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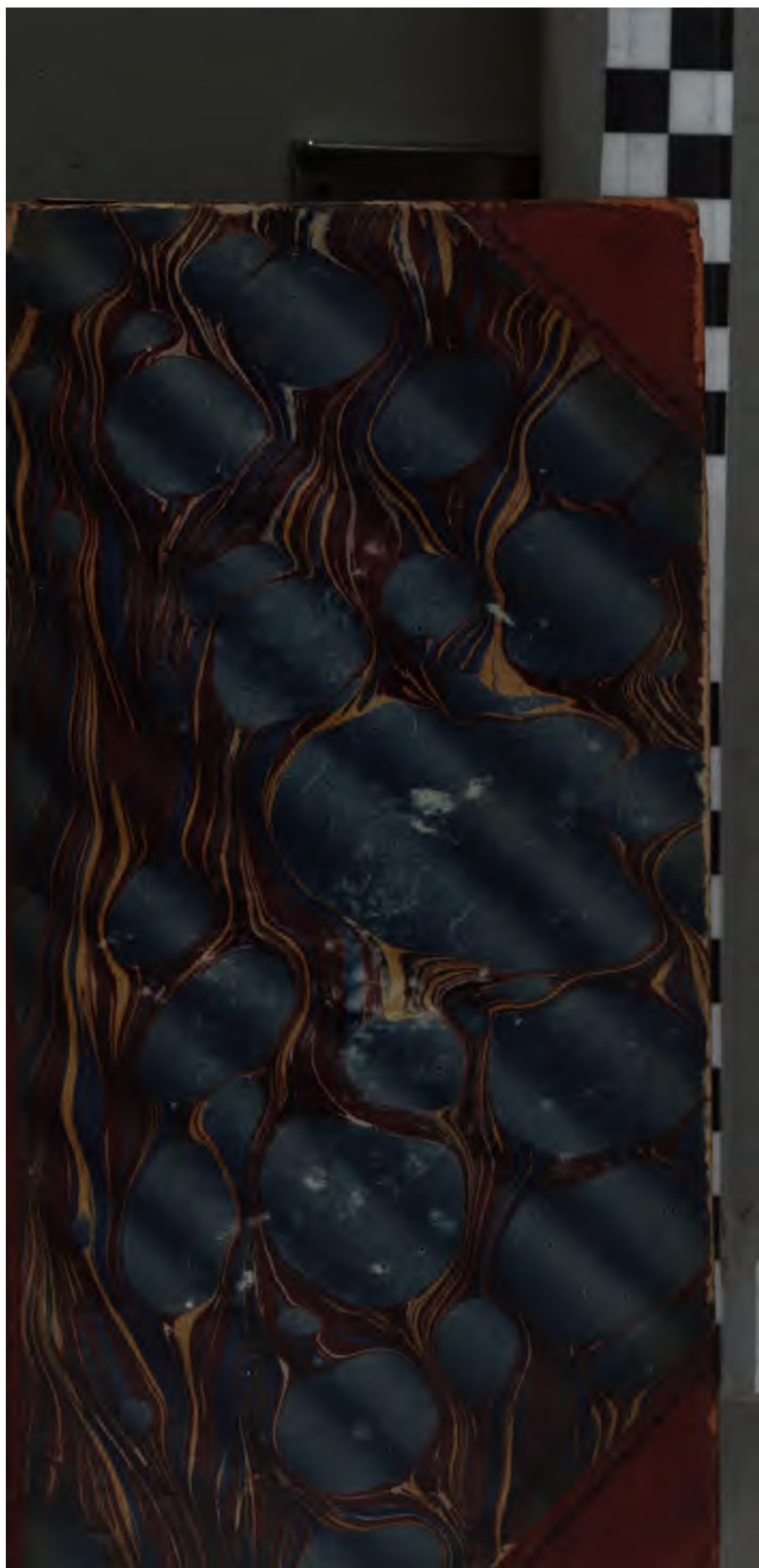
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

VOL. XV.
JULY—DECEMBER.



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PREFACE.



COUNTRY CRITIC some months ago, commenting upon one of my half-yearly prefaces, remonstrated with me for indulging in this little bit of periodical gossip with my readers. He was pleased to speak favourably of the half-year's batch of literature presented in the volume then finished; but it was his fancy to compare the writings of my contributors to so many dishes served at table, and my readers to the guests assembled round the mahogany; and in order to complete the parallel he spoke of the editor as the cook, which of course led up easily to the pertinent remark that the guests did not want the cook to come into the room and make complaisant and complimentary remarks upon the dishes he had sent up to the dining-room.

But there is always a fallacy somewhere in analogical reasoning; and comparisons are odious. If the similitude of a feast is to be introduced, then I venture to claim—proudly for my contributors and humbly for myself—the privilege of forming with my readers a sort of intellectual club, in which ideas, fancies, and flowers of thought, observation, and culture—instead of dishes—are discussed. As president of this little literary republic, enjoying with the rest the entertainment provided—for the quality whereof the merit is not mine—I take council, as far as I can, of writers and of readers as to the conduct of our proceedings, and I do not think I am exceeding the functions of my position if twice a year I ask the assembly to glance with me at the doings of the last six months or at the programme of the months that are to come. Moreover, the *Gentleman's Magazine* is a very old literary club—the oldest and earliest of its kind; and through all the generations that have passed away since the first editor

occupied the chair it has been the custom of the president to say a few words at the close of each volume of these transactions.

In this half-yearly gossip through the last three or four volumes I have dwelt in a special manner upon the literary fabric of the work, and upon my intentions and hopes for the future, because there has been a purpose that the magazine should pursue in some respects a new career, and win fresh honours to add to its ancient crown. That purpose has now, perhaps, been sufficiently explained. The work has spoken for itself, and has been, I am grateful to know, handsomely acknowledged. It is not needful, therefore, that I should dwell further upon these general purposes and intentions.'

While I am writing I am happy to learn that Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Dear Lady Disdain," finished in the concluding pages of this volume, is meeting with a generous reception in its separate form as a three-volume novel. Some curious speculation has arisen among readers and correspondents touching the application of the title "A Dog and His Shadow" to Mr. Francillon's new story. These chapters in the December number will enable the reader to perceive something of a transfiguration of old Æsop's fable in the story of Abel Herrick, though it would be dangerous to speculate upon how far the finish of the new fable will correspond with that of the old. Abel Herrick has this advantage over most heroes of romance, so far as his readers are concerned, that there is no safety in forecasting the final result of his career, and the consequence is a more than usual amount of curiosity as to the probable effect of circumstances and the development of character upon his ultimate fortune. "A Dog and His Shadow" will be concluded in June; but before its completion, and previous to its appearance at the libraries in three volumes, my readers' old favourite of last year, "Olympia," will be issued in a popular form in one volume.

Prompted by strong motives, I have ventured to depart, *in my programme for next year, from the arrangement which has been announced for the publication of a narrative by Mr. Buchanan to run through six*

numbers. For Mr. Buchanan, within the last few days, since his return from his long sojourn in the western wilds of Ireland, has favoured me with an outline sketch and shown me several MS. chapters of a novel—or, to speak more accurately, a poetic romance in prose—upon which he has long been engaged: and my impression of the work is such that I believe the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* will forgive the postponement of the poem to a future time and gladly welcome in place of it this most promising venture of the poet into the realms of prose fiction. It has been a matter of some surprise to those familiar with this author's poetical writings that he has never written a prose story; and although some years ago a work of fiction from his pen was promised, no such work has appeared, if we except certain strikingly picturesque and pathetic episodes—such as “Eiradh of Canna” in “The Land of Lorne.” One of the greatest of living littérateurs, Victor Hugo, is equally great in poetry and fiction, and our own Sir Walter Scott eclipsed his splendid fame as a poet by his transcendent excellence in prose fiction. From Mr. Buchanan, who has pictured the terrible moonlight walk of Nell on the awful night before her husband's execution, who has sung the “Ballad of Judas Iscariot,” and to whom we owe such works as “Meg Blane,” “St. Abe,” “The Wedding of Shon Maclean,” and the romantic story of the “Red Rose,” we may expect peculiar excellence and striking and original effects as a novelist.

So the January number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* will commence with the opening chapters of Mr. Buchanan's poetic romance, which will be continued till the end of the year 1876.

It is scarcely necessary for me to mention this year's extra Christmas number, “Streaked with Gold,” for in the three or four weeks that have elapsed since its publication the work has become famous, and has reached many thousands of households in the three kingdoms and in the Principality wherein the chief scenes of the plot are laid. Last year we were almost taken by surprise by the immediate success of the first of this series of *Gentleman's Magazine* annuals, “Like

a Snowball," and had to print edition after edition to meet the demand. Profiting by the lesson, we began the campaign this year with an edition of "Streaked with Gold" much larger than the sum of all the editions of "Like a Snowball," but it is already doubtful whether we shall not be called upon to reprint it while Christmas Day is yet afar off. I need hardly say that the authors of "Streaked with Gold," as well as the writers of "Like a Snowball," are constant contributors to the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE EDITOR.

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY, 1875.

A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Whence blows it? Never a man may know:
And whither? None may say:
Yet high and low must come and go
Along the Wind's highway.
For every blast that lists to blow,
Whither and whence it may,
Doth strip some leaflet from the bough
It gave but yesterday—
Doth waft a soul to weal or woe,
Or whirl a soul away.

"MILLY!—Oh, you dreadful child! Can't you let one rest one's eyes a minute from looking to see where next you're going to? And I with all this work to do before to-morrow! I declare I little knew what a trial I was laying on myself when I promised to look after you. You're brother Sam's child every inch you're high. Milly—Milly—there, if I didn't know it—head over heels into the coal-box again, and your frock clean on this morning—you're enough to tire out Job's patience, that you are—what is it you want now? No, Milly—you mustn't have the carving knife—nor yet the candles—no, nor the beer. My spectacles?—There they are then, if you must have something to keep you quiet—though how I'm to get through my *work without my spectacles*"—

And so, for a good hour or more, rambled the sharp voice of Mrs.
Vol. XV., N.S. 1875.

Tallis the housekeeper, as she sat over her supper and her sewing in her own snug little corner of the old Manor House at Winbury. She was a stately personage of middle age and of an ancient school, drawing additional dignity from a high cap, then out of date, and a black silk gown. Everything about and around her was in keeping with her air of old-fashioned service—she sat in an uncompromisingly upright posture, as if arm-chairs were made, not for relaxation, but for the practice of self-denial: her figure was tall and lean, and her expression, as well as her features, sharp, formal, and severe, as if she had diligently cultivated a natural genius for unbending gravity. One would as soon look for a smile from her as from that bleak March evening. There was only one note of disorderly discord in the whole room—and that was Milly.

Tumbling about all over the floor, now under the table, now half between the bars of a chair old enough to have played with her great grandmother, now clattering with the fire-irons, now threatening to drag down the table-cloth and all arranged upon it with such precision, was that sore trial to a lover of order. She was a very small girl indeed, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed after the ultra-English pattern, just old enough to find life and mischief different words for the same thing, and not a day older—next to a terrier puppy in being out of place wherever a Mrs. Tallis might happen to be.

Nor, while Mrs. Tallis expressed her opinions freely, was Milly silent: but she spoke as yet too much in her own and too little in her mother tongue to be readily understood by any but a mother's ears. Nevertheless, Mrs. Tallis, that pattern of mature severity, seemed to understand it as if her own babyhood had been a thing of yesterday: she answered every capricious demand for this or that—so long as it was not for knives, beer, or lighted candles—as soon as it was made. She translated at once the particular look into her face that meant "spectacles"—and, while keeping up every appearance of dignity, immediately obeyed. The knife might hurt Milly, but Milly could only hurt the spectacles.

No doubt if Milly had not been more than a little spoiled she would have been in bed and asleep by this time, for the sun had shut his eyes long ago. And if she, with the magical instinct of her age, had not been able to translate the housekeeper's querulous scoldings into a hidden meaning, she could not have enjoyed herself so thoroughly in the stiff old lady's company. In short, these two unlikenesses were both thoroughly comfortable, each in her own way, though their comfort lay in mischief on one side and in blame on the other. It was as well they were, for the fire could not keep the

room warm, and the windows rattled in the east wind—March had come in his lion-skin that year. At last, however, the mixture of warmth and cold, of noise and quiet, took one very natural effect—Mrs. Tallis's head gave a nod forward, and Milly was left free to pull off the table-cloth, if she pleased, undisturbed.

It may be that the old lady even dreamed—perhaps of being called upon to set chaos in order with Milly behind to undo her work as soon as it was done: more likely—for the dream-earth circles backwards round the sun—of days before she was wife or widow, and when she, too, had other matters to think of than keeping things straight and square. But in any case her dream was connected with a crash of some sort, for she woke with a start at the exclamation—

“Oh, Mrs. Tallis, ma'am! Oh, ma'am, if there isn't burglars at the front door!”

The bearer of this alarming news was a country girl, red-faced and red-haired, who had bounced into the room in all the excitement of terror—not a wholly unpleasant sensation for one of her order when combined with the satisfaction of being the first bearer of ill news.

“Burglars!” exclaimed Mrs. Tallis, starting up and glancing instinctively at one particular corner cupboard. “Nonsense, Susan. You're terrified if you hear a mouse squeak, I do believe.”

“Didn't you hear the bell, ma'am?” asked Susan below her breath, as if afraid the burglars might hear.

“No—nor you. The idea of burglars ringing a bell!”

“The bell did go, ma'am—I heard it as plain as I see you. Pr'aps you was taking a nap, ma'am?”

“I taking a nap! Gracious! I never did such a thing since I was born. It's you were asleep, Susan; and what's more, you must be asleep now, or you'd never dream such a thing. It's impertinent—why I should have heard a pin drop, let alone a bell. We usedn't to sleep except in our beds when I was a girl—but girls were different then. Look there, if you haven't allowed Miss Milly to tumble into the coal-box again with your nonsensical fancies, and her frock only clean—ah!”

There was no mistake about it this time. A bell clashed and jarred through the house as if pulled by one who wanted to break the wire.

Mrs. Tallis started, and Susan shook from head to heel. “There, ma'am!” she said, with trembling triumph. “That's what I heard!”

“Who in the name of gracious can it be?”

“Pr'aps if we don't take no notice they'll go away. If only John

Carter hadn't been but five minutes gone—Oh, ma'am, there it goes again!"

And sure enough the bell clanged for a third time, more loudly than before.

"Thieves or no thieves, I must go and investigate who's there," said the housekeeper decisively. "Take Miss Milly while I go to the front door."

Susan picked up the unfortunate Milly, who, finding herself neglected in the confusion, set up an unseasonable wail. Mrs. Tallis, for once paying no attention, pulled a shawl over her head and went along a passage into the dark, empty entrance hall, from which led a broad, uncarpeted flight of stone stairs. Having carefully put up the chain, she opened the front door about the space of an inch, and asked, boldly and sharply—

"Who's there?"

"Be this here place Winbury, miss?" answered a man's gruff voice, in an accent that did not belong to Eastingtonshire and of a hoarseness known in every shire where spirits are sold.

"Of course it's Winbury. A gentlemanlike thing, indeed, to pull people's bells down to ask if this is Winbury."

"Hold a bit, miss—don't smash my nose betwixt post and door. Where's the doctor?"

"What doctor?"

"The medical practitioner, ma'am—the gentleman that tinkers up the flesh-pots, ma'am, like I do the tin-pots—where's he?"

"There's no doctor."

"Parson, then?"

"There's no parson."

"Squire, then? Maybe he lives here?"

"There's no squire."

"Who be there then, if there ben't no doctor, nor no parson, nor no squire?"

"There's nobody—that's all. If you want a medical man you must go on to Westcote."

"Thankye, ma'am. And how far may that be?"

"Seven miles, if you go the short way."

"Seven mile! Don't *nobody* live at Winbury, ma'am? Can't I see the master—or the good lady, if there ben't no squire?"

"There's no lady."

"Well, I *am* blessed then! Ben't there nothing in Winbury, ma'am? Ben't there never a blessed soul to keep a poor wench from dying like a dog in a ditch nearer then seven mile—the short way?"

Don't Winbury profess and call itself Christian? I'm Cornelius Boswell, ma'am, well known as I may say half over England as renovator of hardware, and, by appointment, umbrella-mender in ordinary to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, as is proved by what's painted on my travelling workshop I've left standing in the road: but I've been a parish clerk, ma'am, so I know what a parish ought to be, and as a travelling tradesman I know what most of 'em are: but if ever I heard tell of so much as a extra-parochial like Winbury, smash me flat, ma'am—and I can't say no fairer."

Mrs. Tallis had been about to slam the door in the face of so suspicious a visitor when something deeper than her ear was caught by three words that would have made him even more suspicious in the ears of many a person of an aspect far less severe than hers.

"What's that—a woman in a ditch?" she asked, even more sharply than she had answered.

"Dying in one, ma'am—that's what I said: not drunk, poor soul—p'raps there ben't no public in Winbury?" he asked, with would-be biting sarcasm, as if to pique the parish into action by an accusation of having reached the lowest depth of degradation. "And I were told—by—by a—sort of a chap as how there was a kind-hearted lady here—as might be your own self, ma'am"—

"Then I'm sure you weren't informed any such nonsense. There's no lady—I'm Mrs. Tallis the housekeeper. What woman? What's the matter with her? Where is she?"

"Well, ma'am, she be a dying woman, as I don't know from Eve. As to where, it may be a matter of two mile along the canal. As to matter, a lady that's got one of her own, as I can hear crying out now, bless its heart, might be able to tell better than me, not being in the family line."

"Then why in the name of gracious didn't you inform me at once, instead of prevaricating round about the bushes? Susan!—Run out to the Vane Arms"—

("Then there *be* something in Winbury!" muttered the tinker.)

"And request them to send their cart up along the road to discover if there's a young person requiring assistance—tell them to stop at the lodge gate, and I'll accompany. And, Susan—when you've been there, run to Mr. Pottinger's—the constable's," she added in a higher key so as to be heard more distinctly through the door, "and request him to come up here at once—it may be a device to get me out for somebody to get in. Then run back and mind Miss Milly while I'm gone. Quick—never mind your bonnet—your apron will do—give me Miss Milly—and go out the back way."

"It's a uncommon cold night, ma'am," said the tinker, encouraged by her sudden and rather impulsive thaw. "If we've got to wait for a cart, ma'am, I wouldn't mind setting down on a hall chair. The way I've puffed and blew on this here arrant of mercy, ma'am, has gone nigh to split my bellus. And running's but dry work at best," he added meditatively, as if enunciating a general proposition without personal application.

But the doctrine was thrown away upon unsympathetic ears.

"You'll find the pump just round the corner," said Mrs. Tallis, and slammed the door.

The tinker did not go to the pump. But neither did he move towards the Vane Arms. He waited on the doorstep, audibly stamping his feet and thrashing himself with his arms, to keep his blood going. After a long five minutes the door opened again to the limit of the chain.

"Are you still there?" asked Mrs. Tallis.

"Here I be, ma'am," said the tinker sulkily. "Here be this here species of a travelling tradesman, wet out and dry in."

"Then as the constable has arrived, and as I am going to the lodge to wait for the conveyance, there's no manner of occasion for you to hang about my door."

"I know that, ma'am, without telling. That be what they call gratitude, that be—a chap gives you a chance of helping a fellow creature, and you send him to the pump to drink your health for it. Blessed if I ever ask anybody to be charitable again. Never mind, ma'am. A man that's said Amen as many times as I have gets to act up to it somehow. I'll look to my reward hereafter, and put up with a lift in the cart this go. I've left my workshop standing, ma'am, and being more trustful of human nature than you, ma'am, I didn't think to put up the chain."

"Very well," said Mrs. Tallis shortly, as she at last left the house, carrying a horn stable lantern to light her down the avenue. By its dim light she saw a shabby, slouching fellow in thread-bare clothes, who, counting by the fallacious arithmetic of years, was apparently in the noon-tide of his days, but whose shambling gait, stooping shoulders, and cheeks wherein many a tumbler had blossomed, displayed little of the vigour of noon. It is true that a certain amount of personal unattractiveness might be pardoned on a night when even a Good Templar's nose must have looked swollen and blue. But, from many significant signs, the state of the tinker's nose seemed due less to acute cold without than to chronic warmth within. For his part he could not fail to be very differently impressed
by the tall. "' *sure now wrapped in a long blue cloak, and the*

hard, thin face surrounded by a bonnet of a fashion as old as his own hat, than which nothing could be older. Though she had assumed only the title of housekeeper, he could not but feel himself in the presence of a personage of consequence—perhaps of the first consequence in a village that appeared to possess no regular aristocratic order. Her studied choice of words was calculated to impress an ex-parish clerk, and therefore a scholar: and as a travelled man of the world he must have known that the stinginess which the state of his throat betokened is the very strongest evidence of the very highest respectability.

She had made all her preparations for combining charity with the safety of the front door in the shortest time possible: but the quickest action, supposing the tinker's tale to be true, implied terrible delay. Happily the landlord of the Vane Arms had been able to send his cart promptly: it was waiting at the end of the long beech avenue, with a man in a smock frock to drive it, so that not a minute was wasted in listening for the sound of wheels. There are parishes, must the tinker have thought, where countesses are not obeyed with the alacrity that Mrs. Tallis the housekeeper seemed to command.

He did not think how it is not every great lady, or small lady either, who would have left a warm fireside, late on a bitter winter's evening, and have ridden a couple of miles in a jolting cart to help an unknown wayfarer whose very existence was open to doubt, at the bidding of a strange tinker. He did not try to reconcile her stingy denial of a drop of beer to himself with her readiness to give more than money's worth to another. Without diving into the depths of his mind, this much is certain, for the simple reason that his mind was furnished with more interesting food. The skirt of the housekeeper's cloak partly covered a basket: from the basket projected the neck of a bottle: and the tinker's mind's nose smelt brandy in the air.

No doubt the man in the smock frock made all the haste in his power, but the plough horse was leaving his stable behind him, and dragged on the heavy, springless cart as if he thought that the slower he went out the sooner he should be at home again. The road was good enough, being as straight as the crow's flight and as level as the canal that ran with it. But it gave no shelter. It lay between two low cropped hedges, dividing it from the towing path on one side, and from an unbroken stretch of flat fields on the other, so that the weather had free play to do its worst, and was doing it. The east wind was luckily behind them, but the wind itself was hardly needed

to add to the dreariness of that unspeakably cold, dark, and dreary ride. Mrs. Tallis showed no sign of impatience but silence, though she must have found a new meaning in the phrase "As cold as charity." The tinker, however, became fidgety, and began to hum through his nose the tune of the Old Hundredth Psalm, beating time with his feet among the straw.

The wind, having a clear sweep over open fields, was silent in its strength: nor is the east wind given to bluster before stabbing. The faintest moan by the wayside would therefore have been audible, and it could only have been Mrs. Tallis's thick and close bonnet that kept her from knowing what made the driver pull in the horse suddenly. The tinker started up, held the lantern above his head, and looked forward.

"Hold hard there!" he said. "Don't run over my truck, whatever you do. Here we are, ma'am."

He shambled out. Mrs. Tallis took the lantern from him, and went straight to the roadside. Stooping down and adjusting her spectacles carefully, she saw a young girl lying under the hedge, just as the tinker had said, dressed in a common print gown not over new or over clean, and wearing a straw hat and thin shawl. She could not have been more than twenty years old, and was a complete stranger to Winbury. Indeed, she was obviously not a country girl at all, though to what class she belonged it was impossible to tell, except that she could not have been very high in the scale. Her features were good, but their expression was hard to read, and her eyes were closed. For the rest, she was lying as calm and quiet as if the driving wind were the warm air of a pleasant bed-chamber, and the hard wayside a bed of down. Mrs. Tallis touched her lightly—not even her heart stirred.

"Quite cold," said Mrs. Tallis after a pause. "We're too late by a full hour—poor young thing! Lift her up into the cart—gently, mind. What are you standing like a wooden image for?" she said to the carter with extra sharpness to make up for her lapse into pity. "Can't you move?"

"I can move, ma'am. But it aren't what I call straightforward to hear a dead woman squeal. I'd send for the constable, ma'am, if I was you—'twas all one as if that there wailed like a child."

"What!" said the tinker. "Then I'm——" But, whatever he was, he was not afraid of spirits; perhaps, like another philosopher, he had seen, and swallowed, too many to be afraid, and he did not hesitate to stoop over the girl.

Mrs. Tallis also stooped down hurriedly and pulled aside the

shawl. When she rose up she held a tiny human creature in her arms—perhaps alive. Had not the child already been clothed, after a fashion, it was as if they had witnessed a visible transmigration of souls—as if the spirit of the mother had in the moment of death taken upon itself a new body, unaccountably refusing to part from a cold east wind and a hard highway that some solitary memory had made too beautiful to leave.

It was only for a second that the carter or the tinker caught sight of the child. Mrs. Tallis wrapped it up closely in her cloak, seated herself in the cart again, and did her best to warm Milly's fellow creature against her breast. Maybe it was the concentration of all her warmth there that made her face and her speech so chill.

"Do you want us," asked the carter, relieved of his ghostly fears, "to heave that there dead 'un up in the cart along of you?"

"Yes; and be quick. How would you like your own corpse to be left on the road out in the cold? Poor young thing! a baby not a week old if it's a day, and a married woman too. I wonder where the man is who put on that ring? I must investigate," she went on, now fairly recovering the elegance of diction that plain-speaking pity had interrupted, "and see if there's anything in her pockets that can inform. It's a gratification all the same that we've not been assisting a—how's this? Why, I could take my oath and testament—wasn't there now, John Carter? Wasn't there a gold ring on her married finger this very minute ago?"

"Sure there were, missis. I seen't."

"Where is it now, then? And where's that man?"

And where was the brandy bottle? Tinker and truck had seemingly been blown away by the wind, and the bottle and the ring after them.

CHAPTER II.

From hidden nooks the dust to sweep,
To scrub from floor to beam:
To guard the cheese from mice: to keep
Grimalkin from the cream:
Time by his foremost lock to clutch,
Nor fail to bolt the door—
A statesman may do half as much—
A king can do no more.

"SEVEN times three's eighteen, seven times four's twenty-four, seven times five's twenty-three, seven times six is"—

"What's that?" asked the schoolmaster, shortly and sharply, as if to make believe that he had not been in a brown study. "What do you say is six times seven?"

"Please, sir," stammered the mathematical genius, in an injured tone, "I aren't got to dodging, I aren't, sir. It's in seven times I be—I are."

"Begin again, then. Seven times one—yes," reckoned the schoolmaster to himself, as the sing-song drone began again, "Seven times one!—it's the first step is hardest, I've read; but, if the world is ruled by numbers, as Pythagoras taught, the first step is one times one—the easiest step of all. Any way, well begun is half done; and nobody that I ever read about, in Plutarch, or the Lives of the Poets, or anywhere, has begun half so well as I. At one-and-twenty to have mastered all human knowledge—to have all literature at my fingers' ends—to be already a man of mark as far as Eastington, and maybe farther, for aught I know—and to be a poet besides, is to begin where others have left off. I have only to put out my hand and lay hold of the prize. Only to escape from this wretched drudgery was wanting, and now, like a godsend, comes this eighty pounds a year—three times eight is twenty-four—two hundred and forty pounds in three short years. Why, in one year of freedom I shall have finished my Epic, my Wars of the Stars—

Far orb'd Methratton, whom no weaker gaze
Than Seraphs', eagle-eyed with love, hath seen:
Razael, the lord of Wisdom, darkly known—
The seven that sway the world, and they that rule
The four times seven mansions of the moon"—

"Is twenty-eight, five times seven's twenty-nine"—

Down came the schoolmaster's hand upon the ear of the unlucky urchin who had interrupted his reverie. "Do you think because I haven't stopped your blunders I haven't heard them? Go down, and write out seven times on your slate two hundred and forty times—in three short years. It's twelve o'clock—be off with you all."

The church clock had not struck, but it was known to be slow, and the schoolmaster was even more eager to get rid of his scholars than they were to be rid of him. They caught up their caps in a moment and were off with a shout: he seized his pen, and jotted down on the fly-leaf of a primer the contribution to his epic wherewith the multiplication table had unconsciously inspired him. Then he dashed off about a dozen more lines of the same sort; and the church clock struck one before he left the school-room and locked the door. Then he took the path across the fields that leads to a door at which a tinker once stood some twenty years ago. And while he is on his way, *with his feet* "ll earth, and his mind, blind to the sunshine

round him, among the stars, it will be useful to learn how it came about that any man came to dream of anything loftier than turnips within sound of the church clock of Winbury.

For Winbury, where the schoolmaster had just missed being born, defies poetical description as much as a blank sheet of paper whereon a portrait is only about to be drawn. Nature and history have been transcendently bountiful to England, but both have been step-mothers to Winbury: they have stepped over it, and left no footprint behind. It is just an uninteresting jumble of cottages—village is too picturesque a word—surrounded by wide, staring fields, without hill, wood, river, or sea. It is neither valley nor table land. Its *flora* consists of turnips, osier beds, and pollard willows: its *fauna* of sheep, turkeys, cart-horses, and the men and women who serve them; its water of a straight canal; its visitors of bargemen; its interest of exactly nothing. It has no antiquities, no battle-field, no abbey, no castle, no celebrated tomb. It is the birthplace of nobody. Its church is a barn with a dwarf tower, of no period in particular. Its great men have been great only in the sense in which Daniel Lambert was a great man: for the thick, damp air, blown straight from Dutch dykes by the east winds, and from the fens by the others, nourishes bodies but starves brains. Thus, save for the bargees, who are neither observant nor communicative by nature and have few sympathies with the native population, Winbury is given over to the passive contemplation of its own emptiness. The tinker had been told what was practically, if not literally, true, when he heard that its few souls were left uncared for. The vicar was a deaf old man, petrified by the air of Winbury, devoted to one object and one passion. His passion was a detestation of everything that he chose to class under the head of "Whiggery": his object, to conceal his hardness of hearing. With this view he never appeared except in church, where he could speak without being spoken to, fed his indignation with newspapers for the rest of the week, remained unmarried, kept no curate, and had gradually forgotten the very names that he himself had given to his own parishioners. The offices of cook and housemaid to the vicar were in the hands of a sort of village clique, that hired or withdrew its own nominees, without troubling the master, according to its own interest or convenience. There was no doctor, as the tinker had been accurately told, nearer than Westcote, and the great house—the old Manor House, as it was called—belonged to an attorney at the county town of Eastington, who had foreclosed as mortgagee and found himself

unable to dispose of his undesirable acquisition. Accident, therefore, had conspired with nature to render Winbury a sort of geographical outlaw.

Nevertheless here, as elsewhere, the world spun round, though not giddily. Men and women were born, married, and died effectively, though without the sanction of the *Times'* supplement. Not even the *Eastington Mercury*, the vicar's *bête noir* as the organ of county Whiggery, condescended to advertise in the list of births, "On a date unknown, at a place unknown, a woman unknown, of a son." For that matter, notice was never sent; and, if it had been, it could not have been paid for. A shilling, found in the dead girl's pocket, was absorbed in funeral expenses. Rarely does a flourish of trumpets announce the entrance of a Poet into the world; but still more rarely has even a poet come down from the stars with less noise than he who, by a Sunday inspiration of the vicar, was christened Abel, as being at any rate a son of Adam.

An inquest, at which Mrs. Tallis and the carter gave evidence, resulted only in a verdict "in accordance with the facts," as the phrase is. It was held at Westcote workhouse, and the woman was buried in Westcote churchyard. No doubt, had Milly been her own child, the housekeeper would have sent the foundling to Westcote and have held, not unjustifiably, that her duty was done. The hearts of fathers and mothers seldom contain spare rooms. But Milly was only her brother's orphan, whom she had taken, as she had taken the foundling, straight from a mother's death-bed; and she, a childless widow, had felt the chambers of her heart open wide, at Milly's first touch, to all children for ever. It was hardly a year since Milly's mother had died in Eastington; and she could not but picture to herself the thought of Milly in Abel's roadside cradle. The apparent injustice of destiny struck her as keenly as it must all who have not learned to combine the broken letters that spell Providence into the whole word.

"No," she said, sharply and crossly, when her friend Mr. Pottinger suggested the workhouse as Abel's natural home. "If I thought that was my obligation, I oughtn't to have preserved him. A union's worse than a prison is, and more shame."

"Aye, for you or I, but they that comes of shame must be shamed. Third and fourth generations, the Bible says"—

"The Bible don't tell us to shame them. And there's no shame when there's a wedding ring. Don't assert there wasn't one, for I saw it as sure as I see you. 'Twould be to contradict my own eyesight to let the child go to the union."

"Well, the parish won't mind not paying for strays these hard times. But what about the young customer's keep? Won't you have to give a bit of a shake to the old stocking?"

Mr. Pottinger, as an official, might presume to venture upon a playful allusion to the housekeeper's foible, but she was proof against humour.

"There are more methods of killing a——of doing things than one, Mr. Pottinger. You are aware the young woman I keep to assist me is going to be married to John at the Vane Arms on Sunday week?" (If the tinker had known this he might have been less surprised at the promptitude with which the housekeeper's message had been obeyed—the message may have been less efficacious than the messenger.) "I have always considered her an unjustified extravagance now that Miss Milly wants less momentary superintending: so I've spoke to Mrs. Herrick, who's 'just lost her ninth, who'll be glad to take the infant to get my charing. So I shall be more profitable than not. Mrs. Herrick will come to me at odd times for less than I spend on Susan, and she'll earn more by having nine infants to do for than if she possessed only her eight own."

"Well, you be a clever one, missis!" said Mr. Pottinger, impressed with this ingenious device for making charity a paying speculation. "I believe if you was to throw that old stocking of yours into the canal somehow or other the richer you'd be. I wish I knew how to spend my half-pence and keep 'em too, that's all."

The immediate result of Mrs. Tallis's determination to find a plausible excuse, such as the whole world might approve, for being charitable, was that the mind of the foundling first opened upon the interior of a clay cottage, where he shared slices of stale bread and the surname of Herrick with eight foster brothers and sisters, from whom he was distinguished by his being younger than the youngest by many years, and by answering to the name of Abel.

And now, What will become of him? No human being ever made a cleaner start, less hampered with circumstances of birth and parentage that pull most of us this way or that, and hardly give us a chance of taking a road for ourselves. Winbury was a blank, like the middle of the old maps of Africa. The Herrick family, though numerous, was a blank, like the social and moral map of Winbury. It is on record that somebody once, by dint of exquisitely minute handwriting, enclosed the whole Iliad in a nutshell. Upon this text hundreds of volumes have been written to prove that the entire human character, with all its passions, sentiments, and emotions, can be read legibly in the narrowest of skulls. The old playwrights and

romancers, who had no microscopes, studied kings and heroes. We think it higher art to study ourselves. Human nature is human nature, we say, and why trouble history or the great stage of the world for materials of study when the smallest hamlet contains more tragedies and comedies than we can read in a lifetime? Alas for theory!—human nature was written upon the brains of the Herrick family in characters so infinitesimally small, and enclosed in shells so prodigiously thick, that forceps and microscope are for once at fault—much less could the unaided eyes of a child draw any food for the growth of his own nature therefrom.

So it seemed to be decided by destiny that Abel Herrick's biography was to be written thus:—He was born: he scared crows: he hoed turnips: he waited on horses: he married: he toiled in order to eat bacon, and wasted his toil on beer: he grew bent with rheumatism, shook with ague, came upon the parish, and died. Such was the whole of life as known to the Herricks of Winbury; and, if man was made to live, there was enough tragedy in it to make farther search very needless indeed.

Abel began this hopeful career in the usual way. Mrs. Herrick, though burdened with eight growing children of her own, did her duty by him according to her lights; for the charing engagement, though it brought her more work than pay, was worth keeping. Mrs. Tallis seemed ever bent upon proving that a kind-hearted skin-flint is not a contradiction in terms. She retained her interest in the child whom she had saved from death and Westcote, and, as he grew old enough to be mischievous without being quite old enough for a scare-crow, she allowed Mrs. Herrick to bring him up to the old Manor House on charing days, so that he and "Miss Milly" could be kept in sight by one pair of eyes at a time.

Why the old Manor House stood in need of such perpetual scrubbing and dusting was known to Mrs. Tallis alone. In former days it had belonged to an old Eastingtonshire family of the name of Vane, and one of the family had once lived there—a proof of striking eccentricity. For the Vanes had another place in another part of England; and no ordinary mortal who had as much as a castle in Spain would have deliberately chosen to live at Winbury. This one Vane of Winbury would have been called a humourist in the days of the *Spectator* when people were less of the same pattern than they are now: he would have been called crazy in our own. Living somewhere between the two eras people did not know what to call him. Either disappointed love, or misanthropy, or a passion for study, or morbid shyness led him to bury himself with his books out of the

world—nobody knew, or ever will know, the cause, and very few cared. His heirs were anything but hermits or book-worms; and from them the old Manor House passed into the hands of the Eastington attorney. And in his hands it was likely to remain, a bad bargain, lying like a log on the estate market and producing next to nothing. So it stood without lord or lady, and Mrs. Tallis, who had been housekeeper before the foreclosure, stayed on, only receiving her wages from Mr. Smith of Eastington instead of the Vanes. So long had she lived there that the dream of a possible change never entered her head, while the villagers, easily taking for granted any established order of things, looked upon her as prescriptive Queen of Winbury rather than as only vice-reine. She, as an ex-lady's maid and actual housekeeper, belonged to the most aristocratic class in the world. She stood upon every inch of the dignity that had grown upon her like the moss over the old beech-trees in the broad park, wore a black silk gown as its outward and visible sign, and in the same spirit never spoke of her little niece, a small working watchmaker's orphan, but as "Miss" Milly. The one break in her long life of service had been Mr. Tallis, a young tradesman at Norwich, who had married her from her lady's maid's place, and left her a widow many a long year ago. He was supposed to have left her what is called "warm"; but that was her own affair. She certainly did not spend more than her wages, and was not above working hard for them.

