no one could drive that brute of a horse (an Italian horse, curse it!) but its owner. The ladies shouldn't have brought such a horse; they shouldn't have come up in such weather; they shouldn't have stayed so long. Would they have the kindness to go away at once, with their bad Italian horse and their detestable tipsy driver?

"I do wish my father was with us!" said Margaret. "What are we to do!"

At this moment an Englishman appeared out of an inner room; he had walked over the summit of the Pelmer, and had met his portmanteau here with the intention of pressing on to Silvaden. He came out of the house arguing with mine hostess, who was very extortionate and shrill, and beckoning to the small boy in attendance with his baggage-mule.

"It's,—why, I do declare it's Mr. Howard!" exclaimed Margaret. "How inexpressibly fortunate!" She ran towards him forgetting the delicacy of their relationship in the joy of finding a competent male adviser. In a moment she had unfolded to him a long list of grievances and perplexities; rain, delicate young friend with weak ankle, long way, dangerous carriage, inhospitable inn.

"Inhospitable! I should think so!" interrupted B. H. "You couldn't possibly stay here, Miss Ward." Then he looked at the driver, who had drawn up the carriage at a little distance where the descent began, and he shook his head. "I must confess your man looks incapable. You had better walk part of the way; it's a frightful road, you know."

"I know indeed!" said Margaret.

His eye strayed to the fragile Evelyn, who had walked wearily on without speaking to him. "It's too far for Miss Montague," he announced abruptly, and stepped forwards, Margaret running beside him. She remembered now that this man was no mere male adviser, but something of a lover both to herself and to her companion, and she began to feel awkward.

"There is only one resource," said Bertram Howard. "You ladies must ride my mule turn about; I am sorry it's only a pack-saddle."

At this moment the rain grew alarmingly worse. He bore down all opposition, and Margaret, not knowing how to object, was hoisted up on the mule in front of Mr. Howard's portmanteau, the beast twisting about in displeased astonishment. B. H., laying a steadying hand on its mane, walked by its side; and Margaret noticed that his eyes were steadily fixed on the young girl in front.

No one ever felt more exquisitely uncomfortable in mind and body than did Miss Ward at this moment on the pack-saddle. Two are company, three are none; certainly none when the three consists of one man and two ladies, each with pretensions to him.

"I want to get off," said she, suddenly. "I can't stand it."

Evelyn turned her head for one moment and said "Nonsense!"

"My dear," said the spinster incoherently, "let Mr. Howard walk with you." This was bungling. No one tried to further her wishes; Evelyn felt horribly confused, and B. H. began to consider if he could not make his escape.

All of a sudden Margaret leaped from her steed, tearing her dress and nearly knocking B. H. over the precipice. "I,—I'm going in the carriage!" she cried breaking from him, as he caught her. "I'm not nervous in the least. Evelyn wants to speak to you, Mr. Howard. I,—I'll wait for her at Silvaden!"

And she sprang incontinently into the vehicle, snatching at the sleeve of the snoozing driver and startling him into life. "Get on with you!" she cried in her bad German. "Quick, quick! Go on!"

The man, greatly bewildered, lashed the horse; at the same instant came a vivid flash of lightning and a bellow of loud and echoing thunder. Margaret shrieked; the horse started off at full speed; the man and the girl, the little boy and the mule were left alone. Miss Ward was gone.

VIII.

In consternation they stood looking at each other. Mr. Howard thought with alarm, as he had thought once before, that the good lady was not entirely sane. However he recovered his equanimity before Evelyn had found hers. "Will you return to the inn?" he asked, his voice cold as the blast from the Ortler glacier.

"No; I will go on, *alone.*" Her voice shook.

"Oh—alone! There is not much use in suggesting that, is there? Come then, you had better mount the mule."

Evelyn obeyed. Again the animal shied at the petticoats and required the man's hand on its neck. "You had better go. If you stay, Mr. Howard, you must listen to me, I warn you!" said Evelyn.

"I suppose it's a put-up job. Was it worth breaking Miss Ward's neck for?"

"Oh, you don't think she is in danger, do you?" cried Evelyn, horror-struck.

There was a long silence, interrupted by thunder and lightning, and abundance of rain. "I am afraid you are getting very wet," said Bertram anxiously; and he wrapped his coat round her and held an unromantic umbrella over her head. "If we follow this short cut we can perhaps overtake the carriage." This rid them of the little muleteer, who refused to leave the road. The boggy short cut proved dangerous as well as difficult. Apparently the carriage had passed before they got on the road again, and through the enveloping thunder-clouds they could see nothing of it on the zigzags below. Still the rain streamed pitilessly down; Bertram was wet through and supposed the girl to be the same; his ingenuity was taxed to shelter her, and without intending it, tenderness appeared in his manner.

At last Evelyn found courage to speak; all her audacity and most of her hope were gone. "Bertram, you have given me up, I understand; but for kindness' sake tell me why?" she faltered. He was silent. "Bertram, your letter explained nothing. I thought you meant to come back and see me, and forgive."

"You admit I have something to forgive? Evelyn, this is useless—marry your Mr. Leighton."

"Who told you I was to marry Fred Leighton? We have played at it all our lives, but Fred doesn't, I think, want to marry me; and I would never marry him."

"You and I were too nearly engaged for you to go on playing, as you call it, with Mr. Leighton. I told you so."

"I obeyed you, Bertram; I did. But after we had that foolish quarrel I wanted to annoy you a little, and I didn't know how to do it, except about

Fred. He knew there was nothing in it. Bertram, don't you see? I wanted to annoy you; that was all."

"If you say that as a joke, I don't see the point of it," said Bertram angrily.

She sighed. "If you would only understand that much, I would tell you all the rest."

"I know it. Wishing to annoy me, you ran away from home with Mr. Leighton, telling your mother you had gone to your aunt's; which was what she reported to me, and what Mr. Leighton himself dared to confirm. Evelyn, if I have not allowed you a chance of explanation, it is because I could not endure the pain of hearing the lie repeated by you."

"Oh, Bertram, did you really think I would lie to you?"

"It was a lie on Leighton's part. Evelyn, I saw you and him at Morley."

"You saw us? Why didn't you speak to us?"

"Perhaps I did not wish to confound you. You had no business to be at Morley, miles from your home, late in the evening, and with Mr. Leighton. Also, Evelyn, you will be surprised to hear that I came across Mrs. Magniac two days later. She told me that she had met you in what she called 'compromising circumstances,' and that she had seen young Leighton kiss you."

Evelyn flung his hand with the umbrella away from her, and sank forward on the mule, half falling. "Then of course there is no use in my saying anything. You loved Lucinda Magniac once, and of course you will believe her and not me; but she is a wicked woman. What does she mean by 'compromising circumstances'? And Fred Leighton has never kissed me since I knew you. Never, never, never!"

"Since you knew me! How often had he kissed you before? Upon my word I owe the young man an apology; I had no idea I had stolen you from him."

"Oh, Bertram, don't—don't speak to me like that!" said Evelyn faintly.

There was another silence. He restored the umbrella to its position, holding it in his left hand, while with the other he supported the weeping and trembling girl. "Tell me, please, Evie," he said at last, "exactly what it was that occurred."

She raised her head at this, and with a quick movement touched his sleeve with her lips. "Oh, Bertram, yes, let me tell you!" she said; and began her relation at once. "Mamma was away, Bertram, and I was to go to Aunt Mabel's. I did go; but I knew you were passing through Bexford that day, and I thought it would be such fun to meet you there, and to annoy you by taking Fred with me. And I meant you to get a trap and drive me from Bexford to Morley, where I could get on the line for Aunt Mabel's. But you never came at all, Bertram, and what was I to do? I had to drive across with Fred, and the river was swollen and we couldn't get through the ford, but had to go round ever so far by the bridge. And when we got to Morley my train was gone and there was no other for hours. I thought of going back home, but there was no train at all in that direction, and the horse could never have done it by road. And I met Mrs. Magniac and asked her to take me to her house with her; but she didn't seem to wish it, and you know, Bertram, how she has always disliked me; I didn't feel I could force myself on her. There was nothing to be done but to have supper and wait at the inn for the late train; and of course Fred stayed to take care of me, for it was market-day and the place swarming with noisy farmers. And I got

to Aunt Mabel's awfully late,—near twelve—and three days afterwards I came home."

"And never told your mother?"

"Bertram, I thought she'd be so annoyed that I had gone to meet you."

"Why did you tell young Leighton to lie about it?"

"Tell him to lie about it,—I! Bertram, Fred is not very quick or clever; I suppose when he saw you so angry he thought he was doing the best thing. Of course it was odious of him, and I shall tell him so. He is in Canada; I have never seen him since."

Bertram reflected. "Hear *me* now, Evelyn. I told your mother you had been seen in Morley, and she said it was impossible, as you had gone that day by the direct line to your aunt's. She appealed to Leighton, saying he had escorted you; he assented and even mentioning that you had taken the two o'clock train. If he had not meant to deceive me, he might have explained afterwards, when your mother had gone."

"I wish he had."

"And then Mrs. Montague spoke of her dislike to our engagement, and said you were too wild a creature for a man of my age, and that you were admittedly happier with young Leighton, whose position was more worthy of you, and who had a large place next your father's. I said you had never actually consented to marry me, and that in our last conversation you had expressed yourself much as she did——"

"Oh, Bertram, in joke,—to annoy you."

"—And that I would not distress you by further pressing my suit now you had arrived at a decision. I wrote to you, Evelyn, and you must have known I referred to Morley; when you said nothing about it in reply, what was I to think?"

"Why didn't you ask me plainly?"

"Because I did not think I should hear the truth from you."

"And now,—now I suppose you believe what Mrs. Magniac said," cried Evelyn; "and it is not true,—not true,—not true!"

They were nearing Silvaden by this time and the worst of the descent was over. The rain still poured down, but the thunder had rolled away into the distance and the intervals between the flashes grew longer. The mule plodded lazily on, keeping very near the edge, and Bertram's arm was stiff with holding up the umbrella, which now poured rivers off its every rib.

Just as they had entered the last and longest of the covered passages, where a sloping roof had been erected to catch avalanches, a rock, detached by the swollen torrent, fell just over their heads with a report like a cannon's, and bounded off into the ravine where it smashed into a hundred fragments. Evelyn, lost in her sad thoughts, was greatly frightened, and with a cry flung herself towards her protector; he dropped the umbrella, which sailed away out of the window in pursuit of the boulder, first however having prodded the mule and set him dancing and kicking.

"Evie, dearest!" exclaimed Bertram, clasping her in his arms, to hold her firm on the pack-saddle no doubt. Evelyn, heedless of her steed's buckings and plungings, dragged her lover's head close to her own. "Bertram, don't you *see* how it was? Won't you ever,—ever be good to your own Evie again?"

"Forgive me, my darling," he said, huskily; and just then the pack-saddle slipped and the portmanteau fell off on one side and the rider on the other; and the mule with a loud and asinine roar ran away for six yards and then lay down and rolled on its back in a puddle. Fully five

minutes passed before order was restored and the now laughing Evelyn was reinstated on the animal, whose manner suggested that he was scandalised by their confidences and their familiarities, and who after these episodes moved on even less willingly than before.

IX.

The expedition had been near ending disastrously for Margaret's body as well as for her spirits. When she had jumped into the carriage in the wild manner aforesaid, the drunken driver whipped up his horse, and the thunder alarmed it; they set forth at full speed and Margaret thought she was going to be killed on the spot. At the first corner the man remembered his brake, and leaning forward to adjust it, at once tumbled off his box and was left behind. Margaret was now alone in a run-away coach, on a terrifying road, in a thunderstorm; the horse was going at a quick canter which would have been a gallop had the road been smoother; the reins were dangling, and at every moment the lightning increased his alarm. The carriage bumped about horribly, and the umbrellas, sketchbooks, wraps, and cushions all tumbled out one after the other. Margaret yelled and tried to jump out; but at this moment there was no room except on the side of the precipice, and the precipice frightened the poor lady worse than the carriage. She fell back on her seat, and cowered there, saying her prayers and crying bitterly.

But all things come to an end at last; which is fortunate as some of them are very unpleasant. The horse was even wetter than Margaret, which is saying a good deal, but apparently even that stormy deluge was not water enough for him. When he came to the fountain where it was his habit to drink, he pulled himself up quite gradually and nicely; stopped, turned, and immersed his nose in the trough. Quick as the lightning itself, Margaret slipped out of the carriage, fell on the road, and there, for the first time in her life, fainted away. When she came to, the horse and the carriage had gone on to Silvaden, and she was alone and wet to the skin.

After a time she recovered sufficiently to wander on down the mountain, for an hour or two which she believed to be twelve. At last she halted in the covered passage to wait for the baggage-mule; and she thought and thought, chiefly of her adventure, but a little of B. H.; and she wondered what he and Evelyn might be saying to each other under the umbrella.

At last they came; and the moment she saw them Margaret knew that all her chances of annexing this man for herself had come to a violent end. Evelyn had won the day, as any one but a spinster of thirty-seven might have known from the first to be highly probable. The lovers as they passed did not see her at all; they had probably forgotten her existence, and they had not even picked up the shawls and cushions which she had shed from the carriage on her headlong way. So she let them pass on, and after a few minutes she shook out her petticoats and trudged along in their wake. She had thrown away her fortune; she had lost him. Probably she was no less disappointed than she had been in the old days when he had betrothed himself to Lucinda Salmon; but to-night she wrote nothing in a journal, and she said not one word even to Mary Moore. Yet she was kind to Evelyn; and she prepared to go home and resume the daily consumption of tapioca pudding. She was thirty-seven, past the age for romance; and

after all she had never felt quite so much at her ease with B. H. as she had wished and pretended.

X.

Three weeks later Miss Ward was sitting on the deck of a steamer, and the white cliffs of Dover were in sight. It was rough and raining,—the rain had been perpetual since that day on the Pelmer Joch—and everybody almost was below. Margaret was sheltering little red-haired, seasick Miss Perry Jones from the damp, and wishing she had not insisted on going to Santina. She had deprived her father of his annual journey to Switzerland; she had not found a husband, and she had wounded her self-respect. It had been a mistaken proceeding from beginning to end.

Presently Mr. Perry Jones himself came and talked to her. "You have never recollected me, Miss Ward? When I knew you first I was called George Howard. I changed my name when I came in for my uncle's Welsh property."

"Oh,—now I understand," said Margaret.

"I was introduced by my cousin Bertram. You have forgotten, I dare say; naturally he made more impression on you. I fear you thought me, and with justice, a very dull young man."

"Oh, no!" said Margaret politely. They talked on of Bertram and his Evelyn, who were patrolling the deck together in macintoshes. "I am fond of Evelyn, but I do not altogether understand her," said Margaret.

"And I am fond of Bertram, but I do not understand him," returned Mr. Perry Jones. "He has treated her badly."

"Evelyn behaved with much indiscretion; she has not been well brought up."

"You kind-hearted women always excuse sinners."

"I have the greatest faith in education."

"I should like my little girl to be well brought up," sighed the widower, looking fondly at the sleeping, red-haired, ugly child.

"Her temptations will not be the same as Evelyn's," said Margaret bluntly.