Whatever her circumstances might be, the old-fashioned servant was an old-fashioned servant still, heart and soul. Never a guest set his foot in the old Manor House from year's end to year's end; but it was her duty and therefore her pride, her pride and therefore her duty, to keep it as if she were at the head of a great household in full hospitable glory. How else, before Miss Milly came, was she to pass the time? So, living in two small rooms, she spent from morning till night in the never-ending but congenial toil of a dozen housemaids; and when Miss Milly came, that new interest in life came too late to break through her second nature. Dusting was her career, hoarding her hobby: and Milly was the sympathetic touch, the better part, that somehow turned the good woman's oddities and inconsistencies into a harmonious and not unkindly whole.

The old Manor House itself, though huge and rambling, took nothing from the uninterestingness of Winbury. It is only to be described by a catalogue of negatives. It was not an Elizabethan romance in grey stone; it was not a Georgian novel in red brick; it was not even *sham Elizabethan*, or mock feudal, or any other insane

attempt to make raw youth mimic the beauty of age. It was simply very ugly, very large, and belonged to the period of once upon a time. It had a moat without water, a garden without flowers, a stable without horses, and a park without deer. Within, it was convenient enough, but terribly depressing. Its square windows looked over flat fields, its relics of useless furniture were carefully sewn up in ghostly white canvas, its floors and walls were bare. Not even a painted landscape was there to teach a native of Winbury what is meant by a river or a hill. A little natural dust would have been a relief but that was not allowed.

But, for all its overpowering order and cleanliness, it was a splendid place to play in. Nothing is without a purpose; and hide and seek was the purpose of the old Manor House at Winbury. Milly and Abel, who were much of an age, were playmates on charing days, and did their very best to give Mrs. Tallis's duster some real work to do. The good woman, being only too well pleased in her heart at finding a new excuse for putting things to rights, grumbled so much over her pleasure that Abel thought her an ogress. Milly, however, was either bolder or sharper-eyed; the more she was scolded, the more she tried to deserve a scolding, and seldom failed.

One charing day, however, was destined to stand out from the regular round of playing, falling out, making up, mischief, scolding, and slices of bread and gooseberry jam. Abel, now just beginning to outgrow his first corduroys—"whistlers" they were called in Winbury—went with Mrs. Herrick as usual to the Manor House, and felt that Mrs. Tallis was more than commonly solemn and grim. Her face was doubly hard, and there was extra sharpness in her tone as she began—

"I was on the very point of coming to inquire if you were indisposed, Mrs. Herrick."

"Ma'am?"

"Indisposed ill."

"Mo, ma'am?"

"Nothing but gross indisposition can pardon unpunctuality. Careless, can't you comprehend plain words? I declare the ignorance of the people about here I should never find customary if I lived to be a centurion."

Mrs. Tallis was clearly put out less with Mrs. Herrick than with the wench at large—for Abel's foster-mother, a poor soul with a husband and eight children, who was never in bed after five in the morning and on Sunday, knew neither the word unpunctuality nor the thing.

Her employer would have been as just, and as sensible, if she had scolded a machine out of the dictionary.

"Of course it happens," went on Mrs. Tallis without noticing Abel, "just when you're late there's everything wants doing. Only because I chanced to be over at Eastington yesterday for half a day—the first time since my poor sister-in-law died—everything was at sixes and sevens when I returned—and if Mr. Smith had come, as of course he might any minute—but there, it's no manner of benefit standing talking. The best bedroom hasn't been properly attended to for a week at least—and if the moths"—

Mrs. Tallis and Mrs. Herrick went upstairs to discover, or rather to invent, something to do; and Abel, being left alone, set out to hunt for Milly. She very often began the day with hide and seek, and every time tried to tax Abel's detective powers more and more. She was fond of teasing him, and he, as a rule, submitted to be teased with much docility. But to-day, after hunting for her in every possible nook and corner both in and round the house—in cupboards, under chair covers, in the well-bucket, in the wood-house, wherever it was possible to hide—his pride began to think that a game in which he was the loser had been carried on a little too far for his reputation. Still, she must be hid somewhere, and he was not going to be beaten by a girl; so, having exhausted all possible hiding places, he began upon the impossible. He opened all the drawers, looked up all the chimneys, and even thought for one wild instant of looking behind the few relics of the only resident master that the Manor House had known—some two hundred decaying volumes that stood upon rotten shelves in a room known as the library, as nearly as Winbury could pronounce the word. He touched one of the volumes, and lo, a miracle—there was dust in the old Manor House after all! Obviously Milly, bold and careless as she was, would never have dared to carry her frock, always as clean in the morning as the house itself, into such a corner. So he saved himself the trouble of hunting where a mouse could not have hidden itself, and went into the empty drawing-room.

Here, upon an old broken what-not stood a cracked china tea-cup; and into this he peered, not because he expected to find Milly there, but because she might be there, all the same. He did not know how it happened, but suddenly he found himself still holding the handle while the cup lay shattered on the floor.

Such a dire mishap had surely never happened since the world was made. *What was to be done?* According to popular exaggeration of the value of the lumber at Winbury, the cup might be worth

shillings and shillings for aught he knew. The finding of Milly was nothing to the immediate necessity of hiding the evidence of such a crime.

That was not easy, as he knew only too well. Not a nook of the old Manor House was safe for an instant from Mrs. Tallis's hand and eye, and bits of broken china were not things to be swallowed even by one whose digestion had been trained upon Winbury cheese. If they could be thrown away out of doors the cunning of fear suggested that the peculiar pattern of the fragments would draw the attention of the first passer-by and be brought up in witness against him. If he dropped them down the well, the bucket would be sure to draw them up again. If he put them in his pockets—but alas, his pockets were in one important respect like the pit of Hades.

An inspiration! Since dust lay upon the top of the books in the library, it was clear that nobody ever looked behind them—there was one sanctuary in the house where something might be hidden and never be found. Pale with panic, he picked up the bits of crockery, crept back on tip-toe, shut the library door behind him, pulled out one of the tallest folios, and pushed the murdered body—it was nothing less, to him—behind the row.

Having thus disposed of the *corpus delicti*, he breathed freely. But hole and seek had lost its savour. He could not push his conscience behind the folios. He was angry with Milly. She had beaten him at the game, and had been the cause of his getting into mischief like a blockhead and of getting out of it like a coward. No—let her wait up her chimney, or in her hand-box, or wherever she was, till she was tired, and then let her come and look for him. To pass the time he sulkily opened the volume he had taken down and that still lay upon the floor.

Now Abel did know how to read. In the early times of talk about the schoolmaster being abroad Winbury had received a passing tap from his new cane. The vicar had been compelled by public opinion round him, solely against his will, to establish a schoolmaster. The only candidate who appeared in the field was a broken-down old rascal from Westoby popularly supposed, in his own country, to have gained his unusual knowledge from a good chaplain. He—it is said—taking a hint from the vicar's conduct, acted as if he were the patron of the office, presented himself to it, and never even reported himself to his nominal employer till his first quarter's salary was due. "I be John Cress, sir," he announced himself, taking care to shout as loud as he could, so as to flatter the vicar's

them childer their grammar-learning, at twenty pound a year.' "Schoolmaster, are you? How do they get on? Teaching the young chaw-bacons Greek I suppose—that's the sort of thing now." "Like a house a-fire, sir—like blazes. Got into two synnables afore you could wink your eye." "Before I could wink my eye, eh? We'll see about that, Mr. Crook, before we see about your twenty pounds a year. How do you teach them to spell Eye, if you please?" "I don't know what others may do, sir, but this is how I teaches 'em—H—I." "And a lucky thing for you that you do! If you'd changed a letter, Mr. Crook, I would *not* have winked my eye. Take your twenty pounds, and don't bother me for another year. A rub for the Whigs, this time!"

Under this teacher Abel had learned to read better and faster than the vicar would have quite approved—for the old rascal would have soundly boxed the ears of any urchin who spelled Eye to him as he spelled it to the vicar. Whence it may be suspected that Mr. Crook knew something about the length of the vicar's foot, if indeed the whole story was not an invention of the enemy, coined in the office of the *Eastington Mercury*. But the book whereon Abel's sulkiness had chanced to feed was a very different affair from the primer. Its contents looked as if all the spiders driven away by Mrs. Tallis's broom had spun their webs over its pages and had caught letters of the alphabet for flies that struggled about among wheels and waves in bewildering confusion. The fascination of mystery caught the boy's as yet unstunted mind like another fly. He forgot all about Milly, all even about the broken tea-cup, in puzzling over what these scrawls might mean.

"Abel—what in the name of gracious are you doing there?"

He started up, shaking from head to foot, not only at the recollection of his crime, but at being caught red-handed in what might possibly be another—one also that might lead to a fatal search at the backs of the shelves.

"I was afraid you were much too quiet to be out of mischief. Why, gracious, that's one of the books of the library. You mustn't appropriate the books—think if Mr. Smith was to come, as he might any minute, and was to miss anything out of its proper place, if it was only a book—and after all I've done to make everything suitable for Her Majesty to take her meals off the kitchen floor"—

The china cup had not been missed, that was clear. His conscience freed from the sin of discovery, Abel, in his all-devouring curiosity, almost forgot to be shy of the great lady of Winbury.

"Please, Mrs. Tallis, what's this, m'm, please?"

"Little boys should not ask questions. That's a book, out of the

library. And now, you know, you had better put it back where you took it from."

"But what's"—

"Bless the boy," she said, looking at the open book that he had lifted up for her to look at, "why about Sin, to be sure. There—s, i, n, sin."

"But what comes after Sin, please?"

"What a young troublesome you are. Log, to be sure."

"And after Log, please?"

"M— and that's—dear me, I'm afraid my spectacles aren't what they used to be—that's a cross—and then Tan—Log—P—two strokes—a long number. There—now you understand."

"But why's it wrote? What do it mean?"

"Mean? Why Sin's wickedness: and Log's wood: and Tan's a colour in dogs."

"And the cross? and the lines?"

"Oh, they're inserted to fill up, like full stops. They always put those into books—for ornament, I suppose."

"But what's it all for?"

"Oh, because—because—it's a book, you see—people must put something into books, or else there wouldn't be any, and then there'd be no clever men."

"And what's that? What's a clever man?"

"A clever man's a wise man—a man that knows everything, and makes machines, and reads books, and—there, don't trouble any more. It's not possible you should understand."

"Do you, m'm?"

"Bless the boy! As if I had the time to think about cleverness. With a house like this on my hands, I can't idle over reading."

"How do people get clever, m'm?"

"Being born so, I suppose—and some of them go to college—and some of them by reading all the books in the world."

All this was pregnant with matter for questioning: but Abel, with precocious aptitude for separating one grain of wheat from a bushel of chaff, only stared at the mysterious volume and said—

"Then I'll read all the books in the world. I'll be a clever man."

"Well—I don't mind your playing with them so long as you put them back again. It'll keep you quiet, and the books dusted—I've always been meaning to attend to them myself, only the furniture takes up all my time. And you'll want to be kept out of mischief now Milly" (this very sharply, as if to cut off the head of a sigh)—
 "now Milly" "school."

"What, m'm! Is Milly"—

"People say Miss when they're talking of young ladies, Abel."

"Miss Milly going to learn off old Crook, m'm, with the rest on us?"

"Old Crook indeed! She is gone to the best academy in all Eastington."

"Will she—won't she come back again?" asked Abel eagerly.

"Didn't I order you not to ask questions? She'll come home when she's completed her education, not before."

"So Milly's gone for good!" thought Abel to himself. "Then I'll read all them there books without being bothered, and if the cup's found out I can say Milly did it, and nobody 'll know."

CHAPTER III.

There have been men who, trained in prison chains,
Shrink from the sun, and think the stars are stains :
Souls who, from Mother Nature's plenteous hand
That rains each morn new manna o'er the land,
Loathing will turn aside, and gorge themselves
With pecks of dust spread thick on mouldy shelves,
Dreaming—for nought they know save how to read—
That Printer's Ink was poured by Ganymede.

ABEL HERRICK, it was clear, had already, without the aid of books, taken the first step to being a clever man—he had proved himself a clever boy. If only for this reason he was not popular in his generation: and his unpopularity made itself felt in a singularly disagreeable form. Just as a *parvenu* who only knows by hard guesswork that he must have had a grandfather feels like a fish out of water among those who enjoy the inestimable privilege of knowing the Christian names of half a dozen ancestors, so the little village aristocrats, the children of a John Nokes or a Thomas Styles, managed to make their superiority felt by one whose whole pedigree consisted of a mother without a name—who did not even belong to Winbury. The taunts levelled at him on this head, with the plain-spoken frankness of pastoral simplicity, and in a vocabulary borrowed from the Bargese, stung him with double force after his short spell of Milly's occasional companionship. His visits to the Manor House and the patronage of Mrs. Tallis were also strong grounds for jealous persecution, especially as he was by no means so ready to defend with his fists his mother's honour or his own skin as a true-born Winbury boy. He was *not sorry, therefore, when his education was finished, and he was employed to swell the earnings of the Herrick family to the extent of*

sixpence a week by shouting at rooks and crows. He welcomed the safety of solitude, and sought no companionship when the rooks went back to their nests and his day's work was done.

In many an out-of-the-way village a solitary farmer's or shepherd's lad, if he has the commonest stuff in him, may, and does, learn to be wise. If there had been a hillock or a rivulet within sight of the top of the church tower, if a single rose had shot up in the wasted garden of the Manor House, it would have served as a wholesome loop-hole for Abel's inner spirit to have spread tendrils out into the world. It may be said there were still the sky and the clouds: but these are not the first steps of Jacob's ladder. They must be climbed by slow degrees. And then the skies of Winbury were apt, in their little varying shades of grey, to suggest a barren extension of space with nothing beyond it, while the clouds generally took the form of low, unbroken mists, that only brought nothingness a little nearer to the world.

It was by way of an almost necessary compensation, or rather make-shift, that his caged and companionless spirit had, in one fatal moment, been seized with a sublime and irrevocable curiosity that would not suffer him to rest until he had searched out all the mysteries beyond the threshold on which he felt himself standing. He was allowed the free run of the Manor House book-shelves because he used his licence by indulging in the worst mischief of which a boy can be guilty—that of never making a noise. Of course at first, when his debauch, carried on during every spare hour, was new, he had to trust to blind chance for a guide. The very first book he began and finished was the old mathematical treatise, of which the symbols and abbreviations had proved too much for Mrs. Tallis's spectacles. Of course he might just as well have pored over a Chinese manuscript: but the combinations of letters and the strange figures he found in it were, in some inexplicable way, subtle stimulants to his imagination. Anything, so long as it is incomprehensible, will serve to fascinate virgin brains: they read unintended human faces, full of character, in the meaningless zig-zags of a carpet pattern, vague romances in the fireplace, and wonderful new landscapes in the cross-threads of a blank window blind.

And of piquant food for such greed of the unknown the Manor House library, with its couple of hundred volumes, furnished ample store. To judge from these fossils of his studies, the only Vane who ever lived at Winbury had measured the worth of human pursuits by their want of practical utility. After wading through his *matrices*—^{his} attacked—because it was the largest and

heaviest—a folio of heraldry, written for adepts, and gorgeous in the reckless splendour of German blazonry. Here was a new and glorious universe to wander through, if not to conquer. The next volume was too much even for him to attack, for it was printed in Hebrew. The fourth—but it is needless to publish a catalogue *raisonné* of such relics of wasted time as had escaped the hammer of the auctioneer. Enough that incessant, undirected study, carried out, as Abel's powers of reason grew, by making book bear on book, line on line, and hint on hint, unrelieved by the companionship of any but dead and forgotten authors, and digested by days of open-air meditation, turned Abel Herrick into a monstrosity of learning. He could cast nativities: he had tried to square the circle: he could explain the mystic meaning of the most complex coat of arms: he knew the names and powers of all the angels and devils in the universe: he had mastered a commentary on the Cabala, and was versed in the Gnostic heresies. Combining these with Plutarch, he in no time invented a dozen new religions and half a dozen political constitutions all absolutely inconsistent and absolutely true. There was nothing in his library to suggest that it was not an epitome of all human knowledge. It was almost a disappointment to him at first when one evening he fell upon a book that proved almost prosaically intelligible, by the side of the chaos through which he had been wading.

This was the "Faërie Queene."

A little knot of poets had gathered into a corner together, as if to guard *en masse* the main gate through which Abel's spirit might escape from Winbury. But he had found the gate, he plunged among its defenders, and then his spirit, hitherto grovelling in dust and rubbish, spread its wings and flew. He seemed to have found a talisman that gave life and form to his previous reading and that appeared to show the use of it all. Here was something not to be learned only, but to be done. No less eagerly than he saturated himself with verse, he pored over the biographies that in some instances were bound up with it: and the lesson he learned was that poets are the gods and masters of the earth, and that nobody ever thinks of anything from morning till night, or dreams of anything from night till morning, but of spinning stanzas or criticising them when spun. Of course it never occurred to him, in a real and definite way, that the men of whom he read had ever lived out of the books they had written or the books written about them. *He would have said he knew it if he had been asked, just as most of us know, after a fashion, that there was such a man as Julius*

Cæsar, but feel and think about him as if, instead of making history, he had been made by it. Of course Abel was aware of the difference, in theory, between fact and fiction, but in his heart Una and her lion were as real as he who invented them, and, by an inevitable process of confusion, their creator as unreal as they: and all was real and unreal at one and the same time. To live meant to make verses, and he made them: to make verses, he gathered, it was necessary to love a woman—so he made a woman, and loved her in the grand style.

It may be that the verses he evolved with much labour were not quite as near Spenser's or Milton's as he believed. But, if not yet a poet, he had the spirit of one, cultivated not by nature, as the poetic spirit is supposed to be, but by years of close familiarity with heraldic nightmares and cabalistic chimeras, all painted in living colours upon Winbury for a background. If he was really to be a poet, for once a poet had not been born, but made.

But there comes a time when the most inveterate dreamer ceases to be content with worshipping the ideal princess of an enchanted castle in the air.

He was not discontented with his lot. He knew nothing of wealth and fame but as words he had read about—that is to say, as bubbles to be despised. Love and song, he had learned, were the only things to be lived for, and he found nothing in his authors to suggest that these were inconsistent with the daily life of a thatcher and hurdle-maker—for such his foster-father was, and such he himself was to be. Winbury, it was true, had few of the attributes of Arcadia, but that was doubtless owing to the unfortunate accident of its being unprovided with an available Phillis or Chloe. More than once he tried very hard to identify some Susan or Betty with a heroine of pastoral romance, but the attempt had always broken down. But this was not altogether a misfortune. It secured him in undisturbed empire over his own dreamland, better than any possible reality. He wanted no sympathy. To others, he was a helping-hand to old Herrick the hurdle-maker, and not a very diligent or skilful hand: to himself, he was all that he had ever read of—a romance hero who led a life that was, in the spirit, actually fulfilled, and so beyond the power of any common-place ideas about getting on in the world to disturb. But his genius for dreaming made it only the more uncertain what was to be the end—whether Winbury was to become famous at last, like many another hole and corner, as the home of a great peasant poet, or whether all this promise was to prove a mere flash in the brain-pan, and to be smothered into

inglorious silence by the fogs that satisfy a man who thinks he has done all when he has dreamed that all is done.

Once the young man came across a tattered back number of the *Eastington Mercury*—that terrible organ to which he, according to the current legend, indirectly owed his power to distinguish A from B. It may seem miraculous, but he had never seen a whole newspaper in his life before. It was a greater curiosity to him than his own familiar books would have been to any ordinary reader. He read every word of it, even down to the advertisements—leaders, local gossip, time-hallowed puns, and all—and was bewildered. The very English in which it was written was scarcely the English of the Manor House library. Imagine one who has read nothing printed since a hundred years ago suddenly falling upon a country journal of our own day, ignorant of its forms of putting things, its assumptions of familiarity with common topics and allusions, and of the history that has made every printed pen-scratch an efficient wheel in the world's machinery—and such was Abel Herrick the book-worm with the *Eastington Mercury* in his hands. Some book notices told him that the making of many books had not come to an end. At first he felt himself shrivel up before this first blast from the real world. A crack seemed to have opened in one of the walls of a close cell and to have admitted, in the form of a chilling draught, what would have been a wholesome and bracing breeze if breathed in the open air. But gradually the amazement wore off, and, for the first time in his career, he felt a touch of intellectual vanity. First, he came upon a misquotation from one of his own authors. Then he read a question from a Constant Reader that he could have answered off-hand. Then the style of the whole thing—especially, he thought, of the advertisements—wanted grace and dignity: if this was the sort of thing people wrote nowadays, they were grievously in want of an Abel Herrick to put them in the right way. And then there were some "Stanzas to Spring" in a corner of the sheet that struck him as falling short of what Spenser had done, and even of what he, Abel Herrick, could do if he tried.

Why should he not try?

It was an exciting question. He thought neither of praise nor of pudding—the bare dream of seeing his own verses in print and of their being read by other eyes than his own already promoted him to a laureateship at the Court of Apollo. He had no thought of taking his dreams to market: but for once he was not content with a barren dream.

Say, Cynthia, where art thou to seek?

Say, Cynthia, where to find?

The Gentleman's Magazine.

I've asked of books—they cannot speak :
Of brooks—they're deaf and blind.

I've clambered every hillside up,
I've roamed around the land :
No ocean hides thee in his cup,
No mountain in his hand.

Say, Echo, where may Cynthia be,
And when will she appear ?
"Always, and everywhere," saith she,
But never Now, nor Here.

If Abel had ever seen the hillside or the ocean of which he wrote so familiarly the lines would doubtless have been better, if not newer fashioned. But he thought very well of them himself. Having dropped his poem, as he called it, through the slit in the window of the general shop, feeling as if all the world stood staring round to see him do it, his mind felt relieved of a weight, and he returned to his thatching and hurdle-making for the benefit of his foster-family with as much content as a now professed poet could manage. He did not even work out any plan for watching the future numbers of the *Mercury*. The very poem seemed his own no more, now that it had passed from his hands into those of the carrier.

But he was not quite so devoted to the library as heretofore. For one thing, he knew the books by heart : and the more he tried to imitate them, the less they satisfied him. He thought, more and more, of the immortal Eve, and less and less of those who have tried to sing of her.

But one day—it was in the spring, when the swallows, the only travellers besides the bargees who ever visited Winbury, had arrived—Abel, after sunset, thought he would sup on Hippocrene instead of bread and cheese, and strolled up to the Manor House, now always opened to him. Habits and precedents easily grew up in Winbury. And, as he was crossing the piece of front garden where cabbages usurped the place of cabbage roses, an adventure befell him more extraordinary even than his opening that wonderful mathematical folio. He saw a woman's gown that was not made of black silk.

That was marvel enough for one day, but it was nothing to what followed. Within the gown was a woman, who was not Mrs. Tallis the housekeeper.

He was seized with a shy fit, for the woman was young—as young as Susan, or Betty—but in most other respects startlingly different from any of the Winbury girls. To a lad who had wasted a great

deal of valueless time in letting his thoughts run after imaginary princesses without ever having seen the ghost of one, she was much more than what she was in fact—a young and tolerably pretty girl, dressed quietly and becomingly in town fashion, but without bonnet or shawl.

Abel Herrick the poet knew, far more surely than his own existence, that he saw before him the Cynthia of his dreams. Instinct, inspiration, every orthodox word to express a determination to find what he wanted to find, told him she had come at last, and this was she. In the first moment of his discovery he looked forward to going home and jingling her grey eyes into rhyme with Orion and Ursa Major, her light brown hair with golden threads, and her rosy cheeks with some impossible garden. Nor would he have found the task hard. For her grey eyes were really better worth meeting than if one had been a comet and the other the Koh-i-noor.

But if Abel had had his way, he would have rhymed about them first and met them afterwards—a common poetical process that may account for many prodigious and profoundly mystical things that have been said of eyes whether grey or brown. In a word, he was about to turn tail and run—for, in honest prose, the hunter far more often flies from the fawn than the fawn from the hunter. But his step on the gravel had made her turn round, not in a startled way, but simply to see who was there. And, if he was too shy to meet her eyes, he felt that she had no objection to meet his, or any man's.

"Good evening," she said, nodding to him. "Do you want to see Mrs. Tallis?"

It was not much of an entrance speech for Cynthia, but the voice in which it was spoken made the commonest speech pleasant to hear. It was soft, sweet, and full: and the faintest note of provincialism—of course unmarked by Abel—was no more than just enough to give it character.

"No—nothing, thank you." He could not degrade the situation by calling her Miss, or Ma'am, though her muslin seemed to demand the title from his fustian.

"Ah, you want Mr. Adams, I suppose? If you'll wait a minute"—

Was she some Miss Adams then? The name did not please him—he would have preferred a name from his book of heraldry to connect her with some less remote but more euphonious ancestor.

"No—I only came—Mrs. Tallis knows me—I'm only Abel Herrick"—

"What!" she exclaimed, her face brightening, "You're Abel Herrick?—Abel?—Only my old playfellow? Why of course you

are—only a few yards taller. Don't you remember Milly?" she asked, holding out her hand—not delicately white, but still the whitest Abel had ever seen.

He ventured to touch it with his fingers, as if afraid of soiling it. Surprise almost made him forget to be shy—almost that he had made up his mind to worship her.

"What—you're Milly!" he exclaimed, colouring up—let us hope for his old intention of laying his broken tea-cup on her shoulders in case of need. "Why, it's impossible!"

"I suppose everybody had forgotten there's such a being. I haven't, though—this is me, and glad to be at home again. I've had quite enough of school—and aunt would never let me come home even for the holidays, she was so afraid of my not getting all the polish Miss Baxter could give me. She is the dearest old lady in the world—Aunt, I mean, not Miss Baxter. But I'm polished now for good I hope—if I'm not real mahogany they've done their best to make me look so. And what are you doing now you're a man? You've not been troubled with old Crook as I have with Miss Baxter, I suppose? You see I haven't forgotten anybody's names—not even Jowler's at the Vane Arms—or Mr. Pottinger's Pepper—how are they all? I *am* so glad to be home again!"

Milly did not speak volubly like a professed chatter-box, but only as if warm-hearted pleasure at meeting an old friend, obliged to show itself somehow, had set her tongue going.

But it was all a new strain to Abel, and he found himself seized by a dumb fiend. Milly naturally thought nothing of the embarrassment of a village lad before a stranger, and went back to himself—the topic upon which everybody can speak who can speak at all.

"You haven't told me what you've been doing?"

"I? Oh—I've been making—hurdles."

"You must show me how they're made.—Please don't let me drive you away—I suppose we must all be well-behaved now, but if I'd only known you were coming I *would* have hid myself, just once more, like I used to. Won't you come in? We were just at tea—only I ran out to look round the old place before it got too dark to see. Come in."

Abel went in—he was now almost too shy to follow, but he was quite too shy to refuse. Moreover, he was in the condition that is retrospectively called love at first sight when love follows it. Milly led him into the housekeeper's snug little parlour—he would have followed her over the edge of a precipice.

"*Good evening, Abel,*" said his patroness. Unable to forget that *she had* bridged over the natural distance between

the lady-lieutenant of Winbury and one of the villagers by treating him as a sort of poor relation to the Manor House. "I suppose you have called to pay your respects to my niece, Miss Barnes." (She was to be Miss Barnes, then, to the Winbury people—not even Miss Milly any more: and the name of Adams was not much improved upon.) "You had better remain, and take a cup of tea. This is young Abel Herrick, Mr. Adams," she said to another person at the tea-table, "who used to play with my niece sometimes, when they were infants together, before she went to the seminary. I suppose you would not have recognised her, Abel? Don't you think she has progressed extraordinary?"

Abel recovered the use of his eyes: and they told him that he was in the presence of a mortal foe. Or rather he knew that war was as necessary as love to the romance on which he was predetermined, and he told his eyes to tell him so.

Mr. Adams was indeed well qualified to excite jealousy at first sight in a rustic lover. He was a young man, passably good looking, in spite of a turned-up nose, pinkish eyes, and the pimpled complexion that often accompanies the transformation of down into full blown whiskers. The curve of the nose and the smiling lips signified to Abel a placidly impudent and intolerably exasperating self-satisfaction. His hair was beautifully combed, parted behind and before, glossy with pomatum, and rising from the forehead in elaborate ripples. His shoulders were to Winbury shoulders what a graceful bottle of Rhine wine is to a sturdy bottle of bitter ale. His dress was even more than elegant. His coat was of brown velveteen, his neck-cloth of crimson silk, his waistcoat white, his trousers shepherd's plaid, with a broad bottle-green stripe down the seams. He wore a watch-guard, a scarf-pin, and a ring. Evidently some fine gentleman from Eastington—and what should such a phoenix be doing in Winbury? It was hard upon Abel. He fancied that if there had been nobody else in the housekeeper's room he should soon have shown Milly that he was something better than a hurdle-maker, just as the coward always believes that he would have been bold if it had not been for the one little accident that always contrives to happen.

Mr. Adams just recognised the introduction by a condescending nod; Abel, by an ungracious half bow.

"I was just telling your aunt, Miss Barnes," said Mr. Adams, "how all your young ladies ran to the windows when I drove up in my trap to fetch you away. I b'lieve they thought you was off with a young marquis at least—'twas a regular fluttering of the dove-cot in *Corry Holy*."

"In Corioli," said Abel brusquely.

The young man stared. "How much a yard?" he asked facetiously. "Never heard of the party. Give him my best respects when you see him, and say I'm pretty well, thank you. No—no more tea, thank you—unless Miss Barnes will leave out the sugar this time: it comes sweet enough from the pot when she holds the handle. I told all the fellows at the office I was going off with an heiress—and split me, if some of 'em didn't believe it was true."

"Ah—many a true word is spoken in jest," said Mrs. Tallis oracularly.

"Right you are. That's just what I mean to, one of these fine days. An heiress for my money—Self and Co. for an heiress's money, I should say. I'm sorry you're not an heiress, Miss Barnes, or I'd get your aunt to turn her back for just half a minute, and then pop would go the question and we'd be off to Gretna Green."

"Thank you," said Milly. "I was never glad that I'm not an heiress till now. When I go to Gretna Green"—

"Gracious me, Milly," said Mrs. Tallis, "the young ladies at Miss Baxter's don't talk about Gretna Green, I'm sure."

"Don't they, aunt! That's nothing at all. You should only hear us—when Miss Baxter's out of the way. Why, they call me the mouse, because I only talk eighteen to the dozen, and all the other girls talk nineteen."

Humble as were these attempts at badinage, they were brilliant for Eastingtonshire: and, in any case, they belonged to a language of which the solitary student knew not the alphabet. All the talk he had ever heard was sadly serious, even when—or rather especially when—it related to nothing more important than a mug of beer. He did not wish to sit by as a conversational cypher in the presence of Milly and Mr. Adams, so he seized his opportunity, though a little tardily, and struck in—

"I think marrying for money is detestable."

Even such a common-place as this was not to be looked for from a Winbury hurdle-maker. Mr. Adams winked, as if he had heard something very comical indeed, and meant to say, "Now you shall see some good fun—I'm going to draw out this young man."

"Quite right, Mr. — I didn't quite catch the name?"

"Herrick, my name is."

"Quite right, Mr. Herrick. I quite agree with you. You don't mean to say you found out all that for yourself? Why, the great What's-his-name himself couldn't have put it better. There's a deep question that has puzzled me for a long time, and p'raps, as you *think so deep, you can explain.* I'm an article to Mr. Smith, of *East* *rust know,* the owner of this very house and

grounds. Now I'm a well-behaved, modest, moral young man ; but some of the other clerks, I'm sorry to say, are not at all what their widowed mothers would wish them to be. Now, I put it to you, what is your deliberate opinion of the effect of evil communications upon good manners?"

It was the old story: the man of books was nobody before one whom he felt to be a fool, but who impressed him as a man of the world. Pomatum is power.

Abel, as Mr. Adams had anticipated, was unprovided with a retort; but Milly, instead of paying the tribute of a laugh to his wit, said quietly, and as if no joke had been intended—

"Bad manners are better than none. You're quite right, Abel—marrying for money *is* detestable; and I don't see any fun in laughing at what's true, only because it's old."

"All right, Miss Barnes—all right," said Mr. Adams, with undisturbed equanimity. "If Mr. Herrick can't take a joke I'll be as serious as an undertaker. Lucky fellow, to find a champion of the light-weights in Miss Barnes. Let us be sorrowful—what's life but a vale of tears?—Have you heard of the missing woman, ma'am? Terrible business—they can't find her anywhere."

"No!" said Mrs. Tallis, waking up. "A missing woman? Who—where? At Winbury?"

"No, ma'am—in the *Mercury*. They've had a poet down special to put the advertisement into rhyme—a first-rate dodge that, to catch people's eyes. I'll read it to you."

And the wit of Mr. Smith's office, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, began to spout theatrically:—

Say, Cynthia, where art thou to seek?

Say, Cynthia, where to find?


I've asked of books—

Abel heard no more. His blood rushed and boiled with angry shame, and, overturning his chair and breaking another tea-cup, he left the room. So this was poetic fame—to be turned into ridicule by any ignorant clerk who wanted an ill-natured joke, and took the first verses that came to hand. The unfortunate poet despised himself, hated his own poem, and, as for Milly—that was all over now; he could not, after his disgrace, look her in the face again. No doubt, he thought, this cur of an Adams had somehow found out who was the author, and was taking his revenge for a spoiled jest by laughing with Milly over the lines. It was true that Milly had taken his part before, but that only made his present downfall the more bitter to bear.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT THE NORTH POLE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

N the latter part of the fifteenth century, when the great discovery made by Columbus had set all the maritime world of Europe on the ferment, John Cabot, a Venetian pilot, sent on a voyage of exploration under the auspices of Henry VII., lighted upon Newfoundland, and was, indeed, the first European who had landed on any part of the American continent. Cabot's son, Sebastian, eventually discovered Paraguay and the River Plate, and in the reign of Edward VI. helped to start an expedition to reach India and Cathay by way of the north and north-east. The commander chosen was Sir Hugh Willoughby, a handsome and brave officer, who was accompanied by Richard Chancellor, a sagacious man, and a friend of the father of Sir Philip Sidney. The vessels were soon separated by a storm in the northern seas, and Sir Hugh and his crew were frozen to death somewhere off Lapland. Chancellor, however, found his way into the White Sea, and, landing there and making his way by sledges to Moscow, he established the first trade between England and Russia.

In 1594 the Dutch sent out a northern expedition of three small vessels and a yacht, under the guidance of William Barentz, a brave and experienced sailor, who determined to pass round to the northward of Nova Zembla. The vast flocks of penguins and the great herds of walruses astonished the discomfited voyager, whom the ice soon drove back. Another part of the expedition passed the Strait of Waygatz, and coasted part of Nova Zembla, believing they had found an easy passage to China, along the eastern shore of Asia. A second expedition discovered nothing. A third was entrusted to Barentz and John Cornelius Ryp. These more enterprising men discovered Spitzbergen. Attempting in vain to pass the north of Nova Zembla, Barentz was frozen in for the winter. The vessel was wedged close till it was levered up upon the ice, and the crew built a hut on the shore, carrying on their work amid constant conflicts with the Polar bears. The three months' night the Dutchmen passed amid ceaseless cold and hunger. The broken ice, at first only seventy-five paces broad, in front of them gradually widened *to 500 paces, resembling the towers and steeples of a great city.*

In May the brave men cut a way to the sea and escaped in their open boats, Barentz dying by the way. In July they dragged their boats to the open sea, past great herds of walruses, and eventually effected their escape to Kola, where they were shipped for Amsterdam.

The London merchants, still hoping to find the North-East Passage, sent out the well-known Henry Hudson in 1608. He struck at once into the channel between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, but effected no real advance northward.

The Muscovy Company entrusted their next expedition to Jonas Poole, who set sail in 1610, bent on a little whaling to help defray his expenses, but in this and two other voyages he seems to have done little but hunt moose and capture whales. In 1616 Bylot and Baffin made a voyage more adventurous than those of their predecessors. Their directions were to enter Davis's Strait, and push due north till they reached lat. 80° ; then, turning west, they were to round, if possible, the extreme point of America, and bear down on Japan. They discovered several inlets, which they named after Sir Thomas Smith, Alderman Jones, and Sir James Lancaster; but sailed by the stern barriers of ice without any attempt to trace their inner windings. In 1741, after many more of these feeble and unsuccessful attempts to solve the great mystery, our Government gave £10,000 for a new expedition, and offered a reward of £20,000 to the discoverer of a northern passage.

After a long lull of apathy and indifference, the Admiralty in 1818 fitted out two vessels, the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*, to once more attempt the discovery of the North-West Passage, and Captains Ross and Parry, both officers of energy and intelligence, were appointed to the command. From Waygat Island they were blocked by the ice, but eventually worked their way along the coast through narrow and intricate channels, and about lat. 75° reached land never before visited. On the 7th of August their perils began. They forced their way through a mile of bay ice, and sawed their way into a pool of open water. The ice then began to move, and, a gale springing up, the floes closed in on the *Isabella*, till the pressure grew so tremendous that the beams in the hold began to bend and the iron tanks to settle together. The distressed ship rose several feet, while the ice, which was six feet thick, broke against her sides. She was then dashed against the *Alexander* with such force that the anchors were broken, and the loss of her masts was every moment expected. At that moment of imminent danger, however, the force of the ice seemed suddenly to collapse, the two

fields receded, and the *Isabella* passed the *Alexander* safely into a clear channel.

Soon after this, the gale continuing, the ice began to move faster, and a large field of ice bearing down on them, Ross and Parry resolved to saw out docks for refuge, but the ice proved too thick for the nine-foot saws. This failure was their salvation, for the field to which they were moored began, as they left it, to drift rapidly on a reef of grounded icebergs, and presently it broke on the bergs, rising more than fifty feet up the side of the white cliffs and falling back with crashing ruins on the very spot where the docks would have been. That evening the vessels were made fast to the land ice, and sought refuge in a bay girt with icebergs, and over extra allowances of preserved meat and grog the tired sailors forgot for a time their troubles.

The next day some Esquimaux in dog sledges hailed them. Twenty-eight natives and fifty dogs began clamouring together. The visitors bartered sea unicorns' horns and sea horse teeth for knives, glasses, and beads, and taking the ship for a bird asked it if it came from the sun or the moon. The natives, though friendly and good-natured, proved great thieves, and tried to carry off nearly everything they saw, from an anvil to the topmast. Near Cape Dudley Digges the cliffs appeared covered with crimson snow, which has since been proved to be of vegetable growth. Captain Ross now passed the various sounds described by Baffin, and satisfied himself too readily that they were all impassable. Lancaster Sound alone he explored for thirty miles, and then trusting to an assistant surgeon, from the "crow's-nest," who pronounced the channel stopped by a line of land, turned homewards.

Parry on his return expressing a desire to explore Lancaster Sound was sent out with the *Hecla*, of 375 tons, and the *Griper* gun brig, of 180 tons, with ample stores for two years. He set sail in 1819, and was soon immovably beset. On the second day, however, a heavy roll of the sea loosened the ice and drove it against the vessels with such violence that but for their strength they would have broken up. Once more free, they steered northward along the edge of the ice searching for open water. They then made a desperate push to the westward between detached floes of ice, through lanes of open water, and sawing through one final barrier bore directly for Lancaster Sound, and reached longitude $83^{\circ} 12'$, fifteen miles from the mouth of the sound, which was about fifty miles broad, without difficulty. At a point where they believed they had passed the magnetic meridian the compass became useless and the fog

froze on the shrouds, and soon after they reached the longitude of 110° W., by which they became entitled to the Parliamentary reward of £5,000. The ice now beginning to form on every side of them, Parry resolved to winter at Melville Island.

Great care was taken of the men during the winter. Private theatricals were got up for their amusement and a paper was started. Every day the men were made to run round the deck to the music of an organ. Wild animals disappeared entirely in October, with the exception of a pack of wolves which nightly serenaded the vessel. Early in May ptarmigan began to reappear, and sorrel, found in abundance mixed with moss under the snow, proved very useful as a remedy for scurvy, which had begun to prevail among the men. In August the ice by a sudden paroxysm broke up and drifted out, and the ships were once more afloat. They soon, however, found barriers of ice spreading as far as the eye could reach, and seeing no hope of forcing or coaxing a passage they turned homeward. Parry returned with great *éclat*. He had sailed upwards of thirty degrees of longitude beyond any of his predecessors, he had proved the existence of a Polar sea north of America, and after eleven months wintering had only lost one man.

In Parry's next expedition it was resolved to trace the great northern sounds of Hudson's Bay and their terminations, there being a hope that in this passage Parry might escape so many large islands, and effect an opening into the Arctic Sea at a lower and safer latitude. The two vessels chosen this time were the *Hecla* and *Fury*, and Captain Lyon was selected as Parry's companion. At the mouth of Hudson's Strait, a desolate scene, with its icy rocks heavy with fog, the two ships were surrounded by fifty-four icebergs, the tallest of them towering 258 feet above the sea. These bergs were begirt by drifting floes that whirled and ground perpetually round them, agitated by the ocean currents. After trying many inlets fruitlessly, Parry was frozen up for another winter, and this time a school was started to amuse the men, who plied their stiff fingers at the childish tasks with the utmost enthusiasm. During the long sunless winter Parry and his companions were astonished by the incessant flashing arches of the Aurora, by meteors, halos, and mock suns; six of these mock suns were sometimes seen at once. Occasional visits from the Esquimaux and the sight of their little domed houses, built with slabs of frozen snow, interested the sailors. On the 2nd of July the voyage of discovery was resumed, but in September the troops of deer passing southward and the thin pancake ice forming on the sea determined

Parry to winter at Igloodik, where he as usual sawed out a harbour. From a colony of Esquimaux at this place Parry learnt much of the habits of this curious people. The women wore girdles made of the teeth of wolves, foxes, and musk oxen, and one belle had fringed her jacket with fox noses. They can consume enormous quantities of food. One youth is recorded in twenty-four hours to have swallowed ten pounds of solid food, and to have drank more than a gallon of water. The men watch for hours at ice-holes for the seal, and they will often attack singly the Polar bear. Parry had intended to concentrate all his men and stores on board the *Fury*, and then brave a third Arctic winter; but the men's health beginning to fail, he reluctantly began his voyage homewards, and arrived in Shetland in October, 1823.

The Government, still staunchly bent on Arctic discovery, at once resolved on a new expedition, with a view of trying to penetrate Prince Regent's Inlet, as the western extremity of Melville Island seemed barred up for ever. Parry this time took out the *Hecla*, and Captain Hoppner the *Fury*. The vessels set sail in May, 1824, reached Davis's Strait by the middle of June, and on the 10th of September caught sight of the bold shore of Lancaster Sound. The monotony of the winter at Port Bowen was felt more than usual, but the spring was favourable, and on July 19 they started out to sea. However, in lat. $72^{\circ} 42'$ and long. $91^{\circ} 50'$, the *Fury* was so badly "nipped" by the ice that she had to be abandoned, and the *Hecla* had no other alternative but to at once return home.

This misfortune disheartened our thrifty Government. The North-West Passage was now looked upon as a dream, and a resolution was formed to send no more exploring vessels. The Board of Longitude was abolished, and the reward of £20,000 withdrawn.

Captain Ross being anxious to try a steamer, a Mr. Booth undertook generously to bear the whole expense. He set sail in May, 1829, in the *Victory*, a small Liverpool steamer of 150 tons. Provisions were laid in for a thousand days, and the ship's company amounted to the number of twenty-two. At the latitude of 74° , near where the *Hecla* and *Fury* had been beset in 1824, no ice could be seen, and the men threw off their jackets to work cooler. Lancaster Sound, which Ross had before but timidly reconnoitred, was now open to their vessel, and with the thermometer at 40° they preferred doing without a fire. Making for Prince Regent's Inlet, the daring voyager now visited the wreck of the *Fury*, and obtained a stock of preserves, provisions, and a store of coal. Cheered by this seasonable supply, they now crossed Cresswell Bay

and passed Cape Garry—the farthest point sighted by Parry. The fogs and the danger now began. They were surrounded by floating mountains of ice, which constantly dashed together in rude tournament, till the weaker rent asunder and fell over headlong, ploughing the sea and froth with the roar of thunder. This 300 miles of unknown country, and within 200 miles of the point which Captain Franklin had reached, Ross called Boothia. The path to America seemed fast developing when snow fell thick, and the ice began to close its broad white teeth upon them. Ross at once determined to saw out a dock in Felix Harbour, in a bay between a rocky island and two icebergs.

The winter amusement consisted in shooting ptarmigan and willow partridges, in killing white foxes, bears, and seals. The vessel was roofed in and the deck was covered with snow two feet and a half thick, and above that a coating of sand. Every atom of rigging was taken down, cleaned, marked, and stowed away. The sailors became excellent friends with the Esquimaux, and the ship's carpenter astonished the natives by making a wooden leg for a lame native. Their sledges were lined with frozen fish and seal bones, and bound together with strips of the hide of the musk ox. It was in this voyage that Captain Ross reached the side of the Magnetic Pole, lat. $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ north, on the western coast of Boothia, and the spot was marked by a cairn and a flag. Ross at last resolved to abandon the *Victory* and spend the winter in Fury Beach, and the next year was taken off at Navy Board Inlet by a Hull vessel. Ross, though dogged enough, had not discovered much, but hope was still entertained that a vessel might in an open season penetrate southward between Bank's Land and Cape Walker, the apparent extremity of Boothia, and would find open an unobstructed navigation to Behring's Strait. After some shabbiness from the Admiralty, Parliament voted Ross for this long voyage a sum of £5,000.

The first attempt to reach the Pole on sledges was made by Captain Parry, from a scheme suggested by Mr. Scoresby in 1827. He set out from Hecla Cove in Spitzbergen with seventy-one days' provisions, but the arduous attempt proved fruitless, after all, as the snow fields kept continually drifting southward.

In 1836 the Government sent out Captain Back in the *Terror* to complete the discovery of the coast line between Regent's Inlet and Point Turnagain. He took with him a ship's company of sixty men, nearly all volunteers. The expedition was to proceed to the head of Hudson's Strait, and from thence to Repulse Bay or Wage

River either directly through the Frozen Strait or circuitously by River Welcome. The vessel was then to be docked and a body of men sent by land to examine the eastern shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, one detachment going northward to the Fury or Hecla Strait, and a second westward to Point Turnagain. Sledges with iron runners and convertible into carriages were to be used. Above all every effort was to be made to return to England the same autumn. The voyage began ominously, for near Davis's Strait they passed a berg not less than 300 feet high, and near Resolution Island dense floes with high peaks jostled and clashed around them. But Frozen Strait gave one broken mountainous sea of ice, with ponderous masses of floes heaped up thirty feet high. On one occasion when moored to a dangerous and tottering iceberg, a heavy drifting floe struck the berg, part of which fell and all but destroyed the vessel. The *Terror*, however, behaved well, and near the Frozen Strait forced her way through a dense unbroken pack. Working their way to Southampton Island, they had to cut a path through the ice with axes, ice-chisels, and handspikes, the sailors dragging the blocks to the nearest pool, like so many laughing school boys, and shouting at the fun when any luckless fellow broke in through the thin ice. Off Cape Comfort Back's ship was suddenly nipped, the ice rising in pointed heaps twenty feet or more in height. The men despairing now of reaching Repulse Bay, Back resolved to cut a dock in the nearest floe, but singularly enough on the very next day the whole body of ice near them burst into pieces and rolled to the west, tossing the blocks in heaps and grinding some to powder. The men soon grew gloomy, abandoned amusement, and became desponding. The vessel was pressed by the ice and daily threatened with instant destruction. It was sometimes lifted vertically and nearly covered with masses of disrupted ice nineteen or twenty feet high, shattered into mammoth mounds, peaks, stubborn walls, and ramparts. Some of the ship's planks shone with the turpentine squeezed out of the wood, and the crushes of ice were attended by groaning and splitting sounds loud as cannon. The vessel was heaved up by the vast force of the ice. One especial day a mass of ice thirty feet high came rearing towards her on a floe, and escape seemed hopeless. All this time the forepart of the vessel was buried as high as the flukes of the anchor in perpendicular walls of ice. After several weeks of labour Back and his men sawed the tormented vessel out of her ice prison after she had been thrown on her beam ends by submerged ice that clung to her bottom. It was time to turn: the poor vessel stumbled and staggered homeward, reaching Lough Swilly in a state that would

have sunk her in three hours more. Her keel and stern post were found to have been half wrenched off.

By the combined exertions of Sir John Barrow and Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine Sir John Franklin was sent, in 1845, with the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to once more try and complete the magnetic survey of the globe, and with orders to push through Lancaster Sound and Cape Walker, and from there, if possible, to Behring's Strait. A transport that accompanied them to Davis's Strait left them with three years' provisions and four bullocks. The gallant discoverers sailed away to the dim region of the Aurora, and were seen no more alive.

In 1848 the Government, with generous enthusiasm, sent out three simultaneous expeditions in search of Franklin and his companions. By Behring's Strait the *Herald* and *Plover* were despatched in case the expedition had threaded the North-West Passage and stuck fast in some advanced point of the Polar Sea. The coastland and boat expedition was led by Sir John Richardson down the Mackenzie River to examine the coast eastward to the Coppermine River; and the third expedition, headed by Sir James Clarke Ross, with the ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, was to pass Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait and search for tracks of Franklin westward as far as they could penetrate. The *Herald* and *Plover* worked hard but did nothing; the land expedition little more, being unable to examine the shores of Wollaston Land. The third party left provisions in suitable depôts, caught white foxes and released them with copper collars on which were engraved notices of the depôts, while papers with instructions were daily sent adrift in casks. All three efforts, however, proved useless.

In 1849 that noble and true-hearted Englishwoman Lady Franklin offered a reward of £3,000 to any whaler which could discover or relieve all or any part of the two ships' companies, and the same year our Government promised £20,000 to any exploring party that should contribute to extricate Franklin and his ships and crew from the ice. The *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under Collinson and M'Clure, were the next to sail due north. They were to throw overboard occasionally tin cylinders containing information, and were not to waste time in mere scientific research. They were provided with balloons, blasting powder, ice saws, and a huge pointed iron for dropping on ice floes and forcing a passage. Dr. Rae, left by Sir John Richardson to continue the search, was employed in 1850 in beating the coast round Cape Walker and the north of Victoria Land. The Government expedition (for the nation was now hot

upon the search) consisted of the *Resolute* and the *Assistance* and two powerful screw steamers, the *Pioneer* and the *Intrepid*. Captains Austin, Ommanney, and Sherard Osborn were the leaders of the search. Sir John Ross undertook to bear round Wellington Channel, and to examine all the headlands thence to Banks' Land. The heroic Lady Franklin herself fitted out two vessels, and the *Prince Albert*, a schooner-rigged craft of ninety tons (Commander Forsyth), resolved to examine to the shores of Prince Regent's Inlet and the Gulf of Boothia. Melville Bay proved that year peculiarly impenetrable, and the largest vessels spent four weeks in effecting thirty miles northward. Blocked by icebergs which threatened to fall and crush the smaller ships or to close and grind them to pieces, the sailors stood ready with their bundles to leap on the ice and escape by sledge or on foot. The *Prince Albert* once or twice had to charge necks of ice, and on other occasions huge icy masses were burst asunder with blasting powder, the seamen with warps dragging away the huge disjointed blocks. The *Prince Albert* then examined the south shore of Lancaster Sound, and stood away down Prince Regent's Inlet, but found all passage beyond Fury Beach impassable. She visited Barrow's Strait, and found Wellington Channel floored with solid ice. But on Cape Riley the sailors saw what repaid them for all the toil and danger. The *Assistance* and *Intrepid* had been there before them, and had discovered traces of Franklin's tents: rope, canvas, bones, and three tombstones left by the men of the *Erebus* and *Terror* during a prolonged visit in 1845 and 1846.

On the 12th of April, 1851, six sledging parties started from Griffith Island; three taking the north shore, three the south of Parry's Strait. Lieutenant M'Clintock's party travelled 760 miles, discovered forty miles of coast, and was absent eighty days. It achieved the farthest westing ever attained in the Polar seas, setting up marks, depositing provisions, and making observations. Sails and kites were used to drag the sledges, and the men toiled heartily and merrily at the drag-ropes. In the exploration of Wellington Channel Captain Penny discovered Victoria Channel, which he explored by boat for 300 miles. This the discoverer believed to be the great inner Polar basin.

The interesting discovery at Cape Riley lit up once more the old hope, and it was thought that Franklin had proceeded up Wellington Channel and entered the sea discovered by Captain Penny; and in 1852 Sir Edward Beecher started with five vessels—the *Assistance*, the *Resolute*, the *North Star*, and two steamers, the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*—resolved to sail to Baffin's Bay, and make Beachy Island his

head-quarters, while Wellington Channel was visited and provisions left on Melville Island.

The *Prince Albert*, which again joined indefatigably in the long search, determined to thoroughly reconnoitre Prince Regent's Inlet. That brave young Frenchman Lieutenant Bellot was one of the crew. They got through the winter as cheerily as they could, and in February, 1852, started on their grand sledge journey. But neither at Fury Beach nor at Cape Walker could they find any traces of Franklin's expedition, and their stores soon got so low that they had to feed their dogs on old leather shoes and the fag ends of buffalo rugs, and returned to the ship after ninety-seven days of danger and toil, after traversing about 1,100 miles. Their departure for England took place soon afterwards.

In 1853 national interest was again roused by the actual discovery of the North-West Passage by Captain M'Clure, who had passed through Behring's Straits and sailed to within a few miles of the discoveries made from the east side of America, where he was frozen up and had to abandon his vessel. Lieutenant Cresswell, the bearer of despatches, walked over the neck of ice, and returned to England by the Atlantic, being the first man who had ever traversed the long-sought for point of junction.

In 1850 M'Clure, on parting from his colleague, the *Enterprise*, had pushed gallantly into the heart of the Polar packs, winding through the transient lanes and sometimes charging the close-packed masses. After many new discoveries and a tedious wintering, during which the men made a journey over the ice to Barrow's Strait, in July, 1851, they began to coast the western shores of Barrig's Island, and were frozen in for the winter in the Bay of Mercy. A party now crossing the ice to Melville Island reached Winter Harbour, and completed the North-West Passage on foot. Another winter's imprisonment followed, rendered light by joy at the discovery they had effected; and after receiving relief from Captain Kellet, M'Clure eventually had to abandon his vessel in Mercy Bay and return to England in 1854.

It was about this time that that brave, chivalrous young French officer Lieutenant Bellot, who was with Captain Inglefield's party, was lost while taking despatches across the ice to Sir Edward Beecher in Wellington Channel.

Of Inglefield's and Sir E. Beecher's expeditions of 1854 little need be said; suffice it to say that Sir E. Beecher eventually abandoned his five vessels, and, alarmed at the diminution of his preserved meats, took care to preserve himself, and returned to England.

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While the vexation of this failure was still existing in England Dr. Rae arrived from Repulse Bay with more news of Franklin. He had been seen alive by Esquimaux in 1850, and the remains of the band had been discovered in 1851. The sailors had been seen by seal-hunters near King William's Land in 1850, dragging a boat and sledges. The bodies of thirty of their party were found the same season, on an island a long day's journey north-west of Back's Great Fish River. Some of the bodies were in tents, others under a boat. One body seemed that of a chief, as a telescope was strapped over the shoulders and a double-barrelled gun lay near it. From the mutilated state of the bodies it was supposed that cannibalism had been resorted to. There was plenty of powder, and stores of shot and ball were found below high-water mark. Dr. Rae brought with him several spoons and forks, and one small silver plate, engraved with the words "John Franklin, K.C.B." Great disappointment was felt that in his zeal to explore Boothia Dr. Rae did not himself visit the spot where Franklin died, in search of fuller records of his fate.

Of the second Grinnell Expedition, commanded by the chivalrous Dr. Kane, who sacrificed his life in the service, I have no room to say much. In many points it was more daring and romantic than any other. Kane's generous efforts to rescue his men when in great peril, his daring sledge journeys, will live for ever in Arctic records. Soul never triumphed more nobly over body than when Kane, swollen with scurvy, his foot frozen, and himself almost delirious, led on his party beyond the farthest limits of Greenland, seeking the mysterious channels that open into the inner Polar Sea. On one occasion he and his men lived eighty-four days in the open air. But for a few seals that they shot and ate raw the whole party must have perished.

In 1855 a small band of hardy fellows in a bark canoe furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company proceeded down the Great Fish River to its mouth, Franklin being supposed to have perished of starvation somewhere near Montreal Island. Here they found several relics of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, but no bodies and no papers.

And now we come to the final and more successful voyage—that of Captain M'Clintock in the *Fox* in the years 1857-8-9. It was he who finally proved that Franklin had really discovered the North-West Passage and died on the 11th of June, 1847, while working on foot across the ice near the mouth of the Great Fish River. "It seemed," as Mr. Ballantyne beautifully observes, "as if the Almighty had mercifully permitted one mysterious whisper from the unseen

world to reach us," to relieve those who mourned untiringly for the dead heroes and refused to believe that they were taken from us for ever. It appeared that as late as April, 1848, 105 survivors were still on their way to Great Fish River, the very place where Dr. King, on June 10, 1847 (the day before Franklin died), had offered the Government to prosecute a search. Hoping against hope, that lion-hearted woman Lady Franklin instantly purchased the *Fox*, a small screw steam yacht, and appointed to the command Captain M'Clintock, who had served in three previous expeditions. The Government assisted with stores and needful material. Volunteers were eager to take service, but the crew consisted of only twenty-one men, including an Esquimaux interpreter. Lady Franklin's wish was to recover relics of her husband, documents of the expedition, and to establish his claim to the first discovery of the North-West Passage. Procuring Esquimaux sledge-dogs and a native driver at Disco Island, M'Clintock pushed boldly into the icy waters of Baffin's Bay, and, landing their last letters for home, the party tried in vain for forty miles to penetrate the middle ice in Baffin's Bay; then pushing northwards in search of an opening, they reached Melville Bay, where they passed a glacier forty miles long. It was almost horizontal, and of unknown extent and elevation. There were few birds and seals, and the only sound was the occasional crashing thunder when an iceberg split off, the wave from which convulsion used to reach the *Fox* in six or seven minutes and roll it lazily on the cold northern waves. All this time the *Fox* sailed in perpetual sunshine. Midnight brought only this difference, that the sun skimmed along the horizon instead of across the zenith. The moment they entered the ice the floes closed suddenly up to beset them round. Saws and blasting powder were in vain—they were frozen in for the winter. Like brave Englishmen, the crew of the *Fox* bore the imprisonment cheerfully. They shot bears and seals, skated, and started a school. The ship was covered in and banked with snow, the sun took his leave for the winter on the 1st of November, and henceforth they had to depend on lamp-light, moonlight, and Aurora Borealis when not visited with storms or snowdrifts. White and blue Arctic foxes, bears, and seals prowled round the vessel and supplied them with food. The ice from time to time rent and split with sounds compared to distant surf and trains of heavy creaking waggons. Ice of four feet thick would be ground to atoms for spaces of fifty yards, and blocks 100 yards in diameter would suddenly crack like a spider's web. Gradually in April the ice opened out, and the *Fox* bored her way out of the pack, not without many a spiteful jog that made her every rib shake.

Returning to Greenland to refit, M'Clintock then passed to Baffin's Bay, escaped the dreaded "middle ice," and sailed for Pond's Bay, steering from there to Lancaster Sound. Stopped by ice in Peel Strait, M'Clintock ran down Prince Regent's Inlet, making for Bellot Strait, discovered in 1851 by the *Prince Albert*. They ran easily for eight miles, when they were checked by six miles of close heavy pack ice, beyond which, however, they saw a clear channel that gave them hope. The ice here was rolling about in great blue masses, that drove the *Fox* close to the rocks. In vain week after week the *Fox* strove to win a way: the solid pack westward extended its barriers over Peel Strait, and drove the party to sledge travelling.

Winter began again, and the sailors settled down to hunting and depositing caches and stores of provisions on the line of their intended spring route, much annoyed by the constant storms round Port Kennedy and the black vapours rising from the open spots in the ice. Three sledge expeditions were finally projected by M'Clintock. The first, led by himself, was to visit the Great Fish River and to examine the shores of King William's Land. The second was to explore the western coast of Boothia as far as the Magnetic Pole, and then westward from Gateshead Island. The third party was to trace the shores of Prince of Wales Land, and, if possible, between Four River Point and Cape Bird. Two months' provisions were to be carried by each party.

Near the Magnetic Pole M'Clintock met an Esquimaux with a naval button on his coat, which had been obtained from some white people who had been starved upon an island. From this man's village they obtained many relics of poor Franklin and his men—spoons, forks, a medal, and portions of the wreck. According to them Franklin's vessel had been crushed by ice near King William's Island, and the crew had perished near Montreal Island, in the estuary of the Fish River. M'Clintock rejoined the *Fox* after twenty-five days' absence, during which he had travelled 420 miles and completed the discovery of 120 geographical miles of the coast line of Continental America. The mean temperature was 30° below zero.

The brave leader then set out for another expedition to the east coast of King William's Land, passing on foot through a North-West Passage, and finding relics of Franklin on Montreal Island. At Point Ogle was found on the beach a skeleton lying upon its face, apparently an officer's servant. At Point Victory, on King William's Land, was picked up a paper dated May, 1847, describing the men as all well, the wintering in Beachy Island, and the ascent of Wellington Channel. In this paper the captain of the *Erebus* had noted the

desertion of the two vessels in April, 1848, and the starting for Back's Fish River. At Cape Felix a cairn was found, and near Cape Crozier a boat containing two skeletons, watches, prayer-books, and two loaded guns, but no provisions except a little tea and chocolate. The men had probably been sick, and were left by their comrades, who were too weak to drag them to their ships. Many brave efforts of endurance were made before the *Fox* turned homeward, one officer in particular sledging for forty days with one man only. He proved Prince of Wales Land to be an island, and discovered M'Clintock's Channel. As for the captain, he worked the engines home himself, both his engineers being dead. Prince Regent's Inlet remained so long fast that he feared another winter's imprisonment, but providentially the ice broke up in August, and the *Fox*, through many dangers, shipped off for England, where she arrived in September, 1859.

The North-West Passage has been to seamen of the nineteenth century what the San Graal was to the knights of Arthur's time. It cost us two centuries to discover the North-West Passage, and, what is more than all, it cost us Franklin and his men. As a soldier's strength is earned by toil and endurance, so a nation's strength is gained by such herculean labours and obstinate struggles as these. One corner of the old problem has still to be solved, Is there a central open Polar Sea? That the expedition now on its way is to solve. Who will grudge the danger it will cost to even yet decide this? Who will despair of solving it after what has already been attained?

Past voyages show us that the strait that is adamant this year, the next season can be traversed. Experience has brought to our aid so many ways of conquering Arctic difficulties—sledges, blasting powder, saws, &c. Much we have found can be escaped by cutting ice docks; so much gained by using ice floes as tugs; steam has given us such power to force a way; patience so often, we find, produces us remedies, that nothing now can be considered impossible. Ice that seems built up for eternity suddenly yields as by a spell and disappears, as troubles do when a brave man advances upon them.

Much, too, might probably be done by a band of Esquimaux auxiliaries to manage the sledges and to give their opinions on the weather and the state of the ice. Let the two vessels winter as far north as they can this year, next spring early push on for the great secret, and *God helping, we shall solve it yet, map out the whole northern seas, and then buckle ourselves to for other toils that may still further help forward humanity.*

SIGNOR SALVINI'S HAMLET.

BY A PARISIAN CRITIC.

IT was, doubtless, not without misgivings that even the most ardent admirers of Signor Salvini's histrionic accomplishments went to witness his first performance in this country of Hamlet—that testing part of a complete actor. His interpretation of Othello was in all respects a masterly achievement, at least for those who cared not to remember the canons set down by former exponents of the part, and who elected to follow their own idea of the manner in which it should be performed. But although it was hardly possible to doubt that Signor Salvini's attempt would be marked by the points in which an artist so accomplished could not fail to create effect, yet it did not follow that whereas he had rendered the passions incarnated in the Moor, he could succeed in depicting feelings absolutely different. In fact most competent critics were inclined to disbelieve in the Italian tragedian's competency, not to give an acceptable rendering of the supreme drama, but to endow it with the symmetrical beauty of the whole performance of Othello.

These fears were not wholly groundless. In the part of Hamlet it was enough to look at Signor Salvini to be aware that his appearance was against him, for in that extraordinary creation it is not enough to have the art: the artist must also have the physique of the character. The essence of the pleasure we find at the theatre is illusion, and if we have before us an actor whose looks are altogether remote from the sentiments he expresses the illusion, except at very rare moments, is all but destroyed. Nothing can be more uncongenial than an elderly lady who enacts a youthful character; and in no play is the look of the part more necessary than in "Hamlet." Salvini is tall, powerful, dignified; the stamp of mature talent sits on every feature of his countenance; he seems far beyond the hesitations and falterings of Hamlet: and as he has, like most Italian actors, an objection to the use, or rather abuse, of artificial means of changing his physiognomy, it appeared still more obvious that the nervous mask of the Prince of Denmark could scarcely sit at ease on his features. Not less specious seemed the allegation of incompatibility of temperament. While Othello is *particularly well adapted to a southern nature*, Hamlet's acts appear to

belong rather to the scion of a northern stock; his lymphatic disposition, his long fits of musing, his outbursts of passion, more tempestuous and lasting when stirred up than those of a naturally impulsive man, are characteristics not to be mistaken.

This raises a question of some interest in dramatic art. It is of course impossible for an actor completely to master his natural leanings and impulses; but then a point of nicety is to ascertain whether an actor worthy of the name can attain the supreme climax of perfection which consists in all but overcoming these tendencies of blood and race. As for me, I may say at once that I had not two opinions as to the capacity of Signor Salvini to cope with the new part he has lately enacted, whatever odds might be against him: for it appeared to me that his power chiefly consisted in that very capacity. The triumph of acting does not lie in experiencing the feelings that are being expressed. It may appear paradoxical to say so, but emotion is incompatible with dramatic expression. Emotion paralyses, and it is probable that an artist who entirely identifies himself with the part he expounds will find himself powerless when called upon to render it. Deep grief, anger, passion of every kind, when it makes every muscle quiver and every drop of blood in one's veins tingle, momentarily defeat all power of elocution. That the actor should feel once and understand his part is not only natural, but indispensable; but from the moment when he has realised its breadth and spirit all personal emotion should disappear and be simulated by art. It has been said with regard to Signor Salvini that in earlier days his identification with certain characters was such that he was not allowed to wear offensive weapons on the stage. This I have some difficulty in believing; it seems to me that so perfect an artist could not thus lose his self-control without seriously damaging his success. Signor Salvini has probably studied each of his impersonations and tried his effects until he attained what appeared to him the *dernier mot* of truth; that final form he, as it were, fixed in his mind, and then he made no effort to alter or improve it. Such I infer has been his process with Othello, as with Hamlet. In the former play, although his acting is not always identical in small points of detail, the principal effects are one and the same at every performance. His aim, I should think, is to give vent to all that is most impetuous in passion, while internally preserving a maximum calmness. This view is corroborated by another notable feature of his art: his impersonations are distinguished by a logical uniformity of conception: he does this because he has done that, and from one end of the performance to the other all his actions and effects follow each

other like the links of a chain, so that, however different from the general idea of a part, his rendering of it is in keeping with the view he has taken and possesses the harmonious proportions of a work of refined art.

These remarks are not uncalled for, because, in my opinion, Signor Salvini has approached the part of Hamlet more in the latter mood than with a desire to render it exactly and faithfully as Shakespeare wrote it. Our tragedian has but an imperfect knowledge of English; and although reverence for genius has nothing to do with nationality, he cannot fairly be expected to show the superstitious respect for the exact text on the integrity of which every cultivated English spectator insists. He knows "Hamlet" only through a translation, than which none could be more recklessly and impertinently bad. Whether the shortcomings of this Italian version have had much to do with Salvini's interpretation I do not know; but his conception of Hamlet's individuality appears to me in some essential points far from the creation of the poet. It may be that Salvini himself is aware of the fact, only that he thinks that, on the whole, "Hamlet" is written more for reading than for presentation on the stage, and that the tragedian should extract the dramatic essence of the creation, and with due respect leave aside that which can fitly be read in the closet. At any rate the Hamlet which he has given us is arranged and curtailed in a manner which leads to such an inference. It would cover space to point out all the excisions, changes, and substitution of certain sayings for weak equivalents that have been made in the Drury Lane version; but the players' scene, part of the churchyard scene, the conversation between Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Hamlet which follows the comedy, and all the speeches, bits, and scraps of humour have disappeared. If Signor Salvini has acted on the theory just put forth, some of these excisions are not injudicious; if he has not, then I can imagine no reason why he should have cut out pieces in which his consummate art could not but have served him to great advantage; and this is sufficient to indicate that, as a whole, his Hamlet cannot have the same perfection as his Othello. In local colour, in comprehension, in the slightest details, that last impersonation, to my mind at least, was complete. In the state in which "Hamlet" is presented at Drury Lane the same conviction cannot possibly be expressed. But this I am ready to grant, that in his peculiar reading of the part he does some of the greatest things ever witnessed on the stage, and his impersonation, though far less complicated

and many-sided than the poet's, is perfectly human and feasible. Signor Salvini has not the juvenile looks of the Prince of Denmark, nor yet the slender frame which in most minds is associated with his personal appearance; and what is more, it has appeared to me that the tragedian was fully aware of it. Forty is inscribed on his face and frame, and that tall, stately Hamlet looks a man who is far beyond doubts and hesitation about the course he has to follow in the revenge of his father's murder. I wish as much as possible to bear in mind the caution given to critics by the late Sainte Beuve, not to attribute to an author or actor that which they feel themselves in trying to construe his performance; but it appears to me that Salvini, knowing that his appearance was not sufficiently youthful, resolved to give a Hamlet of the age of his looks. In this, curiously enough, he has met with M. Faure, and without going into an account of the resemblance that exists between the versions of the two artists in more respects than one, the fact is worthy of record as illustrating the saying that distinguished minds often meet on the same ground. And with the fine artistic instinct which he possesses Salvini has proceeded to give to the whole impersonation of Hamlet a character in exact keeping with his personal appearance. If this hypothesis be correct, then some of the excisions are explained. Such a Hamlet as Salvini brings before us cannot mock and jeer and be hysterical. Nothing can be less assuming than Salvini's gait when he first appears on the stage. The dark hue of his costume shows off the noble outline of the head and face; he is, above all, one who can love and hate; everything in his deportment indicates that. He betrays the signs of deep, dejected grief: grief at his beloved father's death, grief at his mother's frailty; at the bottom one sees that he has a lurking presentiment that there must be something wrong in this perversion of natural laws in the marriage of Claudius and the Queen; and I do not remember having seen anything more impressive in its way than the manner in which he receives from Horatio the intelligence that he saw a ghost resembling his father. There is no starting back in exaggerated amazement; no throwing up of his arms and rolling of his eyes; he looks steadily at Horatio, then at Marcellus, then at Horatio again; and then, after an interval of silence, he questions them in a low voice, briefly but pointedly, as cloud after cloud gathers over his countenance. All this is truly fine, and prepares the audience for the admirable power of displaying on the face every shade of pungent emotion which he manifests in the platform scene. The *start and cry with which he beholds the apparition* appall, and then

the profound grief which grows upon him more and more as he addresses the ghost and every fond recollection of his father returns to him one by one produces due effect on the house. It is then that the unlikelihood of Signor Salvini's powerful appearance of manhood begins to fade away before the superiority of his acting. He follows the ghost, and when he reappears on another part of the platform it is facing the audience, so that not a movement of his features can escape scrutiny. It may be remembered that Mr. Irving, and most of those who recently preceded him in the assumption of the character in which the majority has found him so satisfactory, keep their backs partly turned towards the house, thus concealing their faces and losing an opportunity of impressive dumbshow. An artist must, it is true, be fully confident in his means to make the attempt, for ridicule would attach to failure. Signor Salvini's acting at this juncture could, I imagine, hardly be surpassed. His despair at actually beholding his father, and yet being unable to rush forth and clasp him in his arms; the way in which he rubs his eyes and shows as eloquently as dumb expression can do his doubt whether he beholds a real vision, or whether he is not victim of some fantastic fancy of his mind; his stifled sobs as the apparition relates its tale of murder; the mixture of desolation, rage, and compassion with which he utters the few words he has to say in this scene; all this, apart from the other points of the performance, is worth seeing to realise the climax of perfection a dramatic artist can attain.