Mr. Perry Jones sat down on a campstool by the spinster's side. "Miss Ward, I am not a brilliant fellow like Bertram. Providence bestows its gifts impartially, and when a man gets worldly goods he seldom gets much else. I've got the worldly goods; of course they will be little attraction to you. Sometimes I am puzzled how to administer them; my life is lonely and my children need a mother. They are very fond of you, Miss Ward. I am abrupt, I know; but—could anything induce you to come to us,—to be my wife?"

He would have served his cause better had he spoken of the well-remembered bygone days, in which he had been quite ready to fall in love with her had she given him the smallest encouragement. As it was, Margaret hesitated. She glanced at the pair of happy lovers, unconscious in their self-sufficiency of the rain or the rough sea, and then at the sombre man by her side who wanted a sensible woman's help in administering his goods and controlling his children.

"I wonder," she asked herself while he anxiously waited for his answer, "whether, after all, it would be worth while?"

THE LAST DUEL IN THE PLACE ROYALE.

THERE are not many visitors to Paris who go out of their way to look at the Place des Vosges. It lies quite out of the beaten track; its name awakens no historical memories; no traveller includes it in the list of places which his friends will question him about on his return home. Yet the quiet spacious square, a little to the east of the Place de la Bastille, bright all the summer through with green turf and scarlet geraniums, is in its way a memorable spot. The revolutionists of 1789, who robbed it of its name and of the equestrian statue of Louis the Thirteenth erected by the great cardinal in honour of his melancholy young master, did not entirely succeed in effacing its traditions of splendour.[1] In spite of the turf and the flowers and the children who make it their playground the square is not cheerful. It has still that air of forlorn dignity characteristic of people and places that have seen better days; its empty ways still echo faintly with the tread of the famous feet that passed up and down them in the times when the most brilliant figures of a brilliant epoch made the Place Royale their favourite resort.

Henry the Fourth planned the square and began to build it on the site of the old Palais des Tournelles, demolished when Catherine de Medici fled from its sinister memories to the new Louvre. But the thirty-seven houses, whose pillared frontage formed an arcade that ran all round the square, were not finished till a year or two after his death. Here in the seventeenth century came all the world of rank and wit, in ruffles and brocade, to gossip, to quarrel, to make love, to compose sonnets, to talk treason, under the shadow of the Bastille. Madame de Sévigné lived here and the Marquise de Sablé; Richelieu and Rohan, Pascal and Corneille, Descartes and Turenne —they all paced this incomparable cloister, as Scarron calls it. "What conversations equal to those of the DECAMERON it has heard!" cries Madame de Longueville's enthusiastic biographer. "How many charming women have inhabited these chambers! How many illustrious personages have ascended these noble staircases!"

But the charming society of which M. Cousin has painted such pretty pictures had another aspect; and to this also the Place Royale bears witness. The spirit of lawlessness, brutality, and contempt for life, engendered by the so-called Wars of Religion continued to manifest itself far into the century in spite of Richelieu's stern policy of repression, in spite of the gentle influences of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. This last duel in the Place Royale is a trifling episode in local history, but it throws a vivid and not a very pleasant light upon the manners of the period. It is profoundly characteristic of the society that a few years later prepared with so light a heart to plunge the country

[1] The present statue is modern.

Note.—The story of this duel is to be found in many contemporary memoirs. Madame de Motteville's account is the best. M. Cousin gives it fully in his book, LA JEUNESSE DE MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE.

again into the miseries of civil war; of the men and women so deeply versed in the art of good manners who knew so little of patriotism and so little of loyalty.

Richelieu was dead, and Louis the Thirteenth was dead; and the Queen, in spite of them both, was Regent. The Court was so extravagantly delighted that it could hardly preserve the semblance of regret for their deceased sovereign which decorum required. On the 18th of May, 1643, the King was laid beside his ancestors at St. Denis; and all the following summer everywhere there was continual merry-making, so fair were the hopes that were generally conceived of the new government.

Anne of Austria was actually reigning at last in the palace where she had endured so many humiliations and escaped so many perils. Circumstances had disposed of her enemies; it was now only a question of disposing of her friends. But this was not easy. Anne's troubled years of restless intrigue had left her heavily burdened with debts of honour; with the best will in the world she could hardly have satisfied all her creditors. They came trooping in, eager to reap the fruit of their past sacrifices; but it was soon plain to the returned exiles that their dreams of place and power were not to be realised. Mazarin was there already, and the smooth-spoken Italian proved to be as immovable in his way as Richelieu himself. Anne had not been Regent many weeks before the Court was divided into two factions: the party (to put it briefly) that had got what it wanted, and the party that had not. The Hôtel de Condé was the head-quarters of the first; the leader of the second was the Duke of Beaufort.

The idol of the Hôtel de Condé was the Prince's only daughter, the young Duchess of Longueville. Those to whom the type of French beauty that fascinated the earlier part of the seventeenth century does not particularly appeal, will find the proof of Madame de Longueville's charms less clearly in the existing portraits of her than in the pages of her contemporaries. There is no doubt that to them she was a very lovely woman, with her blue eyes and dazzling complexion, and that indolent grace of movement which was her special charm. It had been proposed to marry her to one of the Guises, and again to Richelieu's nephew, the Marquis de Brézé; in the end she was given against her will to the Duke of Longueville, a man double her age and apparently quite indifferent to her.

The other party gathered round a person of very different stamp. Madame de Longueville's rival was Madame de Montbazon, a bold handsome woman, notorious for her greedy vanity and shameless cynicism. "A very handsome woman," de Retz tells us, "she loved nothing so much as her pleasure except her interest. I have never seen any one who, vicious herself, retained so little respect for virtue." Youth, rank, reputation, all the advantages were on the side of the Princess. Men were fighting duels about Madame de Montbazon when Anne de Bourbon was still in the schoolroom; the one was the grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth's steward, the other a Princess of the Blood; and Madame de Longueville's name, stainless as yet, showed all the whiter against the other's soiled and ragged reputation. There was every reason why Madame de Montbazon should be the younger woman's enemy, and gratefully accept the first chance of injuring her that came in her way.

One day two unsigned love-letters in a woman's handwriting were picked up in her drawing-room; they were read, to the general amusement, and the question of authorship was freely discussed. The hostess declared that she recognised Madame de Longueville's hand, and that the letters must have been dropped by Maurice de Coligny, one of her guests who had just left the room. The story was too useful to be disbelieved; and presently nothing was talked of but the interesting discovery that Madame de Longueville was not after all so immaculate as people had believed her.

It was hardly the right moment to choose for attacking the Condés; for Rocroi had just been fought and the country was thrilling with joy and pride in the great victory. The Duke of Enghien[1] was the hero of the day; and all Paris was flocking to the Hôtel de Condé to stare at the Spanish flags which the victorious young general had sent home to his father's house, before they were taken in solemn state to brighten the walls of Notre Dame. The device moreover was too clumsy to succeed outside the circle interested in its success. The Marquis of Maulevrier, the real owner of the letters, trembling lest his correspondent, Madame de Fouquerolles, should be compromised by his carelessness, had implored La Rochefoucauld to recover them; and La Rochefoucauld was able to point out to Madame de Montbazon that there was actually no resemblance between the writer's hand and that of Madame de Longueville. He assured her that the consequences of her error might prove more serious to herself than to any one else, and Madame de Montbazon was intelligent enough to admit the force of his arguments. In spite of the Duke of Beaufort's contrary advice she surrendered the letters, and La Rochefoucauld burned them in the Queen's presence.

[1] Afterwards the Great Condé.

There, so far as Madame de Montbazon was concerned, the matter might have dropped, but it had by this time been made so public that the Condés felt unable to ignore it. The Princess of Condé demanded an apology for the scandal about her daughter; if the Regent was not sufficiently interested in the honour of the house of Bourbon to exact it, the Prince and his family were ready to withdraw entirely from the Court. Madame de Montbazon's friends protested indignantly, but Mazarin knew the value of his allies too well to risk such a rupture, and he prevailed upon the Queen to insist upon the apology.

Madame de Motteville gives us a lively account of what followed. After hours of anxious debate, the Cardinal continually hurrying to and fro between the opposing parties, an apology was composed which Madame de Montbazon consented reluctantly to pronounce. The Princess's drawing-room was crowded with anxious and amused spectators; the culprit, magnificently dressed, presented herself, and from a tiny tablet fastened to her fan read aloud the prescribed formula. With the most mocking air in the world she assured the Princess that she was innocent of the malicious slander laid to her charge, and entreated her to believe it impossible she should ever fail in the respect due to her Highness, or in the high opinion she entertained of Madame de Longueville's virtue and merit. The Princess replied drily that, in deference to the Queen's commands, she accepted very willingly the assurance of Madame de Montbazon's innocence. A little later an act of extraordinary rudeness on the part of Madame de

Montbazon obliged the Regent to banish her from Paris; and the Duke of Beaufort's resentment at his friend's disgrace was expressed so violently that it gave Mazarin a fair excuse for sending him to Vincennes. He was still in prison when the Duke of Enghien came home, to be universally hailed at one and twenty as the saviour of France.

Enghien seems to have considered that the insult to his sister had been inadequately avenged; that the apology presented in the drawing-room should have been exacted at the point of the sword. The affair had ended tamely without bloodshed; it had served the Cardinal's political purpose, and that was all. Nothing appears to have happened after his return to revive the quarrel; it must have been the imperious young soldier's own family pride that urged the necessity for a more tragic conclusion.

The Duke of Beaufort had posed throughout as Madame de Montbazon's champion; but Beaufort was at Vincennes, and no other man of his party was of high enough rank to measure swords with the Bourbon. Enghien was obliged to delegate his part in the quarrel to his friend Coligny, selecting the Duke of Guise to represent his imprisoned chief. On the 12th of December, 1643, five months after the scene in the Princess's drawing-room, Coligny sent Guise his challenge. The House of Guise was fast falling into decay; the last of his line, this Henry had all the defects of his family and none of their stronger qualities, except the commonplace one of personal courage. He was a fine swordsman, as beseemed the hero of so many doubtful adventures, and he had not yet made that bold bid for the crown of Naples that was to end in such sorry fashion. Maurice de Coligny was the son of the Marshal de Châtillon, great-grandson of the Admiral. The intimate friend of Enghien, he had been much with him at Chantilly, and it was believed that, if Anne of Bourbon had been free to choose, the Huguenot would have been her husband. After her marriage to the Duke of Longueville Coligny continued to worship her from afar, at a safe and respectful distance according to the rules laid down by the Hotel de Rambouillet. La Rochefoucauld says he had never been clever with the rapier; and he was now only just recovering from a long illness.

The passion for duelling which had cost France, it was said, between seven and eight thousand lives during the twenty years of Henry the Fourth's reign was at its height when his son came to the throne. The Council of Trent in 1545 had solemnly condemned the practice of single combat, impartially including principals, seconds, and spectators in its penalty of excommunication. In 1602 an edict of Henry pronounced the "damnable custom of duelling introduced by the corruption of the century" to be the cause of so many piteous accidents, to the extreme regret and displeasure of the King, and to the irreparable damage of the State, "that we should count ourselves unworthy to hold the sceptre if we delayed to repress the enormity of this crime." A whole series of edicts followed to the same effect; but it was easier to make edicts than to enforce them. Degradation, imprisonment, confiscation of property, loss of civil rights, and death were the penalties attached to the infringement of the laws against duelling; and still the practice prevailed. In 1626 Richelieu published a milder form of prohibition. The first offence was no longer capital, a third only of

the offender's property was to be confiscated, and the judges were permitted to recognise extenuating circumstances. In the extremely curious page of his Memoirs in which Richelieu discusses the reasons for this moderation, he remarks that the extreme rigour of the former edicts had prevented their observance, and he claims a great measure of success for his experiment. A few months later the Comte de Bouteville thought fit to test the Minister's patience in this direction. The Place Royale had long been a favourite duelling-ground, and De Bouteville travelled from Brussels to fight his twenty-second duel here, in the heart of Paris, in deliberate defiance of the King's authority. The result was not encouraging. Montmorency though he was, the Count went with his second to the scaffold; and the marked decrease from that time in the number of duels may be attributed either to the moderation used in framing the law or to the inexorable resolution with which it was enforced.

But Richelieu had been a year in his grave, and there was no one now to hinder the meeting between Guise and Coligny. The place chosen was the Place Royale, the hour three in the afternoon; the seconds were the Comte d'Estrades and the Marquis de Bridieu. The casements and balconies of the square were crowded with spectators as the two coaches drove up; it was even said that Madame de Longueville watched the combat from a curtained window in the Duchess of Rohan's house at the corner of the Place.

It was an odd cast of fortune that had brought these two men together, whose ancestors had met on such far different ground. They were themselves impressed by the circumstance; it lent the meeting, to their thinking, a touch of unusual dignity. "We are about to settle the ancient quarrel between our houses," said Guise, as they took their places; "it shall now be seen how different a thing is the blood of Guise from that of Coligny." The phrase delighted the audience for whose benefit it was uttered; and it was indeed in fine accord with the situation, with the false sentiment and artificial romance that had created it. Did no one present pause to reflect how long was the road between Moncontour and the Place Royale; how great a distance divided the defender of Metz from the pretender of Naples, the great Admiral from the lover of Madame de Longueville?

The duel had hardly begun when Coligny's foot slipped and he dropped on his knee, his sword falling from his hand. Guise set his foot on the weapon and paused, expecting the other to ask for his life; but he was silent; and thereupon Guise struck his disarmed adversary with the flat of his sword. "This is what you deserve," he cried, "for daring to challenge a gentleman of my quality." Stung by the intolerable insult Coligny struggled to his feet, recovered his weapon and succeeded in touching Guise on the shoulder, receiving in return a wound in his sword-arm that effectually ended the encounter.

They carried Coligny to Enghien's house at Saint Maur, where he lingered broken-hearted for a fortnight, killed rather by the shame of defeat than by his enemy's steel. The Parliament went through some form of inquiry into the affair, but the Condés' influence was strong enough to check the pursuit of justice. Nothing came of it, nor was the impression made by the tragic end of the encounter very profound. "This

duel," says Mademoiselle, "set the Court somewhat at variance again; but not so much so as to interfere with the pastimes of the season; that year there was a great deal of dancing."

The most striking circumstance in the whole affair, to the mind of the modern reader, is the fact that Guise's conduct did not in any way injure his character as a man of honour. It seems to have surprised no one, to have shocked no one. La Rochefoucauld, who was Coligny's friend, relates the incident calmly, without a single expression of indignation or even of disapproval; Coligny's folly in challenging an opponent so much too strong for him was more blamable, in the opinion of the day, than Guise's outrageous brutality. And the Parisian populace did but follow the example of their betters when they sided with the victor against the vanquished, gibing gaily at the Princess and her unfortunate lover in a little song that was soon popular in the streets of the capital.

> Lady, dry your pretty eyes,
>   Coligny will recover;
> Lady, dry your pretty eyes,
>   You have not lost your lover.
> Did he stoop to ask his life?
>   You must blame him never;
> For 'tis to be your lover still
>   He fain would live for ever.

THE DROVE-ROAD

In the southern shires of Scotland, the country between the Forth and the Eden, the traveller may see here and there a green scar on the hill-side, a broadly marked tract of grass in a glen of heather, or a fenced strip of waste land among orderly meadows; and if he look further, he will find that these patches have continuity, and that, though broken by highways and growing villages, they form a clear path, which runs up hill and down dale with no care for obstruction. This is the Drove-Road, the way once used more than all the others, when market-roads were rough and ill-kept and barred with toll-gates. There are many branches of it: one may find them in every Lowland Scottish shire, sometimes to all appearances at cross purposes with one another; but all are feeders of one great central path, running from Falkirk through the shire of Linlithgow, skirting the county of Lanark, passing over the head of Tweeddale into Yarrow, and thence on through the Ettrick and Liddesdale moorlands to the English border.

The history of it goes back to the days when Falkirk Tryst was the great market of Scotland to which resorted drovers and dealers from the South. The crofters of Ross and Sutherland, the sheep-farmers of Inverness, Perth, and Argyle, brought their sheep and cattle thither, and men from the Western Islands drove herds of little shaggy kyloes to swell the fair and the confusion. Bargains were made amid jabber of Gaelic and much Saxon profanity, and the purchasers took their way with shouting of men and dogs, out of the town and over the great Drove-Road. By its green thoroughfare the herds crossed the Border, by its branches they penetrated into the far lands of Galloway and the West; and though now the noise of the lowing of beast and the cries of man have gone, it still lies silent and barren, a memorial of the unremembered dead.

Yet it is but yesterday that it has gone, for the yearly passing of the droves is within the memory of even young men in the Scots Lowlands. Many can still be found to bear witness to the light and shadows of the life, to laugh over its humours and lament its decay. And from their tales a vivid picture can be constructed, a patch of rough old-world romance in our somewhat languid civilisation. There were the fairs, held for the most part on the bare moors, the seas of tossing shaggy frontlets, the flocks of black-faced sheep sore-tired with travel, the booths and merry-go-rounds, jugglers and quacks, the collies hovering unceasingly round the outskirts, and the motley concourse of men. The shepherd from the Lews, with his dozen words of English, chaffered with the sleek Leicestershire grazier; the Highland laird, with his over-weening pride of gentrice, rubbed shoulders with the Lowland farmer; the scum and following of the North fought with the scum and following of the South, and the dogs swelled the tumult. At the darkening there were great fires whereat many slept, and the autumn night was made hideous with carousals. Then when all was over, the two races separated, the one with coats buttoned over

dirty pocket-books and their Donalds and Malcolms full of whiskey and sweet memories, the other to the South by coach, leaving their hired drovers to bring on the purchased herds.

The drovers themselves were a class having grades and distinctions of merit. A man tried and proved would readily find a master, whereas the baser sort were engaged by the poor man, who found that prudence is only consistent with a full purse. These were a daring, godless race, deep drinkers all, fond of brawls and quick as fire to take offence. They were hardy, too, sleeping often out-of-doors and enduring the sternest rigours of our uncertain northern weather. We have one before our eyes as we write, a tall, oldish man, something between a groom and a grazier, profoundly learned in the ways of horses and dogs, one who had seen something of the world and had tried many trades. His figure was well-known, as with his plaid wrapped round his shoulders and his peaked cap pulled over his brow, he drove his flocks into the village in the short autumn twilight. When once these had found shelter in the stack-yard of some hospitable farmer, he would seek the public-house, and hold forth to his admirers. To the villagers, before the days of rail-roads and the penny postage, he was a link of connection with the outer world, a strenuous element in their sleepy lives. Year after year the man would come with his stories, till his step was not so firm, nor his eyes so clear to watch his charge. Then his journeys would cease, and the drover would retire to end his days in the back streets of the city.

As a class they had their good qualities, which one should acknowledge all the more readily for their comparative rarity. They were in general worthy of every confidence, trusty, bold in defending their master's property, unwearying in their toil if aught went amiss. They were kindly after their fashion, and would often go far to help one of their number whose luck was worse than their own. Of their dogs they were considerate as only one who knew the value of a good dog could be, and if times were hard they would share their last crust with the companion of so many wanderings. On the other hand, they were certainly the most quarrel-some tribe in existence. Fighting both with fists and knives was an everyday occurrence, not only at the great fairs, but at any little halting-place on the way where two of them chanced to foregather. Their drinking-bouts were long and deep: they would gamble away their hardly-earned wages in a night; and if they were honest in the main where their master's interests were concerned, the same could not be said of their dealings with one another. The drover was both feared and liked along his way, for if he was open-handed with his money, he would strike down the man who dared to gainsay him; and if he was dangerous in his liquor, at other times he was the most delightful of comrades.

The life of a drover was well-nigh as risky as a blockade-runner's, without the honour. In the days when the trade was at its height, the country was unsettled and blackguards of all descriptions waited on the path of him who was known to have money about his person or goods of value in his charge. The drover's way took him over wild moors where human dwellings were few, so that he was in a far more perilous case than any highway traveller. It was the custom for some dozen of boys and idlers to attend a flock from the town on the first few miles of the

road. Here lay the thief's chance. He might talk with the drover, learn of his dealings in the market, and of the direction of his homeward way. If the man were new to the trade he would soon learn all he wanted, and it would be a matter of conjecture whether that flock ever reached its destination. But this element of peril merely strengthened the bold, vigorous natures among them, so that often a scoundrel found the object of his intentions his match in cunning, and a good man of his hands to boot. Many a Homeric combat took place in the solitudes of the road, with no witness but the dogs and the sheep. But this continuous living in danger made many of them hard men, chary of speech, trusting no more than was needful, and believing most folk villains till they proved the contrary. In the inn-kitchen of a night, when the sheep or cattle were safely housed and the hardships of the day's march at an end, it was only to his tried comrades that the drover was confidential; he was quick to glance at any new-comer, drinking silently by himself in the chimney corner, alert and watchful.

We have heard one story of these days, which borders on the gruesome, but which, dating as it does from the times of Burke and Hare, may very well be true. A drover came from Edinburgh to an inn in Tweeddale, having much money in his breast-pocket and a following of some half-dozen town good-for-naughts at his heels. He slept the night in a bed-room on the ground floor, locking the door and taking every precaution. In the early morning the inn-keeper heard a noise from the place which made him force the door, and to his horror he found the drover dead, stabbed to the heart. An open window pointed to the means by which death had visited him. The place was lonely; there were no men about save the ostlers, and they had drunk too deeply the night before to be of any use. The city was not twenty miles away, so thither the host set out to tell his tale. He had walked some seven miles of the road, so the story goes, when a gig overtook him it which sat three men. It was one of the old-fashioned farmer's conveyances, wide enough to seat four abreast and ponderous as a cart. They stopped and offered him a lift which he gratefully accepted, and he sat down next the middle man of the three. The other two talked gaily and laughed, but the man on his left uttered no word. They had gone maybe two miles when our friend said casually that his neighbour on the left was very quiet and, as he spoke, looked in his face. With a sickening terror he recognised that it was no other than the man who had been murdered not two hours before in his own house, lashed to the gig and presenting a ghastly semblance of life. With his brain on fire with sheer terror, he dealt the man on his right one tremendous blow, leaped over the wheels, fell headlong, was on his feet in a trice, and running homeward for dear life. He reached the inn, and lo! the body of his guest was gone, and from that hour he heard no more of gig or drover.

But now the men have passed away, and their memory has gone to add one more to the romances of the old green road. And romance it is, in truth, for the men who came there were of all sorts, from broken Highland bonnet-lairds to Tweeddale shepherds. By this path came Rob Roy ere he began his escapades, and while he still was Mr. Robert Campbell and a decent gentleman-drover. One remembers the inimitable account of his calling, which the Baillie gave to Francis Osbaldistone: "Nae name better ken'd between the Lennox and Breadalbane. Robin was ance a weel-doing, painstaking drover, as you wad

see amang ten thousand. It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and brogues, wi' his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a hundred Highland stots, and a dozen o' the gillies, as rough and ragged as the beasts they drave. And he was baith civil and just in his dealings; and if he thought his chapman had made a hard bargain, he wad gie him a luck-penny to the mends. I hae ken'd him gie back five shillings out o' the pund sterling." It was by this way, likewise, if all tales be true, that Davie Balfour footed it from Kirk Essendean to the House o' Shaws to claim his inheritance and set out on his adventures; a raw boy, ill-clad and homely, not yet the friend of Alan Breck and still unaware of Catriona.

But the tangible relics of the past are few and far apart. Sheep pass by this road on their way to local markets, but it is rarely indeed that flocks come from more distant places. Perhaps once in a while a drove may come, and then it is somewhat belated and out of place. In the old days when great roaring herds of cattle came through the villages, it was a sight worth the seeing. For days, maybe, the Brig of Peebles would be all but blocked, and little boys coming home from school would be sadly delayed and go dinnerless. Now this is gone, and at best you may see a few poor dozen of beasts in front of a towsy man. At night you chance to see a light on the Drove-Road and, going near, find that it is the apology for a camp-fire by which the drovers sleep, while their charge lie silent around them. Early in the morning they are gone, and one may wait a score of months for their successors.

So if the human interest of the road lies but in memory, we are perforce driven to the natural side, its manifold beauty and the charms which come to it from the living air and the blue sky. It has been untilled for centuries. No man possesses it, though all have the right of way and pasture; so its face remains unchanged since cateran and kyloe passed over it. It is not like other roads in avoiding the rough places and skirting hills. It fears but one thing in the world,—a peat-bog; for the rest, it makes its way straight over the summit of ridges, climbs the barest hillsides, and in general goes as the crow flies across the land. It is this indomitable feature which gives it much of its peculiar charm, for in a short six miles by this path a man may have a taste of as many varieties of scenery. Now it is on the high lands, and the grass is short and springy, the heath deep, and a great gray rock juts up every now and then through a tangle of blaeberries and heather. Grouse haunt it, strutting at evening on its slopes; and the hill-sheep stray thither, seeking fresh pasture. Behind and before there is a landscape wide to the eye, and the fresh hill-air makes the place a delight to the beholder. We have said that the men who first used it were lavish of human labour, for when by turning a little way to the right or left a steep ridge might have been saved, the road, scorning such compromise, dips from the hill-top sheer down into the glen, and then toils painfully up the further side.

But in a few miles all is changed. We find ourselves in a Lowland valley among meadows and green woods, where the road runs evenly between hedges. In such a place too often it tends to merge itself in the highway but in certain parts it is still intact. Here the grass is ranker, and the cottager's cow makes its living along it. In one place of our acquaintance it plunges into a deep pinewood, and passes through, a green ribbon between inky borders. Rabbits now frequent it, and partridges rise startled from

its sides. Often it is clothed with great tracts of whin, which make the way uneasy for the walker. The golden broom, too, in its season flames from the hedgerows, and in spring the grass is white with the petals of the hawthorn. Sometimes in these parts the road suddenly approaches a village, and little cottages spring up beside its track. Then it becomes in the language of the folk a *loan*, or *loaning*, and the chosen playground of children.

Many are the delights of the place to the man of leisure who has time to linger often by it. The charms of old association are there, a thousand memories of the past, clearer and more tangible than those which attend other relics of age, inasmuch as the past in this instance borders so nearly with the present. Then there are the more peculiar pleasures of the way, which lures a man on to follow its winding course, promising new beauty round every turning. There is a pathetic story of some French prisoners at Peebles in the opening of the century who were permitted to take their daily walk to the first milestone on the western road. This lay just before the gorge at Neidpath, so the noble view of the valley which waits beyond it was not for them. But they, poor fellows, longed so ardently for the forbidden sight that by a united conspiracy they lifted the milestone and carried it round the corner. On this Drove-Road we are all like these Frenchmen; we cannot rest till we see for ourselves what lies over yon ridge or round yonder clump of trees. So we go on and ever on, heedless of meals and the passing of time; which is a fact alike in Tweedside topography and the conduct of life; for is not half our action prompted by a restless desire to scan the horizon and look over hill-tops?

One may lie a long summer's day on the grass in perfect quietness, and see nothing but the life of the fields. In spring, if anything, it is somewhat bleak, for the bent is still gray from the winter cold and the air is often not a little chill; but in summer it is one long strip of El Dorado, the chosen haunt of birds and a very garden of flowers. The long whistle of the curlew and the mellow lark are there, and on the ground underfoot milkwort and eyebright, yellow and blue mountain pansies, and the little stars of the grass of Parnassus light up the green with colour. The singular, half acrid smell of the hills is sweetened with languid thyme, and the noise of bees fills the drowsy air. In autumn come the red heather and the black blaeberries, and now is the time of golden and russet tints on leaf and stalk. Then succeeds winter, when all is deserted, when not even a sheep comes thither, but snowdrifts fill the hollow and the frost holds burn and moss.

For the road is deserted as few can be said to be in our populous times. Not many travel by it; you may meet, perhaps, a shepherd striding homewards to some outlying cottage, or a ploughman going to visit his sweetheart; sometimes even you light on a belated tourist who cares naught for the place and curses its asperity. But for the most part you are left alone to lord it over all in solitary magnificence. Yet the land is haunted by a thousand memories. Here in this quiet spot they are brought together for the wanderer, till the past is inextricably blended with the present. And still a man may fancy that he hears on this green, unvisited way the bleating of sheep, the menace of visionary dogs, and the confused speech of drovers who have long since ceased from their toil.

THE END OF IT.

(A SEQUEL TO RACHEL AND LEAH.)

Two summers had past and gone since Murty O'Sullivan and I sat upon the mountain side above Glanbeg, when he told me the sad story of Norry O'Halloran and her lover. I had been abroad meanwhile, and had not revisited my old fishing-grounds.

Murty came over to see me on the day of my return, and after the first greetings I lit my pipe, and, having seated myself on a bench in front of my cottage, I waited, expecting him, as was his wont, to give me an account of all that had happened during my long absence.

"Well, Murty," said I, giving him a lead, "what have you all been doing, and what news is there?"

"Och, nothin' much, yer Honour. 'Tis a fine sayson for the praties, glory be to God, and the hay isn't so bad either."

"And have you had any more murders, or divarsions of any kind?"

"No, sir," said he hesitatingly. "The counthry is very quiet, and the neighbours is paceable, praise be to God!"

"Your friend, Judy Foley, hasn't been throttling any more fathers, I suppose?"

"No, yer Honour."

"Is she still living in the same place, or have you made it too hot for her?"

"She is not, yer Honour."

"You don't mean to say that she gave up the farm?"

"She did not, yer Honour."

"Was she evicted then?"

"She was not, yer Honour."

"Did she go to America?"

"She did not, yer Honour."

"Then where is she in the name of wonder, if she's neither evicted, nor here, nor in America?"

"I don't know for sure, yer Honour."

"Where do you think she is? Why don't you speak out?"

"I think she's in hell, yer Honour; but if she is not there, she's in the most sulthry corner of purgathory, anyways."

"Dead!" said I. "What did she die of?"

"The Jury said she was found dhrownded."

"Found drowned?—and what's become of her husband? Is he in purgatory also?"

"No, God be praised! He made his escape from it when she was—dhrownded; and then he went to America."

"Murty," said I after a pause, which he did not seem inclined to break, "tell me the truth, and the whole of it; you know I'm safe."

"Didn't I tell ye?" said he, "Judy was found dhrownded, and Patsey went to America, and I can't say for certain where either of them is this day. What more d'ye want?"