Following his system of suppressing all inconsistencies with his idea of the part, he does not indulge in the assumed hysterical force with which he speaks to the ghost when he invites his companions never to reveal what they have seen. Although the Italian version of "Hamlet" also does away with part of the dialogue with Polonius in the second act, still some points are retained to which the tragedian does more than full justice. His manner of contemptuously turning the pages of his book between forefinger and thumb while, shaking his head, he answers—

Parole, poi parole, e poi parole,

in reply to Polonius's query, was so suggestive as to call forth one of those murmurs of approbation far more flattering to the pride of an artist than loud and boisterous plaudits; and the same murmur interrupted him in several parts of the famous soliloquy which precedes the scene with Ophelia, particularly when, after uttering for the first time the words—

Morir! . . . dormire! . . .

he gave in the eventual repetition of these words a signification entirely different from the first intonation, speaking the word *morir* still in a tone of doubt and mental query, and then saying *dormire* with a tone and gesture of decision as if in his mind the second word was an answer to the first. In the following scene with Ophelia the tenderness of his nature moves him to utter all the bitter gall he pours into the poor girl's ear in a voice broken with emotion, and when he says—

Io non t'amava

his accent belies his words, and you feel that it is duty and fear of some deceit that prompts him to reject a girl he cherished and cherishes still. Signor Salvini, or the translator of Shakespeare, has, however, introduced a new feature in the working of this scene which the artist would do well to discard. It is grating enough to the feelings not only of Englishmen, but of all those who dislike meddling with any work of genius whatsoever, that the text of "Hamlet" should be so cavalierly curtailed as it is at Drury Lane; but to make additions is really passing the line by a long step. At the conclusion of Ophelia's response, "My honoured lord, you know right well you did," &c., and just before Hamlet inquires,—

. . . . Are you honest ?

Polonius and the King, who retired as Hamlet entered, make their reappearance, and listen to the conversation between the distracted prince and Ophelia. Signor Salvini quickly turns round, catches sight of the two eavesdroppers, and his tone, which was at first caressing, changes so soon as the likelihood of a plot in which Ophelia may be acting as an instrument shoots through his brain. This is futile and contrary to Shakespeare's purpose, for why should Polonius afterwards persistently say that Hamlet is "harping on his daughter" when he knows for a fact that Hamlet has rejected her? This looks very much as if Shakespeare were being used as a mere means of showing off a "star," instead of the actor remaining what he ought to be—the faithful realiser of the poet's conception: he who has not the genius to create, but who has that of understanding and giving life to what has been created. Fortunately the superb piece of acting which gives the due measure of Signor Salvini's accomplishments makes us forget this blur in an otherwise magnificent performance. The comedy scene is the occasion which gives rise to this display. And yet although at the last words he throws up the MS. of the play which he holds in his hands, and exclaims "What! frightened with false fire?" almost *in the face of the King*, he does not appear the

raving and yelling maniac which actors of inferior cast are so fond of introducing to us at this juncture, but keeps his violence within bounds in order not to leave the King under the impression that the coincidence of a play that pictured his own crime was due to another cause than hazard ; and when, following a natural impulse of human nature, the tragedian, instead of singing, laughing, and bandying words with his friend, rushed into Horatio's arms, as if the truth was too heavy for one man to bear, the audience sanctioned this interpretation by loud and continued applause.

From this period, whatever hesitation the actor might yet have betrayed completely disappears. He knows what remains for him to do, and he seeks only an occasion to do it. In his progress towards the tragical conclusion he is, perhaps, more at ease than in the first portion of the drama, and he gives us some pieces of acting which, differing as they do from each other, seem to indicate inexhaustible sources of versatility and power. The last three points especially worthy of notice in the last acts are the closet scene, his struggle with Laertes over Ophelia's grave, and the final display with the foils, in which he does not depend on the accuracy of his simulated swordsmanship for the profound effect he succeeds in producing. In the first of these manifestations his rendering is marked by the peculiarity which is also attached to the dialogue with Ophelia and the climax of the comedy trap. Hamlet's blood does rise at first ; the miserable death of his father, the heartlessness of his mother, her indecent haste to marry her husband's own brother—all these exasperating recollections crowd in his brain, and make him clutch and poise the sword with which he has just slain Polonius as if he were going to commit a second murder. But the ghost appears, and the shriek and action of Signor Salvini as the apparition rises send a thrill of terror through the spectators. The ghost's exhortation to spare his mother restores him to the mood of love for his parents which is the dominant feature of his performance. He begs, he entreats his mother to return to sentiments of penitence, takes her in his arms, almost caresses her. Again, in the churchyard he does not follow the common path traced by his predecessors. He says the words

Woul't weep ? woul't fight ? woul't fast ? woul't tear thyself ? &c.

with alternate outbursts of pathos and fierceness ; but why the perfectly unjustifiable excision of part of this speech ? There is no possible reason for its omission, for it in no wise contradicts the view which, as I suppose, Signor Salvini has taken of the part. The

last but not least suggestive piece of acting is in the closing scene of the drama. His demeanour is courteous and princely, his action graceful and dignified; he is just the man brought up on the steps of a throne, indicating by a gesture, by a look, the distance which royal birth places between him and Laertes. He introduces in his pass of arms with Ophelia's brother an innovation against which there is no reason to protest. Laertes wounds him; he frowns, puts his hand to his breast, sees blood, and, a consciousness of foul play coming to his head, he attacks his opponent in right earnest and disarms him; before Laertes has had time to pick up his combated foil, he sets his foot upon it, hands his foil to his opponent as if in courtesy, and takes possession of the deadly weapon; and when the murderous work is done he falls on one knee, and expires in an attempt to kiss the forehead of Horatio, his only friend. From beginning to end Signor Salvini's conception of Hamlet is thus ever carried out with strict logic. It is not Shakespeare's creation in its full meaning, but it is an interpretation of it which is quite justifiable; and if in general aspect it has not the symmetry of Othello, it contains histrionic feats as great, and even greater, than the Italian tragedian displayed in his first impersonation. It may be added that the members of the Italian company support their parts satisfactorily, although the men have an unpleasant tendency to imitate their leader's style of acting, thereby in some sort giving a kind of caricature of it when he is off the stage.

One last word before concluding. I am loth to speak of a personal question, but my readers will find my excuse in the fact that it has to do with my criticisms more than with myself. It appears that the appreciation I ventured to write in these pages of the qualifications of Mr. Irving in Hamlet and of Signor Salvini in Othello has given umbrage to some and offence to others. Being merely the result of an individual opinion—and one which, as I am aware, differs from that of many critics—my judgment of these two artists was hardly worth while refuting; but some fellow-writers have thought otherwise. I cannot really see, since opinions opposed to mine on the subject do not offend me, why mine should offend others, since they spring solely from sincere conviction—not from any prejudice or personal animus. Howbeit, one writer has alleged that the "Parisian Critic" was neither a Parisian nor a critic. I may be deficient in the qualifications of the latter, but as to the former style, my well-informed critic may take my word for it that I am no more an Englishman than he is a Frenchman. This he might easily have discerned by the imperfection of my English. Another

writer, in the *Saturday Review*, under the heading of "Follies of Criticism," has been good enough to include me among those thoughtless and hare-brained judges who deserve castigation for unrighteously castigating others. As, however, I understand that the *raison d'être* of the *Saturday Review* is to express in superfine language dissatisfaction at most men and things, I may take its abuse as a delicate compliment. But the *Saturday* reviewer takes me to task for what I precisely ought not to be blamed, and I will therefore endeavour to make a few professional suggestions that may be of future use to the author of this not very learned nor very subtle article. I say "not very learned" because the *Saturday* reviewer commits a blunder which would enable any well read and cultivated Englishman to dilate on the follies of his own criticism; and I regret for him that the task of pointing it out should devolve on a foreigner. He writes, among other things: "The attack of the '*Quarterly*, so savage and tartarly,' was a terrible thing to Keats; but Keats's poetry will live in spite of it." Now, *n'en déplaise* to the writer who makes this statement, the attack of the *Quarterly* was nothing of the kind to Keats, and it is surprising that the editor of a journal which plumes itself on literary infallibility should have overlooked an assertion the inaccuracy of which is now notorious. It is true that many who should have known better believed that Keats had been killed by the attack of the *Quarterly*, and Byron and Shelley among the number. But if there is one fact established by Lord Houghton in his biography of Keats, it is that the opinion reproduced by the *Saturday Review* was untrue, and that the poet was more indifferent to adverse criticism than most men would be. This has nothing to do with myself; but I am not sorry to remind a writer who professes not only to be a critic but to sit in judgment upon other critics, that he should at least have known such a fact as this. He says, quoting a phrase of mine to the effect that "it is sufficient to see the manner in which Salvini bears himself to know that you have before you an actor whom you have less the right to criticise than observe," that "this position will save a great deal of trouble, as possibly in future when one has seen the frame of a picture it will be known that one has a right to look at it, but not to judge its merits." He also finds fault with me for saying of Signor Salvini's Othello that "one cannot say too much of such a performance," and styles what he calls my comparison between Mr. Irving and the Italian actor "absurd." As a matter of fact, I never made any comparison between Mr. Irving and Salvini; and had the *Saturday* reviewer trusted for his statement on something more reliable than

the mere title of my paper he might have seen that I disclaimed any intention to draw such a parallel. I even said that comparison between the Englishman and the Italian was impossible, because one cannot compare talent to genius. As to the other faults found with my criticism which I have mentioned, I submit, in all humility, that they are sufficiently "absurd"—the adjective is not mine—to call for no refutation. Indeed, although self-criticism is reputed to be all but impossible, I might have pointed out to my detractor far more telling pretences for attack than he has discovered. I might have suggested to him, for instance, that although I wrote that "one cannot say too much of Salvini's performance," for reasons of my own I said—in length at least—very little about him; and further, that it was unreasonable on my part to devote seven pages to one I described as a second-rate actor, while I only gave three to the enumeration of the merits of an artist to whom I attributed genius. It is true that to these criticisms I have ready answers. But perhaps the *Saturday* reviewer did not condescend to hash me into small pieces. In that case he should not have condescended to make mistakes about facts concerning the literature of his own country, and to write in the tone of high-handed authority and omniscience which is more usual with youths of unripe experience and imperfect education when they begin to write for the public, than with the scholarly contributors of a powerful journal.

APROPOS OF THE PARIS SALON.

BY "SPECTAVI."

INVESTING in pictures is a great lottery in France. The standard of taste is capricious, and there is no knowing what fancies those rich and uncultivated foreigners who come to Paris to see life and learn *bon ton* may take to pictures hardly deserving the space they would occupy in a lumber room. Six years ago Fortuny was scarcely quoted in the returns of the fine art market. A month back the rubbish of his studio fetched almost £16,000 sterling at the auction mart. His sudden death gave his friends an opportunity to puff him beyond measure, and so the purveyors to Muscovite and Transatlantic galleries considered themselves safe in paying £300 sterling for a sketch which would fit into a lady's card case. A reduced copy of a Velasquez went at a higher figure. Those obscure shopkeepers of the Rue Saint-Martin who bought landscapes of Corot because he was a neighbour, and because he sold for what they offered him, unconsciously provided large fortunes for their children.

There is nothing like the run on the Royal Academy's Exhibition that there is on the Salon. Fashionable and unfashionable society congregate here, to satisfy the eye's lust, to gossip, and to make speculative ventures. The big square room at the head of the stairs, and the double line of oblong chambers to right and left of it, forming the first floor of the Champs Elysée side of the Exhibition building, having become insufficient for the pictures and the public, the western wing has been added. And still there are days when, to prevent accidents from overcrowding, it is found necessary to shut the doors of entrance early in the afternoon. At such times painters tell visitors that "le Salon est complet." On Whit Monday 31,745 persons went through the turnstile of the Exhibition building. No register was kept of season-ticket holders, the number of whom may be set down at about 6,000. The total of the works of art entered in the catalogue amounts to 3,862, of which 2,827 are pictorial. Greece and Italy in their brightest periods of artistic efflorescence would have found it impossible to fill the 650 pages of the official catalogue.

In one notable feature the Parisian Salon resembles a modern church. On free and paying days bonnets immensely preponderate

over hats. In London, or in an Anglo-American city, this would be accounted for by the business occupations of the male sex, but in Paris this explanation is insufficient, women there taking more than their share in the work of the counting-house and shop. A reason may be that Art has followed Theology in placing itself under a feminine direction. In latter days it has taken a complexion which corresponds to the Mariolatry of the Catholic and the Ritualism of the Episcopal Church. If journalists now write to catch the ear of the advertising class, painters work to please the women, who have grown up in the nineteenth century to be the great spending power of the world.

Revolutionary laws, aided by war and the chapter of accidents to which the male sex is exposed, have placed considerably more than half the real and personal estate of France in female hands. The Anglo-American, from gallantry or uxoriousness, or not knowing what to do with his rapidly acquired wealth, pours it into his wife's lap. She hastens to expend it in Paris millinery, Paris gimcrack chairs and tables, and pictures to keep her inconvenient garish furniture in countenance. Her ideal is herself as she appears in the looking-glass fresh from the hands of a hairdresser and milliner *à la mode*. The taste of the Frenchwoman is truer and more susceptible of high culture. It is associated with keen perceptions and with a latent irreverence for the vain shows and trivialities of the world which are venerated by people of Celto-Saxon origin. The Parisienne takes light things in a light spirit, not making a State affair of the exact spot on which a ribbon should be knotted, or the number of pleats in which the skirt should fall. She likes fashion because she likes change, amusement. Moreover, it gives her the means of varying whatever personal charms she is endowed with, and gratifying the amiable vanity she has in common with the rest of her race. It would be unjust to charge her with an unconscious repugnance to what is original, and an indifference to what is beautiful, when it does not present itself sealed with fashion's stamp. The Frenchwoman is not, nor can she ever be, a snob. But she can be a Philistine: When she is not bent on making herself the centre of the artist's universe she is fond of racing after the pretty, and the dainty, to the exclusion of the earnest and the pathetic. Under her impulsion, practical is made to dominate fine art. She is indifferent to the *ensemble* of the church, provided the niche in which she instals her lares and penates is done out with tinsel and artificial flowers. *The pictures she orders must also match the Louis Quinze time-piece, the rococo bric-à-brac of the boudoir dressers, the carved*

oak of the library and dining-room. She has the virtue to dislike that Book of Beauty prized by her Anglo-American sister, insipidity. Cabinet paintings intended for the home market have all the qualities which cleverness, spirit, anecdotic wit, a fine perception of the pretty and the picturesque, and technical skill can give. These are easily attained in a land where, if poetic and creative genius is rarer than in Germany and the British islands, talent is scattered broadcast. Beauty, as they conceive it in Paris, does not incur the reproach of being silly and lackadaisical. It is a flower of the intellect, the perfection of all that Faust was able to command. But it wants the immortal spark of Divinity which the Marguerite and the Mignon of Ary Scheffer caught.

The course of a successful French artist of the present day is seldom one of progress, particularly in the higher branches of his profession. Often healthy at the start, though scarcely ever profound, his style becomes attenuated as his prices rise. He studies little, and he works incessantly for a frivolous public which does not often know its own mind from one day to another and may at any moment desert him to run after a fresh favourite. A few artists of humble origin who found greater enjoyment in saving money than in making rapid fortunes have been exceptions. Courbet, Millet, Baudry, and Corot sought after the righteousness of the genuine artist's Heaven. In the end the things for which the less ideal-minded strove were added to them along with fame that is certain to endure.

Bonnat may be set down in this category who elect for truth. He is a naturalist, which is not to be confounded with a realist. The realist is like the greyhound in the German story, that laughed at a slow hound for believing in a hare that neither of them could see but which was lying concealed in a thicket hard by. Baudry had the good fortune to be placed above temptation at the beginning of his career. He secured, in his engagement to paint the ceiling of the New Opera House saloon, a wide field for the exercise of his talents before he had an opportunity to work for the export trade. But for this task the great and merited success of "The Pearl and the Wave" might have drawn him into the path followed by Cabanel and Lebfèvre.

As a lounge there is no more charming place than the Salon in any city that I know. The approach whets the appetite for the pictorial banquet. It is through a vast continuity of shade and garden which, in the month of May, are in the soft green robe of *early summer, yet unsullied by coal smut or dust.* In the pleasure-

grounds near the Exhibition rise houses which a stranger might take for private villas. They are set in green verandahs, fronted with a thick hedge or screen of roses that bloom early. These fair mansions are restaurants. Ledoyen's, the nearest to the Salon, keeps up the reputation French cookery earned before Paris grew into cosmopolis. Here congregates the swelldom of the whole city at the noontide *déjeuner*, which is served *à la carte* on little tables among the roses, or in those pretty pokey places dear to Parisians which go by the name of *cabinets particuliers*. The viands are exquisite, but the bills are raking. Still, Ledoyen's is a place a tourist ought to see if he can at all afford it. With a companion acquainted with the strangely variegated society of the French capital, he could learn a great deal in an hour passed at Ledoyen's, which is, in May and June, a kind of fine art exchange.

The entrance to the Palais de l'Industrie was meant to be imposing. It is only pretentious. The conception is in the spirit of an age which is pre-eminently mercantile. One feels, in passing under the portal, that it leads to a picture fair. On entering this *Halle aux Arts* there is a pleasant sense of coolness and of elbow room. Arcades of white freestone, rising from the soft sanded floor to what appears half their natural height, encase the stairs and support the landing-place and lobby. Arras tapestries, from the *Garde Meuble* or Government Pantechnicon where the furniture of palaces is stored, are hung on the walls, and are out of tune with the prosy architecture and the crude new things about. They keep company with the pale, flat, weakly designed pictures of Paris de Chavannes, of the family of a fisherman in the pre-historic time, and St. Radagunda protecting in her convent learned men against the barbarism of the sixth century. These works were ordered by the Marquis de Chennevières, the head of the Fine Art Department, for the Town Hall of Poitiers. We have frescoes in our Houses of Parliament worthy of being their *vis-à-vis*. A circular ottoman of hospitable dimensions stands in the centre of the lobby, enabling the visitor to enjoy a little fresh air and quietly watch the ascent into the show-rooms of a motley public—foreign, French, and Frenchified. Miniatures and enamelled porcelain in glazed cases court the attention which few pay them in the lobby.

Visitors at once proceed to the square saloon at the head of the stairs. It used to be named "le Salon d'Honneur" previous to the last Revolution, and was dedicated to the Court and Camp of the Third Napoleon and episodes in the history of the imperial family. Yards upon yards of canvas covered

with battle-pieces in the Versailles style and feeling were annually spread upon its walls. Pils and Yvon illustrated for provincial town halls and museums the military glories of the Empire. Red was then the prevailing colour of the square room: the crimson tide of war, which the painters spared not—red pantaloons, red kepis, red conflagrations, red robes of judges favourably noted at Court, and red-curtained backgrounds to official pictures—dazed the eye at the very outset. A soberly-coloured picture in this scarlet *charivari* looked pitch dark. Flandrin, in painting a full-length portrait of the Emperor and another of Prince Napoleon, richly meriting the admiration of thoughtful connoisseurs, took into account the violent tone of the pictures he knew would surround them. He introduced into the former the madder red pantaloons of a general of division's uniform, and into the other a crimson velvet fauteuil.

Since the disasters of 1870 military paintings have diminished in size, but multiplied in number. They have furthermore ceased to absorb much vermilion. Consequent upon the captivity of the regular army there are neither red kepis nor trousers in the engagements furnishing MM. Beaumetz, Berne-Bellecourt, Neuville, Decaen, Duvaux, Coutourier, Guignard, Jourdain, and Jacquet with their subjects. Their heroes are mobiles, franc-tireurs, marines incorporated into the land forces, and Pontifical Zouaves, dressed in light grey, dark grey, sailor's blue, and sky blue, with red sparingly used in the facings. The winter of the terrible year was long and hard. The sinister Aurora Borealis of October, visible in nearly every part of France, was followed by frost and snow, which only disappeared when the capitulation of Paris was signed. The whitened landscape and dark masses of troops are a picturesque novelty in battle-pieces. I hardly like applying the word novel to things harrowing to a feeling mind. And, treated in a becoming spirit, inexpressibly sad are those little paintings. That snow one might imagine to be the winding-sheet of France, and the raw but gallant irregulars chief mourners engaged in defending the dear remains from the rapacious double-headed Prussian eagle. The advanced guard on the plateau d'Avron is poignant. The retreat of the Army of Paris from the Marne, in the blinding sleet, though treated with realistic accuracy, is almost spectral. Antiquity has not left us any more appalling symbol of Nemesis than is revealed in Guignard's Uhlans flying from franc-tireurs. The horses—of tough Brandenburg mettle—rush down hill, a road overhung by a coppice. One of the Uhlans holds the bridle of his comrade—who has been shot and is falling from his saddle—with *one hand, and his own with the other.* He bends forward,

placing his face on a level with the holster of the saddle. The white and black pennons of the lances are violently blown by a cutting wind, and the shadows of the avengers are projected on the road behind. More is meant than meets the eye. The terrified Uhlan's countenance is borrowed from photographs of the Emperor of Germany. This is how, the artist insinuates, Pious William ought to look when called upon to meet the King of Terrors.

Progress is unquestionable in the military branch. An artist can no more work well without a genuine sentiment than an American after-dinner orator can speak. The deeper it is the better. Judging from the spirited little battle-pieces scattered through the two-and-twenty rooms, and the gleams of the pathos which humanises and poetises them, I should say the authors were powerfully moved themselves. Before they made the patriotic chord vibrate in others, it was swept in their own breasts. One of the awful features of the Campaign of 1870 was the invisibleness of the foe. *La furia Francese* spent itself in dashing at crenelated walls, and in execrating an intangible enemy, from which it was barred off by the long ranged rifles and artillery of Prussia. The despair, the impotent rage, the nervous apprehension, the sullen resignation following on a great expenditure of furious energy thus caused to the young troops, rivet the attention and take a hard grip on the memory. Berne-Bellecourt, Neuville, and the other members of their school whom I have named, are young men and served in the winter campaign of 1870. Noting *de visu* the effect of the far-reaching needle-gun on their comrades, they rendered it with vigour and emotion. I do not agree in thinking that they forbore to give prominence to the enemy from a fear of being excluded from the Salon, or of being the cause of an unpleasant diplomatic incident. The Prussians being merely indicated by puffs of distant smoke is due to a sincere reproduction of personal impressions. Once only in the episodes of the war are the French and their invaders brought into personal contact. This happens in M. Neuville's "Surprise in the environs of Metz, August, 1870," where the heavy, loose-built wearers of the spiked helmets are taken red handed pillaging a chateau. The horrible, the heroic, the humorous, and the pathetic are brought into play in this stirring picture.

At the head of what I may be allowed to call the advertisement pictures I shall place the two in the square saloon. One of them adheres to the traditions of the room in being official. Betselière, a native of the Lower Pyrenees, and probably a friend of M. Chesnelong, the bacon merchant of Orthez, and unfortunate negotiator of the *Fusion*, is the painter of "En Avant." Marshal MacMahon is

charging an invisible but proximate enemy, over his own people, and surrounded by a host of inert Zouaves and dragoons intent on giving him an ovation in the field of battle. "The rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air" light him on. The other big advertisement is signed by George Becker, a young man, shy, mild, and studious, who has heretofore addicted himself to idylls. He says it was better not to please himself but to force upon the world the knowledge that he, George Becker, is in existence and has a studio in the Rue Flandre. The subject of his startling pictorial masterpiece is Kirpañ chasing the birds from the seven corpses of Saul's sons and grandsons whom David had delivered over to the Gibeonites to be hanged. M. Becker has a kindness for pretenders. Recalling from the physical degradation of the gallows, he attaches the prizes by the hands to a crozier cross until they die. They would be well favoured youths if it were not for a uniformly tawny hue, the colour of a new permanganate. Kirpañ, whose sackcloth bed does not appear, is in gorgeous Asiatic raiment and a forced attitude, driving away with a short stick a vulture. Her action is absurdly stagey, and her likeness to Mademoiselle Agar remarkable.

M. James Bertrand's boy trying to weigh himself in a pair of scales held in his own hands, and Jules Leffevre's "Dream of Ossian" belong to the advertising category. Both meet with the attention which they challenge. "Ossian's Dream" is a blonde nudity, dissolving with the mists of morning. She rises from the nenuphars of a calm lake, and half sits, half reclines on the cloudy emanation from the water. Her attitude is graceful. A lurking smile, and the pose of rose-tipped fingers on which a purely modelled cheek rests, betray the Sweet Dream's consciousness of the admiration she excites. Eerie folk alone are qualified to deal with the supernatural, of which revelations are hardly ever vouchsafed to Frenchmen. Were the inventor of the fragrant floriline in need of a painter as well as a poet he could not do better than engage M. Jules Leffevre. "Ossian's 'flimsy' Dream" is an example of what comes of working for the export trade. The pencil from which it sprung produced a nude figure in 1867 that would not have been out of place amid the splendid memorials of sixteenth century womanhood in the collection of the Pitti Palace.

Artemus Ward advised parents never to teach their children music unless they had a special call from the Lord. Painters should consult their call in choosing the branch they are to follow. They do best what they like best. Degoffes has a mania for *bric-à-brac*. Madame Louise Darru, who sends in the peasant's bouquet, loves

grapes and wild flowers; Hanoteau is fond of ponds and their denizens. His brush caresses ducks and ducklings, and any one who has seen his frogs round a reedy pool will feel a kindness he never before experienced for the leatrachian family, so martyred by vivisectors. Anker's affinities are with the quiet virtues ignored by the world which make nations great and long lived. His old Huguenot is an unconscious hero. The simple maiden reading the Bible at his bedside is, unknown to herself, a household jewel, sweet, strong, modest, and of ready sympathies. Anker was born at Anet, in Switzerland. Can he be a kinsman of Rousseau? There are passages in his works bearing a family likeness to sketches of homely country life in the correspondence of Jean Jacques.

Couturier is faithful to his chubby girls entering their teens. "Dodo, l'enfant do," and "La Petite Maman" have the same heroine. Little Mama patiently rocks in a child's cradle a doll with provokingly staring eyes. Advancing a few years in life she learns to babble with her canary-bird. Birdie cocks his eye, as well he may. He has a rival peeping in at the lattice. There is more refinement in De Coninke's "Pastorella." Why does not the Society for the Protection of Animals try to work more through the artist and less through the policeman? The French are more ready than the English to admit the claims of bird and beast to human sympathy. I admit that we are kinder to our horses, and I should, on the whole, if I were condemned to walk the earth in the form of a sheep, prefer being an English Southdown to a French Merino given over to the guardianship of those four-footed policemen yclept shepherds' dogs. But France is the paradise of the cat and the domesticated song-bird. Look at M. Lambert's basketful of kittens in "L'Envoi," and De Coninke's "Amie des Petites Oiseaux," and his Italian peasant child, la Pastorella, and her frolicsome, loving kids. In Leclaire's "September" we have Snap, a paragon of canine virtues. Snap is a pointer. He has been left in charge of a parcel of game and a fowling-piece. His master warned him not to stir from them till he returned. As if on purpose, a brilliant martin fisher comes flying over the swamp where Snap keeps guard. Instinct is strong, but a sense of duty is set off against it. The struggle between loyalty to the master and a pointer's impulses, to which education has given additional force, is beautifully brought out. Snap is too good and noble to be flung a bone as a reward. To be called good dog, and patted on the back, will satisfy his ambition. It behoves Jadin not to sleep upon his laurels. Are his Scotch and black and tan terriers really in the land of the living, or the stuffed skins of defunct animals? Dalnoy's rabbit warren is, I take it,

somewhere in the forest of Compiègne. The rabbits have got up betimes, and are enjoying an early breakfast of wild thyme and the freshness of early morning. In their natural state the brute creation are only asked to pay the tax of death. When they are domesticated other imposts are exacted. Otho Thoren, of Vienna, in his "Séparation," feelingly pleads for a cow which a peasant is cutting off from maternal intercourse with staggering Bob, her calf. In Dupont's "Un Bout de Conduite" we have the disaster which befell a dancing bear and a party of strolling players on a day in January. Their license was not quite regular, and so a couple of mounted gendarmes obliged them to trudge in the snow to a prison three leagues off from the village where they were to sup and perform their antics. Bruin is a member of the wretched troupe owning him, and, unhappily for him, one of the gendarmes, recognising this status, holds him jointly accountable for the flaw in the license.

Garnier's "Execution" makes a pig the centre of a mediæval solemnity. "In the middle ages," says Lalanne, "the tribunals proceeded with rigour against those animals guilty of murder upon which they could lay their hands. They tried, condemned, and brought them to judgment absolutely as if they were human beings. And thus they did unto a sow, accused and convicted of having eaten a child." The porcine convict is at the foot of a gallows, with the hangman in scarlet dress. A priest is in attendance, not to shrive, but to exorcise. The clergy of the town and the members of the tribunal are accommodated with seats in front of the town hall. The Seigneur, his family and retainers, and the townspeople in fourteenth century dresses and holiday humour, have come to see the sow, who has clearly misgivings of what is going to happen, gibbeted. She belonged to the monks of St. Anthony, who exerted themselves to prove that she only committed justifiable homicide. Doctors, judges, and the secular clergy were divided as to whether the plea should be admitted. But the burghers took the bereaved parents' complaint breast high. Moral order was for the sow. Advanced opinions were against her. The triumph of the popular side appears in the very speaking faces of some groups in the foreground, joyous in the consciousness of victory and at the holiday. Archæological details are carefully attended to by M. Garnier, who is a pupil of Jérôme, but of the free humour and facile brush of Krause.

Didier's long-horned oxen of the Campagna bring us to the landscape department. The Salon is strong in this branch of art. Dévé learned how to use his pencil in Flers' studio and his eyes in the wooded hills and fair vales of fertile Normandy. He has often

laid down in the heather and looked up at the deep blue sky through the foliage of oak and birch. If he knows how to keep himself unspotted from the world of Philistia a great feature is before him. I often wonder Philanthropy never sends to city hospitals landscapes giving out a country aroma. Dévé's would give a fillip to a whole ward of consumptive seamstresses. We do not get well on beef tea and arrowroot only, and the invalid's brain cannot take in as much tract literature as good people fancy. But it can digest a rural scene which transports us in imagination far away from the smoke and din, the hurry, fever, and turmoil of the factory.

The French have eschewed the conventional and sensational style of landscape. Novel and startling effects are not in favour in the *ateliers*. Before railways they followed Salvator Rosa and Poussin, and sought to render those sites which command the attention and admiration of the tourist. Precipices and mountain scenes are no longer in favour. I think the artists and the public right in preferring what tranquillises and seduces to what violently excites the imagination. However imposing the sites presented by Alpine districts, they do not present to the painter the advantage the uninitiated may fancy over lowlands with extended horizons. The play of light and the effects of atmospheric perspective are of greater value in the plains, which also taking more easily the fleeting impress of the cloud's gentle sinuosities, lead quietly from pleasure to pleasure, like a gracious woman indifferent to admiration but solicitous of securing lasting friends. The artist who charms is superior to him who ambitiously aims at heaping Pelion upon Ossa and succeeds in accomplishing this prodigy. It is curious to note how few great landscape painters have come from the Scotch or Welsh mountains, the Alps or Pyrenees, or the sublimely savage coast of Norway. The dells and denes of Kent and Surrey and the river banks round London and Paris have, on the contrary, been a rich source of inspiration.

M. Emile Michel, a native of Metz and a pupil of Marechal and Migette, makes a promising *début* in his three souvenirs of his native Lorraine. One is a heath near Bitch, the second a frost-bound river at the foot of a scrubby coppice, and the third the birthplace of the River Nieder, which has for its cradle a natural basin in a stag and grouse haunted forest. If Dévé follows the skylark into the depths of the blue firmament, Michel lovingly culls flowers in the Valley of Humiliation. He is very happy in grapes, ferns, and cuckoo-sorrel. Cæsar de Cock repeats himself in his old mill in *Normandy*. *He has been at the same thing time out*

of mind, and each Salon with a new success. People investing, from vanity, fortunes in his landscapes would not think they had their money's worth if he went into another groove. Contemporary painters are doubly tempted to become narrow specialists. Their work grows easier, production is more rapid, and their patrons, Brown, Jones, and Bloodgett, from Manchester and New York, having no doubts as to the authenticity of the pictures offered them, pay freely. Wyld finds it profitable never to stir from Venice; Guillemin will pass his life on the quays of Paris; Karl Daubigny is condemned to be heavy-handed. Were he to cultivate a lighter touch he might be taken for a Claimant, and be relegated to the purgatory of poverty-stricken geniuses. Xavier de Cock is only at home in the rich sylvan scenery of Belgium, where nature has a fine broad breast. Appian is well master of his hand this year. He betakes himself to the Mediterranean, and gives views of the coast taken from the sea. The Dutch and Belgians distance the French in marine views and in people who make their living out of the ocean. Clays, Van Hier, and Cogen are first in this line. The shrimp-gatherers of the latter flying from a heavy sea, and the women and children of a fishing village watching on a sloppy wooden pier the day after a storm for their husbands' yawls in the offing, tell well their story. Two Belgian painters, Weertz and Wauters, carry off second-class medals. Brabant from time immemorial has been the elysium of mad people. In 1482, when the painter Vandergoes retired to Rouge Clôître, he went out of his mind. A leech recommended sweet music and amusing spectacles as a remedy. Wauters shows the first experiment in a composition of great simplicity. He places Vandergoes sitting in an oak stall, a prey to insane frenzy, as the central figure. Near him, on the left, choral children, directed by a monk and accompanied by lute-players, sing a melody. The prior, seated to the right on a three-legged wooden stool, watches the face of the crazy painter to see how the cure works. In the background three lay brothers pray for the unfortunate painter. Here all things are used gently. We find nothing forced or exaggerated. We are soothed in contemplating this picture. The tradition is that Vandergoes recovered in his monastic Gheel.

Goupil's "En 1795" wins the first medal. It is the full-length portrait of a lady dressed from head to foot in brown. She is young and pretty, with an amusingly old-fashioned expression of countenance, accentuated by the costume of the Directory she wears. In the matter of "En 1795" being designed to force attention, it is an

"advertising picture," which, perhaps, also, is the already famous portrait of Madame Pasca.

The portrait is the touchstone of a painter's capacity. No amount of technical skill or mastery of his hand will enable him to turn out a *chef d'œuvre*, if he have not the gift of divining spirits. He must penetrate the mask which the frankest of us, from modesty or necessity, is obliged to wear, and which probably nobody has ever entirely removed, even in the presence of the confessor. If it were not so the Salon would abound in perfect works, the honours of which the photographer ought in justice to share. The enormous rise in the picture market has brought out a new school of portraitists who say to a sitter, "Monsieur," or "Madame, I have literally not a moment to call my own. The sole condition on which I can undertake your order is your getting yourself photographed by L—, who keeps a laureat of the Fine Arts Academy to *poser* customers I send. He will transfer your *carte* to a canvas of the size you desire. If I can possibly make time I shall ask you to favour me with one or two sittings. Send me the dress you wish to wear. If you choose, a lady artist whom I can recommend will for a fee of three hundred francs aid you with her advice, and help you choose it and the *coiffure*. Worth has a manufacturer who, if you give him the measure of your corset, will supply a gutta-percha lay figure, mounted on joints, with all the pulpiness and suppleness of the real thing."

This division of labour is excellent for trade. If the painter has the science of the *chiffon*—that is to say, if he has that art for arranging and showing off silks and satins which the Paris silk mercers possess in so remarkable a degree, and reproduces exactly the trimmings the lady artist recommends, he may, if he wears a decoration, ask from 30,000 f. to 40,000 f. for a portrait. And why should he not? Worth takes 10,000 f. for a ball dress which will be hacked out in a few nights. This method explains the great multiplication of clever, middling, and bad portraits. Some done by first-rate hands according to the old slow-coach system are not better than the best of those photographs enlarged, transferred to canvas, and coloured in oils. Jules Delaunay's "Dame en Jaune," Lebeuvre's "Princesse C—," a full-length in black velvet and blue satin, mellowed with cascades of yellowish point lace, and Carolus Duran's lady in black silk and a jet tunic, are merely valuable for their clothes. But what else can be expected? A painter can never work *con amore* at a fashionable woman who has nothing but fashion to recommend her. It has been noticed that the portraits of men and plain women no longer young are best this year. The reason

is, they have more character, and of a higher kind, than light-brained beauty, which is easily drawn and strongly tempted to run after what is ephemeral. You wish to know Henner's Madame H——, and this wish grows stronger every time you see her. Dubufe's strong-faced, brown-eyed Madame B——, who leans with her arms crossed and looks you full in the face, is an example of how the intellect and feelings can transform an originally ugly face. The portraits which command applause inculcate the moral that "Pretty is that pretty does," if not at the start, in the long run.

Madame Pasca is queen, by right of self-culture, of the Salon. She is given full-length, in a white sweeping robe. A border of sable fur the colour of her dark heavy braids of hair, which are coiled round her head, garnishes the corsage, crosses the breast, runs down the front of the skirt, and follows the edge of the ample skirt. The sleeve presented is long and wide, cut open from the shoulder, displaying a strong but finely-formed arm and hand. The left hand rests upon a slender gilded chair, half hidden by the lady. What is so remarkable in this portrait, apart from the modelling, is the impression it gives of energy held in reserve. Madame Pasca is not handsome, but she has the gift of fascination, and will improve with time. Critics object to the uncertainty in which we are left as to the tissue of her white dress. Is it cashmere, silk, satin, or velvet? Voltaire, a very superficial judge in matters of art, and whose eye was made to the charming Court realisms of Boucher and Watteau, broke out at Raphael because nobody could say in what sort of stuff he dressed his Madonnas. Raphael was one who never exactly saw how a woman he admired was dressed. He gave the impression she produced on *him*, and left the scanning of her clothes to her rivals. The princesses whom he did not care about he clad in unmistakable satin and velvet. Should Bonnat's oversight lead to a reaction against pictorial millinery we shall have reason to congratulate him on not having noticed whether Madame Pasca wore a llama or a satin dress. Becoming garments are not to be despised; but are they becoming when they reduce the wearer to the subordinate status of a lay figure? Claude's ladies on horseback, so flexile, so well poised and well proportioned—so straight about the waist, as old Mazy would say—are an example to civilised belles, and a convincing demonstration of the needlessness of over-dress.