I noticed that he would not look me in the face, and knowing him well, I was sure that he was keeping something back, so I turned away with an offended air, and taking up my glasses, levelled them at a fishing-boat in the bay which was getting her trawl aboard.

"That's Martin Twomey's boat,

and she's had a fine sayson so far," said he.

I took no notice.

"Will yer Honour be pleased to come and take a look at the river? 'Tis no day for fishin', but the wather is clear, and I'll show ye the fish jostling each other in the pools in a way that will delight ye."

I pretended not to hear, and after one or two more attempts to engage me in conversation he at last broke out as I expected.

"Ye says ye're safe, and I knows it. Will ye pass me yer word as a gintleman that ye'll never mintion a word that I tell ye till I'm dead. Will ye?"

"I will," said I.

"Give me the hand on it," and we shook hands solemnly. "Now what do ye want to know?"

"How did Judy come by her death? She didn't drown herself, I'm sure."

"She did not. Maybe if she had sinse she would; 'twould have been betther for her."

"Who drowned her then?"

"Oh, never mind who dhrownded her. Meself doesn't rightly know, and if I tould ye, ye wouldn't be much the wiser; but this was how it come about. There was an evicted farm convaynient to the father's ould place. She went to live in the house afther his death, ye may remimber. She was always covetous, and nothin' would do her but to take the farm though it was boycotted. One Mat Murphy, him that was formerly a corn-merchant in Fermoy, was the landlord. Them *half sirs* are always the hardest landlords, as ye knows. They has no more bowels for a poor man than an anvil. Well, she had plinty of warning. Bad as she was the boys wouldn't send her before her God widout due notice; but she was as bould as she was bad, and she only snapped her fingers at them."

"*She* took the farm? Her husband took it you mean, don't you?"

"No, I don't. The husband never did anything but to work on the farm when it plased him, and to get dhrunk whenever he got the chance. She sold the cattle and kept the purse and everything. They say that from the day he married her, he never even spoke to her, except when he was dhrunk, and thin he gave her his mind; and the quare thing was, that she never revinged herself on him aftherwards."

"Tell me, Murty," said I, "was she sweet on him before she married him?"

"I can't say for sure," replied he after a pause; "but meself often thought that same, and maybe that's the best excuse that can be made for her. Well, anyways the boys sarved him wid a threat'nin' notice as well as her; but that was only a blind, as ye'll see later on, for every one was sorry for the crayture, and the ould priest when he came back was just mad, and the coadjuthor had a bad time wid him, I'll promise ye, as long as he stopped in the parish.

"Well, the boys met one night in the beginning of December last year, and she was tried fair and honest; him that sarved her wid the notice proved that she had resaved it, and the captain axed if any one would spake up for her, but though there was a near relation of her own to the fore, no one would say a good word for her, and she was condemned to die."

"Who was the captain, Murty?"

"Oh, Captain Moonlight to be sure. Ye wouldn't be the wiser if I tould ye, for he was a sthranger from another county that the Land League brought to do the job; and that night they settled on the plan and the time."

"Murty, it seems to me that you were one of them."

"I was not," said he fiercely, but I think he lied.

"One wild moonlight night, not long before Christmas, they surrounded the house—five of them. The poliss was sent away on a wrong scent. Them poliss is sharp enough, I'll allow, at odd times; but when they has a fool of a sargint wid a wife that do be listenin' to stories from other wimin, 'tis asy enough to carcumvent 'em. The poliss would be a dale more dangerous if them married sargints was all kep' in a rookery by themselves, where their wimin could fight in peace and injoy themselves; but that's neither here nor there.

"There was no one widin but herself and Patsey and the sarvent-boy and a shlip of a girl. Patsey, by good luck for him anyways, had broke his leg three weeks before, comin' dhrunk from the fair, and was lyin' helpless.

"'Twas about two o'clock in the mornin', a wild and terrible night, wid a venomous wind from the north tarin' past the moon, and screechin' along the say that was as black as ink, for the wind was off shore and there was no waves, the wather bein' bate down wid the strength of it.

"She bolted and barred the doors every night, and she kep a dog as wicked as herself, and she had a gun loaded always, and she was a bould woman as I said, and feared no man. I'm tould there was some one inside in the plot, the sarvent-boy maybe, or the girl for all she looked so innocent, for neither of them had much love for her. Anyways they got in through a windy that they found open, two of them, and the other three shtopped outside, and they came in widout noise, for the dog, I'm tould, was pisoned; but as they were crossin' the flure of the kitchen, makin' for the door to open it, one of thim stumbled, and maybe because she had the bad conscience and couldn't sleep, or maybe because something tould her that her end was near, she waked up suddint and called out 'Who's there?' and in a flash she was out on them wid a light and wid the gun in her hand.

"Patsey was lyin' sleepin' on the settle in the kitchen, wid the leg of him sthrapped up, and he woke too. They had crape on their faces, but she knew them well, and 'so and so' ses she, namin' a name, 'it's you, is it? I thought so,' and she up wid the gun and let dhrive at him instintainyous; but the gun missed, belike some one had wathered it; and she caught it by the muzzle and dhrew a sketch of a sthroke at him that would kill two men, but he jumped a one side, and before she could recover herself he had his arms round her, and he threw her on the flure, and held her while the other opened the door.

"Then they tied her wid a soft bit of cotton webbing that would lave no mark, for a reason that you will see presently, and they sat down peaceable and quiet to have a dhrink.

"One of thim brought in the boy and the girl and tied them too; but they didn't appear to mind, so I suppose they were in the plot.

"Patsey looked round dazed like. 'What's the matther, boys?' ses he, 'and why would ye be breaking into an honest man's house at this hour of the night like robbers?'

"'We're no robbers,' ses the captain. 'Ye had the warning, hadn't ye? 'Tis the ordher, and we've got to obey it.'

"'Oh, about Shea's farm. 'Twas agin my will she tuk it, and I'd have made her give it up before now, only I was hampered wid the leg.'

"'Would ye?' ses Judy from the flure, and she tried to get her arms free, but it was no use. She was twistin' and spittin' like a mad cat wid rage. 'I know ye—every man of ye,' ses she, 'except that black

villain there, and ye'll swing for this yit.'

"'No, we won't,' ses the other, 'any more than you swung yerself for throttling yer ould father. There's no law in this counthry but our law. What made ye brake it? But we have plenty of time to settle wid ye. We'll have a smoke meanwhile, and a little dhrop of dhrink. Tom,' ses he to one of them, 'let go that girl, and let her put a kishawn of turf upon the fire, and warm a dhrop of wather; I likes me dhrinks hot. Go on,' ses he to the girl, 'bile the wather, and bring us the matairials; no doubt ye has a pinch of sugar in the house? Well, Patsey, me man, we has to dale wid you first,' ses he. 'Ye say ye had nothin' to do wid grabbin' the farm, and that ye'd have thrown it up only for the broken leg. I'm a sthranger here, but the rest of ye is neighbours. Will any of ye go bail for him?'

"Then they spoke out the whole four of them, and Tim Shea, him that was evicted from the farm that she grabbed, and that was the most venomous agin Judy,—more betoken I know that he was coortin' poor Norry wid a long time till he found it was no use, and in spite of that he was just mad wid thim that played the thrick on her—he spoke up like a man. 'Patsey's not to blame,' ses he. ''Tis all that divil's limb on the flure. I'll have no hand in doing any harm to poor Patsey,' and so they all said.

"'Very well,' ses the captain, 'but ye'll have to sware on the Book and by the blessed Sacrament, that ye'll never tell to any livin' sowl what ye sees this night; and ye too,' ses he, pointin' to the boy and girl, 'will have to take the same oath, or by the Cross of Christ we'll kill ye as sure as we'll kill her,' and he swore 'em there and then. He was a terrible man I'm tould. Whin he ordhered ye to do a thing, ye had got to do it; there was no use in refusin'; so all that was there that night thought, anyhow.

"Thin they waited. The girl was bilin' the wather; but the turf was damp, and the storm was blowin' all ways. The sound of it was wild and dhreadful, and between the squalls ye could hear the lonesome moanin' of the sea. Judy was lyin' on the ground quiet enough now. The captain was settin' on a chair overright her, and the men was standin' about or lanin' agin' the wall wid the crape on their faces, and Patsey was lyin' on the settle helpless.

"Well, when the wather was biled they made a big jug of punch, and the first they give it to was Patsey, and it revived him greatly, for Judy had kep him mighty short since he broke the leg; but from the first to the last they said he looked as if it was all a play, and that he didn't care a fiddler's curse what they did to Judy or to himself, or to any one, for the sperrit had gone clane out of him ever since his weddin' day. They had a big dhrink surely, for they had plenty of whiskey that they brought wid them in a jar. Latterly they even offered Judy a dhrop, but she wouldn't touch it, and she lay on the flure as quiet as the dead.

"The captain had a watch, and he pulled it out at last. ''Tis three o'clock, boys,' ses he. 'When will it be high wather?'

"'Not much before four,' ses one of thim that was a boatman.

"'Come along thin,' ses he, 'we have no time to lose. Bring the bag.'

"They brought a flour-bag, and they shlipped Judy into it tied as she was, lavin' only the head of her outside. Then they passed the cotton webbin' around it in the way she couldn't stir hand or fut.

"'What are ye goin' to do wid her, boys?' ses Patsey, who was about two parts dhrunk by this time, and the crayture, they said, never had his sinses rightly now till he was nearly three parts gone.

"'Never you mind,' ses the captain. 'We won't do worse to her than she did to her own father, ye may be sure.'

"'Is it to kill her?'

"'She had her warnin',' ses the captain.

"'Oh, boys," ses Patsey, 'don't ye put that sin upon yer sowls. She's bad no doubt. None of ye knows it so well as I. Lave her to God Almighty; He'll play hell wid her sooner or later, glory be to His name.'

"'Oh, Patsey! Patsey!' ses she. 'Sure I did it all for your sake; I'd be an honest woman to-night, only for you.'

"'Did ye go to ould Murphy, and tell him ye'd take my farm in spite of the Land League if he'd throw me and me poor children out on the road, where one of them died with the cold and the hunger, for Patsey's sake?' ses one of thim.

"'Did ye throttle yer ould father for his sake?' ses the captain.

"'Oh, boys,' ses Patsey (he had tuk a dhrain of the punch meanwhile, and he was gettin' sober) 'murdher is murdher. 'Twill lie heavy on yer sowls day and night, as maybe it did on hers, and how will I live on here knowin' what I know. If ye kill her, kill me along wid her.'

"'Twas a quare thing, but she began to cry at last, though she didn't ax for mercy.

"'Live here!' ses the captain. 'Who axes ye to live here, ye omadhaun? Sell yer farm and go away to America. Ye'll find yer old sweetheart there. Ye can marry yer wife's sisther in America, I'm tould. Wife! That woman never was yer wife in the eyes of God or man.'

"Patsey looked at him for a minit. Then he stood up sthraight on the flure in spite of the broken leg. 'By the holy Mother yer right,' ses he. It was dhreadful to see Judy. I hope I may never see the likes again——"

"Oh!" said I, "you saw it then. I thought so;" but he didn't heed me.

"If ye could have seen the black divil himself when his plans agin God Almighty were exposed, and he was condimned to fire and chains for ever, he might have looked something like her—he couldn't have looked worse, whin she heard Patsey agree that he would sell the farm, and go away to America and jine Norry agin.

"The captain looked at her and laughed, and he turned to Patsey. 'Well,' ses he, 'will we kill her now?'

"'Not wid my consint,' ses Patsey. "I have seen thim that has the sin of murdher on their sowls, and I won't have it on mine. Lave her, I say, to God Almighty and lave me to bear me throuble alone.'

"'Yer a fool,' ses the captain. 'Carry her out,'—and they carried her out. 'Go and get a calf out of the cowhouse one of ye,' ses he, 'and carry him wid ye to the foot of the cliff to the place we chose.'

"Ye know the Cliff of Dunbay; it dhrops right into the sea to the west, but there's a little bit of strand that do be exposing up to three quarthers flood at the east end of it, and 'tisn't a quarther of a mile from the house. Down there they tuk her.

"The wind had shifted a bit in the squalls, and now it was blowin' north-east and eastin' always, and the dhraw was comin' round the point from the east and braking agin the

shore. The cold was p'isonous. 'Twas a wild night surely. The moon was near settin' now, and she was tarin' through the clouds like as if she was in a hurry to get behind the shelther of the hill, but it was still a long time from day. Whin they cum to the bit of strand the captain stepped off about twinty paces below high wather mark, and they put her down there.

"'Now,' ses he, 'get a stone wan of ye and knock that calf on the head. Don't ye brake his skull, but just stun him like, and we can dhrownd him then widout throuble.' She was as fine a heifer calf, risin' two year old, as ever ye see, and 'twas a rale sin to kill her, but one of them tuk a big stone and stunned her, and thin they dhragged her to the edge of a rock and held her nose undher wather till she died. 'Bring her along now,' ses the captain, and they laid her down alongside of Judy on the strand. 'There,' ses he, 'she'll be fine company for ye. Ye'll be lonesome by yerself here in this wild place. Bring a big stone now and put it on the legs of her, in the way she won't dhrift away wid the ebb, and do the same wid the calf.' And they got two big flags and put one on each of them as he said.

"'What are ye goin' to do wid me?' ses she. 'Can't ye kill me out of hand, ye cowards?'

"'No,' ses the captain. 'We wouldn't dirty our hands wid the blood of the likes of ye. We'll lave ye to the tide and to God. Make yer peace wid Him if ye can, while ye have time.'

"'Did ye kill poor Norry out of hand," ses Tim Shea, 'her that never hurted a sowl, or did ye kill her by inches day by day? Come on, boys. Good-night to ye Judy, and a safe journey. Ye'll have more company where yer goin' than here, and 'twill be a dale warmer. Ye'll find yer father waitin' for ye wid a welcome, no doubt.'

"She didn't answer him a word; and they made their way.

"When they got back to the house the captain pulled out the watch. 'In half an hour the tide will be over her wid this change of wind. I intinded to punish her longer, but 'tis the will of God. Yer a cowardly pack,' ses he, 'except you,' pintin' to Tim Shea (I wouldn't mintion the name only he's dead). 'Now, you three,' ses he, pintin' to Patsey and the sarvent boy and girl, 'listen to me or 'twill be worse for ye. This is yer story for the poliss. You, Patsey, know nothin' about her. You didn't see her since dinner-time yesterday; anyways you didn't notice her. Ye think ye heard her scolding about some cow that was lost; but ye didn't pay any attention as she do be scolding frequently; you two are to rimimber that when the cattle were dhruv into the cow-house at dusk, there was a calf missin'. You, Mike, if Mike is yer name, axed her if you would go and look for her, and she tould ye to bed down the cows and that she would find her herself, and she went towards the cliff. You, girl, were milkin' and heard her. She didn't come back, and ye know no more about her. Don't forget any of ye, or be the mortal frost ye'll have a visit from me agen.' And they stuck to the story at the inquist and said that she and the calf fell over the cliff.