OUT OF THE CHALK.

BY "RED SPINNER."

THE Wandle and the Darent both rise in the chalk downs on the border land of Surrey and Kent: the former to run its short course of ten miles to the Thames at Wandsworth, the latter to run much in the same fashion through Kent to the Thames at Dartford. Both are trout streams of the first quality; both are most difficult to fish, more difficult, perhaps, than the limpid Itchen, of whose tantalising eccentricities in the matter of fish I feelingly wrote in the May number of this magazine.

The Wandle has probably excited more hopes and caused more disappointments in the heart of the angler than any other stream that could be mentioned. Standing upon any of the bridges that overlook the private grounds at Carshalton and Mitcham, large fish may be discerned by the score. They make no effort to conceal themselves for more than a moment at a time, and if, through some bolder attempt than usual to scare them from the clean bedded runlet which they have selected for the poisoning of their plump bodies and the graceful waving of their orange fins, they dart for a moment to the shady bowers of a neighbouring waterweed, they return again even before the pretty ranunculus blossoms have ceased to wave to and fro, brushed rudely aside by the vigorous intruder. In deeps and in shallows, in the open streams, and between shelves of aquatic vegetation, close to the rushes and flowers of the margin, or in the centre of the broadest portions of the river, what matters it? the concentric rings are everywhere to be seen, first as specks, then as gradually enlarging circles to which the banks are the only limit.

Let us suppose—and I know of many worthy gentlemen who would be delighted if I could apply my supposition to them as a reality—that you behold this inspiring sight as one who has a personal interest in it: as, let us say, the general, who rides out of camp to the eminence from which he watches the gathering of the foe until, hemmed round as he fondly believes on every hand, he joyfully returns to quarters exclaiming that, his enemies being delivered into his hands, nothing more remains than to arise and smite them hip and thigh with *great slaughter*. So the angler, full of confidence as man

can be, waits eagerly for the morrow, and hies to the Wandle. Yes; there lie the trout with scarcely an altered position. The big fellow that you are prepared to bet is of two pounds weight still keeps the eddy which commands the finest position—for him—in the river, the position towards which the stream, without any interference or coaxing of his, will bring food, substantial and luxurious, into his mouth. There, too, lie the smaller fish on the alert for whatever Providence will send them. Putting the joints of your rod together, you fear that the creel will scarcely hold the trout you are certain to slay: you affix your winch, and, while you pass the line through the rings, generously distribute your finest fish—a brace to this lady, two brace to that gentleman, and so on. As you unwind the cast from your hat and fasten it neatly to the line you have the flush of victory on your noble brow. And you deliver your first cast. Hem! But the link, of course, requires preliminary moistening, and the hand a little practice, before it will fall with that delicacy and precision essential to successful fly-fishing. Therefore you try again; once more; again; seven times, aye and seventy times seven; but the adult trout in the eddy winks at you, if that stately wave of the tail is the way in which fish wink, and never turns aside at the tempter. Do your best by all means, but you by-and-by begin to suspect that a smaller creel would have answered just as well, and that the lovely Mrs. R. and the hospitable Mr. K. will have no need to write and thank you for those delicious trout.

Ask any Wandle fisherman whether this is not a fair picture of his earlier experiences by that delightful Surrey stream. It, alas! too often by half tells the story of visits to other rivers; but it has a peculiar application to the Wandle, until you know the mental and moral character of its trout. Roughly speaking, the Wandle has its origin near Croydon. So much you may learn from any geography book that condescends to notice so juvenile a member of the world's river family; perhaps the last paragraph, as a sort of afterthought, after the manner of severely abbreviated treatises, will let you into the secret that "this river was anciently called the Vandale"; as I daresay it was. As to its precise origin, I should not like to be bound to place my foot upon the exact spot, not so much because a boot-full of water is a thing to be as a rule avoided, as because there are several springs which might claim the honour. From the heights from which an enemy might shell Croydon with terrible effect there issue many crystal springs, which forthwith, without shaking hands with each other, or in any way exchanging *the time of day*, proceed to hurry downwards until they approach a

spot where a long while ago there stood the palace of their graces the Archbishops of Canterbury. In presence of so solemn a spot the rivulets become conscience-stricken, embrace each other, and, united, form for ever after the Wandle, with such additions as they gratefully receive from a branch rising at Waddon, and another that joins fortunes at Shepley House.

A very useful stream is the Wandle, and an object of beauty everywhere, at least above the point to which the turbid Thames sends its daily tides, with shoals of coarse-minded roach and dace that go up with it to hanker after companionship with the trout in the upper Belgravian regions, to which, however, they luckily do not succeed in penetrating. The Wandle grinds immense quantities of flour; it has an intimate and valuable connection with the snuff trade; paper, rough and smooth, is manufactured by Wandle-turned machinery. There are works of a very miscellaneous kind, in short, along the little river, and some of the mills are most picturesque additions to the beautiful park scenery through which it flows.

Not having editorial permission to write four octavo volumes upon this subject it will be incumbent upon me to deal briefly with the historical associations of the Wandle. Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have ascended its channel at various times in her state barge, and until very recently there was a venerable tree known from time immemorial as Queen Elizabeth's Oak; but a local board happened to pass that way, and the revered patriarch was lopped, felled, and carted to a Croydon sawpit. The Queen used to love the neighbourhood of Mitcham. Sir Walter Raleigh dwelt there in some of his calmest days before the shadow of adversity crept over his bright life. Dr. Donne lived at Mitcham too, and Dr. Donne was said by Dryden, who probably was not an indifferent authority upon such a point, to be "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation." It was better anyhow to live at Mitcham, where he could teach the trout a little piscatorial theology, than to take leave of his head in the Tower, as he very narrowly escaped doing for privately marrying the lieutenant's daughter. This, however, it should be said, was soon after he became a "vert," and while he was private secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, a period of the witty man's life not to be confounded with the days when, becoming suddenly famous as a preacher, he had fourteen livings offered him in one fell batch. Sir Humphrey Davy intimates that Dr. Paley, the gentleman dear to students of theology, did something with the *Wandle trout*, and states that the profound

divine was so thorough an angler that when the Bishop of Durham asked him when one of his most important works would be ready for an expectant public, he replied, "My lord, I shall work steadily at it *when the fly-fishing season is over.*" Admiral Viscount Nelson lived at Merton, and was a fly-fisher in the Wandle, even after he was reduced to one hand. The great hero fished in more troubled waters sometimes than "the blue transparent Vandalis," as Pope loftily puts it. And referring to the author of "Salmonia," it will no doubt be remembered that the four gentlemen who are made to interpret the author's ideas upon angling opened their discourse, or to use the correct description "Introductory Conversation—Symposium," with a fine-flavoured Wandle trout on the table around which they sat.

The Wandle country (valley we can scarcely term its course) is surpassingly charming. Beddington Park is open to the public with its rare trees, fine church and churchyard, and the red brick building which, once famed as Beddington Hall, is now used as a Female Orphan Asylum. Queen Elizabeth was a visitor to the Carews at Beddington, where the first oranges ever grown in the country—the fruit having been brought hither by Sir Walter Raleigh—were to be seen. Poor Lady Raleigh in the later days of gloom and death wrote to Sir N. Throckmorton, asking that "the worthi boddi of my nobell hosbar Sur Walter Raleigh" might be buried in Beddington Church. The church, whose tower is seen peeping above the grand tree-tops, is a restored building, but some of the venerable trees around the churchyard must have weathered centuries of storm and sunshine. A large, perhaps the major, portion of the Wandle country is enclosed with park palings and high walls. It is a country that teems with villas and "desirable residences"; with highly cultivated grounds which an ordinary pedestrian would find it as difficult to enter as Parliament (perhaps as things go he would find it much more difficult), while an angler would risk instantaneous cremation if he dared to look through the hedge. It is, of course, very natural that when a gentleman has spent money and time in beautifying his country residence he should wish to keep it to himself; and equally natural that the owner of a well-stocked trout river should not insult his fish by allowing every pot-hunter to thin them out.

There is to my knowledge one bit of free water on the Wandle, and one only, namely, the ford at Hackbridge. The space at the angler's disposal is not vast, and there are inconveniences natural to the position; small boys claim a share in the fisherman's privileges, and lessen his chances of sport by their clumsiness, and still oftener

by their deliberate attempts to disturb the water ; and all the waggon and cart drivers who journey that way make it a point of honour to drive through the stream rather than keep to the high road. This they have a perfect right to do, and the legs of the horses, it is true, receive no injury from a temporary lave.

As a lesson of patience, I never saw a finer trial of temper than came under my notice while lolling over Hackbridge, observing the trout, especially the beauties rising and frolicking in the upper and forbidden part. A gentleman, who had been drawn all the way from London by the rumours he had heard of the trout to be caught in the Wandle, was most skilfully whipping the ford. The water rushes in the finest style from beneath the bridge, where it escapes in force from an obstruction on the private side, and there were three or four trout, as one would expect, on the look out for a meal. An idle urchin, however, took it into his head to perch upon one of the parapets directly above and swish the stream with a heavily-leaded line, to which I discovered (having nothing better to do than interfere with other people's business) he had no hook attached. As in duty bound I promptly informed the angler that the young scoundrel was not even pretending to fish, and the latter was requested to desist. He refused, and was threatened with switching ; in reply to which he insolently laid down the law to the angler, discussed general principles of "right," and defied the aggrieved fisherman on pain of the "perlice" to lift hand against him. The gentleman, seeing the manner of creature the boy was, turned to the lower part of the ford, and by a series of artistic casts managed to throw the fly at least fifteen yards down the stream. By this change of policy he got amongst the trout, and killed three, averaging perhaps half a pound, in the course of the two hours during which I was a silent observer. The boy, as I was leaving, returned with four others worse than himself and a hideous-looking stableman, and commenced aggressive action by shying pebbles and volleys of dry peas into the water. I should hope for the sake of the free fishers who take advantage of these few yards of open ford that this annoyance does not often occur, for I have been told many enthusiasts walk a dozen miles in order to be at the spot by daylight. Driving over the bridge more recently, I saw some very good fish rising within the compass of a long downward cast.

The Wandle trout require the tiniest of flies and the finest of tackle. With these and with the utmost skill you seldom obtain much sport during the daytime. It is an error to suppose, as I have *repeatedly been informed*, that the river is never discoloured. The

water flows from the chalk strata, and receives but little addition from immediate rainfalls ; but drains and gutters communicating with the roads cannot fail to bring down a certain amount of discolouring matter, and at times, soon after heavy showers, the water becomes foul. But near its sources to an extraordinary extent it speedily resumes its normal clearness. Mr. Alfred Smee, to whose efforts in fish culture I shall refer presently, in his delightful book entitled "My Garden" says : "The Wandle taken as a whole is the perfection of a river ; its water is as bright as crystal, and is purity itself. It does not overflow with rain, nor is it deficient in dry weather. It does not freeze in winter, nor does it become very hot in summer. It has existed through all historic times ; and as long as the chalk retains its porosity and is protected by a bed of clay underneath and a bed of blue clay on that portion of its upper surface which is most depressed, and as long as rain falls upon the more elevated portion, so long will the water continue to ooze from the earth by day and by night, by summer and by winter, and to run its course as the River Wandle, and it may thus exclaim in the words of the poet :—

Men may come, and men may go, but I go on for ever."

The inherent clearness of the river is doubtless one reason why the Wandle trout have a reputation among anglers for most unchristianlike obstinacy and immoral shrewdness. Another cause is the exceeding smallness of the flies which haunt the river ; after dark you may venture upon moths and hackles of fair dimensions, but so long as daylight glints on the stream, midge-sized flies, and those only, must be used. To imitate these tiny insects is not so difficult as to employ the artificial imitation with effect after the fly-maker has constructed a perfect specimen. There is, I believe, a special kind of fly manufactured for the Wandle, and a neater article could not be conceived. The most commonly used varieties are a red spinner, a quill gnat with red hackle, a governor, a coachman, and a blue floating fly which you may term either an upright or a dun ; but whichever description is used it must be considerably smaller than a young housefly. Having induced your trout to rise at one of these specks, you are confronted with the problem how to land a lusty fellow of over a pound in weight with tackle thinner than single hair and a hook which under the most favourable circumstances cannot be imbedded much more than the sixteenth of an inch in his mouth. The Wandle trout are fond of merrily leaping out of the water when they feel the barb, and if the first flight does not release them from their enemy they try a second and

third ascent into the air. Lucky indeed are you if by a timely lowering of the point of your rod, and a masterly coolness of mind, you do not in these trying moments part company with your captive. But there are other dangers ahead. The line tightens, yet the well-tempered gut has not parted, and the hook, Lilliputian though it be, has not been torn from its hold. That is encouraging: you think your friend is as good as netted when he goes off with a steady strain; and you allow the top of your supple rod to do all the work. The weed forest, however, is a refuge for the hunted, and towards it the fish, butt him as you may, intends to go. If you turn him and deal firmly in your resolve not to permit him to take cover the fish is yours, but the chances are five hundred to one in his favour should he push so much as his gills into the tangled growth. Your line comes loosely back, and you are left lamenting.

And it is astonishing how few rises one obtains compared with the number of fish to be perceived. It is probable that there is a vast quantity of natural feed in the river. Minnows are rare habitants, and in many portions they are not found at all; but there is a great wealth of insect life. At odd times—and they are the anglers' golden hours—the fleeting opportunity when he receives compensation for a hundred blank days—the fisherman has nothing to do but to arise and slay. In dull warm weather this may occur in the fore or afternoon, but generally it is found to be at and after dusk. Then a single fly carefully dropped above the fish will be certain to seal his fate if the caster have the skill to retain the prize which fate has given him. The fun is very fast and furious while it lasts, and you have no time to pay attention to any other object. Your friend, wandering up and down in that restless manner with which a non-angling companion at the waterside provokes you, flicking off the heads of the purple loose-strife and oxeyed daisies, comes and bids you admire the glorious tints of the sky, newly forsaken by its tyrant king. "By Jove, sir!" he says, "it's just the sort of thing Turner would have painted." This is said at the moment when you have found glad occasion for rapidly removing your thumb from the rod—any fish may be struck by that simple process—and Turner and sky and restless friend are as nothing against this twelve inch *salmo fario*. He is all the world, and the rest is a China orange.

The best angling portion of the Wandle is that which is preserved by an association, numbering a few gentlemen, who take the greatest care of their treasure, and conduct it upon the soundest of principles. They are to be envied in their possession, for, as any one standing on Mitcham bridge and looking up to the picturesque mill, and sluice

running heavy with trout down by the garden side, may see for himself, it is full of fish. Each member is bound by certain rules, and it is enough to make a hapless outsider's mouth water to read that all fish of eleven inches and under must be returned to the water; that no member must take more than *three brace per day*, and that the limit of fishing after dusk must not extend over one hour. Three brace of fish between a pound and a quarter and two pounds should, as the association very properly deems, satisfy any man blest with an ordinary appetite for sport. Walking over from the Bath and West of England Agricultural Show on an idle afternoon, I found one of the members—and a very accomplished fly-fisher he was—in despair because he had caught his three brace in an hour and a half, and now sighed, like the ancient monarch, for more worlds to conquer.

The fish were rising "permiscuous." It appeared as if they would have gulped a buttercup, or a fusee, or anything that came floating down the stream. And then, obeying some unseen law that always puzzles the angler, in a moment everything was quiet. There was not a rise to be seen. Who or what issued that sudden command "Stop rising"? By what unknown system of telegraphy could the trout in the mill sluice fifty or a hundred yards off be brought into the same frame of mind, on the instant, as these other trout close under the bridge? This is a phenomenon the trout-fisher often observes, but can never explain; nor can he explain why by-and-by, perhaps in an hour, perhaps in six, the fish in every part of the river simultaneously resume their rising. The Wandle association artificially breeds thousands of fish by which the water is constantly replenished. Having had the secretary's courteous permission to walk through the grounds in the company of the bailiff, I was recently much interested in inspecting the boxes in a byewater, where the young fry were dining heartily off liver boiled, hardened, and powdered fine upon a nutmeg grater. The keeper spoke of his trout in terms of almost paternal affection, and apparently longed to take each mite out of the shoal in order to pat its head and otherwise bestow upon it proofs of his undying attachment. The Wandle generally owes a good deal to this association, which carefully breeds and guards the fish for the benefit of the entire river.

The most memorable treat I can remember in connection with the Wandle was a visit paid to Mr. Alfred Smee's garden. "My Garden," I presume, few who have read it will have forgotten. Though ostensibly concerning a small plot of ground in the hamlet of Wallington, in the parish of Beddington, in the county of Surrey—

a plot which, according to the Ordnance map, consists of 7·925 acres of land and water—it is a charmingly written and carefully studied description of the botany, natural history, and much of the geology of the whole country. The admirable illustrations with which the book abounds indicated to me that the garden was a desirable Eden to see; it proved itself to be Wonderland outright. But I dare not trust my pen to linger over it—over its glorious roses, its miniature valleys and glens filled with ferns of the choicest kinds gathered from all parts of the world; over its thousands of fruits; over the grand effect produced by allying the natural colours and forms of flowers and vegetables; over the faint scent of the tea-rose, the odour of the sweetbriar, and the honeyed perfume of the jasmine; over the romantic vistas, and giant trees waving on the boundary; over the wild flowers blooming everywhere, even to the humble but beautiful plants accursed by the modern gardener as noxious weeds; over the shrubs, birds, and reptiles whose habits have been watched for many a long year, to be now recorded for our benefit.

In "My Garden" there is a chapter entitled "My Fishery," and it is that which has tempted me to refer to Mr. Smee's Wonderland by the Wandle, converted by him out of a piece of unprofitable bog. The river enters his grounds from Beddington Park, and forms a lake of considerable area and depth; it also communicates with a number of brooklets which are made to minister to the general beauty of the design, and which tend to the maintenance of various water-plants which could not otherwise find a place in the garden. Into the lake or river, for it partakes of the characteristics of both, ornamentations of various kinds have been introduced—rustic bridges and various aquatic plants. The dreadful *Anacharis* has, as usual, without being invited, thrust its snake-like branches into the domain, and thriven, as it thrives everywhere, in the wildest plenitude.

There were when Mr. Smee first took possession of the garden two kinds of trout—one short, with white flesh, which was in season in May and June; the other longer, with large head but with red flesh, which comes in season in July and August. From time to time Mr. Smee has made experiments in pisciculture, adding to the native fish trout, and other members of the salmon family, brought from other parts of the country. Dr. Günther of the British Museum points out in his official catalogue that there are seven distinct breeds of trout in this section of the Wandle, and adds "It must be remembered that Mr. Smee has introduced into this river numerous trout artificially bred from ova received from numerous sources." Mr. Smee

made a gallant attempt to introduce grayling, but the experiment failed. At first he raised young ones from ova, but to no purpose. Then he conveyed twenty brace of mature fish from the Derbyshire streams, and put them safe and sound into the water. It was a costly and difficult undertaking, but though many of the fish lived on for years, and made a show of spawning at the gravel beds, no young fish were ever seen, and by this time not a grayling is by any chance observed. The Wandle is too shallow and gentle probably for this interesting fish, and the success of the endeavour made to introduce grayling into the Clyde (which was referred to in one of the "Waterside Sketches" of last year) may be attributed to the suitability of the Scotch river for that particular kind of fish. In like manner Mr. Smee failed to breed the burbolt or eel pout, and he reared thousands of salmon trout and char in his fish house and turned them into the water, thus claiming the honour of placing the first salmon into any tributary of the Thames. After all the labour, thought, and outlay expended upon these difficult processes Mr. Smee finds that the trout and eels—and Wandle eels are as deliciously flavoured as Wandle trout—remain in sole and undisputed possession, if we may except, as unworthy of mention in the same breath, the pugnacious little half armed stickleback which is found in great quantities in the river.

The Darent, or Darent, as it is often written, though it rises in the same hilly formation, sees the light at some distance from the cradle of the Wandle. Its course, which is a trifle over fourteen miles in length, is north-east, through a broad vale smiling with rich pastures, and adorned by many a noble country seat. By Wandleside you are never wholly free from the associations of town; the enclosed grounds give a suburban character to the surroundings, and indeed a drive through Clapham to Mitcham and Carshalton suggests that in process of time those genteel places will be part and parcel of the metropolis. The Darent on the other hand brings you into the pure open country, and into the sunny districts where hops entwine and cherry-cheeked fruits ripen for distant markets. Spenser, who took more delight in the English rivers as a whole than any other poet except Drayton, says:—

The still Darent, in whose waters clean
Ten thousand fishes play and deck his pleasant stream.

Ten thousand might almost be taken in a more literal sense than Spenser intended, for the Darent is nearly as good a trout stream as the Wandle. The fish are thought to be more numerous in the latter river, but some critics pretend to have discovered a finer flavour in the

Kent bred fish. Remembering how near London is to the Darent, it is scarcely necessary to add that the water is most strictly preserved by the landowners. There is, however, a fair stretch of fishing allowed to visitors at the Lion Hotel, Farningham, and a more delightful summer resort you shall not find so near the Royal Exchange as this quiet old fashioned little town which the railway has never yet invaded. The great chestnut tree and the antique brick bridge, the old church and the rookery, are pictures upon which the eye never tires of dwelling, and the country around, rising boldly into sweeping downs, is full of lovely prospects, very varying in character, but always grateful to the observer who appreciates nature in her soberer and more contented moods.

In the mill stream, above what is known as the Lion water, there are stores of trout which no man is permitted to disturb. At the head of this stream there stands a great white mill that supplies the town with the music of rushing water, which issues with great velocity from the wheelhouse, gallops along by the side of the road, disappears under the roadway, and comes into view again considerably sobered down; thence it flows in tranquil ripples through the hotel garden, through private fields where it is heavily fringed with trees, and by-and-by it meanders prettily through half a mile of meadow land which also belongs to the hotel fishery.

Fortunately for the Lion water, the intervening section between the bottom of the lawn and the end of the private fields is carefully preserved, and so overhung with trees that many of the fish can defy the angler. The trout, following their natural instincts, work their way up stream and so come within the fair range of the hotel angler. As for the little millstream beyond the bridge, though it is less than a hundred yards long, it literally swarms with large well-fed fish, which are one of the sights of the place, and which are so used to the profane eye of the public that they bear it with philosophic equanimity. At the lower end a notice board is affixed to the wall, requesting the passer-by not to feed the trout. You may look over the iron railing and see three or four heavy specimens directly beneath you, while close to the sides, and in perhaps not more than three inches of water, there are hundreds of herring-sized fish lying head to stream. On Good Friday I went to Farningham to see the "opening day" of the Lion anglers, and among other sights I must include large trout taking bread cast upon the water by an ostler. The fish leaped boldly at the crusts and turned down again with a mighty lash of the tail. An old man emerged in alarm from a neat little cottage opposite and sternly bade the ostler to desist. He was

the guardian of this show place for trout, and right faithfully did he insist upon obedience to the orders painted upon the notice-board. On the face of it this regulation seems absurd ; but trout are worth so much per pound, loafers are to be found even at peaceful Farningham, and it is sad to know that during the last two years the vile art of fish-stupefying by poisonous compounds has been growingly practised.

The May-fly does not visit the Darent any more than the Wandle, and the most successful anglers at Farningham use the Wandle flies, swearing especially by the Tom Thumb governor and quill gnat. It is but reasonable to expect that the privilege to be obtained in the Lion water is not thrown away. On most days there are some rods at work early or late, and after the beginning of June, though June and July are probably the best months in the season, the most sensible expectations will be those which are restricted to a very modest limit. On those golden occasions which are so few and far between, and so impossible to foretell, three or four brace of fish may be taken, but the man who can bring away his one or two trout need not mourn over his ill-luck. There are several very remunerative "stickles" just below the antique brick bridge, but the angler, if he would do anything, must keep far out of sight and be as still as a mouse.

There are several gentlemen who have not failed to appear regularly at the Lion on the eve of many successive Good Fridays, and the veteran tragedian Mr. Phelps was one of these, recognised always as an eminent actor, but also as a masterly killer of trout. Last Good Friday fourteen fish were taken by one angler, almost before any other fishermen were stirring, though I myself was one of half a dozen who saw the sun rise on that bright holiday. The others fared badly, but on the following Monday a London angler again killed seven brace of trout, as if there were some mutual arrangement among them as to the maximum number permitted to one rod in the space of one day. In the very early morning or late evening there is generally a heavy trout to be picked out immediately under the spreading chestnut tree, for the plump fish in the millstream, in spite of the keeper and the notice-board, drop down from under the bridge to feed on the shallows, and may be communicated with if no person has passed along the brink before the fisherman's arrival. The first labourer crossing the bridge to his field-work will frighten all the fish, and before his heavy boots have ceased their ponderous thud you will have noticed the clear water *ploughed in four or five different places by prowling truants*

scuttling home to the cool retirement of the dark arches and the protection of the notice-board.

The Darent, before it reaches Farningham, has passed through the finest portions of its valley. Beginning its career at Westerham, hard by the North Downs, it touches the villages of Brasted, Sundridge, and Riverhead. Near romantic Sevenoaks it flows in a more northerly direction to Lullingstone Park, and by old Eynsford Castle. Mills are to be found at short intervals, there being to my own knowledge fourteen paper and flour mills worked by the Darent. At Dartford, with a parting bit of very fine scenery, the river widens out into Dartford Creek, and is a navigable branch of the Thames during the remainder of its course. About midway between Dartford and the mouth the River Cray from the south-west falls into the creek.

In the neighbourhood of Farningham the hop-fields, nut, cherry, and plum orchards are highly cultivated, and well worth a visit where feasible. The ornithologist also should be in his glory here. Mr. Dray, a resident landholder, who has shot over the district man and boy for forty years, has in his possession a valuable case of birds, killed and preserved by himself, as an illustration of the various feathered visitors to be found in the neighbourhood. Besides the more familiar kinds I noticed the landrail; the buzzard, which, not uncommon fifty years ago, is never seen now; the handsomely-marked butcher-bird, a yearly visitor, which never fails to make its appearance in the wake of the nightingale; the Dartford warbler, a brace of kingfishers, two of which not long since were captured opposite the hotel, so furiously fighting that they allowed themselves to be taken into custody; skylark, titlark, and woodlark; the bonny bullfinch, and the curious snake-bird; the delicate little white-throat, and the tiny golden wren; and many other examples of our British birds.

GREAT PEOPLE OF YORKSHIRE.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.



WING many acknowledgments, as pilgrim and guest, to the triple shire, having been up and down, by firesides and in churchyards, in old manses and among sacred ruins, I have gathered the names and memories of the distinguished men and women born of this robust soil whose local has often been lost in their general reputation.

Some one has called Yorkshire the Normandy of England, and the expression, fit or not, is rarely forgotten when conversation takes a turn in which ancestral voices may join. This is a species of pride perfectly intelligible upon a higher principle than that which proclaims every separate constituency of the kingdom to be more intelligent and independent than all the rest, and in the case of the big county amply justified; as it was in June, 1682, when Dr. George Hickes—himself a Worthy—at the Yorkshire feast in Bow Church, London, said:—"Our county, as the anxious observe, is the epitome of England; whatsoever is excellent in the whole land being found in proportion thereto." Further:—"God hath been pleased to make it the birthplace and nursery of many great men."

It is a little surprising at first to remember *how* many, and who they were. In the foreground stands a headless, but none the less conspicuous, group of patriots and traitors—not to confound the two:—Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, "who died the death of a noble" in 1572; Christopher and Thomas Norton, rebellious gentlemen, executed in 1570; Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford, impeached by Parliament and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1641—Strafford, of whom the only relics left at princely Harewood were, a hundred years ago, his initials cut on the altar-rails in the chapel; John Lord Lumley, indicted with Thomas Lord Darcy and others for high treason and sent to the scaffold in 1544; and poor Sir Henry Slingsby, created a baronet by Charles I., and author of "A Father's Best Legacy," whom the Commonwealth called to the block in 1658, but whose name, unforgotten of Finsbury, united with that of Duncombe, is so prominent among the memorials of Knaresborough. Many another fame associated with the epoch of the *Revolution belongs to Yorkshire*, and some to Leeds especially.

Thus, that of Calverley, "potent and high-pedigreed," stamped on street, and terrace, and tavern-sign, is as common in the busy cloth town as Hughes at Holyhead, Jones at Swansea, Todd or Poad at Scarborough, or Trevelyan in Cornwall. There were "the great Lady" Ann, her wrong-headed son William, and the first Sir Walter, who murdered his wife and children, and was crushed beneath a ton of stones in York Castle A.D. 1605; also another of the same posterity who sat in seven Parliaments; his wife, who "disgraced the lineage" by painting "like a common artist-person"; and his son, the spendthrift builder of Esholt. The Fountaynes, too, of Fountayne Abbey—once the stateliest structure in all that region of portcullis and cloister—have left their mark, and have their memorials on the corner houses of cities which were hamlets in their time; particularly of him who, like a dignified Vicar of Bray, was a Commissioner of the Great Seal in the Long Parliament—a Parliament of which a Yorkshireman was the first elected member—and a Wolsey of loyalty under the Restoration. As for the Fairfaxes, the huge county wears them as a part of its escutcheon:—he who was knighted, and fought with the hilt of his sword at the siege of Rouen; he who commanded at Marston Moor; he who refused to sit on the trial of Charles I., and whose wife gave so spirited a reason for it; he who was surnamed "Fire-and-Steel Fairfax"; he who tried to check the fury of the Bourbon at the siege of Rome; he, the fifth baron, who made a last attempt at reviving the hereditary splendours of Leeds Castle; he who, disgusted with the Old World, emigrated to the New; and she who in an evil hour married George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, the English Cagliostro of Alexandre Dumas.

There were several others, each with an anecdotal episode in his life; but the Yorkshire pedigrees are long—as those, for example, of the Halifaxes, who took so prominent a part in settling the union between England and Scotland; of the Saviilles of Halifax, where the Cloth Gallows once stood, and where a remarkably lively thoroughfare is to this day known as Gibbet Street—of whom one wrote, when a famine threatened, "The cry of a hungry multitude is the bloodiest noise in the world"; and many another, whose shields are rich with the trophies and achievements of hundreds of years. But they must be left to heraldry and their epitaphs except when their claims to attention are peremptory; for who could slight Edward Parker, who, whatever else he may have been, was at any rate "Hereditary Bow-bearer of the Forest of Bolland"; or Roger Gale, first *President of the Society of Antiquaries*; or Sir Marmaduke,

"last of the Knighted Constables"; or Charles Lord Clifford, who is reputed, though erroneously, to have laid the first stone of Bolton Abbey? These Cliffords bore, in other days, a dark renown, notably "Black Clifford," nicknamed "the Butcher of Wakefield," though in contrast with his infamy is the tender tradition of "the Shepherd Lord." The banners of Yorkshire churches or private mortuary chapels, long disappeared, hung over the effigies—many of them scarcely recognisable, if not entirely mouldered away—of not a few men whose names are imprinted on far other pages than those of the Yorkshire annals: Thomas Lord Wentworth, who surrendered Calais to the Duc de Guise, thereby bringing tears into Queen Mary's eyes; Sir Henry Montague, who witnessed the signature of Henry VIII. to his will; Sir Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, who claimed credit for defeating the Spanish Armada, though it has since been thought that Drake and Effingham had something to do with it; Lord Scrope, already, in 1551, ninth baron of the name, who tilted at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth and was gaoler to the Queen of Scots at Bolton Castle; and Lord Baltimore, who obtained the original grant of Maryland.

The Yorkshire divines, who Caleb Stukely thought, on account of their fat faces, could never have fagged at school, form such a group as, perhaps, no other county in the United Kingdom could produce. Their lives would fill one of Captain Marryat's "quartos without margin," and foremost stands John Wycliffe, the Richmond Reformer, whose monumental brass in Wycliffe Church has been, with many others, overlooked by Mr. Bouell (Mr. Boutell, indeed, only mentions those of Sir John de St. Quintin and his lady, at Harpham and at Bransherston); then Torestal, Bishop of Durham, twice deprived; Tilson, the ejected of Elphin; Edward Hillingfleet; Richard Sterne, who read prayers with Laud upon the scaffold; Lawrence Sterne; Bowles, author of the famous Catechism; Burnet, the learned chaplain of William III.; Tillotson, whose sermons are among the "Sacred Classics" so choicely edited by Dr. Stebbing; Sanderson, the blind Algebraist; Dr. Radcliffe, who erected his own monument in the great library at Oxford; Joseph Priestley, whose pen very nearly approached the secret of perpetual motion; Dr. Paley, and Reginald Heber. It is interesting to observe this mighty kinsmanship of genius and erudition in a single shire of England. We pass that reverend band, and enter the Yorkshire Walhalla of Arts and Letters. It is not very spacious. Here are John Gower, of the "*Confessio Amanti*," and *Sir Thomas* of the "*Threnodia Carolina*," confronting

Andrew Marvel, Barbara Hofland, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose portrait, at the age of sixteen, is human sweetness idealised, and reminds you of Mrs. Jordan when a girl. The Worthies running rather short in this direction, we may as well adopt for the occasion James Montgomery and Ebenezer Elliot, "the Corn-Law Rhymer"; but, as a matter of course, the Brontës are included, and it is a touching thing to note how still at Haworth, their home, the word "she" passes for "Charlotte" among the simpler people.

Now it will not do to linger in too historical a spirit among these Worthies; so that, after congratulating the great shire upon Flaxman, the most Greek of all the English sculptors, Chantrey, Beckwith, Schwantaldler, Jackson, "the Yorkshireman of the Royal Academy"—whose one wise saying was that "friends are miseries"—and Abraham, the Anglo-Franco-Fleming, who designed the medal for the Knights of the Order of the Royal Oak, and was starved in a garret, we may take a turn among the traditions; and here it should be remarked that Yorkshire, not satisfied with its own sons and daughters, illustrious though they are, is constantly affiliating children to itself from across the county borders. She would, if she dared, adopt the Stamp Distributor of Cockermouth, but, in default, puts up with the White Doe of Rylstone. Nobody begrudges her "Drunken Barnaby," who was incontestably a Yorkshireman; or Zachary Moore, of Lofthouse; or the wealthy and plethoric East Indian Sir George Colebrooke, of Sandsend, who obtained an alum monopoly, and was thenceforth for evermore dubbed "Shah Alum"; or St. John of Beverley (though his miracles may be doubted); or Mother Shipton, the prophetess, who in 1488 married Tobias Shipton, of Knaresborough Rock, and whose memoirs are declared to be still extant in MS.; or Eugene Aram, who, however, need not have been a Yorkshireman, although he buried his victim in a Yorkshire cave. But when it comes to insisting upon George Fox at Filey, upon the ancestors of the Bruces and the Baliols, Paul Jones and Robin Hood (Scarborough men, if you will believe it), and the Dragon of Wantley—these Worthies might be made the subject of a Homeric contest. Homer himself, indeed, said that it is not given to every country to bring forth men of all the heroic types; and Yorkshire ought to be satisfied. She has Smeaton, the builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse; Birkbeck, the founder of mechanics' institutes; and Tancred, of Whitby, in whose coat-of-arms were three escallop shells, and whose charity has been a Chancery affair *ever since the day when by a will the bitterness*

bred whereof he could not foresee he, the seventeenth of the lineage (all duly blazoned on the staircase wall), bequeathed his house and estate to "twelve decayed gentlemen," each to have £24 a year and a separate room, and all, if in health, to dine together. She has, moreover, Chief Justice Gascoigne, who committed the Prince of Wales and refused to try, upon a charge of treason, Scroop, Archbishop of York, who owed him his death in consequence.

I have referred to sign-boards—great tests of influence or popularity everywhere, together with portraits in tavern-rooms. Henry Calverley is very conspicuous in this far-scattered realm of art; he was the original of a character in "The Yorkshire Tragedy," which it will not do, in Yorkshire, to assign to any author but Shakespeare. But he is, of course, as nothing compared with Captain Cook, Yorkshireman and circumnavigator, of whom the county is deeply, dearly, and generously proud. The people point out where his birthplace stood at Marton; his baptismal register in the church; the graves of his schoolmistress at "Canny Yatton," of his father, the day labourer, who learned to read at the age of seventy that he might spell out his son's adventures, and who died in ignorance of that son's death six weeks after it had taken place; and of his mother, at "Canny Yatton" also, I think. Scoresby, who took his ship so near the Pole, was "Yaarkshire" too; and the Scoresby Arms, at Woxley, is a comfortable hostelry enough. Yet no sign in the shire approaches that of "Tom Brown," the hero of the basket-hilted blade, who at the battle of Dettingen cut his way single-handed through the enemy's lines to win back the standard of his troop. There he stands, in his old uniform, brown and grizly, above the mantelpiece, boldly coloured, upon a surface resembling vellum rather than canvas, with the extraordinary legend beneath—*Homo quia pulvis est*. The Earls Fitzwilliam are similarly popularised, especially one who was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy by King George III. for "proposing an offensive toast" at a public dinner. Then you have, swinging in state, Henry Jenkins, of Fountaynes, who carried "a horse-load of arrows for Flodden Field," and who lived to "the amazing age" of 169. It is utterly useless to doubt it. His epitaph may be read at Ellerton-on-Swale, written by Dr. Thomas Chapman, Master of Magdalen College, Oxford, and I should no more think of questioning the Doctor's authority than of hinting that all the bedsteads hung with blue damask, which are shown by housekeepers who move and stoplike mechanisms—for half-a-crown—in ancient Yorkshire mansions, were not once the sleeping-places of queens or kings; that the mounds pointed out in Wilstrop Wood are mole-hills, and not the graves of

Marston Moor; that a clergyman, whose name, had it been preserved, would have ranked with those of the Worthies, did not stand admiring the Dripping Well at Knaresborough until he became a petrification himself; or that the bees left off hiding in Fountayne Forest and the cherry-trees from bearing when the refectories of the Cistercian monks were broken up by evil-minded generations. Nothing is more ungrateful than to wander about, a sceptic of all the lore that breathes from ruins, the ingle-nooks of Nature, the stories told by ancient ladies, portraits, sign-posts, and the other irregular archives of times and of people passed away, in a spirit as callous as a Cadastral Survey. There is a piece of ground at Mynton, in this shire, known as "The Field of the White Battle," and what good would it do to history or humanity to deny that it was so named from the number of ecclesiastics who were killed there, fighting in their surplices under an Archbishop of York in 1319? On a particular day of the year in a certain neighbourhood the young men steal the young women's shoes, and on the following day the young women steal the young men's hats; and, in default of a better, it is wise to accept as an explanation that this is in honour of a Brereton, whose very brass cannot be found, though he was "a Yorkshire gentleman of ancient family and competent fortune," and a public benefactor, after his kind, but whose will is not registered at Doctors' Commons. Stripped of tradition many a Worthy, in other parts of the world besides Yorkshire, might not deserve to be celebrated in a portrait-gallery or mentioned in the thousandth column of the ninth volume of a county history *in-folio*, or even by having his likeness as he looked swung from the roof of a tavern of a Briggate; for, so far as I know, there is not a town in Yorkshire without a Briggate, a Kirkgate, or a Calverley Head.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

"O, SAW YE NOT FAIR INEZ?"

HE Saucy Lass bore Christmas Pembroke one evening of early summer to the Durewoods pier. He had not visited Durewoods since his first stay there, and he had often been smitten with a sense of ingratitude towards his friend Miss Lyle. There were reasons why for some time back he had rather shrunk from coming under her eyes, and having perhaps to answer the kindly peremptoriness of her questions. But she, he thought, knew nothing of his excuse for avoiding her, and he feared she must think him ungrateful. The fear was confirmed when on writing to ask her if he might pay her a visit, he received a reply, which he could not but regard as a little cold and curt for her, telling him that he would be welcome. He started for Durewoods next day.

The Challoners had left England. They were to reach New York before the heats of summer set in, and after spending a few days there and in Boston, to cross at once to San Francisco, where the months intolerable in the Atlantic States would be delightful; and when autumn came they were to return to New York again, visiting many places on their way. Christmas had not seen Marie before her leaving London. Sir John had taken care to keep him engaged in expeditions hither and thither in the northern cities; and Christmas knew it was for the best, although he chafed at it too. But he had made up his mind now that he would not see the Challoners any more. He would not see *her* married. He would return to Japan. It was especially to tell Miss Lyle of his determination to leave England that he was now visiting Durewoods. "Durewoods has been my Sedan," he said to himself.

The heart of the poor youth swelled cruelly with emotion as he began to see the pier at Durewoods, and the cottages and the trees *on the hill*, amid which Marie's home was standing. Durewoods

without her was like the forlorn chamber when the coffin of the loved one has been carried away. It was like the ghost of Durewoods. Pembroke felt a pang of remorse at the thought that the dear, kind friend who still lived there was after all so little to him—that her presence did not remove the death-like atmosphere which for him now hung over the place.

But when the boat touched the pier, and he leaped ashore, and saw old Merlin waiting to carry his portmanteau, he brightened up, and gave the brave Breton a cheery shake of the hand, and asked him voluble questions about Miss Lyle and about himself, and the boat and the garden and the fisher-folk.

"Miss Leel well—beaut'fool well—alway well. Merlin take care of *her*. Miss Marie gone to Amerique—over the great sea—near the fisheries of the Newfoundland—many fishers go there, *I* know."

"Miss Lyle is lonely, perhaps, without Miss Marie?"

"No—no, no—not lone. Miss Leel not lone—for Merlin take care of her. Merlin not gone to Amerique." And Merlin chuckled much over this pleasantry, and smote his brave breast.

"You grow tall," said Merlin, as they walked along.

"Tall, Merlin? Not taller than before."

"Oh, yes. *I* know. Tall!—More like man. Tall—old; very old. You grow very old!"

Christmas smiled at this tribute to his completed manhood, for so he understood Merlin's words. But Merlin meant too to convey the idea that Christmas was looking paler and thinner than he had expected to find him.

Miss Lyle received Christmas with sweet and gracious courtesy. They dined together, and Janet waited, and everything was just as it used to be. But the news which Miss Lyle told him now and again suggested change. Marie Challoner had been in Durewoods for two or three days before her voyage, and Miss Lyle had seen her several times. There was discouraging news from Natty Cramp, whereat his poor mother was greatly concerned. He was not getting on so well as he had expected to do.

Then they went into the balcony, and Christmas praised the beauty of the scene, and thought to himself of the little hollow in the woods, lonely to him for evermore, as everything seemed to be now. Then he said to Miss Lyle that he had something to tell her, and she showed a friendlier interest, and listened while he explained, as well as he could, that a life in London did not suit him; that he *didn't think he was a big enough man to make much of a success*

there, and that he thought he could do better on his old ground in Japan. At last he got to the end of the story somehow.

"Is that all?" Miss Lyle asked.

That was all. Christmas thought it was a good deal.

"I didn't want to say anything until you had finished. Have you finished?"

"Yes, Miss Lyle. That is all I wanted to say. As some of our American friends would say, I'm through."

"I don't understand slang," said Miss Lyle—"even English slang. I am not fond of it."

There was a pause. Christmas wondered if she were going to say nothing more on the subject of his resolve, and if the matter were to drop there. For a while she had seemed to be growing more friendly, but again there came a marked coldness in her manner. Christmas did not wonder at that. He felt with renewed pangs of conscience that he had been but an inattentive friend for some time, and must not expect instant pardon.

"Then you have made up your mind to renounce London and go back to Japan?" she said, at last, in a tone of some dissatisfaction.

"I have," Christmas answered, glad that she had said anything. "I am afraid you will think me a variable personage, Miss Lyle, without much of a mind to make up."

"It *is* strange," she said, following up apparently some train of thought of her own. "Your father was above all things a man of steady purpose. I begin to think you are not like him at all, Mr. Christmas, and that I have been rather mistaken in you."

"Well, Miss Lyle, you will do me the justice to admit that I never claimed to be like my father, or fit to be compared with him."

"Still," she said, in an almost irritable way, "it *is* strange how the sons degenerate. I don't understand it. Where *did* you learn these fickle ways, and that want of trust, which I can tell you I like still less?"

Miss Lyle, as Marie Challoner had said long ago, was picturesque in everything she did. Few people look dignified when out of humour, but in the gesture with which she drew her white shawl round her shoulders, as if wrapping herself in a garment of offended pride, there was something effective and dramatic.

"Want of trust—in *you*, Miss Lyle?"

"In me, yes. Do I not deserve your confidence? Did I not offer myself to you from the beginning frankly as your friend, and how could you doubt that I was so? I tell you, Chris Pembroke, I should *almost* have loved a lap-dog called by your father's name,

not to speak of his son ; and I did so wish to be your friend, for his sake ; and this is what comes of it ! To you, perhaps, it may seem ridiculous that I should feel in this way. Very well—at least you see that I *do* feel.”

“ But you are entirely mistaken, and you do me a great wrong. The thought of going back to Japan was only flickering in my mind for some time : and Sir John Challoner asked me to put off deciding for a little while. I did so. But now I have made up my mind, and I came to tell you. He does not know of it yet—I mean I have not yet written to him.”

“ You choose your confidants well,” Dione said scornfully. “ I don’t mean merely your going to Japan, Christmas ; but you confided to John Challoner your reason for flying out of England—you never told that to *me*. I waited to-day patiently to see if that would come out even now, and it didn’t ! No ; your full confidence is kept for him.”

Christmas grew red and hot. He could hardly believe his ears. Could it be possible that Sir John Challoner had actually betrayed his confidence—and for what reason ? He looked at Miss Lyle in positive alarm and began to speak, and then became silent.

“ I will spare your blushes,” Dione said—feeling some pity for his confusion—“ and I am glad you have the grace to blush, Chris ; but you might have told me of this as well as John Challoner.” Having, as she thought, compelled the young man to feel confused, she began to soften to him.

“ Did Sir John tell you—Miss Lyle, are you serious ? I can’t understand this ! But if he did, then at least you must know why I felt bound to tell him and not you ”——

“ I don’t see that, Mr. Christmas. But let me ease your mind. It was not from Sir John I first heard the story—although when I asked him he didn’t deny it.”

“ Not from Sir John ? Then from whom—for no one else on earth could have ”——

“ You ridiculous boy, don’t you know that men of the world never keep anybody’s secret absolutely ? They always let drop hints. Why you should have insisted on any particular secrecy in this affair is as great a wonder to me as why you should have chosen him for a confidant. I presume you didn’t suppose that the thing could have been kept a secret from us all for ever, even if you did retreat to Japan with her.”

Christmas was now utterly bewildered. There was evidently some extraordinary *misunderstanding* somewhere.

"I don't know what to say," he broke out at last. "We don't understand each other, Miss Lyle."

"Come, I really begin to think you are more foolish than distrustful, Christmas. I suppose boys are shy of talking of these things even to elderly women. But you could have found no trustier friend than me—nor one less likely to care for social prejudices and that kind of thing. I don't believe your father's son could make a very bad choice. Well, I forgive you your secresy. And so you have fallen in love, my poor boy, and are going to be married? So soon?"

Christmas started with such evident and genuine surprise that Miss Lyle was startled in her turn.

"Is this not true?" she asked, sharply—"are you not going to be married? Are we playing at cross purposes?"

"We are indeed," said Christmas, with an aching heart. "There never was such playing at cross purposes! Who told you that story, Miss Lyle? Not Sir John Challoner, at all events."

"But is all that really not true? Have you not fallen in love; and are you not going to be married?"

"A man less likely to be married, Miss Lyle, is not to be found anywhere between this and Japan."

"Oh! Have you quarrelled?"

"Quarrelled with whom?"

"With the young lady, of course. I suppose we needn't now make any mystery of her name—Miss Jansen."

Christmas rose from his chair in amazement. In all his trouble of heart he was boyishly inclined to laugh.

"Is that the story, Miss Lyle—is that the mystery—the confidence?"

"But is it really not true? Is it all a mistake or a delusion? Are you more deceitful than I could have believed, or are people going out of their senses? Do let us come to some understanding."

"Miss Lyle, there isn't one single particle of truth or meaning or anything else in that story. I know Miss Jansen; but I never felt anything for her but friendship—and there is even much about her that I don't like; and I am not certain now whether she is not rather unfriendly to me than the contrary. As for any other idea, it never even occurred to me until this moment; and it would be ever so much less likely to occur to her. To begin with, she hates the whole race of men."

"Yes; I don't mind that," Miss Lyle said, quietly. "They soon

get over that—girls, I mean. But if you tell me seriously that this is not true”——

“But, Miss Lyle, to say it is not true is nothing. There isn't the faintest conceivable foundation or excuse for it. The wonder is how any one could ever have thought of it. Did you say that some one told you this?”

“Oh, yes,” Miss Lyle answered, composedly: “Marie Challoner told me.”

“Miss Challoner!” Again Christmas's face burned with emotion; and at once there flashed upon his memory the fact, hardly noticed at the time, that Marie had sent with a peculiar expression of look and voice her friendly message to Sybil Jansen through him. He felt unspeakably wretched. Strange contradiction of human impulses! The one thing he dreaded most an hour ago was that Marie Challoner should know of his love for her. Now it seemed a thousand times worse that she should believe him to be in love with another woman.

“This is terrible,” he said.

“Of course such things are always provoking; but one can't help them. This seems to have been a very singular misunderstanding.”

“Did Miss Challoner speak of this as a guess on her part?”

“No. Marie Challoner, Chris, is an impulsive girl, so truthful that it is hard for her even to keep a secret: and she said something here which aroused my curiosity, I can tell you, and I am afraid I extorted the rest. Then she said that her father had enjoined secrecy on her—but Marie was never exemplary in the way of obeying injunctions.”

“But it was not Sir John Challoner who told her this story?”

“Indeed it was.”

“Miss Lyle,” Christmas said gravely, “you are mistaken in that, I assure you.”

“My good boy, I am not mistaken. The poor girl, conscious of having broken her father's trust, insisted, in her proud honesty, upon telling him that she had done so and asking his pardon, and I insisted on telling him that the fault was mine, and of course the whole story came out then.”

“Sir John Challoner said I was in love with Miss Jansen? Sir John said that?”

“He did. At least I told him what Marie said; and he said Marie ought not to have told it to anybody, and he seemed greatly vexed at the whole affair.”

Christmas was lost in confusion. It seemed natural enough that

if Miss Challoner or Miss Lyle had made a guess of any kind, Sir John might have allowed her to remain under a delusion rather than give any clue to the truth. But, as he understood Miss Lyle, there was something more than this.

"Did I understand you rightly, Miss Lyle? Did you say that Sir John told this story—told it himself—to Miss Challoner?"

"Certainly, Chris; he and she both spoke of it in that way. Sir John said, more than once, that he was to blame for having revealed to his daughter what you told him in confidence."

Christmas leaned upon the balcony and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. He was perfectly bewildered.

"But there must be something in all this," Dione said impatiently. "It can't be all Midsummer madness. You did, surely, tell John Challoner something in confidence?"

"I did."

"And had it nothing to do with Miss Jansen?"

"Nothing."

"Was it any sort of love-confession?"

With eyes doggedly downcast Christmas answered, "It was."

"And in heaven's name, Chris Pembroke, why did your father's son select John Challoner of all men on earth as the confidant of his love story?—Oh!"

The exclamation broke from Miss Lyle because of the sudden expression with which Christmas had looked up when she put her imperious question—an expression which was a revelation.

"You unhappy boy," she said in a low tone and leaning towards him, "was *that* it?"

"*That* was it. Now you know all. Now you know why I told him, and why I didn't tell you."

"Did you not know that she was engaged to young Vidal?"

"I did. I guessed it."

"Then what on earth was the good of your speaking to her father? What did you hope to get by that?"

"Nothing."

"You had better have told me a hundred times. You didn't suppose that John Challoner was a person to be touched by your romantic attachment, and to say 'Take her, my boy! Bless you, my children'?"

"Miss Lyle, I imagined nothing and hoped nothing. I couldn't endure the place any longer. I tried hard, and I found that I couldn't do it, and he had been so kind to me that I didn't like to *seem ungrateful or changeable*, and I couldn't invent lies. I thought

the best thing to do was to tell her father all, and beg of him to help me, and to—to cover my retreat, in fact. I suppose it was an absurd thing to do—I thought it the most honest way."

There was a moment's silence. The evening was darkening. The scents of the flowers came more richly out, and the splash of the water below sounded sadly in the ears of the poor youth on whom Dione turned her pitying eyes.

"I am glad you did whatever you thought was honest, my boy," she said. "You never can be sorry for that. Well, well!"

Christmas did not speak. He could not pour out his soul readily, even to her. He was at once frank and shy, as nature and his early way of life had made him.

"This is a great misfortune, Chris! Tell me—do you know yourself—will this last?"

"Oh yes," he answered in a low tone, and without looking at her. "It will last my time, Miss Lyle."

"Of course all young people say that; and I shouldn't mind it much in your case, my dear, but for what I know. And so you got this wound under my roof, my poor boy? I wish I had never found you out, Chris, and brought you here, for this."

"No, no!" he said, eagerly; "don't wish that, Miss Lyle—don't wish that. I have your friendship—I couldn't wish to lose that, and I don't want to lose—the memory even of—anything that happened. I'll come all right—I mean I'll fight my way on through life."

"You would not be without the memory of your dream, then?"

"Would my father have given up the memory of his?"

Dione's lips trembled. She leaned back in her chair, and remained silent for a moment.

"Now, Miss Lyle," said Christmas, "you know all; you have got this all out of me somehow, which I never meant to have told to anybody but one. I am not sorry, but I don't mean to plague you any more with my troubles. I didn't come here to make you uncomfortable. I'm not going through life with an everlasting lament in my mouth. I am no worse off than ever so many better fellows."

"I thought it a bad omen at the time that you should have met her the very first moment you stepped ashore here. I didn't want you to meet her. Then, when the thing was done, I thought it best to say as little as possible, and seem to make light of everything. But I did give you a warning, Chris."

"You did, I remember. But it was too late then, and it wouldn't have been of any use in any case—not the least."

"*I suppose not. You don't blame her, Chris?*"

"Blame her! Her! For what?"

"You don't think she meant this—or trifled with you?"

"Oh, no. She is as true as light. She was my friend always; she is now. It is no fault of hers. She never suspected."

"I am glad. I should have thought so, but I am glad to hear you say so. One word more. You have not any lurking hope—about her?"

"Oh no; no hope."

"You are right, Chris. I know Marie as well as any one can, and I know that all the world could not make her engage herself to Mr. Vidal if she cared for anybody else. But I am glad you have the courage to look that straight in the face. The only thing now is—what is to be done?"

"My mind is clear," said Christmas; "I'll leave England and go back to Japan."

"But why do that? why not stay firmly here and make an honourable career for yourself? A man has some other business in life than falling in love and brooding over it."

"I have other business, and I mean to do it, Miss Lyle, and not to brood. But if I remained in England I should be likely to brood on to the end of the chapter."

"There are other women too, Chris."

"There are no other women for me, Miss Lyle, and good advice is thrown away on me I am afraid. Sooner than stay here and see her—see her married, Miss Lyle, I would leap off the pier below and swim straight out to sea as far as ever I could go and sink quietly down when I could swim no farther. It wouldn't be half a bad thing to do—go down with the setting sun."

"You won't do that, I know," Miss Lyle said. "You'll not do that cowardly thing, Chris. That might do for Natty Cramp, perhaps, or some egotistical fool of his kind; not for you. But we'll say no more of this just now. It's a surprise, and I must think it over. You used to like to smoke a cigar in the evenings?"

Christmas understood the very clear hint. She held out her hand to him, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. Heaven knows what boyish impulse made him kneel beside her chair and press her hand to his lips. Then she gently laid the hand upon his head. There passed through Dione's mind at the time the sweet, strange, unspeakably tender saying of the Duchess of Orleans about Dunois—that he was a child stolen from her.

She was glad when Christmas left her, for there was something *which puzzled her in all this*, and which she had not spoken of much

to him. Indeed, the moment the question arose in her mind she kept the talk, such as it was, away from that. Christmas had told Sir John Challoner that he was in love with Marie. Sir John had voluntarily, distinctly told Marie that Christmas had made to him an acknowledgment of love for Miss Jansen. There was no possibility of mistake or misapprehension on either side, on any point. Why did John Challoner tell his daughter that lie?

Strange, she thought, if John Challoner's deceits should have come between the son, as they did between the father, and the woman he loved and might have married!

For there could be to Dione's mind no explanation possible of Sir John's proceedings but an anxiety to render it impossible for his daughter to think of Christmas, and thus to hurry her into a marriage with Lord Paladine's son. He must have feared that Marie might fall in love with Chris. That must have been his motive.

But then Dione had talked with Marie only the other day in full and warm friendship and confidence about her marriage, and Marie had not given the faintest indication of any feeling that could stand between her and it. She did not seem to have any delight in the prospect, and it was only too clear that she had no romantic attachment to Mr. Vidal. But even when Dione spoke to her in some wonder of her seeming coldness and lack of interest in her future, Marie assured her again and again that she was marrying of her own free will, and at no one's persuasion, and that since she must marry she knew no one so acceptable for a husband as Mr. Vidal. Again and again, too, had Marie told her that she did not think she had a nature formed for the kind of emotion which is described in books as love.

"So many girls say that," Miss Lyle thought, "until the time comes. But I think it must be so with her."

John Challoner then must have been deceived—such was Dione's conclusion—out of excess of caution, as was his wont. Poor Christmas was right—Marie felt nothing for him but an easy friendship. There was nothing to be done. The boy must take his fate and bear it. The less said now about the misunderstanding and the perverted confidence the better. Let that all seem to be a misunderstanding, and let it drop. She would not argue any more against Christmas's resolve to go back to Japan; all things considered, it would be the best course he could take.

But she could not still help wondering over the strange stroke of fate, or whatever it was, which had brought the son of her old lover across so many thousand miles of earth and sea under her roof to have his heart pierced there by the daughter of his father's old rival.

CHAPTER XX.

"PROFESSOR NATHANIEL P. CRAMP."

THE Genius of young Liberty had indeed not yet proved propitious to Natty Cramp. He landed at Hoboken, on the New Jersey shore of the North river at New York, one sunny and lovely morning, and he gazed across at the somewhat confused and unalluring river front of the great city with the air of a conqueror. The fresh breath of freedom, he proudly said to himself, was already filling him with new manhood. But New York is in some ways a discouraging place to land at. There are no cabs; and there are no street porters; and to hire a "hack" carriage is expensive; and to track out one's way in the street cars and the stages is almost hopeless work for the new comer. Then the examination at the Custom-house was long and vexatious; and yet, when Natty got through the Custom-house, he felt as if he were thrown adrift on the world without any one more to care about him. As Melisander in Thomson's poem declares that, bad as were the wretches who deserted him, he never heard a sound more dismal than that of their parting oars, so, little as Nathaniel Cramp liked the brusque ways of the Custom-house officers, he felt a sort of regret when they had released him and his baggage, and he found himself absolutely turned loose upon the world and his own resources.

This small preliminary disappointment was ominous. Natty had come out with a little money and a great faith in himself and his destiny. He had the usual notion that New York and the United States in general are waiting eagerly to be instructed in anything by Europeans, and especially by Englishmen. Having failed utterly in London, he thought he must be qualified to succeed in New York. His idea was to give lectures and write books—poems especially. He soon found that every second person in America delivers lectures, and that every village has at least three poets—two women and one man. He had brought a few letters of introduction from some members of the Church of the Future in London to congenial spirits in New York, and he made thereby the acquaintance of the editor of a Spiritualist journal, of a German confectioner and baker who had a small shop on Fourth Avenue (and Fourth Avenue is to Fifth Avenue as Knightsbridge is to Park Lane or Piccadilly), and of a lady who wore trousers and called herself the Rev. Theodosia Judd. The influence of these persons over New York, however, was limited, and although they endeavoured to get an audience for one of Natty's lectures at a ~~very~~ little hall in a cross street far up town, the public

did not rush in, and Nat delivered his lecture so feebly that a few of the few who were in went boldly out again, and one elderly man produced from his pocket a copy of the *New York Evening Mail* and read it steadily through. Yet the Spiritualist journal had had several little notices preliminary of Natty, whom it described variously as Professor Cramp and Doctor Cramp, the celebrated author and lecturer, from London, England; and this was a secret delight to Nathaniel, for the blind Fury with abhorred shears might slit away his audiences, but not the printed and published praise. It cheered him for a little while to be thus publicly complimented, and he said to himself, with great pride, that that came of being in a land of equality, and that he would have been long in London before the hireling and subservient press of that city would thus have spoken of him.

Still New York as a community was absolutely unawakened to any recognition or even knowledge of Natty's existence, and his money was melting away. He "boarded" very modestly in a quiet little cross street where he paid but a few dollars a week, but he was earning nothing. There were awful moments when, as he passed some of the showy hairdressing shops in Broadway, and saw the richly dressed ladies going in and out, he began to wonder whether he had not better take at once to the single craft and mystery whereof he was really possessed, and do for the curls and chignons of Broadway what he had done in other days for those of Wigmore Street. But his pride would not as yet suffer this. He went home to his bedroom in the boarding-house and read over again the paragraph in the Spiritualist paper which spoke of his literary gifts, and he vowed that he would never stoop to curl heads of hair again—never.

Suddenly another chance opened up for him. His friend the editor of the Spiritualist journal came to him one day with the grand news that he had procured him an appointment to deliver a lecture in the Lyceum course of Acroceraunia, one of the rising cities on the north-western confines of New York State. Acroceraunia was beginning now to hold its head pretty high in the world. It had already celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its foundation, and as its neighbour and rival, Pancorusky City, had long been having its Lyceum winter course of lectures, Acroceraunia had at last made up its mind for a winter course of lectures as well. All the leading citizens had come forward most spiritedly, and so liberal were the promises of assistance that Acroceraunia put itself in communication at once with the *American Literary Bureau* of New York to engage

a certain limited number of "star" lecturers, the other nights of the course to be filled up with local and volunteer talent, and any rising young lecturers who might be known to private members of the committee and might be willing to offer their lecture for a modest sum in consideration of the opening thus afforded. Now the brother of the Spiritualist editor was one of the most important men in all Acroceraunia. He edited the Republican journal of that city. He wrote to his brother in New York requesting him to recommend some promising young lecturer who would not object to take twenty-five dollars and his expenses. The "stars" would not any of them shine for an hour on Acroceraunia under a hundred dollars, and many of them could not even be tempted out of their ordinary spheres by such a sum as that; and some again were so heavily engaged in advance that Acroceraunia would not have a chance of getting them on any terms for many seasons to come. In fact, Acroceraunia had only engaged two genuine stars for her course, one to open, and one to close it. There seemed a great deal too much local talent and Singing Society in between, and therefore some padding of a less familiar kind had to be sought out. Hence the offer to Natty Cramp.

Nathaniel jumped at it. He was beginning to fear that he never again should have a chance of testing his rhetorical skill; and besides twenty-five dollars, look you, are equivalent to five pounds, and would be a substantial gain to Nathaniel Cramp. It so happened, too, that Nathaniel suited the conditions of the Lyceum course of Acroceraunia very well. That season, and indeed for some seasons back, all the Lyceums had had some lecturer from London, England, in their course. But when Acroceraunia had secured, and with immense difficulty, its two American stars there was not nearly enough of money still in prospect or possibility to enable it to get one of the British luminaries as well. Therefore Nathaniel Cramp was positively a godsend. "The celebrated English orator, Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp, from London, England," would look very well on the placards and advertisements. The people of Acroceraunia were in general a steady-going, home-keeping community. They rose early, they worked hard, and when the gentlemen of a family came home in the evening they generally went to sleep on the lounge after supper, and were awakened by their wives in time to go to bed at a proper hour. They never dreamed of trips to Europe in the summer, and they did not take in the British journals. For half of them, then, the name of Natty Cramp would do just as well as that of any of the more distinguished Britons who *were stumping the States that fall.*

So Nathaniel accepted the offer, and when the time came he took the train for Acroceraunia. He travelled all night and arrived at Acroceraunia about eleven o'clock next morning. He was straining his eyes anxiously for the spires and domes of the city where he was to make what he really held to be his *début* as a lecturer in the States; but when the train stopped he could see no spires, no domes, no city. The land wherever his eye could reach was covered with snow; he saw nothing but snow. Natty was beginning to think this could not be the right station at all, when the brakesman at the upper end of the car, who had been madly straining and tugging at his piece of mechanism like a sailor set all alone to work at a capstan, suddenly dashed open the door and shouted "Acrocerauny!" and Nat had to bundle himself out, portmanteau and all, as quickly as he could, on the wooden platform of the station. He stood hesitatingly a few moments, expecting to find some one to receive him. But there was clearly no one there to escort him, and the train had gone its way.

He took up his portmanteau and walked slowly, doubtfully out of the station, wondering what he should do next. Outside the station he saw two staggery and ramshackle looking omnibuses waiting. One had in its day been a Fulton Ferry omnibus in New York, and bore on its side the well-known pictorial ornamentations, a little faded, which distinguish that conveyance as it rumbles up and down Broadway and Fulton Street. This omnibus now belonged to the "Acroceraunia House." The other was in the service of the "American Hotel." Natty thought as he had to choose he ought to give the preference to the hostelry which assumed the name of the city which had honoured him with its invitation, and so he got into the carriage of the Acroceraunia House, feeling very much out of spirits, and divided mentally between an anxiety to know where Acroceraunia was and a feeble wish that the moment of his arrival might be postponed as long as possible.

There was no other passenger in the omnibus as it jolted away. Nat was rather glad of that. He was rattled along white road after white road until he began to wonder whether the town had any right to consider itself as in any manner connected with the railway station which bore its name. At last a few houses appeared, each standing separately in its piece of ground. Most of the houses were built of wood and had bright green shutters and little Grecian porticoes, and every house had a clothes-line. Natty must apparently have passed in review the "pantalettes" of the whole female population of Acroceraunia as he drove along. At last the omnibus

turned into something which bore resemblance to a street, or at least was like a high-road with houses at each side. But Natty saw a little placard on a wall as they were turning into this street or road which for the moment withdrew his attention from everything else, and made him blush and feel shy, proud, terrified, and delighted. For he could see on it the words "Lyceum Lecture Course," "This Night," and "Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp, of London, England." Natty positively drew himself into a corner of the omnibus as if every eye must have been looking out for him, or as if he were Lady Godiva riding through Coventry and had just been seized with a suspicion of the craft of Peeping Tom. But pride soon came to Natty's rescue again, and he felt that at last he was coming to be somebody, that this was the beginning of fame, and that the world comes to him who waits. He delivered to himself in a proud undertone the closing sentences of his lecture.

The omnibus stopped at last in front of a house of dark brick, with a sign swinging above, and after a good deal of clattering and stamping on the part of the horses, and cries of "Git up" on the part of the driver, it backed up to the porch and Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp got out. He made his way into the office of the hotel, a gaunt, bare room with a stove in the midst, a counter at one side, and a grave man behind the counter. When Nathaniel walked up to the counter the grave man turned round a huge ledger or register which lay before him, pushed it towards Nat, and handed him a pen without saying a word. Natty knew the ways of the New World well enough now to know what this meant. He inscribed himself in the book, Nathaniel Cramp, London, England. The grave man marked a number in the book opposite to Nat's name, and handed a key with a corresponding number to an Irish porter who took Nat's portmanteau and preceded him upstairs. The porter opened the door of a small bare bedroom in a gusty corridor, and showed Natty in.

"Guess you'll want a fire built?" said the porter.

"I should like a fire," Nat mildly answered.

The attendant put down the key of the room on the table, and Nat observed that the key was stuck or set in a large triangular piece of metal like the huge and ill-shaped hilt of a dagger.

"What do you have that thing on the keys for?" Nat asked.

"To keep the guests from putting 'em in their pockets—don't ye see?"

"And what matter if they did put them in their pockets?"

"Then they forget 'em there, don't you see? When a guest is in a

hurry he never rec'lects to give up his key. Last fall every key in the Acrocerauny House was carr'd right off one morning. Now we fix 'em that way, don't you see? They can't put 'em in their pockets anyhow."

And the porter took himself off, loudly whistling as he went "The Wearing of the Green."

Presently he came back with wood and lit the stove. Natty was too dispirited to talk. He looked out of the window at the one long street white in the snow. Opposite was a "dry goods" store with a liberal display of red and white "clouds" (light soft shawls of fleecy worsted or some such material) for women, and with some spectral crinolines dangling at the door. Next was a shop where "rubbers"—indiarubber overshoes—were sold; next was a hardware shop; next a grocery store; then a blank wall ornamented with a huge announcement of some sort of pill, and a small square bill which Natty knew to be the placard of his own lecture. It was now barely noon. Dinner, he had been informed, was at two; supper at six. What was he to do in the meantime?

A tap at the door. Natty called "Come in," and two men—one young, bright-eyed, handsome, and awkward; the other tall, hard-featured, and of middle age—came in. Nat bowed.

"Professor Cramp, I presume?" the elder visitor said.

Nat intimated that his name was Cramp, but he did not make it clear that he had no claim to the title of professor.

"Professor Cramp," the younger man struck in, "I have the pleasure of making you acquainted with the president of our society, Mr. Fullager."

Mr. Fullager and Nat solemnly shook hands.

"Professor Cramp," said Mr. Fullager, "I have the pleasure to make you acquainted with our secretary, Mr. Plummer, junior."

Nathaniel and Mr. Plummer shook hands. "There was a little mistake with regard to our meeting you at the *depôt*," Mr. Fullager explained; and Nat luckily remembered that "*depôt*," in Mr. Fullager's sense, corresponded with "station" in Nat's. "The train was on time to-day, which it usually is not, and when Mr. Plummer and I got to the *depôt* you were gone, sir."

Nat affirmed that it didn't matter at all, and that he was much obliged. His visitors were now seated, and were waiting calmly in silence, evidently understanding that the responsibility of the conversation rested on him. He felt that he must rise to the dignity of the situation somehow. A sudden inspiration possessed him, and he said—

"Yours is a very charming town, Mr. Fullager. It seems to grow very fast."

"It is quite a place, sir—quite a place."

"What population, now, have you?" And the wily Nat crossed one foot over the other knee, nursed the foot with his hand, put his head sideways, and waited for an answer with the air of one who had studied populations a good deal.

"Well, sir," Mr. Fullager said, after some grave deliberation, "we have forty-five hundred persons in this city."

"Forty-seven hundred," Mr. Plummer said.

"I guess not, sir—not quite so many."

"Not if you take in the houses on the other side of Colonel Twentyman's lot, Mr. Fullager?"

"Ah, well; yes—perhaps if you do that we should figure up to forty-seven hundred."

"That is a remarkable population," Mr. Cramp said, patronisingly, "for so young a town." Nat hardly knew one population from another.

"We are only twenty years old, sir."

"Twenty years only! Wonderful!" Nat observed, with an air of dreamy enthusiasm.

Then there was another pause. The two visitors were perfectly composed. They gazed at the stove, and did not feel that they were called upon to say anything. They had come to pay their respects to the foreign lecturer as a matter of courtesy and politeness, and when they considered that they had remained long enough they would rise and go away. There are plenty of talkative Americans no doubt, but the calm self-possession of silence is nowhere so manifest as among the men of some of the States.

But Nathaniel was much discomposed, and racked his brain for a topic.

"What kind of audiences do you have here, Mr. Fullager?" he asked, in another rush of inspiration.

"Well, sir (after some deliberation), I should say a remarkably intelligent audience. You would say so, Mr. Plummer?"

"Decidedly so," said Mr. Plummer, with a start, for he had been thinking of nothing in particular at the time. "Decidedly so, Mr. Fullager. Several gentlemen have told me that our audience is far more intelligent than that of Pancorusky City."

"Oh, yes. I should certainly have expected that," said Nat, with the air of one who was rather surprised to hear the comparison made, and who would not on any terms have consented to

bring himself down to an audience such as that of Pancorusky City. Nat was really developing a considerable aptitude for playing the part of distinguished foreign visitor.

"Would you like to see some of our institutions, sir?" Mr. Fullager asked. "The City Hall, the ward schools, our water power, Deacon Renselar's sawmills?"

Nat said he should like it of all things, and he remembered that he must call on the editor of the Republican journal, to whom indirectly he owed his renewed chances of fame.

"We'll call on them both, sir," said Mr. Fullager—"we'll call on the editors of both our journals—the Democrat and the Republican. We have no politics, sir, in our association, and they both, sir, have said kind words about your visit and your lecture."

Nat professed himself delighted to have the chance of being presented to both the editors, and felt indeed a great deal more proud than he would have cared to tell. If the people at home could only see him thus treated like a distinguished stranger and made a regular lion of, what would they say?

So Natty was conducted over the town and had all its growing wonders pointed out to him, and was presented to the editors of the rival journals, and was not invited to "liquor up," or, by any form of phraseology, to drink anything. This latter fact we mention with some hesitation to English readers, being aware of their preconceived opinions on the subject of American usages. It is an article of faith in England that every conversation in America opens with an invitation to drink. Nathaniel had already discovered that, outside the great cities where the foreigners abound and diffuse their customs, nine out of ten Americans rarely taste any liquid stronger than tea.

The day thus wore away pleasantly enough for Nat, who found it more and more agreeable to be allowed to play the part of distinguished stranger. But when he returned to his room in the hotel, and the evening came on bringing the hour of his public appearance terribly near, his spirits sank dismally. When the gong sounded at six o'clock for supper, and he went down to the lighted room where the guests were refreshing themselves on tea, hot "biscuit," and preserves, he had a nervous consciousness that every eye was turned upon him and that he was looking awkward. He thought it a very objectionable institution which obliged the lecturer to take his meals in public and to be seen swallowing hot dough, denominated biscuit, immediately before his appearance on the platform. He would have liked so much better to burst upon Acroceraunia all at once, and for *the first time, when stepping forward to deliver his harangue.* He

nearly choked over his biscuit with blended nervousness and self-conceit.