"Well, they had some more dhrink and the captain winked to one of them, and he made Patsey comfortably dhrunk, and afther a spell he pulled out the watch, and, 'Now boys,' ses he, 'the time was up a long while ago. Come on. Let us make a complate job of it,' but the others hung

back, only Tim Shea. He looked at em for a minit. 'That's the way, is it?' ses he. 'Ye cowardly spalpeens!' and he pulled out a revolver. 'Come on,' ses he. 'March!' and begor they frightened and walked to the door, but before they got there there come a kind of gurgling noise from the room up stairs where the ould man died, and a horrid screech and a laugh like, and the three of them fairly bolted. The captain laughed. 'Ye fools,' ses he. 'Is it afraid of a dead man ye are, and don't ye know the noise of a screech owl in an ould chimney?'

"'Tis no screech owl,' ses Patsey, in a half dhrunken way. 'I used to frighten when I heard him meself once, but I don't mind him now,' and he fell off to sleep, the crayture; but the three boys were seen no more that night, and the captain and Tim had to go down to the shore by themselves."

"Well?" said I, for Murty did not seem inclined to say any more.

"Well, yer Honour," said he after a long pause, "the rest was bad. Meself couldn't have done the like; though 'twould have been dangerous no doubt to have let her live; but the crayture had got the stone off somehow. She was a sthrong woman, as ye knows, sthronger than many men, and when she got rid of the stone she rowled, and she rowled, till she got near high wather mark, and there they found her fightin' for her life amost covered by the sea, but still wid half an inch to spare, and the tide just on the hinge of ebb.

"Well, they finished the night's work. She was half dead wid the cold already, but she had her sinses, and she died, I'm tould, widout a word. Thin they cut away the bag and the lashings, and tuk the stone off the calf and shoved them both undher the cliff, and there they were found next day, and that was the end of it."

Poor Murty O'Sullivan died two years ago. He suffered much in his last days from rheumatism, but he died in the odour of sanctity, having employed the last year of his life (as the neighbours said) "in making his sowl." Let us hope that he succeeded.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

To Patrick Henry and his contemporaries belong whatever honour there may be in having stirred the American colonies to revolt. To Washington is the infinitely greater glory of having conducted that revolution to an honourable and successful close. But the work so far had been that of destruction only. The past was broken with, it is true, but the future had to be considered; and the domestic chaos out of which that future had to be evolved seemed to thinking men more formidable than the British tax-gatherer and more threatening even than British bayonets.

It is no mere language of eulogy to say that Alexander Hamilton was the greatest statesman that America has produced. Yet it is only within comparatively recent years that his achievements and personality have been dealt with at any length by capable biographers.[1] To few Englishmen probably does the sound of his name convey much meaning. Even in America, where an educated minority assign Hamilton a place to himself in their history above all his successors and, with one illustrious exception, all his contemporaries, it is doubtful if to the mass of the people his name is as familiar as that of more popular and showy politicians who followed or feebly opposed him. Talleyrand, who knew Hamilton and America well, repeatedly declared that he considered Napoleon, Fox, and Hamilton the greatest men of that epoch, and that if he had to pronounce between the three he should without hesitation give the first place to Hamilton. This is strong language, but it helps at any rate to illustrate what an outstanding name his was at a period which Americans regard as the most conspicuous in their annals for political ability.

It was through his own famous periodical, THE FEDERALIST, that Hamilton's masterly essays on Statesmanship became known to the world. They were reprinted in Europe and made a profound impression on those select circles who were capable of appreciating them. "They exhibit," it was said in THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, "an extent and precision of information, a profundity of research and an accurateness of understanding that would have done honour to the most illustrious statesman of ancient or modern times." "For comprehensiveness of design," declares another English critic, "strength, clearness and simplicity, they have no parallel, not excepting or overlooking those of Aristotle and Montesquieu, among the writings of men." Guizot declared that in the application of elementary principles of government to practical administration it was the greatest work known to him. And yet the subject of these eulogies was a colonist born and bred; unlike many of his contemporaries he had never even set foot in Europe. It seems strange that fame in a popular and vulgar sense has not been busier with Hamilton's memory. Of all the men of his day there are none whose career and personality are so calculated to stir the imagination. He was as pre-

[1] THE LIFE OF HAMILTON, by Chief-Justice Shea; Boston, 1879.
ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by H. C. Lodge (American Statesmen Series); New York, 1886.

cocious as the younger Pitt without a tithe of his advantages, and his versatility seems almost without parallel. He was attractive in person, winning in manner, melodious in voice, honourable and singleminded to an extent that even his bitterest enemies in their bitterest moments had grudgingly to admit. He was a brilliant advocate and an ardent soldier, skilful in discipline and brave in action. And all these virtues and accomplishments were added to those great gifts which made him easily the first statesman and financier of his day in America. If a dramatic touch were wanted to lift him still further above the somewhat commonplace level of most of his contemporaries, his assassination, for it was little less, in the very prime of life should supply it. For Hamilton may fairly be said to have died a martyr to his love of country and to his fearless denunciation of those whom he conceived to be her enemies.

He was born in 1752 in the little West Indian island of Nevis. His father was James, son of Alexander Hamilton of Grange in Ayrshire by a daughter of Sir Robert Pollock. His mother was a French Huguenot, and from her he is said to have inherited in a great measure both his mental gifts and personal attractions. She died, however, when he was quite a child, and his father's affairs falling into disorder, the boy was cast early upon the world. His mother's relatives took charge of him, and in his thirteenth year he was placed in the office of a merchant at St. Croix. That his education had not been neglected and his precocity was considerable may be gathered from the somewhat remarkable epistle penned by him at this period to a young friend: "To confess my weakness, N——, my ambition is prevalent, so that I contemn the grovelling condition of a clerk or the like to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character to exalt my station. I am confident that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it, but I mean to prepare the way for futurity." But if young Hamilton was beating his wings against the bars of his West Indian counting-house, he was not, as some other great men in like situations, of no use there. On the contrary, extraordinary confidence seems to have been reposed in him, and shortly after entering the office he was left for some weeks in sole charge of the business. Letters of that time are extant in his handwriting, full of details and precise instructions to merchants and ship-owners. They are written in the first person and signed with his name as of one in sole authority, and fill one with amazement when one realises that they are the work of a boy in his fifteenth year.

In St. Croix young Hamilton was fortunate in finding a scholarly Irish parson with whom he read the classics zealously. The necessities of his locality and his business had occasioned him to speak and write French fluently, so that upon the whole he had a good foundation upon which to proceed to the more regular course of studies which now awaited him. For at fifteen his friends recognised his talents as so much out of the common that they decided to send him to New York, and give him the benefit of the best education that now powerful and opulent colony afforded. Proceeding thither armed with the best introductions, he was fortunate in finding a home with the Livingstones, the most distinguished family of British blood in the colony, and closely allied by marriage with the heads of the Dutch colonial aristocracy. From their manor-house in the neighbourhood of

the city he attended a good grammar-school for a couple of years, and went on in due course to King's College, New York, now known as Columbia, where he was chiefly noted for his intense application to study.

The Revolution was now at hand, and the atmosphere of all the colonies was charged with excitement. For a youth of Hamilton's brains and mental activity, a keen partisanship on one side or the other was inevitable. For a time he seems to have hesitated in his choice. New York at this time had a strong Tory element, and its government was wholly loyal. Some unknown influence, however (a visit to Boston, it is said, but more likely his own reasoning faculties and boyish ambition), turned Hamilton's sympathies to the colonial side, and from that moment he threw himself into the cause of independence with his whole heart and soul. His first appearance in public was at a large meeting convened in New York to protest generally against the policy of the mother-country. The future Founder of Empire was then an unknown student of seventeen. Nothing daunted however, either by his lack of years or reputation, he waited patiently till the notable speakers had finished their orations, and then, mounting the platform, he proceeded to harangue the crowd with such success as to establish himself at once as something of a public character. A war of pamphlets was fiercely raging between the two parties who were so soon to engage in a deadlier strife. The Tories had so far somewhat the best of this, and had delivered some printed challenges to which no adequate replies had yet been forthcoming. A thunderbolt at last descended upon their heads in the shape of an exhaustive and masterly arraignment of their attitude, which delighted the Revolutionists; and when it was discovered that the anonymous author was the youthful Hamilton, the stir was sufficient to have turned a less steady head.

Pamphlets and orations, however, soon gave place to sterner implements of war. Volunteer corps had long been in existence, and to one of these Hamilton had attached himself, to some purpose it would seem, for at the outbreak of war he was appointed to the command of an artillery corps raised by the province. He was then just nineteen, and was to prove himself as adroit in soldiering as he had already done in the elements of commerce and politics. When active operations broke out he at once attracted attention by the smartness and vigour with which he handled his men. When Washington, with his still raw troops, was making his memorable retreat through New Jersey at the point of the British bayonets, Hamilton, then unknown to his chief, delighted him on more than one occasion by the way he protected the rear with his battery and checked the confident pursuers. His gallantry on this retreat caused Washington to seek out the young artillery officer, and at the first convenient moment to make him his aide-de-camp. "Well do I remember," said a participator in those events to Washington Irving, "the day when Hamilton's company marched into Princetown. It was a model of discipline. At their head was a boy and I wondered at his youth, but what was my surprise when, struck with the slight figure, he was pointed out to me as that Hamilton of whom we had already heard so much." "I noticed," says another spectator, "a youth, a mere stripling, small, slender, almost delicate in frame, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently lost in thought with his hand resting on a cannon, and every now and then gently

patting it as if it were a favourite horse or a pet plaything."

The war came a few years too soon for Hamilton to achieve the military fame of which it seems likely that he was capable. It was just as well, for future years and a different work were waiting for him, and if we have to pass briefly by his military career, it is in no sense because the latter was not sufficiently brilliant for his youth and opportunities. For, after winning his way into Washington's household, he passed rapidly to the confidential and important post of military secretary, and gained the lifelong friendship and respect of his great chief. To his ready and able pen was committed, throughout the most trying periods of the war, the whole of Washington's correspondence, under circumstances in which words had to be weighed and susceptibilities considered in a fashion far beyond that required of a commander serving a strong or established government.

It soon came to be recognised throughout the army that Hamilton was no mere amanuensis. It was not only his lucid style which was utilised by the Commander-in-Chief, but, boy though he was in years, his individuality soon began to take shape in the mass of correspondence that passed through his hands. Though not a leader, he became a personage in the war, without which no picture of it would be complete. And this was no wonder, seeing that he was amusing himself in his leisure hours by writing essays on national finance to Morris, who eagerly read and valued them, while he was struggling to feed the depleted exchequer for which he was at the time responsible. Through all Washington's campaigns Hamilton was at his side; but a trifling and temporary disagreement caused him to resign his secretaryship near the close of the war. This was more than compensated for, however, by the separate command which Washington gave him at Yorktown, where he had the honour of leading the assault upon the British outworks in that last sharp struggle.

At the close of the war Hamilton found himself penniless save for those arrears of pay which looked at the time almost hopeless of realisation. He had just married a Miss Schuyler, of a famous New York family, daughter of the general and granddaughter of that excellent lady from whose hospitable mansion at Albany so many British officers had gone forth twenty years before to the fatal field of Ticonderoga. Hamilton's father-in-law now offered him assistance, but with characteristic independence he declined it and applied himself at once with all his energies to the study of the law. At that moment politics offered no field whatever, more especially to a man who had to earn his bread. There was no money and there was scarcely a government. Congress had deteriorated almost out of recognition. The loosely-knit confederacy lay gasping and well nigh paralysed by the military successes which it had done so little to facilitate, and by a consequent load of responsibility to which it was hopelessly unequal. At the opening of the war men had cried in their enthusiasm, like Patrick Henry at Richmond, "I am no longer a Virginian, but an American"; now, when the great peril was removed that all could see and dread, and dangers of a more subtle and complex kind had taken their place, the same men began to remind the weak shadow of what had once been a notable Assembly that they were Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and what not first, and Americans afterwards. The average provincial politician was

dazzled with a success in which he almost believed himself to have had a hand. He certainly had more than his share of political capacity in a limited sense, but those limits did not include the founding of a nation out of thirteen distinct commonwealths in the face of a disturbed Europe whose shadow reached threateningly across the Atlantic. State jealousies waxed and warmed with the removal of physical danger. Among much that was admirable ugly features had developed during a long tedious war, in which a fraction only of the people fought and a minority in all probability had directly suffered. A drifting policy seemed the order of the day, and disruption grew within measurable distance. All this Hamilton, as he worked hard at his law-books, saw and lamented. He turned naturally in the meantime to the profession that best suited his genius, and waited for that call to public life which he knew would surely come. In due course and in the year 1782 he was admitted to the Bar, and in the same year was elected to Congress and appointed continental receiver of taxes for the State of New York. This appointment, as a preliminary to greater things, was, with Hamilton's fierce contempt for provincial obstructions to national unity, by no means uncongenial. It will be sufficient here to state that in this invidious task he was conspicuously successful.

Hamilton's first session in Congress brought home to him more forcibly than ever the desperate state of the country. The decay of patriotism in its nobler sense shocked him. The sectional selfishness, the financial dishonesty, coupled with the unfitness of the legislators to arrest that catastrophe to which the new launched ship of State seemed already hastening, filled him with disgust and dread. How to irritate England, how to prostrate themselves before France; how to shuffle out of their just debts, including the very payment of the army which had created them, and how to hunt down and persecute Tories, seemed to Hamilton the highest aims of the precious Assembly into which the famous Congress of former years had sunk.

He wasted no time, but with a scathing eloquence, that lost none perhaps of its force from the well-remembered melody of the voice that uttered it, attacked the apathy which was personified on the benches around him. He was only now twenty-five, with far more experience, it is true, than such a period of life usually finds itself in possession of, but with a greater gift even than experience, the gift of genius. His was one of those rare intellects that seemed to divine by intuition what to ordinary men can come by experience alone. As a mere boy, in the intervals of letter-writing and fighting on Washington's staff; he had amused himself by sketching out the financial schemes that were ultimately to save America; he now carried, though the time to produce it had not yet arrived, much of the new constitution of the United States in his pocket. In this old Congress there was no one to match him; but eloquence and plain speaking were thrown away on that moribund assembly, and it was in other quarters, moreover, that Hamilton would have to look for effective co-operation in those schemes of Federal Unity which filled his vision.

At home in New York he rose easily and quickly into fame as a lawyer. His first notable speech was in defence of a Tory who had incurred the special hatred of the patriot mob. In his spare hours his busy pen threw off pamphlets illustrative of his views on the various measures which he conceived to be so urgent for the safety

of the country. He helped to found the State Bank, and was mainly instrumental in forming the military society of the Cincinnati in which the populace, with howls of alarm, scented the germs of oligarchy and aristocracy. He gathered round him some staunch allies and devoted admirers; but he made also many bitter enemies whose fear of him was so great that they actually, it is said, concocted a scheme for calling him out one after another till he fell.

An opportunity now showed itself. Virginia in a dreamy fashion invited the other States to send delegates to discuss the somewhat elementary step to National Unity of Commercial Uniformity. Four States only took sufficient interest in the matter to respond at all; but Hamilton, shrewdly guessing he might make this sleepy affair a starting point for movements of more serious import, secured the cooperation of his own State, and got himself without much difficulty appointed a delegate. During the meeting he drafted an address to the country at large, setting forth in forcible terms its dangerous condition and urging all the States to send delegates armed with general powers to a great convention. His address was adopted by the small company present, and the first stone of the American Constitution was laid. Hamilton's own State was deplorably provincial, and obstructive to a degree as regards national affairs. At an earlier period, in spite of his entreaties, it had actually refused to vote any supplies to Congress. It consented now, however, to send three delegates to the convention, with a view to discussing the future, though without, probably, any serious, and certainly with no definite intentions. Hamilton, with great difficulty as a notorious Centralist, got himself appointed as third representative; and this was only possible in view of the fact that the States were to vote corporately and not by individual representatives; and as the other two delegates were resolute to do nothing, his own vote would be powerless.

The Convention met in May, 1787, and nine States put in an appearance. Hamilton was thankful to have achieved this much, and, anxious not to unnecessarily irritate his own colleagues and the majority in his own State, he contributed very little to the first and least important days of this momentous discussion. But he found himself in the company of many of the leading minds of the country, and upon them he brought to bear in private the whole weight of his personal influence. So far as the Convention was concerned he reserved his power for one great effort, and in a speech which made a profound impression on the assembly, he detailed in a masterly and exhaustive manner his views on government. He had no hope of seeing his scheme for a Constitution adopted in its entirety, or the powers he asked for handed over by the timorous representatives of the nine suspicious provinces. That the President and Senate, among other things, should be elected for life and elected only by freeholders struck terror, as may well be imagined, into the minds of people to whom popular government in its widest sense had become almost a fetish. They had forgotten, if indeed they had ever understood, that Washington had succeeded in spite of, rather than with the aid of the National Legislation. But Hamilton had not forgotten; as Washington's secretary no man in America had been brought in closer contact with popular assemblies and their ways in time of national danger. Congress, it is true, had probably by this time begun to suspect that they were no longer the admiration of the world;

but Hamilton and his friends had more than a suspicion that they were fast becoming its laughing-stock, and felt keenly the ignominy of the position. He had no hope of seeing his own strong measures literally embodied in the new Constitution: he was fully prepared for the compromise which in the circumstances was inevitable; but by his strenuous advocacy of the national ideal in opposition to the provincialism so widely prevalent, he greatly strengthened the draft of the Constitution, which was finally adopted by the Philadelphia Convention for submission to the various States. His fellow-delegates from New York either felt that he was too much for them or that the whole question itself was beyond their powers; at any rate they went home before the close of the Convention, and Hamilton signed alone on behalf of his State. With the draft itself he was anything but satisfied. All that is now recognised as the best in the American Constitution is credited to Hamilton's inspiration, but to its many imperfections he was keenly alive. In the frequency of elections, in the precarious tenure of high offices and their subserviency to mob favour, he foresaw that debasement and corruption which has so often and so sadly discredited American politics. In the tenderness with which States' rights were treated he recognized those grave dangers to national safety and unity which, after threatening the country more than once in its very infancy, eventually plunged it into the most terrible war of modern times.

Hamilton, however, was well satisfied to have got a Constitution, even though an imperfect one, upon paper at all. But this step was a mere preliminary one. The real struggle, the question of adoption, had now to be fought out in every provincial legislature, and Hamilton could of course take part in one only of these many contests. It was perhaps fortunate that he was a New Yorker. This province, though not individually the most powerful, had a special importance from its geographical position in the centre of the country; and no other man in America could have won over a State so wholly devoted to provincialism and Anti-Federal ideas as New York then seemed to be. Her legislators were not wanting in ability, but all the ability was ranged in opposition to the new Constitution. Hamilton, however, was in no way daunted, and making his private work secondary to what he conceived to be his public duties, he prepared to face the overwhelming odds. The legislature of which he was a member was shortly to meet. Preparatory to the Session, the party opposed to the Constitution organised against it a paper crusade. No step could have been more ill-advised; they had overlooked a common saying of that day, that he who put himself on paper with Hamilton was lost. Upon this occasion these provincial pamphleteers brought upon their heads the first instalment of those famous essays which Guizot has called the greatest work of their kind known to him. They provoked in short the ever notable FEDERALIST, which fell like a sledge-hammer on those comparatively puny pamphleteers on the banks of the Hudson. But THE FEDERALIST did far more than this; it circulated freely throughout the whole of America and began gradually to sap that majority which on paper had looked so overwhelming.

The struggle in the New York Legislature reads like a political fairy-tale. In a house of sixty-five members Hamilton found forty-five actively opposed to him. Day after day, however, the young Federalist was upon his feet and with

untiring energy and persuasive eloquence confronted the solid phalanx of his enemies. Signs of defection in thei ranks began to show themselves; one after another the other States gave in their adhesion to the new Constitution; nine had already ratified, and now the news that Virginia had done so, in spite of the vehement opposition of Patrick Henry, roused the ardour of the swelling minority in New York. Fired with enthusiasm by this unexpected triumph of his great project, Hamilton made the last important public speech of his life. When he had finished, a scene ensued that is perhaps unique in the history of Anglo-Saxon political strife. For the leader of the opposition rose and with generous and unprecedented candour declared that Hamilton had converted him and he should vote for the Constitution. A division followed which resulted in a majority of three in favour of ratification, and with this joyful news Hamilton hasted to Congress.

Of the many grave questions which the first Congress under the new Constitution had to face, the finance of the country was by far the gravest. There was no hesitation for a moment as to whom the solution of this difficult problem should be entrusted, and Hamilton, answering with ready alacrity his country's call and cheerfully giving up his lucrative practice at the Bar, undertook the formidable work of the Treasury Department at an almost nominal salary. A confused mass of accounts, a chaos of accumulated arrears, a hundred loosened threads, the tightening of each one of which would gall some private interest, were thrown into Hamilton's firm and fearless grip. Washington had profound confidence in his friend and former secretary; but the task seemed to him, and to others conversant with the state of affairs, too great even for Hamilton's genius. The new Secretary of the Treasury, however, proved himself equal to it, and in 1790, in his thirty-second year, he presented the masterly report upon the public credit out of which says his best known biographer, "sprang the whole financial basis upon which the government of the United States rests today."

The debt of the old confederacy, small as it now seems, appeared to the Americans of 1790 truly stupendous. Hamilton divided it into three classes, foreign, domestic, and that incurred by the various States. It was the assumption of the last that opened the flood-gates of sectional and party jealousy. The party of States' rights opposed it on the very ground that Hamilton pressed it, namely that of strengthening the central government by binding to it as creditor the influential moneyed classes. All his other measures, some because generally popular or logically irresistible, some by his own indomitable energy or powerful pen, he easily carried. In the matter of the State debts, however, he had but a bare majority, and this at the division was swept away by the members from the ignorant and backward State of North Carolina, which had only just accepted the Constitution. Hamilton was in despair. He was not given to lobbying, but he felt that the inopportune advent of such dullards at such a crisis was a case for strong measures. Now the opponents of Hamilton's federal policy were mostly Southern, and at this time Jefferson had become decidedly the most influential politician south of the Potomac. Though an Anti-Federalist, he was not yet such a violent one or so inimical to Hamilton personally as he afterwards became, and was moreover, in common with most of the Southern party, just now greatly concerned about the locality of the national

capital, and eagerly urging the site which it now occupies. The North not unnaturally were in favour of a higher latitude, and there was something of a deadlock. Hamilton thought the matter unimportant in comparison with those schemes for national solvency that he had at heart. He asked Jefferson to dinner, and promised that the new capital should be on the Potomac if Jefferson would use his influence with the South in the matter of the State debts. The latter, who was quite ignorant of finance, agreed; a bargain was struck, Hamilton's measures were carried through Congress, and the capital was established on its present site.

The opposition to Hamilton, among that party who were afterwards known as Democrats, was very great, and none the less bitter because they felt they had no one to face him. They accused him of favouring England and her institutions, and of aiming at the establishment of an aristocracy. Patrick Henry, who had violently combated the Constitution, declared he was squinting at monarchy. There was a considerable party in America, more or less represented by Jefferson, whose notions of political economy were singularly crude. They professed to regard manufactures as a national curse, and to consider that the greatness of the New Republic would be best realised by a nation of farmers pure and simple, whose requirements would be limited to those articles that could be created inside the plantation fence. Hamilton, they declared, with his schemes for promoting commerce and manufactures, wished to corrupt their simple Arcady. As yet they had not even got a name under which to organise a resistance; as Anti-Federalists, however, and under the lead of the crafty Jefferson, they resorted to every conceivable measure but that of logic. No one for a moment doubted Hamilton's high integrity, but again and again the opposition, in hopes of finding some flaw, called for his accounts. They organised newspapers to libel him; but the libels were laughed at, except by their author, on whom they rebounded in a fashion that made it for a time very disagreeable indeed for Jefferson. Hamilton, and the Federal party he had built up, were in truth too strong for such feeble tactics, and were growing stronger. They had the confidence of the country; they had restored its credit; the vast number of persons who held government securities and had despaired of them, now looked on the Head of the Treasury as their saviour. But far beyond this a feeling of national honour and true patriotism was kindled by Hamilton's enthusiasm and lofty public spirit. Washington was with him heart and soul. Foreign countries began to speak and act more respectfully: England sent a minister; and when the French Revolution developed its horrors, the extremists discovered to their chagrin that, while the less educated class in America shouted itself hoarse in caps of liberty, the government was in the hands of men who openly showed their disgust, and met the imperious demands for an alliance with a curt but dignified refusal. It was then that both Washington and Hamilton were assailed in louder tones than ever as Anglophiles; and yet it is characteristic of the noisy democracy that, when shortly afterwards England became somewhat high-handed, it was Hamilton who took practical measures for resistance, and Jefferson who opposed them.

An incident known in American History as the Whiskey Rebellion was one of the earlier results of the Federal Administration, and was much more serious than the name would suggest. The borderers of the

South-West, to whom free whiskey had been a valued if pernicious inheritance, and taxes of any kind little more than a name, met Hamilton's excise-officers by reaching down the long rifles that hung over every mantel-shelf and turning out by thousands with loud threats of defiance and secession. They were ugly customers and the situation was serious. There was no dallying with timid vote-calculating governors of States on that occasion, such as we too often see now in like emergencies beyond the Atlantic. Washington and Hamilton marched straight for the mountains at the head of fifteen thousand men, and before such an irresistible force the rebellion collapsed without a shot being fired.

After six years of office Hamilton retired. He had inaugurated and successfully nursed the new Constitution; but he was a poor man, and could no longer afford to neglect a profession which in his case offered an almost certain road to wealth. When at the same time Washington's last term of office expired, Hamilton was recognised by all as too strong and leading a personality for the succession. He left the Federal party to his friend and colleague, Adams, of necessity perhaps rather than with confidence. The party were immensely strong, it is true; but Adams and his friends lacked not only the genius, but the fair and well-balanced mind, the wise statesmanship, in short, of Hamilton. How power and success turned their heads and brought upon them ultimate defeat at the hands of Jefferson, is no business of ours; but while Hamilton was carrying everything before him at the New York Bar, times were troublous in the young Republic. England, with whom many unsettled questions were still pending, contrived to provoke the wrath of the Americans to such a pitch, that it required all Washington's influence and his contempt for popularity to avert a war. When this danger had passed another arose in the capricious moods of the French Republic, whose repeated insults wore out the patience of even their noisiest friends in America till the nation was almost unanimous for war with their old allies. Washington was once more called from his retirement at Mount Vernon to the chief command of the army; Hamilton was summoned from the law-courts to take the second place, but owing to Washington's advanced age and his own stipulations, he took the practical leadership till war should actually break out. Once again was Hamilton immersed in public business, organising the army and the defence of the country, and preparing for the invasion of Louisiana and Florida. The French, however, wisely considered that they had enough on their hands without plunging into a distant war in which they had everything to lose and little to gain, and the crisis passed over.

It was in 1800 that the once powerful Federal party collapsed. Hamilton's guiding hand had long been removed, and it was in vain that he threw himself with fiery zeal into the elections to avert defeat. If he despaired of his country when he saw Jefferson, dangerous demagogue as he considered him, elected its chief citizen, he had not much time to brood over it in the mass of legal work that came to his hands; for it can be well imagined how great was the demand for an advocate who was the chief author of THE FEDERALIST, and had practically given a Constitution to the United States. Yet once more was Hamilton to show his single-minded patriotism, and that in the very hour of his party's downfall. Aaron Burr was coupled with Jefferson in the Democratic candidature;

their votes were equal, and the House of Representatives had to decide which should be President and which Vice-President. The defeated Federalists proposed to revenge themselves on Jefferson by casting their votes for Burr. The former had given Hamilton, of all men, most cause to hate him, by the personal virulence with which he had attacked his reputation; Burr was entirely unknown to him, but he considered him unfit to be even mentioned for so great an office, and, exerting all his influence, he secured the election of his most persistent foe as third President of the United States.

This action was characteristic of Hamilton, and it perhaps signed his death-warrant; but it was not till later that the cup of Burr's wrath was actually filled. Hamilton had no personal feelings whatever in regard to Burr; but he believed him to be an unprincipled scamp, and when he stood for the Governorship of New York in 1804, Hamilton felt it to be his duty to secure his defeat if possible, and succeeded in doing so. Thus, twice baffled, Burr decided to shoot Hamilton, and, selecting some personal allusion in the latter's recent speeches, sent him a challenge. There was not much duelling at that time in America: Hamilton, curiously enough, had been most energetic in trying to suppress it entirely when at the head of the Army; but he never hesitated for a moment about accepting the challenge, though Burr was a man of somewhat tarnished character and a notoriously good hand with a pistol. He spent the interval before the meeting in setting his own affairs and those of his clients in order, and in writing letters of affection and devotion to his wife. Burr spent it in pistol-practice in his garden. They met upon a hot July morning in a spot specially dedicated to such affairs by the banks of the Hudson, and where Hamilton's own son, strange to say, had recently met his fate. Hamilton fell at the first shot mortally wounded. Burr was untouched, and lived to be put upon his trial for high treason against his country, and to talk, with pride rather than remorse, of "how I shot my friend Hamilton."

Very different was the feeling that arose from Canada to the Carolinas when the news went out that Hamilton had fallen before the pistol of the ex-Vice President and expired after a few hours of terrible agony. The indignation aroused throughout the country was tremendous. Men of every party and all shades of opinion forgot their differences for a moment and remembered only that a true patriot and a great statesman had been foully destroyed. This memorable duel was in fact, from its circumstances, a moral murder on the part of Burr, who became an object of general execration. As for Hamilton, though only forty-seven years of age, the business of his life had been done. Anything that he might have accomplished in the future, had he been allowed the usual span of human existence, must of necessity have been overshadowed by the great and enduring work that will be for ever identified with his name.

THE ANNIVERSARY IN ROME.

THE entry of the Italian troops into Rome on September 20th, 1870, was one of those events which must stir the most sluggish imagination. It was accomplished, it is true, without bloodshed and without a shot being fired, and there was little dramatic incident about it; but its immediate cause and its occasion were events on a stupendous scale, a great war and the making of an Empire. The Franco-Prussian War and the rise of the German Empire though vastly momentous in themselves, were indeed from the Italian point of view rather minor episodes and incidents. It was upon Rome that their hopes and interests centred. To the Italians the entry into the Eternal City was not merely a cleverly snatched advantage which Fortune had put within their reach. It was the final consummation of a great series of events, the fall of the curtain at the conclusion of a long drama. It signalised two things of vast importance not only to the Italian State, but to the world at large; it swept away the last vestige of the Papal Temporal Power, and it placed the Italians in possession of the City which it was their natural and inevitable destiny to hold. It marked, in short, the final disappearance of one of the oldest of human institutions, and it gave the last perfecting touch to one of the newest. Nor is the matter one which appeals merely to the historian and the scholar, an affair only of academic interest. It has, as will be seen, given rise to a question of very practical interest indeed, which continually but vainly presses for solution.