Opposite to him at the same narrow table Nat saw a handsome man with soft blue eyes, a bald head, and a full fair beard and moustache, who was evidently regarding the distinguished lecturer with interest. When Nat looked towards him the blue-eyed man said—

“I think, sir, I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Cramp?”

Nat started and awkwardly admitted the fact.

“I have heard you lecture already—in the Avenir Hall, isn't it called?—in London.”

“Oh, indeed,” Nat replied, with an effort to be calm and dignified, which was combated by three emotions rushing upon him at once: a pang of home-sickness at the sound of the word “London,” a distressing consciousness that the stranger must have heard him make a sad mess of it, and a sickening dread that the stranger must have also learned that he was once a hairdresser.

“I was on a visit to Europe for some years,” the new acquaintance said, “and I spent a considerable time in London, and I went into Avenir Hall one Sunday and heard you lecture.”

“I didn't do very well that day,” said Nat.

“You were evidently not used to public speaking, and you were nervous, but I shouldn't think the worse of your chances for that. If a man has anything in him he is sure to be nervous.”

Nat was glad to hear that anyhow, although there was an easy patronising way about his friend which, as a distinguished lecturer, he hardly relished.

“You live here, I presume?” Nathaniel said, anxious to turn the conversation from his oratorical deficiencies.

“In Acroceraunia? No; I live farther westward,” and he mentioned the name of a town which Nat had heard of, and where there was a large and well known State college; “I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you there.” And presently the blue-eyed man, having finished his supper, rose from the table, bowed to Nat, and left the room.

If Nat had been a little less deeply engrossed in the thought of his lecture he might have been struck with the strange and picturesque sights which met his eyes as he proceeded with his friends Mr. Fullager and Mr. Plummer to the hall where he was to confront his audience. The earth was white all around with the crackling and glittering snow. The “red-litten windows” of the hall seemed to have an unearthly colour as they shone between the white of the

ground and the blue of the moon-lighted sky. The street and the houses were but sharp black lines and cubes against the snow. The dark belt of a pine wood, from whose depths, much thinned lately, the bear had more than once made his way into Acroceraunian streets in Acroceraunia's earlier days, girdled the valley all around, and then above and behind it rose the hills, through the clefts of which a melancholy wind swept down along the frozen roads. The sleighs came rattling up to the hall from outlying farms and villages, and the sleigh bells tinkled merrily, and the lights in the carriages sparkled like fireflies out of season. Never had Nat seen such a waste of brilliant white as that upon the earth, such a profound blue as that in the sky; for the sky was not black with the hue of the night, even low down on the horizon where the moon least lighted it, but a deep purpling blue. It was strange to turn one's eyes up to what seemed the awful solitude of the hills, and the belt of pine woods and the horizon, and then to drop one's gaze suddenly to the little luminous and bustling space just around the hall. As Nat stood on the steps of the hall, which was on the side of a slightly ascending street, the town was lost, swallowed up in shadow and darkness, and outside the sphere of light which radiated from the windows of the hall there seemed nothing but the hills, the pine woods, and the snow. Where did they come from—that cluster of people with their sleighs and sleigh-bells, and lights and furs, and rapid feet and pleasant talk? From the drear waste of snow around, from the black pine woods, from the cold far hills? There was something strange, unearthly, uncanny, in the sudden crowd and the twinkling lights thus starting up out of shadow, out of darkness, out of nothing. At a breath one might have thought the whole vision would disappear, the lights would go out, the bright-eyed lasses and tall sinewy lads, the sober elders with the set faces, the stamping horses with the rattling bells, all would vanish and leave the stranger alone with the drear hills and the moaning pines.

But Nat Cramp did not give many thoughts to these things. His may be called a subjective mind, and he only saw a hall where he was to give a lecture and a little crowd of people, whom he thought with a certain terror he should presently have to address. He had chosen a theme which he considered must especially appeal to the sympathies of a Republican audience. His subject was "The Worn-out Aristocracies of Europe."

The hall was tolerably well filled, for people in Acroceraunia went to every lecture in their winter course regularly as a matter of duty. But they were, to Nat's thinking, sadly undemonstrative. Americans

audiences, especially in country places, hardly ever applaud. They listen, if they are really interested, with a motionless and an awful interest. Nat kept his manuscript open before him, but tried to speak as far as possible without consulting the paper. But he soon began to feel afraid of facing the grave and silent audience. The echo of his own words alarmed him. He lashed the weaknesses and excesses of the effete aristocracies of Europe, and the calm audience betrayed no fervour of Republican enthusiasm. He narrated what he held to be a very good story, and *on ne rit pas*, as the French reporters used to say sometimes when an orator's joke failed to draw fire. He paused for a moment in one or two places for the expected applause, but it did not come, and he had to hurry on again abashed. He became cowed and demoralised. He forgot his task, and he hid his face in his manuscript and read, conscious that he was reading a great deal too fast, and yet thirsting to get done with the now hopeless effort. The essay was awfully long. Several persons quietly got up and glided out of the hall, the soft fall of their indiarubber-covered feet having in Nat's ears a spectral sound. There was a pretty girl with beaming eyes whom Nat had noticed as she leaped from a sleigh at the door when he was entering the hall before the battle. He saw her too when he began his lecture, and the beaming eyes were turned upon him. Alas! the beaming eyes were now covered with their heavy lids, and the pretty girl was asleep. To add to his confusion and distress, Nathaniel saw that his friend of the supper was among the audience, and was broad awake.

At last the final word of the discourse was pronounced, and the released audience began to melt away as rapidly as possible. Nat sat upon the platform with downcast eyes, utterly miserable.

"Our audiences, sir," Mr. Fullager explained with grave politeness, "are accustomed to lectures of about three-quarters of an hour in length. You have occupied an hour and a-half. They are early people here, and they make their arrangements accordingly. You will therefore not attribute the premature departure of some of our citizens to any want of respect for you. I have no doubt they all enjoyed the lecture very much."

"It was remarkably instructive," said Mr. Plummer.

Instructive! Nat had intended it for a burst of brilliant and impassioned eloquence, blended with scathing sarcasm.

As they came out Nat heard a young lady say—

"It didn't interest me at all; just not one bit."

"English orators don't amount to anything, I guess," was another commentary which Nat caught in passing. For him the sky seemed

to have turned from blue to black, and the moon to have withdrawn her light.

He was sitting in his bedroom cold and wretched. He had got rid of his friends of the committee, and the fire in the stove had got rid of itself, when a tap was heard at the door, and his bald and blue-eyed acquaintance of the supper-table came in. For some unaccountable reason Nat particularly detested this man.

"Come," said his visitor cheerily, and going to the very heart of the subject at once, "you must not be cast down. You are not used to this sort of thing, and you don't understand our people here. In places like this they have forgotten all about the effete aristocracies of Europe, and don't care, as they would say, a snap one way or the other. I suppose an English village audience wouldn't care much for a lecture on the dangers of our Third Term system. Half our Acroceraunian folks have no other notion attaching to England than the thought that your Queen is an excellent woman and a pattern mother. Are you going to try again?"

"No," said poor Nat bluntly; "I'm not."

"Well, you know, it isn't every one who can hold an audience. I'm a wretched speaker myself, although I'm a professor. The mistake you English people make—excuse me if I say it—is in thinking that anything will do for us here in the States. Now I am a blunt man, as you see. Can I serve you in any way? I see you have got on a wrong track, but I think there's something in you, and I love London, so what can I do for you?"

"You are very kind—but there is nothing."

"Oh, yes, there is. Let me see. I am Professor Clinton, of the University of New Padua; and I am going home to-morrow—a few hours in the cars. Come and pass a few days at my house, and we'll talk things over. We want all sorts of clever young fellows about our university, and who knows? Come with me to-morrow."

He clapped Nat on the shoulder: Nat burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE LIBRARY OF NEW PADUA.

THE soft sunlight of the sweet melancholy Indian summer is already passing like the dream of a poetic renaissance over the woods and fields and waters of the town—the city we should rather say—of New Padua, in one of the middle States of America, when we meet Natty Cramp again. Several months have gone since the

scene described in the last chapter, and Nathaniel is settled in New Padua under the friendly protection of Professor Clinton.

New Padua is a university town. But let not any one be deceived by the name into fancying that New Padua is anything like Oxford, or Bonn, or even for that matter like Cambridge in Massachusetts, where the University of Harvard is situated. New Padua is the seat of what people in England would call a great popular college rather than a university; a college founded by the State of which it is the educational centre, with special reference to the needs of the somewhat rough and vigorous Western youth who are likely to pour in there. The city of New Padua belongs to a State which not very long ago used to be described as Western, but which the rapid upspringing of communities lying far nearer to the setting sun has converted into a middle State now. The town is very small and very quiet; remarkably intelligent and pleasant. The society, and indeed almost the population, is composed of the professors and officials of the college, with their wives and daughters; the judges and magistrates; the railway authorities; the Federal officials; the students; and the editors of the newspapers. It is a sort of professional population all throughout. The professors of the university are mostly men of mark and high culture. One or two are Germans, one or two Italians; one is French. Of the American professors, two at least bear names distinguished even in Europe, and one of these is our friend Mr. Clinton, who is Professor of Astronomy and is in charge of the Observatory. Like almost all Americans, Professor Clinton is something of a politician. He contributes occasional articles to the *North American Review*, and writes not a little on European affairs in one of the New Padua journals.

It was this latter connection which enabled him to be of service to Nathaniel. When the young man had been a few days in his house, and he saw that there was really a certain amount of literary capacity about him with a great deal of energy, Clinton obtained for him an engagement on one of the New Padua papers, told the editor he would find a useful man in Nat provided he worked him hard enough to work all the nonsense out of him and get pretty quickly down to the good stuff at the bottom. Thus Professor Clinton started Nathaniel fairly in a new career, liking the lad with a sort of good-humoured and half-contemptuous feeling, and continuing always kind to him. Professor Clinton's house was always open to Nat. Many a night when Clinton's wife and sister-in-law (he had no children) had gone to bed, he would start out with Nat for a long

walk by the river, and would listen with kindly tolerance to Nat's theories and hopes, and ambition and nonsense. Professor Clinton had made in his own way all the success that was open to him, and he regarded it modestly, knowing that in the world's eyes it was not much, but finding it enough for him. It pleased him to do kind things and to note the human weaknesses of those whom he served, and Natty's absurdities had a sort of interest for him.

Nat might have been happy enough in New Padua. He did all manner of work for the paper—reviews of books, descriptive reports of local events, and leading articles on European affairs—which latter seemed, to many people in New Padua, to show quite a wonderful knowledge of the famous personages of the Old World. His pay was small, but he could live on it and wear decent clothes. He "boarded" at the "Franklin House" for so many dollars a week, and had no cares in the way of making the two ends meet. He went about a good deal in the pleasant society of New Padua through the influence of Professor Clinton's introductions, and was thought by some persons to be quite a remarkable and promising young man. He was constantly presented to strangers as "Mr. Cramp, one of the editors of our leading journal," for in most of the American States any one who contributes regularly to a paper is popularly rated as one of its editors. He was the equal of anybody; and in New Padua no one knew anything of his early career in Wigmore Street. He began to concern himself greatly in State politics, and already to lay down the law thereupon. He ought to have been content with himself and happy.

One day, when Nat was at the office of his paper looking over the "exchanges," he suddenly saw a paragraph in a San Francisco journal which made him start and flush and tremble, and see the chairs and desks around him flicker and rock in supernatural fashion. For the paragraph announced that among the last arrivals in San Francisco were the distinguished English financier and member of Parliament, the Hon. Sir John Challoner, accompanied by his daughter; and then there were a few lines descriptive of the programme of civilities and attentions which the leading financiers and others of San Francisco were preparing for their visitor. In another journal of the same city Nat saw a long leading article about British capital and Californian resources, *à propos* of the visit of the eminent British financier.

Poor Nat! He hardly knew at first whether he felt delight or agony. He hardly knew, to use a vulgar phrase, whether he was on *his head or his heels*. Perhaps the predominant sense soon became

one of pain. *She* was on the same American Continent with him: and he had not got over his insane passion for her one single bit. Was it possible that they might meet?—and if they did, would she speak to him as to an equal? He could feel, he could hear, a heavy, distinct throbbing in his head. He looked to the coming weeks now with heart-sickening longing and craven terror.

From that moment he studied the Californian papers with eager curiosity, and was rewarded now and then by a paragraph further reporting the doings of Sir John Challoner—and once by a line, a thrilling line, of “personal” news which concisely set forth that “Miss Challoner, the great English heiress, is said to be the most beautiful Englishwoman who has lately visited the West.” Nat seized the sub-editorial scissors, cut this paragraph out, and kept it for himself.

Nat made “copy,” however, and rather successful “copy,” of the distinguished visitors. He wrote a long account of Sir John Challoner; his wealth, his dignity, his splendid country seat at Durewoods (which Nat described very fully), his town house (which Nat had not seen), and his beautiful and brilliant daughter. Even Professor Clinton was taken in and assumed that Nat must have been among the intimate friends of the Challoners in London. Another occurrence greatly raised Nathaniel's credit as an authority on European affairs. This was “The Cameron Affair,” which seemed to New Paduan eyes likely to embroil Europe. It was the case of the gallant Captain Cameron, who, having in some way fallen into dispute with his Carlist chiefs, had flung up his commission, and was returning home in disgust when he happened unluckily to fall into the hands of the other side, and was in a fair way to be shot as a spy. Would England claim him as a *Civis Romanus*? Would she look tamely, aye, basely, on and submit to the murder of her gallant though mistaken son? This was the question which Nathaniel put in tones of varying indignation day after day in the pages of the New Paduan journal. Natty wrote columns about Captain Cameron, and was rather sorry when the news came one day that the gallant Legitimist had been allowed to return quietly home.

It was a great thing for Nat, however, and he made the very most of it, speaking, when the news of the captive's release came, as if it must have been the articles in the New Paduan journal which, flashed across the cable wires to Madrid, had effected the release of the hero.

“I was glad to say a word for poor Cameron,” Nat would observe loftily to all listeners in turn. “He pressed me very hard to take *service with him under Don Carlos*. He was kind enough to think

highly of my military capacity : but of course my Republican principles rendered that impossible. He is a man of ancient family, Cameron, an honest fellow and a thorough soldier."

So Nathaniel was winning quite a reputation in New Padua as a man who had been pretty intimately concerned in the great political movements of Europe, and he began to take on airs of authority even with Professor Clinton.

One memorable day Nathaniel walked from the office of his journal towards the university grounds. These stood on an elevated plain a little outside the town, a simply laid out enclosure with broad oblong blocks of building, bare almost as a barrack, but deriving a certain picturesqueness from the situation. For standing on almost any spot of the university grounds one could look on the river winding between the hills and bluffs, and dotted here and there with little islets, each feathered and tufted with trees. The peculiarity of the scene was that the town was set back from the river and sheltered in between the bluffs which made the river's bank, and an inland range of low and rolling hills. So when you stood upon the university ground and turned your back upon the university buildings you saw only the river, lonely, with no sign of growing civilisation on its banks, looking as it must have looked when the red man shot along it in his canoe. The very soul and spirit of solitude might at certain soft sweet evening hours have seemed to abide there.

The melancholy beauty of the Indian summer was on the foliage and the water and in the sky this evening when Nat Cramp entered the university grounds. As he passed along a glimpse of the river attracted him, and he stood at the edge of the collegiate demesne and looked upon the scene. Its beauty touched him. He did not in general think much about inanimate nature : his own concerns occupied him far too much. His little self-conceits and strivings and humiliations filled his eyes and blinded them against the charms of trees and water, skies, stars, and flowers, as dust might have done. His poetry had always been only egotistical emotion put into inflated rhythm, and his eloquence was phrase. But he was for the moment stolen from himself by the quiet charm of that scene. The river flowing slowly eastward seemed to speak to him somehow of home, and there began to descend into his soul, mingled up with much feeling of baffled egotism and of hopeless love, a kind of salutary sense that he, Nathaniel Cramp, was in general little better than a sham and an Ass.

How far this healing mood might have grown upon him is not likely to be known by us. A friendly hand touched him on the shoulder and *startled him.*

"I have news for you," said Professor Clinton, his large blue eyes smiling benignly. "Your friends the Challoners are coming to New Padua."

Had Professor Clinton announced to him that his crimes were discovered, and that the English detectives were in New Padua to arrest him, and had he committed any crimes to merit arrest, poor Nathaniel could not have looked more confused. He had now and then contemplated this as a possibility. New Padua lay not far out of the track of the great Western highway, and it was a place that strangers liked to visit. Nat had had secret visions at night of Marie Challoner coming to New Padua, and of his meeting her there—he no longer a London barber, no longer the mere son of a Durewoods housekeeper, but the son of his own works, and a rising citizen of the rising university town—a man who might hold himself as good as the best. But when the event seemed close at hand his nerves were shaken. Would Sir John Challoner speak to him? Would he tell people who Nat was? Would Marie call him "Natty," and bring him, *coram publico*, news of his mother and treat him as a kindly, proud English girl treats the son of her old servant? And the unfortunate lad felt, amid all these ignoble considerations, that he loved her more wildly than ever. The one manly, unegotistic, refined emotion of his whole nature was just his absurd passion for her.

He stammered out some awkward word or two expressive of delight.

"Yes, they are coming to stay for a few days with our president" (the president of the university), "and they are going to see all our sights. Professor Benjamin is to tell Sir John Challoner all about the mining resources of our State, and show him everything. You didn't know of this before?"

"No," said Nat, simply; "how could I have known? I didn't see anything in the papers."

"I thought they might have written to you, perhaps."

"No, they haven't written—yet."

"But they know you are here, I suppose?"

"Well; I don't quite know," Nat answered slowly. "You see I left England rather suddenly, and my people didn't half like my coming out here. I was always a Republican. I resigned my rank in the Volunteers because I couldn't bear arms in the service of a monarchy, you know," the young Republican added proudly.

"But why shouldn't you bear arms in the service of your own Government and your own country?"

"Because I am a Republican, as I have told you."

"Stuff and nonsense! What's the use of being a Republican when you haven't a Republic?"

"I remember poor Cameron saying just the same thing to me one day," Nat remarked with a forced smile, "when he was pressing me to take service under Don Carlos with him. But he couldn't persuade *me*. A principle is a principle. So I came out here."

"And very good of you, too," said the blue-eyed Professor, with smile; "just like the others."

"The others! What others?"

"Lafayette, you know, and Kosciusko—and the rest; don't you see?"

Nat did not see, and did not like that sort of thing.

"The president's going to have a grand reception for them," said Clinton. "I mean for your friends the Challoners, Cramp, not for our lamented predecessors Lafayette and Kosciusko; and you are to have an invitation."

"Am I?" said Nat, with a growing redness and dampness spreading to his very hair; for every other emotion whatever was at the moment absorbed in the wild joy of the thought "Then I will certainly see her and speak to her."

"Yes, I took care of that. I told him that you were a personal friend of the Challoners, and that of course they would expect to see you. I didn't do wrong in that, did I?"

For Nat's face betrayed the most unmistakable embarrassment.

"No; oh no. But I think, you know, I would rather nothing was said about me until—just until we meet. You see I don't know Sir Clinton so very well, and I'm not so absolutely certain that he likes me—and he's an odd sort of man—and I know her much better."

"Oho," said the Professor, prolonging the word into quite a silence of meaning—"is that the way? Now I begin to see—but I don't want to avoid them?"

"No! no! no!" Nat exclaimed with the most genuine eagerness, a horrible alarm seizing him that perhaps Clinton would tell the president not to invite him. "I want to see her—them, I mean—of these things. Oh, she is a lovely girl! And she was so kind to me!" He added in an involuntary triumph of his better nature and of grateful feeling.

"Well, well! all right," the genial Professor said. "You'll meet her; and the president, you know, isn't likely to say anything about you *beforehand*, for he hardly knows you, and he's all full of *own concerns*; and I could give Benjamin or Benjamin's wife a

hint if you like that you'd rather see how the old man was disposed towards you before you were brought back to his recollection. Yes! I'll give Mrs. Benjamin a hint. She's a bright little woman, and she'll understand the whole thing."

Professor Clinton had found a ready explanation of Nat's embarrassment. A good-looking, cleverish, romantic lad, very poor; a pretty and doubtless romantic girl, very rich; a father purse-proud and great in finance and Parliament—it is easy to see why the lad should be at once longing to meet the girl and a little alarmed about the father. He whispered his ingenious romance to his wife and her sister, and to Mrs. Benjamin, the wife of the mineralogist, and it was generally understood that there were reasons why Mr. Cramp did not wish to be brought immaturely under the notice of his distinguished countryman, but that these reasons did not imply any rooted antipathy between Mr. Cramp and his distinguished countryman's daughter. The result of all this was that at least half a dozen ladies of New Padua had their interest in the approaching reception at the university considerably quickened by the hope of seeing at least a page from a living romance brought under their eyes there.

The day came. It was known through New Padua that Sir John and Miss Challoner had arrived at the house of the president the previous evening, but were not to be, so to speak, on exhibition until the reception in the university rooms. Society in New Padua seldom spread itself out much. People had pleasant evenings in each other's houses, where they ate ice-creams even in the depth of winter, and apples, and drank tea, and looked at engravings, and had bright genial conversation—such genuine conversation, fair interchange of ideas on letters and art and things in general, as one only reads of now in England; and they went home early. The ladies came very plainly dressed on most of these occasions, and if a lady who had walked with her husband from her own home appeared in the drawing-room in her hat or bonnet nobody considered it odd or unseemly. Only on rare occasions did the gentlemen come in evening dress. But this reception of the English travellers at the university rooms was to be quite an exceptional thing, and every lady who had been to Europe that year, or who had got any dresses home from Paris, was delighted to have an opportunity of making a little display. Really the feminine beauty of New Padua was well worth looking at, even in its undress. Perhaps it ought not to be called New Paduan beauty, for there were no born *New Paduans* yet grown up. Twenty years ago there was no such place as New Padua. The university had gathered a community

about it from all quarters. The principal judge and his wife were natives of the State indeed, but came from its largest town a hundred miles away. The president of the university came from New York. His wife, still a fine woman, though passing her prime, was from Maryland. Professor Benjamin was from Ohio; his wife had drawn her early breath within sight of Boston Common. Our friend Clinton was a Vermonter, married to a lady from Illinois. The various foreign professors already referred to had some of them foreign wives: and the editor of the journal to which Mr. Cramp was attached had once been United States consul at Athens, and had brought home to New Padua a countrywoman of Sappho as his wife.

Nat was invited to accompany the Clintons on the momentous evening, but he preferred to glide in to the rooms of the reception alone. Need it be said that he dressed with care? He had always saved and scraped enough out of his earnings to keep himself well dressed, but his pride was his evening costume, which he had hitherto had no occasion of displaying in New Padua. In his bedroom by the ineffective light of a kerosene lamp he took this evening costume out and surveyed it with a melancholy affection. When all his preparations were nearly made for leaving London he indulged in the wild luxury of ordering a full suit of evening costume from a first-class tailor. Then he believed himself going out to conquer the New World. It did not seem unlikely that the costume would display itself at the dinner table of the White House at Washington. It appeared certain that it must delight the eyes of many a brilliant assembly crowded in lighted halls to hear the young Republican orator from the Old World. Alas! Nathaniel had never yet had a chance of displaying that well-made suit of clothes. In the States there is no uniform proper to lecturing, and audiences rather mock themselves of the white tie and the dress coat—despite the singular theory so devotedly maintained in England that American men always wear dress coats. There was something Nat thought strange, significant, weird, fateful, in his putting on that costume for the first time that night. What might not that portend?

Nat studied himself fondly and yet critically in the glass. He certainly was not a bad-looking fellow, and he looked browner, straighter, more independent, and less sheepish than he was wont to do under the burthen of his detested occupation in England. The coat was superb; the trousers were faultless. As to the vest there was so little of it that it hardly called for remark; but the expanse

of snowy and glossy shirt front was unexceptionable. The little studs of pink coral had a sort of poetic or romantic aspect, and the flower in the buttonhole spoke of emotion. Natty felt almost as he used to feel when he was new to the uniform of the West Pimlico Volunteers, and the parades in Hyde Park and on Wimbledon Common, under the eyes of royalty.

It was a pity that he could not call a hansom cab, leap into it, and rattle up to the hall of the reception. But there were no hansom cabs in New Padua, nor as yet even street cars, and people who had not vehicles of their own went afoot into society. In winter they put on "rubbers," but it was not winter as yet, and the night was fine and the roads were dry. So Natty issued forth in his shiny boots and with a heart quick beating. Would she know him; would she recognise him; would she be friendly? Would Sir John snub him and let every one know of poor Nat's humble beginnings?

The gravel of the walks within the university enclosure was echoing everywhere to wheels and hoofs and hurrying feet as Nat entered the grounds. The reception was to take place in the library, which was blazing with lights: its windows were squares of flame against the night. Many guests were going in, and the sounds from within indicated a crowd already. All the graduates had had invitations, and such of their female relatives as happened to be resident in New Padua, and so there was a goodly gathering. Nat had remained purposely late. As he set his foot upon the steps of the outer door a terrible thought pierced him. Suppose he had come too late; and that she had already withdrawn? Or suppose she was unwell or fatigued, and could not make her appearance at all?

With a freshly perturbed heart he entered the library, greeted as he entered with a friendly shake of the hand by the president and his wife, both of whom shook hands as a matter of course with every one, and neither of whom at the moment remembered who Nat was. Nat was not sorry for that. He glided past into the crowd. He actually passed Sir John Challoner, passed him quite closely, brushed against him, and was not recognised or even seen. Sir John was engaged in animated conversation with two or three professors and a judge. Nat breathed more freely.

Had he had time for such emotions he might have wondered at the transformed appearance of the library; at the lights, the flowers, the green wreaths and festoons of leaves—above all, the company. Could these be the quiet and unpretentious dames and demoiselles of New Padua, these ladies of the floating silks, the jewels, the bracelets,

the laces, the wonderful structures of hair? Nat felt doubtful whether he should be justified in speaking to Professor Clinton's sister-in-law, unless she should previously recognise him—she looked such a different sort of personage in a blue silk dress and a train, and with white arms bare. True, he had often seen the white arms still more bare than that, when she was engaged in her simple and undisguised occupation of helping to make bread and piecrust and to cut up apples in Professor Clinton's modest household. What a grand lady she looks now, Nat thought. But, indeed, she looked a lady always, he said to himself; and in her home of late he always called her "Minnie," as her folks and friends did.

While he was thinking whether it would be right to call her Minnie in her blue silk, and while he was still casting uneasy eager eyes this way and that, it suddenly seemed to him as though the lights danced and twinkled, and the floor rocked, and some heavy, dizzying sounds were dinning in his ears. For in one of the recesses in the library—a recess set out with a table, whereon were engravings and photographs, and gaily ornamented with ferns and flowers—there at last he saw Miss Challoner. She was seated, and was looking, or affecting to look, at photographs, and Professor Benjamin was acting as showman; and a thrill of absurd delight went through Nat's heart as he saw that it was Professor Benjamin and not a young unmarried man. Mrs. Benjamin was there too, and round-eyed little Miss Benjamin. It was clear that Miss Challoner had withdrawn for the time with these two or three friends from the central throng. She looked weary, Natty thought, and *distracte*, and very pale. But how beautiful she seemed to him, with the dark hair thick around her neck, and coming somewhat low upon her forehead; and the eye-lashes long and dark, under which now her eyes were hidden!

"Isn't she real splendid?" a youth near Nat asked of another.

"I expected to see an English girl more ruddy-like," the other replied, a young Western giant overlooking the crowd. "She looks proud and stuck-up rather."

"Mrs. Benjamin says she's just lovely," the other rejoined, emphatically, and using "lovely" as English people employ "*amiable*."

"She don't seem like it," the young giant remarked. Natty turned round and glared on him, but the young giant did not observe the glare.

Now, Nat said to himself, was his time—now or never! Now, while she was thus secluded and only the kind Benjamins were near. He pushes his way through the crowd; he is near; he is

nearer ; he is within the recess ; he is close to the table ; the Benjamins already see him, and smile on him, and interchange significant glances with each other. Nat's forehead is hot, and his tongue is dry, and falters ; but there is no escape now, and he desperately says "Miss Challoner !" and Lady Disdain looks up and turns the deep light of her eyes on him.

A moment of doubt and wonder, and then "Natty !" comes from between the surprised and parted lips, and Dear Lady Disdain, all astonished but kindly, holds out her friendly hand to the palpitating youth.

"You didn't expect to see me here," the tremulous, delighted Nathaniel said.

"No, we have been so long away from home, and your mother did not know when I saw her last. But I am glad to see you, Natty—Mr. Cramp, I mean." Lady Disdain corrected herself with a gleam of brightness coming into her smile.

Then she bade Nat to tell her all about his adventures, and said her father would be glad to see him, and in a moment was conversing quietly with him like an old friend. But in the intervening moment the Benjamins had seen enough. For nothing could be more clear to them than the fact that the first sight of Nat had filled Miss Challoner with emotion. Confused and palpitating as Nathaniel was, she was far more obviously and deeply moved. The colour rushed at first into her cheeks, and her voice failed her, and then her eyes drooped and her lips trembled, and Mrs. Benjamin declared afterwards that she saw the tears come into the dear young lady's eyes, and that she thought she was then and there going to faint. Marie did not faint, however, but recovered her composure very soon. Yet was kindly Mrs. Benjamin not wholly mistaken. For the unexpected sight of poor Nat had been to Marie like the arising of a ghost from some far dim grave. It was not Nathaniel Cramp she saw, but the place, the past, the memories of which Nat's was a chance and incidental figure, yet charged with all the full force of irresistible association. She saw Durewoods and her home and her girlhood ; she saw again her dreams and longings ; she saw youth and emotion and the hope of love, and Dione Lyle, and Dione Lyle's warnings, and the hollow in the woods—and Christmas Pembroke !—and at the same moment there came on her drawn by an inseparable link of contrast the shadow of the life that was awaiting her in London, the marriage, with no love in it on her side, the barren ambition, the dull self-

repression, the drilled and disciplined heart, and all the unsatisfying succession of empty, monotonous to-morrows. All this and much more came rushing on Marie as she saw the poor lad from Durewoods standing there before her, and her colour did deepen, and her lips did tremble, and it may even be that a tear did start into her eyes.

But a very pretty little chapter of romance began to circulate in the library of the New Padua University that night.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

THE "Knight of Innishowen" is at issue with English usage on the pronunciation of "Monaco." He complains that our people, who in large numbers visit the historic Genoese rock in the gambling season, shorten the *a* and put the whole accent on the first syllable, so that the first two syllables are not distinguishable to the ear from those of the word "monogram" for example. He favours me with a learned letter on the subject, set with Latin quotations as with jewels; and I am sorry I cannot find space for the whole of it. I do not propose to dispute the point with him that the fashionable usage is without proper warrant, but in fairness to my countrymen and countrywomen who learned their geography in this island before they began to travel, I must remind him of the fact, which he does not mention, that the English geographies and encyclopædias agree in placing the accent on the first syllable, which, in accordance with the habit of English speech, settles the length of the second syllable. Insular authority, however, is of no account on this subject, and I can easily imagine that, as the "Knight" states, the Prince of Monaco and his accomplished secretary the Marchese di Prato, whom my correspondent remembers in brilliant Parisian society twenty years ago, would have been shocked at the British pronunciation of the name of the classic rock, which travellers then pronounced, Italian fashion, with *ā*. "Two well-known passages in Virgil and Lucan," says my correspondent, "attest the fact that the second syllable was in their days the *æ* diphthong, and in each case it forms the penultimate syllable of hexameter verse. Anchises, pointing out to Æneas and the Sybil in the Elysian Fields the shades of Cæsar and Pompey consorting as agreeably as if the great civil war had not taken place between them, recalls to mind the son and father-in-law marching at the head of their respective armies to fight each other, the former from the east, and the latter from the western heights that bounded his Province of Gall from Italy—

Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monœci
Descendens——

VIRG. Æ. vi. 830.

From Alpine heights and from Monœchus Fane,
The father first descends into the plain.

The Fane was the temple of Hercules on the top of the Arx Monœci. It was dedicated by the Greek founders of the ancient city to Hercules Monœcus (Hercules Alone) and was hailed, no doubt, with reverent salutation and prayer by the seaman from the mast when first sighting it along that coast of the Gulf of Genoa. Lucan, in his 'Pharsalia,' describes the harbour and the great rock, called the Scoglio by the natives :—

Quaque sub Herculeo sacratus numine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus : non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus : solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tutâ prohibet statione Monœci.

Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive,
Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus resort,
Nor roll loud surges in the sacred port :
Circius' loud blast alone is heard to roar,
And vex the safety of Monœcus' shore.

Of all the barren rocks of Liguria the Rock of Monaco is the most barren, according to the proverbial triplet of the locality, which commemorates the thrift of its inhabitants, and elongates its second syllable :—

Son Monaco supra un Scoglio ;
Non semino, e non recoglio ;
E pur mangiar io voglio.

Monaco seated on a rocky steep,
I neither corn may sow, nor harvest reap ;
And yet 'gainst hunger I my watch must keep."

I AGREE with a correspondent who expresses some impatience at the argument of M. Viollet le Duc, in a recent controversy in Paris, to the effect that the well-known tomb of Abelard and Heloise in the cemetery of Père la Chaise should not be repaired because of a doubt as to whether the remains of the ill-fated pair lie buried in that spot. I am not sure that a memorial monument which does not profess to mark the small space of earth where the hero lies buried will evoke the same emotion or the same tone of reflection that is awakened by a tomb ; but when a spot has become consecrated by time and feeling as the last resting-place of the dead it seems idle to raise, as in this particular case, the question whether a sufficient quantity of earth was brought away from the original place of sepulture to satisfy the mere material inquiry whether the remains of the hapless lovers are really there or not. The tomb of the curiously

gited French scholar and his most faithful and long-suffering wife was removed to Père la Chaise nearly seven hundred years after the burial of Heloise, who survived her husband more than twenty years. What of the earth in which the monument stood ought to have been carried from Paraclet to Paris after seven hundred years? If M. le Duc has any feeling to bestow on the memory of Abelard and Heloise he may surely take his inspiration from the token which he may see in that beautiful cemetery of the survival, through more than seven centuries, of a national sentiment in connection with the memory of the tragic love of this hero and heroine. It matters little now whether the actual dust lies beneath. Without entering into an inquiry which neither Hamlet's gravedigger nor the utmost effort of modern science could satisfy, the sentimental visitor to the tomb of Abelard and Heloise may moralise with the French poet Colardeau, who said, perhaps in mere echo of Pope's letter of Heloise—

—Ils aimèrent trop, ils furent malheureux ;
Gémissons sur leur tombe et n'aimons pas comme eux.

TOUCHING upon the recent philological controversy between the Rev. W. W. Skeat and other students of the anatomy of language in *Notes and Queries*, on our noun suffix *ster* as an index of gender, a Dutch scholar asks attention to the fact that in Holland all names implying avocation or qualification and ending in *ster* are feminine, while those ending in *er*, with one seeming exception, are masculine. And this exception is a philological curiosity. It is the word *baker*, which in Dutch means a *monthly nurse*. Here is my correspondent's anatomy of *baker* :—"The primary signification of the Anglo-Saxon word from which we get the English verb *to bake*, was the wider meaning of *to heat* and *to warm*, and this meaning still lurks behind the English verb in its reflective form *to bask*, which is intensified in the Dutch word *bakeren*, meaning to wrap up nice and warm. So we arrive at the low German *baker*, the monthly nurse, the word and its original meaning being in perfect keeping with the old Batavian notion of the science of health : that it consisted in keeping the patient warm. In strictness the nurse ought to have been called a *bakerster*, but the seeming contradiction of an apparently masculine and a feminine suffix coming together would not be acceptable to Dutch ears, and it was thus, no doubt, that the *ster* fell out of use. If the change had been made by grammarians, and not by common usage, the word would no doubt have been *bakster*, the equivalent of the English proper name *Baxter*, which in its origin belongs to this philological family."