It is possible to regard this anniversary from many points of view; but it must here suffice to consider only those which are more or less of actual and immediate interest. Such is the real history of the events which directly led up to and preceded the entry into Rome in 1870, and which have but lately become fully known; such also is the sudden change of front towards the Italian State which the Pope within the present year has seen reason to adopt. It is proposed to regard the anniversary from both these points of view, and it is believed that they will afford abundant matter for reflection.

It is natural to set out from the historical aspect of the question. This can only be properly understood by keeping well in mind the very great importance in the history of Europe of the territorial possessions of the Popes; an importance which it would be hard to over-estimate, and which remained in full force down to the very last hour before the shreds of those possessions were in 1870 finally torn away. It is not too much to say that at that time the Papal question profoundly influenced the policy of France; how fatal that influence was it will be one of the objects of this paper to show.

The origin of the Temporal Power is a purely academic question over which we need not linger. But the true significance of its total disappearance cannot be rightly grasped without some consideration of what it really was, and the results which it entailed upon the two countries, France and Italy, which it most immediately

affected. To Italy herself it is no extravagance to say that the Temporal Power has been nothing but a curse. It is a hard saying, but one which no impartial student can deny. Against it the best minds in all ages of Italian history have raised their voices. Dante even in his poetry cannot exclude the expression of the thought which must have often been present to his mind. The Church of Rome, he says,

> Mixing two governments that ill assort,
> Hath missed her foot, fallen into the mire,
> And there herself and burden much defiled.[1]

But by no one has the case been so well and clearly put as it has been by Machiavelli. "The Church," he says, "has kept and keeps our country divided. . . . The Church alone has prevented this union in Italy; for having had her seat there, and held the temporal power, she has not been strong enough to occupy it entirely, nor so weak as to be unable to summon a new potentate to defend her against whomsoever threatened its occupation. Thus the Church has been the true cause for which Italy has never been united under one head, but always divided among many lords and princes; wherefore the land has fallen into such feebleness that it has become the prey of the first who attacked it." Machiavelli's acumen took in the whole situation at a glance. Of all the causes which kept Italy divided into a disconnected group of feeble, ill-governed, and poverty-stricken States, it is certain that the Temporalities of the Roman Church were the most perniciously effective. They were made the perpetual pretext of foreign interference, until the Italians were never allowed to adjust their own affairs among themselves, nor events to run their natural course. Of all the governments in Europe that of the Papal States was probably the most inefficient and effete, but being always able to count on the support of one or other of the great European Powers, it contrived to prolong a decaying life for centuries. It was to Rome that at all times the noblest of Italians looked as the goal of their loftiest aspirations, and no one has expressed this feeling more finely than Mazzini. "The worship of Rome," he says, "was part of my being. The Great Unity, the One Life of the world had twice been elaborated within her walls. Other peoples, their brief mission fulfilled, disappeared for ever. To none save to her had it been given twice to guide and direct the world. There life was eternal, death unknown. There upon vestiges of an epoch of civilisation anterior to the Grecian, which had its seat in Italy, and which the historical science of the future will show to have had a far wider external influence than the learned of our own day imagine—the Rome of the Republic, concluded by the Cæsars, had arisen to consign the former world to oblivion, and borne her eagles over the known world, carrying with them the idea of right, the source of liberty. In later days, while men were mourning over her as the sepulchre of the living, she had again arisen, greater than before, and at once constituted herself, through her Popes, as venerable once as they are abject now, the accepted centre of a new Unity, elevating the law from earth to heaven, and substituting the idea of duty, a duty common to all men and therefore a source of their equality." And then he goes on to ask why a new Rome, the Rome of the Italian people, should not arise to create a third and still vaster unity. A third Rome of a united Italy was his day-dream, as it had been of many others; but to its realisation the Roman Temporalities barred the

[1] THE DIVINE COMEDY, *Purgatory,* xvii. Carey's translation.

way. It is no wonder that Italian patriots viewed the Temporal Power with something like abhorrence; it lay right athwart their path with a dead weight which no effort could remove. It was removed only when the Papacy was left to rely on its own unaided strength; and then it fell at once.

Upon Italy therefore it is evident that the Temporal Power inflicted a cruel wrong; to France also it has been the source of untold trouble and disaster. Ever since the Revolution the State and Church in France have often been on antagonistic terms, and when the secular party have held the governing power they have almost invariably used it to humiliate the clergy. But the Church in France is a powerful body, which the civil power has often found it useful to conciliate. The first Napoleon described the situation in his coarse and vigorous way when he said that the clergy had seized the soul of the people and tossed to him the carcase. Even he, high-handed though he was, saw the wisdom of concluding a Concordat with the Church. But the civil power in France had always one sop to throw to a discontented clergy; it could lend its moral and material aid to the support and maintenance of the Popes in their territorial possessions. And this it did from the moment Pius the Ninth fled in terror to Gaeta down to the time of the Franco-Prussian war. It was an immoral policy which, though it may have bought off a hostile clergy, carried within it the seeds of retribution. The whirlwind was destined to be abundantly reaped. From first to last France was placed in a false position which no ingenuity can well excuse. One of the first things which the short-lived French Republic of 1848 set its hands to do, was to despatch an expedition to assault the infant republic which the enthusiastic Italian democrats had established. For a Royalist government such a policy might have been natural and right; but for one, as the French then was, making the loftiest professions of sympathy with democracies throughout the world, it was one of the most cynical acts conceivable. And the French having got to Rome determined to remain; Canrobert's famous saying, "J'y suis, j'y reste," seems to have been their guiding principle of conduct. So that for nearly twenty years French officers were to be seen strutting and swaggering on the Pincio, and French uniforms mingling with the motley throng which crowded the Corso. The Italians tried in vain to induce the Emperor Napoleon to withdraw the garrison. True it is that under the Convention of 1864 it was mutually agreed that the French troops should retire; but that was only on condition that the Italians themselves should guarantee the Pope's dominions from attack, and to ensure that end should transfer the seat of government from Turin to Florence. The battle of Mentana sent the French troops hurrying back, and things remained exactly as they were. It was a policy which gratified the feelings of the French, but one which eventually cost them dear.

Such was the position of affairs when the year 1870 arrived. It is no part of our task to endeavour to allot the proper share of blame which should attach to the Emperor Napoleon for the disasters of that unhappy time. Nor is it to the purpose to consider the merits of the quarrel, nor what part Bismarck may have played in forcing it on. What here concerns us is to show that Napoleon might have entered on the war with Austria or Italy, or both, for his allies, if it had not been for his

insane infatuation to keep the Italians out of Rome and to maintain the Pope in his possession of the City.

It has been frequently asserted that Napoleon was driven into war by the pressure and the intrigues of the Empress, the Jesuits, and the priests. For this there was probably no foundation beyond the gossip of the boulevards and the scandal of the Court. But when, in an article in the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES published in 1878, Prince Jerome Napoleon, who during the progress of the war was sent by the Emperor on a mission to the Italian Court, and who beyond most Frenchmen had an intimate knowledge of affairs, threw the blame for the disasters on the French clerical party, he was not speaking wildly or merely out of malice. We can see now that he was not entirely wrong. Indeed if Napoleon allowed himself to be absolutely influenced and guided by the clericals in his policy towards the Temporal Power, it must be admitted that Prince Jerome was to a great extent entirely right. This is evident from the materials which we have now at our disposal. Early in the present year Count Nigra, who in 1870 was the Italian Ambassador in Paris, published his diplomatic reminiscences of that momentous time. Supported as they were by documentary evidence which it was impossible to impeach, they attracted much attention. In France indeed, where they must have been most unpalatable reading, it was found convenient to pass them by in silence. But by this silence no one will suffer himself to be deceived. For what are the facts, as we know them from Count Nigra? He tells us plainly that during the years 1868 and 1869 the Emperor tried his best to negotiate an alliance between France, Italy, and Austria. The negotiations were not carried on through the usual diplomatic channels, but by an interchange of letters between the sovereigns themselves. The alliance was one which it should not have been difficult to conclude. Austria, fresh from the rout of Sadowa, was smarting from defeat, and would gladly have revenged herself on Prussia; while Italy would certainly have joined the French on the condition that Rome should be restored to her. Count Beust, who was a Protestant, was at that time the Austrian Premier, and he would gladly have seen the Italians in Rome. But on that point Napoleon was obdurate; he deliberately sacrificed all hopes of the alliance to his determination to maintain the Pope in his possession of the fragments of his temporal authority.

The golden opportunity had gone, and, as it turned out, had gone for ever. At this time the shadows were gathering round Napoleon's strange career; and we, who are able to look backwards, can hardly refrain from the reflection that darkening clouds were settling on his mind. In his deliberate and obstinate folly he reminds us of the old Greek belief in Nemesis and Fate from which even the Gods were not exempt, and which led men all unwitting to their doom. And just as in the ODYSSEY Thoclymenus the soothsayer beheld the mists enshrouding the figures of the suitors, and heard the sound of wailing, and saw phantom forms flitting hellwards through the halls, so we seem to see Napoleon wrapped in mental darkness and driven onwards by his destiny to his fate on the fields of Gravelotte and Sedan.

With the assistance of Count Nigra we can review the diplomatic history of the time. On the 5th of July, 1870, great consternation was produced by the announcement that

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern was a candidate for the vacant throne of Spain. The story of Prince Leopold's withdrawal, of the alleged insult to King William by the French Ambassador M. Benedetti, is too well known to be repeated; but it is not so generally known how the Emperor fondly cherished his hopes of an Italian alliance. On the 8th of July the Duc de Gramont, the French Foreign Minister, telegraphed to Signor Visconti Venosta, the Italian Foreign Minister at Florence, a request that he would oppose the designs of Prince Leopold in Spain, adding that "France counted on the support of Italy in case the persistence of Prussia should render war inevitable." Only two days later the Emperor caused a telegram to be sent to Victor Emmanuel in which a similar expression was made use of, with the addition that France counted also on the aid of Austria. If the Emperor really had any such belief, it was a singular delusion. As a matter of fact Count Beust refused his assistance altogether, while the Italian Minister contented himself with giving an assurance that he would exert his influence in the cause of peace, and that in any event France would not find Italy among the number of her enemies. Yet one more chance was allowed the infatuated Emperor. Count Beust, overtaken as he was by the suddenness of the crisis and unwilling though he was to assist France with force of arms, desired, if it were possible, to help her indirectly. He conceived the notion of a separate treaty between Italy and Austria, providing for an armed neutrality and a common diplomatic policy. He imagined that, when the opportunity arrived, the two countries would be able to use their influence in favour of the French. At the Tuileries the idea was well received, and the draft of a treaty, which was to remain temporarily secret, was immediately drawn up. It provided for a neutrality of the two countries which should be benevolent to France; that they should place their armies on a war footing, and agree to common action with a view to mediation; and lastly that Austria should undertake to use her good offices with France, not only to induce that Power to immediately withdraw her troops from Rome, but also to withdraw them on conditions conformable to the interests of Italy and in a manner to ensure domestic peace. It will hardly be believed that the Emperor refused to approve the latter clause. The Duc de Gramont informed Count Beust that the Cabinet of the Tuileries could not allow of Austrian interference in the Roman question, and told Count Nigra that in no case could concessions be made beyond the terms of the Convention of 1864. The Emperor himself struck out the obnoxious clause, and on the 3rd of August he wrote to his Foreign Minister to instruct him that on the Roman question he was determined not to yield. As a natural consequence the negotiations dropped; it was not to be expected that Italy would make sacrifices without some equivalent for herself, and that equivalent the Emperor Napoleon would not give. It will ever remain one of the marvels of history that at the supreme crisis of his fate he should have preferred to support the Pope in the last ruins of his shadowy dominions to securing the great moral, if not material, support which a benevolent alliance of Italy and Austria would assuredly have given him. But it was not to be. The temporal dominions of the Popes for centuries kept Italy dismembered; it is strange that in the end they should have helped to bring ruin upon France.

It is but a brief retrospect that we have made, but it is probably enough to show how greatly the existence of the Temporal Power has affected the course of European history. It would be a matter for rejoicing if the September Celebrations did nothing but commemorate an event of historical interest. Such, however, is far from being the case. The Temporal Power has indeed gone, but the Roman question continues with us still. The position of the Italian Government in Rome resembles that of a legatee of an estate to the ownership of which some onerous conditions are attached; it is rather like an *hereditas damnosa*, as the old Latin lawyers would have called it. The claims of the Papacy to the restoration of its Temporalities are a cause of grave embarrassment and give rise to a question which cries loudly for solution. For the Papacy, though it can wonderfully adapt itself to the various and changing needs of men, never abates one jot or tittle of its claims. It is a sacred maxim handed down from age to age by the successors of St. Peter, that whatever spiritual or temporal powers have once been placed within their hands shall be kept intact and unimpaired. They do not admit defeat; what they do not possess *de facto*, they at least possess *de jure*; if they have lost the substance they retain the shadow; and if their earthly kingdom has been filched, that loss, they say, will only be continued for a season, until that brighter day returns when all shall be restored. The Holy Catholic Church, it is said, can afford to stand and wait; an all-seeing Providence will give her the victory at last. In the belief of all true Catholics it is as certain that she will eventually triumph as that the sun will rise again. Meanwhile, though she never hastes she never rests, and she presses on her claims with a persistency which, if often silent, never flags. They are pushed unceasingly from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year, and if the outside world can forget them or deride them, the government of King Humbert never can. It has to face an unsleeping foe whom no good-will can ever conciliate or appease, whose claims are incapable of compromise. Both demand as of right to rule in the City of the Cæsars, and the victory of one side means the inevitable and enduring humiliation of the other. So is waged the bloodless but unequal war; yet though the occupation of the Quirinal is securely based on force, the Vatican has weapons in her arsenal of a less material kind with which she is well able to harass and annoy.

Of these the most effective is the influence she exerts over Catholic voters, and the way in which that influence is used. The position assumed by the Vatican in relation to the Italian State in effect is simply this,—that the State is a usurper with which the Church can have no dealing, and which it is so far as possible her duty to ignore. From this standpoint as a premise it is argued that no good Italian Catholic should take any part or lot in the government or administration of the State in which he lives. Pius the Ninth put the doctrine into definite form and shape when he issued the decree *Nè Eletti Nè Elettori*; or, in other words, that no Italian Catholic should be a candidate himself or ever record his vote at an election. This is, at all events, the theory, but the practice has in fact been something very different. Papal decrees are not meant to be too rigorously applied, and here at least not a little latitude has been tacitly allowed. The history of this particular decree and of its elastic adaptation to the changing necessities of the hour is of some

interest in itself, and also for the curious light it throws on the working of the political machine at the Vatican.

So long as Pius the Ninth occupied the chair, it was generally held that the decree was one of those to which the maxim *non expedit* applied; that it was not intended to be an absolute prohibition, but only a direction of what was thought to be expedient, which every one according to his conscience was free to obey or disregard. But after the election of Leo the Thirteenth a new and more rigorous interpretation was applied. That department at the Vatican which is known as the *Sacra Penitenzieria*, with the Pope's assent, declared the meaning to be this, that no Catholic should take part in an election, unless the Pontiff in his absolute discretion should otherwise resolve. Even so the decree was very variously regarded. The clergy, no doubt, and the thorough-going Ultramontanes (*Cattolici interi*) rigorously obeyed; but the laity in many cases voted, it being held to be a very venial sin where there was a chance of defeating a Radical, a Jew, or a freemason. In practice each man voted according to the dictates of his conscience, so that the Catholic vote was a varying quantity whose actual influence on the results it was impossible to measure. This unsatisfactory state of things continued to the present year, when it was thought that the Vatican might probably be induced to recede somewhat from its rigorous position, and to give its sanction to a freer participation in the elections than had previously been the case. It was known that a general election, and one too perhaps of more importance than any since the foundation of the kingdom, was at hand, and that the possible results were such as the Vatican could not regard with indifference. It would be a contest between the friends of law and order and a motley group of revolutionary forces; and it was obvious to all men that if the Catholics came in numbers to the polls, those forces would in a great measure be stemmed. The clergy and the Catholics were perfectly aware that if the party of disorder gained the day, both they and the State would be involved in common ruin, and that it was to their interest, and to a large extent within their power, to return to Parliament a majority pledged to the maintenance of authority and to orderly progression. In particular some of the bishops of Lombardy and Romagna did not conceal their fears of the dangers which might follow a general abstention of Catholics from the polls, and they begged the Pope to reconsider the position. Not for many a year had so fair a chance occurred for the clerical and civil powers to work together for the common good. It seemed as though a brighter day was at last about to dawn, and that a golden bridge might be erected by which the Vatican could have secured a dignified retreat. There was a general belief that before the elections took place the prohibition to vote would be removed; and it was even said that an article on the subject, written by the order of the Pope, would shortly appear in the CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA, a journal of the most rigorous Ultramontane type. To the amazement of every one, when all hopes were raised to a pitch of expectation, the Pope despatched a letter to Cardinal Parocchi declaring his absolute prohibition of any Catholics taking part in the elections. It was an act as unprecedented as surprising. Cardinal Parocchi was Vicar-General of the diocese of Rome, but his jurisdiction did not extend beyond its limits. There seemed no good reason why the Pope should have departed from the usual practice of making known

his wishes to his flock through the medium of the bishops, and his novel procedure gave rise to not a little comment. For the prohibitory order several reasons were ascribed. Some said that Cardinal Rampolla had urged the Pope to write the letter because the Italian Government would not, or could not, promise to keep order on the 20th of September. Others gave a reason of a less commonplace kind; indeed, if it was the right one, it was not a little strange. It was said that the Pope discharged his thunderbolt on account of the imprudences of a certain high personage of the Curia; no less a person indeed than Cardinal Hohenlohe, a brother of the present German Chancellor, and who seems to be a man of spirit and independent character. At a banquet given at Rome in honour of the Italian Foreign Minister the Cardinal had proposed the health of the President of the Council. It was no doubt for a member of the Curia an unusual thing to do, and it is said to have roused the displeasure of the Pope. But he was not a man to be easily put down; and shortly after he allowed his house to be used by the son of a Minister of State for the purpose of holding a meeting of electors. It seems hardly credible, but it is certainly alleged that from these trifling incidents important consequences followed; that, in fact, the French Government affected to believe that the Cardinal, as the brother of the Imperial Chancellor, was acting in the interests of the Triple Alliance. His conduct, it was argued, showed that he was anxious for the Pope to remove the prohibition, because the Catholic voters would give their support to Signor Crispi, who, as all the world knows, is deeply pledged to the Alliance. The French Government thereupon brought its influence to bear, and yielding to it, it is said, the Pope resolved to enforce the prohibition.

By this sudden change of front Leo the Thirteenth has impaired his own dignity and the interests of his Church. If the version we have given be the true one, as is probable enough, it is obvious that the government of the Vatican must be in the feeblest hands. It is preposterous that a most momentous decision of high policy should be reversed because a Cardinal toasts one Minister, and lends his house for political purposes to the son of another. It is true that no very serious consequences have followed, and as a matter of fact the Catholics must have voted in greater numbers than they ever did before. Though the electoral lists had been revised, and many names had been struck off, the percentage of voters has actually increased. In the face of facts of this kind it is idle to attempt to enforce the prohibition. In municipal and communal elections Catholics have the fullest liberty to come forward as candidates and to vote; by what sophistries of argument it can be held right for them to do so, while it is wrong for them to take part in a parliamentary election, we are utterly at a loss to understand.

Surely it is time that this unreasoning vindictiveness towards the Italian State should be abandoned, and that the Vatican should recognise that the Temporal Power has become absolutely out of harmony with the spirit of the age. Just as, Galileo's recantation notwithstanding, the world moves round and carries with it all who are upon it, so, though the Pope may angrily protest, the stream of time runs on, and as it runs men's needs and habits change. As things are, the Papal policy is one which all reasonable people must deplore. It is a display of officious impotence and narrow bigotry. It recalls Sir James Stephen's

description of the effect produced on him by listening to the sermons of Frederick Denison Maurice; it was, he said, like watching the struggles of a drowning creed. That the Papacy should so act as to produce an impression such as this, is the more to be regretted, because in purely spiritual matters it was probably never stronger than it is to-day. Let us hope that the events of this month will suggest a wiser policy to the Vatican. If not, it is possible that the Government of King Humbert may determine to put this vexed question to rest once and for all. As it is, that Government has to submit to an *imperium in imperio*, and to see many good citizens withdrawn from the service of the State. The extent of the injury inflicted it is impossible to determine, but it must be very great; the task of governing Italy, not too easy as it is, must be increased a thousandfold. Whether the system of compulsory voting, like that in Belgium, or some stronger measure be adopted, we have no means of knowing; but this we do know, that many of the best minds in Italy are of opinion that the present relations to the Vatican should no longer be permitted to subsist. Let us hope that in that quarter wiser counsels will prevail, and that Cavour's ideal of a Free Church in a Free State may be completely realised at last. If the September Celebrations help towards this end, they will not have been held in vain.

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26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
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34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
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42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
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54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
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Ward's earlier novels that some of her former characters re-appear. "Sir George Tressady," while marked by the serious intention of all of Mrs. Ward's novels, will be found particularly interesting in its principal situations, and most entertaining in its pictures of the life of our own time.

Shorter Serial Stories by W. D. Howells and F. Hopkinson Smith

are in hand, and there will be other novelettes by leading writers. Mr. Howells' story, "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy," is a tale of American life at Saratoga (illustrated by Irving R. Wiles). Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the author of that very successful novel "Colonel Carter, of Cartersville," which first appeared in THE CENTURY, will contribute "Tom Grogan," a story of the American labouring classes (illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).

Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, George Kennan

will also furnish contributions during the coming year. A leading feature will continue to be

Professor Sloane's Life of Napoleon,

which, with the November number, reaches the establishment of the Empire, when the mature Napoleon is seen at the height of his autocratic power. This impartial and scholarly work has been received with great favour by readers of the magazine, and in illustrations it will continue to be the most remarkable of all the great historical serials which THE CENTURY has printed.

Captain Mahan on Admiral Nelson.

THE CENTURY has made arrangements with Captain Alfred T. Mahan, author of "Influence of Sea Power upon History," for four papers on the naval engagements which gave Nelson his fame,—namely, Cape St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. A series of papers of unusual interest and beauty of illustration will be

Rome,

DESCRIBED BY MARION CRAWFORD,
ILLUSTRATED BY CASTAIGNE.

The famous novelist who writes these three articles has been long identified with the Eternal City, and no one is more fitted to write interestingly upon that inspiring topic. The series will include articles on St. Peter's and the Vatican. The illustrations by André Castaigne, who made the well-known drawings of the World's Fair in THE CENTURY, will include some remarkable restorations of classical scenes, and other pictures in the brilliant style of this artist.

Dr. Albert Shaw on American Cities.

Dr. Shaw, whose studies of foreign cities printed in this magazine, and in two books recently issued by The Century Co., have attracted wide attention, will contribute a third series on "The Administration of the Cities of the United States," setting forth the characteristics of municipal government in various American cities.

Stanley and Glave on Africa.

Several papers will appear in THE CENTURY during the coming year, made up from the copious notes and journals and photographic material collected by Mr. E. J. Glave during his expedition across Africa in the service of THE CENTURY. These articles will be prefaced by a paper on Africa by Henry M. Stanley.

The Artistic Features

Of the coming year of THE CENTURY will include papers by Mrs. Van Rensselaer on "French Cathedrals"; a group of papers on Japanese painting and sculpture by Professor Earnest F. Fenollosa, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, with rare illustrations of the masterpieces of Oriental art; notable engravings by Timothy Cole, including some of John S. Sargent's pictures in the Boston Public Library; a series of reproductions of pictures by the eminent French painter, Vibert; an article on the wonderful series of New Testament illustrations by the painter Tissot; papers on American Mural Decoration, the work of Puvis de Chavannes, etc. etc.

Every year of THE CENTURY also includes a great number of important contributions of which no announcement can be made in the prospectus.

In the November Number of

St. Nicholas

THERE will be an Illustrated Article on the great French Historical Painter, GEROME, with reproductions of some of his most famous works. Two new novels will be begun:

"THE SWORDMAKER'S SON,"

A Romance of Judea in the time of Christ. By W. O. STODDARD; and

"THE PRIZE CUP,"

A Story of Boy Life and Athletics.

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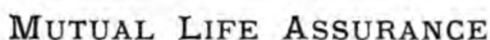

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

SEVENTH SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION
WITH
DIVISION OF PROFITS

57th Annual Report
1895

SUMMARY OF REPORT

SUBMITTED TO THE

57th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, on 24th April 1895.

THE DIRECTORS have satisfaction in submitting the following REPORT which, in addition to the usual Statement of the Business of the past year, gives the Results of the 7th SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION with DIVISION OF SURPLUS.

PROPOSALS received **£1,700,169.** NEW ASSURANCES completed **£1,468,659.**

This is the largest New Business in any one year, and includes several Policies for large amounts effected as a provision for Death Duties—a purpose for which the distinctive system of the Institution is being recognised as specially suitable.

TOTAL PREMIUMS of the year, **£662,450.**

TOTAL INCOME, including Interest, **£1,027,942.**

The CLAIMS, including Bonus Additions,* were **£464,686.**

* *These averaged 50 per cent on the Assurances which participated.*

The REALISED FUNDS amounted at 31st DEC. 1894 to **£9,043,193,**

Or, deducting Claims etc. outstanding, to **£8,949,754,**

the Increase during the year being the large sum of **£413,453.**

THE PROGRESS of the INSTITUTION

In each SEPTENNIAL PERIOD is shown in the following TABLE.

IN PERIODS ENDING 31ST DECEMBER.	TOTAL ASSURANCES EFFECTED.	FUNDS AT END OF PERIOD.	SURPLUS.		INCOME IN LAST YEAR OF PERIOD.
			NO. OF PARTICIPANTS.	AMOUNT.	
1845 (8 years)	£942,899	£69,009	..	..	£25,366
1852	2,571,328	254,675	167	£26,159	68,607
1859	4,590,300	633,514	851	79,644	120,625
1866	7,525,373	1,245,372	2,492	181,544	205,358
1873	12,297,445	2,258,175	4,599	376,577	353,613
1880	19,695,470	3,913,252	6,662	624,473	566,441
1887	26,837,043	6,179,746	9,384	1,051,035	783,675
1894	**34,990,385**	**9,043,194**	**13,220**	**1,423,018**	**1,027,942**

During the Septennial Period ending 31st December last the NEW ASSURANCES completed amounted to £8,153,342; the ratio of EXPENSES to Premiums averaged only about 10½ per cent—an exceptionally favourable ratio, more particularly in view of the fact that it is calculated upon the Institution's low premiums. The REALISED FUNDS increased from £6,179,746 to £9,043,194; and the rate of INTEREST earned was maintained at over 4¼ per cent.

The CLAIMS paid during the same period were £2,805,065, and, both in number and amount, were greatly under the expectation—having been about four-fifths of the estimate based on the "Actuaries' Experience H^{M}" Table on which the calculations proceed. More than one-half of the Members who died were entitled to Bonuses which, notwithstanding that the premiums do not as a rule exceed the non-profit rates of other Offices, were on the average equal to an addition of about **50** per cent to the Policies which participated.

The Scottish Provident Institution.

SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION.

In estimating the Liabilities the "Actuaries' Experience H^M" Table has again been employed, the entire loading having been thrown off and excluded from the calculations, with an additional reserve in respect of Assurances effected by single payment or by terminable premiums. At all previous Investigations *interest* at the rate of 4 per cent was assumed in the calculations; but, in view of the general tendency towards a reduction in the earning power of money on first class securities, the Directors are of opinion that 3½ per cent forecasts now the probabilities of the future as accurately as 4 per cent did in former years; and the present Valuations have accordingly proceeded upon a 3½ per cent basis. The rate actually earned throughout the Septennium has exceeded 4¼ per cent. It is gratifying that this important change can be effected without materially diminishing the shares of Surplus as compared with previous divisions. In connection with this change, it should not be lost sight of that various additional privileges have been conferred on the Members during the past Septennium, viz. the payment of Intermediate Bonuses, the payment of Claims immediately on proof of death, and the cessation after five years of extra premiums for foreign residence.

The SURPLUS resulting from the Valuation amounts to . . .	**£1,423,018**
from which there falls to be deducted the amount already paid as Intermediate Bonuses	**60,832**
	£1,362,186
Of this sum it is recommended that there be reserved for future division	**391,796**
Leaving to be now apportioned in terms of the Laws . . .	**£970,390**

The number of Policies entitled to participate, either immediately or prospectively in the next seven years, is 13,220, among which the above sum of £970,390 falls to be divided.

HISTORY AND CONSTITUTION.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION was established in 1837, with the object of giving to the ASSURED the full benefit of the Low PREMIUMS hitherto confined to a few of the PROPRIETARY OFFICES, while at the same time retaining the WHOLE SURPLUS for the Policyholders.

THE RATES OF PREMIUM are so moderate that at most ages an assurance of £1200 to £1250 may be secured for the same yearly premium which would generally elsewhere assure (with profits) £1000 only—the difference of £200 or £250 being equivalent to

An Immediate and Certain Bonus of 20 to 25 per cent.

THE WHOLE SURPLUS goes to the Policyholders on a system at once safe, equitable, and favourable to good lives—no share being given to those by whose early death there is a *loss* to the Common Fund.

The System is found to be specially suited for Family Settlements, *securing at a low cost the largest Assurance to cover the period when such a provision is generally most needed; while the* Whole Surplus *is eventually returned to those who prove good lives.*

HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

May 1895.

Scottish Provident Institution.

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34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
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52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
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54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
55	5 1 11	5 10 2	6 12 1	10 8 6	60 0 8	55

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