"THE death of M. Charles de Rémusat," writes M. Camille Barrère in a note of the month addressed to Sylvanus Urban, "forcibly recalls recollections of the manner in which Balzac, a contemporary of his, although he has been dead these five-and-twenty years, wrote the characters of 'La Comédie Humaine,' that gigantic conception to the realisation of which the great romancist may be said to have sacrificed his life. Balzac's attention was naturally directed, in his search for types, towards the prominent politicians, as well as towards the most eminent literary characters of the day. M. Thiers was not to be forgotten by him; and probably few persons, either in England or France, know that he described that eminent man, then a thrifty and rising statesman, under the features of Rastignac, who appears in several of his novels, notably in 'Le Père Goriot' and 'La Peau de Chagrin.' Balzac, however, was too much a man of the world, and he was too inveterate an enemy of personalities and allusions, not to merge his original with another man, and thus to render him almost unrecognisable for the mass. Charles de Rémusat in his turn became the object of Balzac's attention; and those who are at all familiar with the temperament and political life of this singularly fascinating and amiable man will recognise him in the Henry de Marsay who plays a part so prominent in Balzac's reflection of human life. As in the case of Rastignac, Henry de Marsay is not wholly a description of Charles de Rémusat; but all the man's main features are reproduced with rare skill and penetration. The faculty of 'hitting off' men of the day, of analysing them as a chemist analyses a chemical composition, Balzac indeed possessed to a marvellous extent. He has taken down the portrait of old Rothschild in the depiction of the Baron de Neucingen; and his creation of Canalis, the poet, is an admirable full-sized portrait of the poet highest in sublime commonplace: Alphonse de Lamartine. But his best character taken from life is that of Georges Sand, who appears in 'La Comédie Humaine' under the name of Claude Vignon. It would be worth the while of one of Balzac's personal friends to write an account of all the originals whom Balzac thought worthy of his pen. A great many of these are still living; but no offence could be given, for very seldom, if ever, has the novelist been acrimonious and bitterly satirical at the expense of his contemporaries."

My correspondents have not yet discontinued the discovery of literary echoes, and though I feel that the subject of "unconscious plagiarism" and "coincidence" is getting a little outworn, I have scarcely known how to resist the temptation to reopen the topic from

time to time, influenced, I think, more by the charm and allurements of the gems which are quoted than by the fact of the correspondence which the lines are quoted to prove. When lovers of literature draw round the table to talk and to quote fine bits from their favourite authors, but little excuse is needed for the repetition of sentences and stanzas which are music and something more to every one of the listeners; and so I hardly care how small is the excuse for quoting these two exquisite scraps, the first from Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," and the second from Longfellow's "Flowers," placed before me by Mr. Benjamin Corke, of Bristol, for the purpose of calling attention to the echo of the one in the other:—

The voice I heard this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for home
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

• • • • •
 Everywhere about us are they glowing,
 Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born :
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

Thoughtful readers, seeing Keats and Longfellow thus brought side by side in singular similarity of mood, will probably be led to reflect rather upon the difference between the men, thus so distinctly demonstrated, than upon the technical coincidence of illustration; and unmeasured admirers of Keats, of whom I confess myself one, will dwell upon the exquisite music and the beautiful metaphysical sadness of the allusion to the ancient maiden in the "Ode;" while Longfellow's special champions will insist upon the perfection of the picture of Ruth as a dew-laden corn-flower in the harvest-field.

A FRENCH scholar and critic who, like M. Taine, takes a pride in being as well acquainted with English as with French classics writes to me on the controversy which has for so many weeks been carried on in the columns of the *Athenæum* with respect to the publication of an English edition of the works of Rabelais. How shall I venture to say a word on this delicate subject to-day, even in a magazine which in its early youth was contemporaneous with Jonathan Swift? I confess I am always puzzled by the modern aspects of questions touching the coarseness to be found in the writings of the great masters of literature in past periods, and I sometimes think that we are just now in a transition state about such matters. The current feeling with regard to propriety in literature is, I believe, very genuine. I do not join with those

who allege hypocrisy against it. Refinement wears different complexions in different ages, and there cannot be a doubt that the refinement of our own time is offended with much, in subject-matter and in language, that did not annoy the refined feeling of past generations. But while every sensitive person among us who has grown up under the influences of this age must sympathise with the forms of delicate feeling of our own generation, I cannot accept the hypothesis, which seems to be put forward as a truism, that our own fashion of refinement is really superior to that of our progenitors to the full measure implied in the changes which have come over it; and I cannot be quite sure that this form of refinement, however genuine while it lasts, is permanent. I do not say that it runs into a great extreme; but we must all allow that if it were carried much further it would be liable to fall into the *reductio ad absurdum*, and to create a reaction which might be mischievous. It would be very early to assume the permanency of the general feeling about "coarseness," since it is of so very recent origin. It is really but of yesterday, and hardly seems to have come upon us by steps like other matters of growth in civilisation. Through the ages of progress in social life from the renaissance until the time of our own grandfathers there does not appear to have been any very great change in this respect. Swift, who died only a hundred and thirty years ago, was coarser than Rabelais, whose career was two hundred years earlier; and in the works of the great and popular writers of any age it would be difficult to find coarseness surpassing that of Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, who were the immediate forerunners of Sir Walter Scott, the first great master of the strictly modern refined tone.

THE mistake, it appears to me, of those who, like the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, work themselves into a fever of moral agony and denunciation over the coarseness in the literary productions of men of genius of past times, consists in confounding coarseness with vice. It is very much a matter of time and custom whether certain subjects are freely spoken of or ignored in society and in literature, and not necessarily a matter of morals. Fine distinctions have to be drawn in such questions, but it is a mistake to assume that certain forms of sensitiveness such as prevail in the present day are a measure of morality. I may respect the feeling of the man whose mind revolts from "Gulliver's Travels," or who is too much shocked at passages in "Tom Jones" or "Amelia" to enjoy those books, but I cannot admit that there is the slightest presumption in favour of his being a better man than one who does not feel with him

on the subject. I am, however, doing all the talking while my French correspondent is waiting to speak ; and where the question relates to Rabelais, a literary fellow-countryman of the great author whose "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel" are the progenitors of "Gulliver's Travels" has a right to be heard. I will not, however, repeat my friend's indignant words with respect to Mr. Collette's discovery that Rabelais will conduce to the perdition of public morals and his attempt to close before the giant French satirist of the sixteenth century the gates of the English language, but will content myself with quoting him on the character and tendency of the great man's works. "All except Mr. Collette," he says, "know that Rabelais did not write for the sake of depravation, and that he coated his satire in a coarse and often repulsive garb because it could never have passed muster had he expressed it in plain and downright words. Rabelais' sayings have become proverbial, and no serious critic ever thought of taking his reckless flow of words *au sérieux*. If his works are to be burked in England by a society that seems to think it has a right to interpose in questions far above its ken there is no reason why a third at least of your old English literature should not be burked in the same manner, and it is in the name of common sense that such attempts as that which has been ventilated in the *Athenæum* should be laughed away."

ONE of my correspondents calls my attention to the fact that a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, treating of the conduct of the South Wales miners in fighting to the bitter end a losing battle on the question of wages, speaks of this line of action on the part of the men as a mistake so monstrous, and folly so egregious, that the mere statement of the story in categorical terms ought to be enough to bring conviction home to the minds of all workmen and to prevent for ever after the recurrence of such strife. My friend takes no side in the question at issue between workmen and masters : he is content to express his wonder that any writer should expect from working men a continence from strife for reasons which it is notorious do not deter other men, of whatever class or order, from challenging and accepting challenges and fighting losing battles to the bitter end. "Do not producers and merchants," he asks, "strive and suffer in a similar fashion? Do not people go to law sometimes even when neither of the litigants can hope to make anything by the process? Do not nations go to war, and expend vast treasures of wealth and blood, and end by leaving the matter where it was at first? It is, of course, a fair matter for speculation whether workmen would not be better off, even in the matter of wages, without strikes ; but after all a workman is a human being, and is it not a little unreasonable to go on describing this feature of strikes as if it were a sort of *diablerie* inherent in workmen? To my mind the whole business is only another proof that the British workman is a man and a brother." I rather like my friend's genially philosophic view of the subject, and commend it to the consideration of the author of "Thoughts about British Workmen, Past and Present."

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

The Swallow shakes his wings,
And the Nightingale she sings,
And the Skylark up he springs,
And the brown Bee hums :
And the Owlet echoes, " Why
With the others should not I
Sing, and up to heaven fly
When the Spring-time comes ?

NEXT morning Abel Herrick was ill of the first wound felt by his self-esteem. He had not known that he had such a thing as pride about him until he felt the wound, just as healthy men know not they have digestive organs till they get out of order. His princess had turned into Miss Milly Barnes, his romance into a joke, and himself, the poet, into a thatcher and hurdle-maker. A cloud had covered the world because a lawyer's clerk had made fun of Poet's Corner.

But dreaming is a habit not so easily broken. Out of the ruins of his castle he built just one more last cottage in the air. He fancied himself alone with Mr. Adams, both stripped to the shirt, and with none but nymphs and fauns by to see which was the better man. Or, better still, both on horseback and in mail, with vizors down and lances in rest, and Milly Barnes in a balcony to judge the prize. *Down, of course, would go the clerk before the peasant's*

strong arm, and his snub-face would smile no more. Milly would hand the laurel wreath to the victor, and he would dash it back in her face. He dreamed and breathed impotent revenge; he would have given twenty years of his life for leave to slap the clerk's smirk face or pull his impertinent nose before all Eastingtonshire and Winbury.

He was in this amiable mood when a more substantial shadow fell between the door of the shed where he was pretending to work, and the sun, who shone on regardless of even a poet's frown.

"Good morning, Abel," said Milly, softly and cheerfully, for the shadow was hers.

"Good morning, Miss Barnes," said Abel, crossly, and without looking up. If she was to be Miss Barnes, let her be.

"Aunt sent me to see if you had been taken ill, and if you were better. No, she didn't—I came to see, without being told. Are you?"

"I'm quite well, thank you."

"And that wasn't exactly it, either. I came to beg your pardon. Mr. Adams behaved like what he is—a very foolish young man who thinks himself a very clever one—but I'm afraid you thought it was all our fault because we were civil to him. He came on business about the house, and aunt took the chance of getting me driven over. You oughtn't to be so touchy, Abel. Why did you run away because you were laughed at by a man like him? A real man ought to be able to hold his own."

Milly, if not the phoenix that Abel had been going to paint her, had not only a sweet but an honest voice, and her blame felt as bracing as sunshine. Abel would have been more sullen than a bear had he been able to find a cross thought for her after her first word. He was touched by her frankness and brave outspokenness, as men mostly are by qualities they would like to be their own, especially if such qualities are not their own.

This, by the way, is not intended to explain why frankness and brave outspokenness are popular in fiction.

"I did not run away," said the scholar-knight, thus put on his mettle. "I"—he longed to torture himself by learning what had been said of the poem behind his back, and did not know how to fish for it. Of course the opinion of Mr. Adams, being a hostile and malicious critic, was nothing—that is to say, the favourite food of a self-torturer.

"It was very like a flight, though, all the same," said Milly with a smile, in which it was impossible even for him to read the contempt he feared. "But Mr. Adams is an aggravating young man, I own, to

anybody who minds him. That's just what he tries to be. You ought to have stayed—he's very good-natured, really, and he reads poetry charmingly. Didn't you see how he was leading up to reading those lines from the paper? I knew he had made up his mind to show off when he made a fuss about putting it in his pocket before we left Eastington. He always comes to our school parties, and always reads. He's very much admired by some of the girls, though some of us laugh at him shamefully, and I'm afraid I'm one of them."

"What?" said Abel, thrown out of his sullen reserve. "Then he read the verses because he liked them? He didn't know whom they were by?"

"I don't know about that—I expect he read them to show how well he could read. He didn't say who they were by; why do you want to know?"

"What did *you* think of them?"

"I thought they were beautiful. I always like poetry when it's read for one, and isn't in blank verse, and isn't about people's reflections, and has a sort of a story in it, and is over as soon as it's begun."

The word "beautiful" deafened him to all that followed it. The cloud rolled away—he had tasted fame—and he said proudly, and with the calm dignity befitting the announcement—

"They are mine."

Milly looked at him wonderingly. Now she thought of it, his speech—at least his choice of words—was more like that to which her ears had grown accustomed at Eastington than the homely dialect and limited vocabulary of Winbury. Without reasoning, she felt that the Winbury hurdle-maker who had gained admiration from an Eastington lawyer's clerk could be no common man. Of the long years of thought and study necessary to enable one of the Herrick family to achieve two or three stanzas that would parse, rhyme, and scan she could not be expected to form any idea. It looked to her like the unknown thing that she had heard of as "genius": being only a pupil of Miss Baxter in the art of criticism, she supposed that all poetry stood on the same level in point of value; and never having seen a poet in her life, was awed. I fear it must be owned that Milly, though anything but a stupid girl, would have classed the author of the cracker mottoes and Shakespeare himself together as poets, and have been unable to appreciate any fine-drawn critical distinctions between the two. But this did not prevent her from sharing *the impressment wherewith* the announcement "He is a

poet" would have been received by Miss Baxter's young ladies. Abel Herrick had published a poem : the Laureate could do no more.

"Why—why, how did you ever learn?"

"One does not learn to be a poet. One is born." He instinctively felt that some straw or other had turned the tables, and that she was beginning to look up to him. He was getting ready to fall over head and ears in love a second time.

"And—who is Cynthia? It isn't a real name, I suppose? And have you really felt all you say in the lines?"

"I don't know—it's impossible to tell how the inspiration comes. You see, I never saw a hill or saw the sea in my life : and yet they come into my poetry as straight as if I saw such things every day. They must come from somewhere, but from where? I believe in inspiration—direct from the stars. And about my feeling what I write—I never felt any of it about any real woman—unless—unless indeed—I somehow fancied that I should see you again one of these days."

This was a bold and sudden speech for a shy man ; but he was shy no more, except with the shyness that looks like the consciousness of superiority. It is unfortunate that, for once, truth did not go with courage, for the truth was that he had not until yesterday fancied or thought anything about his playfellow since he broke the tea-cup. Now, however, things were changed ; and, with his growing faculty of believing whatever he wished to believe, this well-trained dreamer did not tell a conscious lie when he told himself that Milly, who thought his poetry beautiful and Mr. Adams a foolish young man, had been his queen of dreamland ever since she was a child in pinafores.

Winbury being what it was, it was inevitable that the only two human beings in it who could converse with one another should meet frequently, even though he was only young Abel Herrick, the hurdle-maker, while she was Miss Barnes, an ex-pupil of Miss Baxter at Eastington, and niece of a tradesman's widow. Mrs. Tallis thought no harm of conversations carried on in her own domain of the Manor House, for the thought that her Milly would ever marry beneath herself was too monstrous a notion to be feared. For the rest, Abel went up in her estimation. His strange devotion to the book-shelves appeared to be something different from an unaccountable craze, now that Milly, with all Miss Baxter's polish fresh upon her, proclaimed it wonderful. After hearing what Milly had to say on the matter, she agreed with her niece that hurdle-making was not a suitable career for a genius ; and, before long, a very natural circumstance seemed to

show her a way in which Abel's prodigious learning might be made profitable.

Meanwhile the days passed on with Abel himself in a monotony of uneventful excitement. How they passed with Milly is a matter with which we have nothing to do: we are seeing her for the present as Abel saw her, and no stretch of privilege will allow us to see her with two pairs of eyes at one and the same time. By-and-by she may take her turn. In these dream-days, however, she is a muse, with a poet for her worshipper. She is sublime in moral grandeur and mental glory—and a woman besides. Not even Abel could dream away that indisputable fact; and, as the days passed on, the fact became a substantial part of the dream. Before he was aware of it, the poet began to dream of marriage with his muse, after the manner of the mere men and women of Winbury. But alas, a real poet might marry a real muse more easily than a hurdle-maker might win the hand of the watchmaker's daughter who condescended to be his friend. It was not that Milly made him keep his distance, or that he despaired of winning her—on the contrary, he felt that she looked up to him. But he was poor, and there was Mrs. Tallis in the way, and he sighed to think how much easier is poetry than plain prose.

How long this state of things would have gone on in a place where the smallest event was almost a miracle is beyond the reach of speculation. But one day—indeed every day, for that matter—Milly was sitting over some needlework at a window which, as it had a view of a sheepfold in a turnip field, gave her a more lively and varied interest than could be obtained from any other point of view. Winbury was certainly admirably adapted for a prosperous courtship. The Beast himself might have wooed Beauty there without the faintest fear of rivalry or of having her interest withdrawn from him: his attentions, however clumsy, would be the only, and therefore an always welcome, break in the monotony of her days. She must think and dream either of him or of nothing at all. We have waived the right to look into Milly's mind; but we may be sure that while her eyes wandered to and fro between her needle and the sheep, the genius by whom her girl's heart was honoured—or flattered: it matters not which—was not far away. Though he was but old Herrick's foster-son, he was better than any man in all Eastington: cleverer, handsomer, stronger, and—now that his shyness had worn off—a better if less brilliant talker: he talked serious sentiment, which most girls, in their hearts, prefer to wit or humour: he was a poet, a genius, one who believed in himself and must assuredly become a *great man*. And then he was beyond the

slightest question over head and ears in love with her—in itself a virtue of virtues to the now full-fledged young lady from Miss Baxter's, eager for all the experiences of young ladyhood and ready to welcome the first that came. Save that he was neither a peer of the realm nor a captain of dragoons, Abel Herrick had all the personal qualities that go to make up a school-girl's hero.

It was now she who coloured, ever so little, when after these many days he came to her side as she sat at the window of the empty drawing-room in which he had once hunted for her and found himself—the Abel Herrick that he had become through looking for a child in a tea-cup. But he was not thinking of these things: his rather heavy brow was far too gloomy to be thinking of anything but the present, and that in no pleasant way.

"Milly," he began without preface, "I have just been talking to your aunt. She has been advising me."

"What about? Fancy aunt advising you!"

"She means it well, I suppose. But it can't be done, all the same."

"What is it? Do you want me to advise you too?"

"Yes—that is—but I know what your advice will be. You know old Crook has drunk himself at last into Westcote Union? So what do you think your aunt proposes?—that I should ask for the place—that I should be the schoolmaster."

"That would be splendid! And of course asking would be having with you."

"I don't know about that. The people who put in old Crook are not very likely to know good from bad, I should say. And people don't like to have their betters under them. But it doesn't matter. I shan't ask them."

"What!—wouldn't it be a great step for you?"

"That's just it, Milly. Heaven knows I want to climb high, and so I won't take a step down. I must be what I am. I am a scholar and a poet: I don't want to be known as the village schoolmaster."

Milly looked puzzled. "I don't understand, Abel. Your having to work with your hands doesn't keep you from being what you are—why should having to work with your head? Being a schoolmaster's almost like being a clergyman: and anyhow people—I don't mean me—would think more of you"——

"Not they. For a working man like me to be what I am shows genius—but the higher I go by paltry little steps the less I should be thought of. Nobody thinks anything of a schoolmaster for being a scholar. I should sell my birthright of fame for twenty pounds a

year. I must make one bound into glory, Milly, or do what's next best—wait at the bottom, and be famous after I die. There's nothing between."

"Of course you know best. But still—you say the schoolmaster gets twenty pounds a year?"

"And the cottage to live in, if you think it's worth while to set out all the wonderful things I shall find on the shelf to console me for having stuck myself there."

"Oh, I didn't mean that—of course one oughtn't to think of money"——

"Your aunt does, though. She seems to measure the worth of everything by what it will fetch—but I suppose that's the way of some people. It's miserable to feel that there's anybody in the world who would think twenty times as well of me if I had twenty pounds a year—but I won't degrade myself by giving way to such sordid views, nor should you."

"Indeed I don't, Abel—I only want *everybody* to think their best of you"——

"I don't, then. I want to be believed in for myself. If it was less money with nothing to do for it, I'd take it—perhaps—because it would set me free to finish my great poem without having to waste my days over work that any common farm-labourer in Winbury could do better than I. But to be a schoolmaster would be the end of me—yes, if it brought me in forty pounds a day."

"The end of you?"

"Haven't I told you now? Till I knew you I lived in a dream—I was content to plod on. But I am awake now," said the dreamer in his sleep. "You have taught me what ambition means—and it is not the dream that they say."

"I, Abel?"

"You. Nothing will content me till I am one of the great poets of the world—the greatest of them all. I have already mastered all learning: it is time to show the world what is in me. My poem in the *Mercury* was a step, if you please; but to be a schoolmaster—like old Crook! My epic wants all my time and strength—am I to waste both on dunces? What matters it how I live so long as my mind is free? It would be better to beg in the road. A schoolmaster! Nothing is a step that does not bring me nearer to you."

"To me? I'm afraid that wouldn't be very far."

"Don't you understand yet, Milly? I am a labourer—a foundling picked up in the road, whom even your aunt holds to be miles beneath her. I *may be the son of the greatest in the land*, and

something tells me that it is more than a may-be—how else should I be so different from all other men? Even when I was a child the other children treated me as if they were no companions for me. But what then? If I were a king's son I should scorn to wear a crown not made with my own hands. But even as a peasant I scorn anything short of a crown. All or nothing—that is my motto, Milly! I will not cheat the world by wasting the time due to my epic in teaching babies how to spell—for twenty pounds a year. I must become great—I have told you what has made me what I am—and then, I may tell you what has made me what I *shall* be.”

Milly did not even smile at this heroic tirade. Nor did she trace in his balanced sentences the effect of book-language assimilated by a long course of self-conscious soliloquies. To her, it was spontaneous eloquence worthy of the crack preacher of Eastington. And, since his whole heart was in his words, it was eloquence in a way. Abel had gone the right way to win a woman's ear; he had blown his own trumpet with all the force of his lungs, and had given her to understand that he was blowing it for her.

What would her school-fellows have thought to hear her courted after this fashion! How they would have envied her—with what jealous gossip they would have flattered her—Mr. Adams himself would cease to hold the apple of discord. It was like a scene in a novel—but common-sense stepped in, and she sighed. She was her aunt's niece, after all; and something whispered in her ear that a man who scorns a bird in the hand generally wants a great deal of waiting for, however great his genius for catching birds in the bush may be.

Abel read her eyes in his own way; and the dreamer felt more like a real man of flesh and blood than he had ever felt before. He was drawn towards her by the sigh that, meaning little, seemed for that very reason to signify a thousand things. He felt, truly and in his heart, that while he had become what he was for his own sake he must show the world what he had become for hers. If hope could only be changed into certainty, felt the dreamer after the if-loving manner of his kind, there was nothing he had not the strength to do. “It must be all or nothing—and it shall be all!” he thought to himself; and he said, as simply as if it were the natural and spontaneous expression of the thought—

“Will you be my wife, when I am a great man?”

How is it possible to contrast strongly enough what we do with what we think we do? Abel Herrick believed that he had laid one of the elect souls of the Universe before the feet of its Queen—while, in sober truth, a young man had made a young girl her first

offer, and that was all. Milly, startled by such abruptness, could only let her work fall from her hands, and exclaim—

“Oh, what on earth *would* aunt say if she heard?”

“Never mind what she'd say, Milly. What do *you* say?”

“Oh, I wish you hadn't asked me—no, I don't mean that, for I'm glad—but how—when this happens people can't ever be friends again.”

“I don't want to be friends. I want you to promise to marry me”——

Whenever he had imagined this scene beforehand, he had seen himself wooing Milly in the style and language of chivalry, pouring out his passion to her in strong and glowing words while she was half drawn to him by the tenderness of her own heart, half conquered by the storm of his own. And now, in the most heterodox way conceivable, he had made simply a plain offer of marriage, without having even mentioned the word “love,” and as apparently the result of a discussion about a place and a salary. The purblind young man, for all his poetic learning, did not recognise that it was because for once he had felt the thing called love, and therefore had no need to name the word.

But Milly had just received her first offer; which means, she had translated his words into finer eloquence than could have belonged to any possible words.

“Will you promise me that?” he went on, more eagerly, but a little more anxiously, for he had wandered into an unknown country, and her silence was hard to read. “Can you see how much I love you?”

“I must tell aunt, Abel. She has been a mother to me ever since I was born.”

“Do you love me, Milly?—I don't want to marry your aunt—I want to marry you. I only want you to promise—I know I can't marry you as I am”——

“I wish—I wish you hadn't asked just now—why didn't you wait”——

“Wait—till I became great? Milly—would you have me wait till it is too late to say we belonged to one another when we were humble and poor? I swear to you I cannot and will not become great except by you and for you. If you won't promise now—I'll”——

“Abel! Surely such a little while”——

“I'll burn every line of my poem, and go for a soldier.”

“Don't say things like that—don't frighten me. If you could only speak to aunt”——

"Why should she know till I can claim you?"

"Because she must. I wouldn't do anything without her. And only to speak to her—it would be so easy, if you only were"—

"Not a hurdle-maker. I know."

"You know what she thinks about such things"—

"Milly! You mean to say your promise depends on her, who knows as much about love and ambition as—surely if we love one another nothing ought to come between us two."

"She has loved me ever since I was born, Abel, and I've loved her."

"And I've loved you ever since the world began. If she allow, then will you promise me?"

"Indeed you must ask her before you ask me."

"And that you say is not for a hurdle-maker to dare."

They seemed stopped by a stiffer fence than Abel had ever made. But at last, said Milly, shyly—for how could she fancy herself cleverer than a man of genius?—

"Abel—perhaps she meant more than she said when she talked about your getting made schoolmaster."

She blushed deeply. The woman was doing what the man should have done—suggesting the means by which the difficulties of winning her might be overcome.

But there was much in what she said. No doubt Mrs. Tallis ought to have seen, even with her dim spectacles, which way things were going. And, if so, what more natural sign of her approval could she give than doing her best to put her future nephew-in-law in a position to ask for her niece without obliging her dignity to say No?

"Ah—the schoolmastership!—It goes against me—I despise making my place ask for you. But if that is the only way to gain your promise—I'll show you I think more of your love than you do of my fame"—

"Abel!"

"And I shall be refused, you will see. Never mind—I will go to the vicar this very day. I will sacrifice everything for you."

"If you only knew how I want you to be everything you can wish for! I *do* want you to get the schoolmastership—and if it's beneath you, you'll soon be above it, never fear."

"Mind, Milly—you know why I am going to ask—that it's for you"—

"I shall remember," she said. And so—hardly knowing how—Abel and Milly, without any needless formal promise, found themselves engaged.

And now a new and inconsistent fear seized upon Abel. What if he should really be refused the offer that he scorned? For the first time he realised that the piece of pulpit furniture called the vicar was a very formidable piece of humanity. So diligent a student of occult mysteries could not fail to be tainted with superstition; and the fate of the schoolmastership had now assumed the importance of an oracle. His future glory depended upon Milly, Milly upon the favour of Mrs. Tallis, the favour of Mrs. Tallis upon the schoolmastership, and the schoolmastership upon the vicar—that invisible being who exercised over Winbury the awe inspired by the unknown.

Scarcely Milly herself was worth purchasing at the price of a visit to the vicarage; and Abel was in this respect worse off than the other villagers. The vicar's servants and he were not on gossiping terms; and he could not condescend to ask them what steps he ought to take or how he should behave. But there was no help for it. The thing must be faced. Dressing himself in his Sunday jacket, Abel walked up and down in front of the vicarage windows half a dozen times before he ventured to ring at the bell.

"Law, Master Herrick!" said the village girl who opened the door. "Why, whatever be you come for? And so smart and all—be you come to ax the master to marry you?"

"Is he in?"

"In? Of course he be in, when 't isn't church time."

"I want to see him—on important business, please."

"What is it, Master Herrick? Come, I know you'll tell me. You won't? Then I've a great good mind to take in ne'er a word."

Abel was in no humour for a flirtation at the vicarage door; and the consequence was that the girl, a long-dethroned Phillis, turned cross, almost pushed him into the vicar's study without warning, and then waited outside the door to enjoy the short work her master would make of the intruder.

"Who are you?" called out a shrill voice, close to the fireplace.

Abel found himself in the presence of the oracle—a little old man with a bald head and shrivelled face, almost buried in a large arm-chair and reading a newspaper. The room was shabbily furnished, but it contained a tall bookshelf; and the familiar sight of his friends and companions gave him courage.

"I'm Abel Herrick, sir."

"Able Harry? What do you want?"

"The school"—

"The fool? Speak up—what fool?"

"School, sir," shouted Abel, remembering the vicar's infirmity.

"The school is vacant, sir, so I thought I might venture to ask to be schoolmaster."

"Eh? Old Crook—a nice dish for the Whigs he was, eh, eh, eh! Where do you come from? Some fine training college, I'll be bound."

Abel's hopes fell.

"I only learned of Mr. Crook, sir. But I've"—

"What—what? One of old Crook's boys? If old Crook was a dish for the Whigs, what'll one of old Crook's boys be? You're schoolmaster, able Harry, you're schoolmaster—take the place—take old Crook's cane, and use it well."

This was all Abel Herrick's warrant; but it was held sufficient in Winbury.

CHAPTER V.

And the Falcon, from his poise
Sweeping downward for his joys,
Without hurry, without noise,
Struck his quarry down:
And the Dove, with envious coo,
Sighed "I would that I were you!
That my soft white feathers too
Wore a bleeding crown."

LONDON!

It is a free, wholesome, full-blooded word after Winbury—an open chorus, after a feeble solo in a minor key. It is true the voices of chorus-singers are not, as a rule, of first-rate power: but, blended together, their individual harshnesses and dissonances melt more naturally into full harmony than any two or three of their best voices together could do. Even so the chorus of a great city is made up of the weakest weaknesses and the most sinful sins and the most vulgar vulgarities: but the whole is as an organ burst to a penny whistle, as the sweep of the south-west wind to a draught through a key-hole. Whatever it may be to the reader, to the biographer of Abel Herrick the word "London" is a sigh of relief on emerging from a narrow forcing-house into an open field—the sigh that runs audibly round a concert room when some thin minor solo is over, and the full major chorus comes.

In a certain fine new house in a new and fashionable far-western region, that is to say in Number Forty-one, Arlington Gardens, W., was one of the pleasantest little rooms wherein anybody could care to spend her hours of rest from the hard work of social pleasure.

Be your taste in rooms what it may, rising from the ancient simplicity of a bowl of flowers and a canary to high art in the shape of plates and dishes strung from the cornice—prefer the pronounced gaudiness of our barbarous forefathers or the more attractive hues of mouldy olives, used-up tea-leaves, or blue-pill that satisfy our more advanced eyes—nevertheless that room shall please your taste, and you shall not be able to say why. It is useless to enter into details, for the little touches that give the room its peculiar charm are seldom the same. It is only when the room contains its living ornaments that the nature of its charm is revealed.

No prettier pair of sisters could well be found, at any rate in Arlington Gardens, than the two girls who, one bright forenoon not many winters ago, were sitting together in that same sunny room. Each sat at a separate *escritoire*, writing silently and busily, one upon a large sheet of thin paper, the other upon pieces of card-board. They were more alike, independently of family likeness, than even sisters often are: and yet nobody could fail, after seeing them once together, to distinguish them in his mind for ever after. She who wrote upon the pieces of card may be taken as the type of their sisterly resemblance. She was exactly half way between blonde and brunette, and might pass for either dark or fair. She was well-grown and of middle height, slender and graceful. Her face was not striking, but not common-place. Eyebrows, only very slightly arched, were delicately marked over brown eyes: her complexion was fresh and clear, her mouth neither large nor small, but exactly what a pretty and amiable English girl's should be, her face a pure oval, her features just irregular enough to be attractive, and no more. Pretty girls are not meant to be described in detail. Prettiness in a girl is what bouquet is in wine—and who ever thought of trying to describe bouquet?

She who wrote upon the sheet of paper was of the same pleasant pattern, but more accented in form and colour. She was a little darker, a very little taller, equally slight, and perhaps a little more graceful, if anybody could be found to make a comparison so odious. Her brows were straighter and rather more strongly marked, her complexion more brightly coloured, and her features more pronounced—the only difference from her sister in the reverse direction being that her eyes were less dark, and of a bright transition tint between brown and very dark grey. Thus her face possessed more character—she would be called the handsomer of the two. It may be said there are many girls who would answer this description word for word. *And so there are—tens of thousands in London alone.*

But that does not make these two the less worth admiring: it only asserts that there are some tens of thousands of pretty girls in London. What distinguishes one of them from another depends little upon what is seen.

The darker sister was the more absorbed in her occupation, for the fairer did not let her quick scribbling prevent her having eyes for the sunshine and ears for the bird. It was she, however, who started when the door was thrown open, and a young man burst in without ceremony.

"Tom!—How you startled me! Is that the way to plunge into a room when people are busy?"

"Of course it is. What business have people to be busy on a fine morning like this? Pleasure first—business after. Isn't it, Bee?" he asked turning to the other sister, who had not even looked up at his coming.

He was a very young man, who had just left off growing tall, and had begun to grow broad. One could tell at a glance that he knew how to handle a bat or an oar—somewhere about the middle of the boat, probably—and most men of his age would have thought twice before challenging him to walk, jump, or run. He was a good-looking young fellow too, with some family likeness to the two sisters in his smooth face, but in a fairer and more florid style, and his voice and bearing were frank and genial, natural, and heartily good-humoured. All was so open about him that even his probable faults were plain to read. Of vanity or conceit there was no trace, but at the same time it was clear that nothing he thought, said, or did could possibly be wrong in his own eyes. He was one who was likely to prove easy-going in smooth water, but masterful and headstrong if he found himself opposed. Happily he did not look likely to do anything very wrong even in other people's eyes: and if he was fated to run among rocks and shoals, his face was not that of one who would go down without a strong fight or emerge from them with shame.

"What is that appeal to my wisdom?" asked she who had been addressed as Bee, with a gracious, but rather tolerant and condescending smile. "There—I may as well wipe my pen now you're come in."

"There, Annie—didn't I say she'd agree with me? But what makes *you* so busy this fine morning? Of course a Bee is bound to be busy—it is their nature to—but with us poor butterflies"—

"That's bears and lions, Tom—not bees. And I'm not a butterfly."

"Is it? But it's not your nature, Annie how"—

"If you're only come to make puns—there's the door: which of course you've left open. I *am* busy—very busy indeed."

"Oh, very—I dare say! Let me see what your morning's work has been—'Mr. and Mrs. Deane At Home—Dancing'! My dear girl—you don't mean to say Miss Beatrice Deane has been condescending to help you in any such frivolity as writing 'Mr. and Mrs. Deane' a hundred times—like an imposition? I must see how she's done it—ten to one she's put in Mr. and Mrs. Mangnall, and dated the cards on the Greek Kalends. Here you are—I knew it—'The Angles at the Base of an Isosceles Triangle'—By George, Bee, fancy the Angles dancing—at home! Mind—I distinctly refuse to put my arm round the waist of a sphere, or take a polygon down to supper."

"Did you never hear of the loves of the triangles?" asked Beatrice good-humouredly, "or of the music of the spheres, or of polite circles, or of square dancing? But you needn't dance with a polygon if you don't like—Annie has been particularly careful to ask the Campbells. Does that blush mean that I am revenged?"

"What blush? I suppose I'm blushing for you—the idea of a girl flirting all the morning with a long-legged triangle, and leaving her sister to do all the grind."

"It's my doing, Tom," said Annie. "It's quite fair. I can't do what she does, you know, and you said yourself she's not to be trusted with the cards."

"All right. We've all done a good day's work now. Shut up shop, both of you, and come for a ride before lunch with me. I've ordered the horses round."

"Really, Tom?" said Annie, her eyes sparkling. "Just wait three seconds while I put on my habit—I won't be half a moment more."

"Three seconds and a half, then—I'll time you. Aren't you coming too, Bee? Come, do, there's a good girl."

"I'm afraid I can't, Tom," said Beatrice, shaking her head, as her sister ran from the room.

"Can't!—Humbug. Why?"

"I've got my work to do."

"Work?—You're the most—the most—aggravating young woman I ever knew. You're always swatting, as we used to say at Horchester, as if you were going in for Senior Wrangler. And what for, I'm hanged if I know. You're not half the jolly girl you used to be, Bee. I must put a stop to this; and so run after Annie and put on your things and come with me. Women have no business to be men—and there's one comfort, they can't be if they try. What should you say if you saw me *working a pair of slippers* for you?"

"Now look here, seriously, Tom—I don't mind your chaffing me, in fun—but that stale sneering really does hurt me. You know what I think of work and self-culture. I can't be Senior Wrangler, but the thing is to work just as if I could be. If I could be, I shouldn't waste a single hour: and so I oughtn't to waste one now."

"I'm very sorry if I vexed you, Bee—I know what a clever and hard-working girl you are—and I wasn't chaffing or sneering, on my honour. But it's ridiculous, your slaving without why or wherefore, as you do. You've got all your life before you—till you're married—and you grind harder than any honour man would in his last year."

"That's it, Tom. Men work for the reward, and so they do just what they're obliged to, and no more. Women work for work's sake, and so they do all they can."

"That's all humbug, Bee. I'm going to be a reading man, though I don't expect any reward—I only want to do us all credit, and please the governor, and all that; but still I mean to do my best, and the way to do one's best isn't to slave. I've got legs and arms—and so have you, if it's proper to say so to a young woman—and they're meant to be used, and I mean to use 'em. I've done a good day's grind, and now"——

"You mean you've been smoking a cigar over your books for just one hour: for I happen to know when you finished breakfast, and the cigar is not to be denied. One hour out of twenty-four—and you going in for an examination to-morrow!"

"The day after to-morrow, Bee. And it is a good day's work, too. I own to the cigar, and you don't know how it helps a man. I read as hard as ever I could, and shut off the steam"——

"The smoke, you mean?"

"The steam, the moment I felt my head wouldn't take in any more. If I'd read twenty hours it would have come to the same thing—only I should have been fagged instead of fresh for the next day. What do you say to that, Miss Beatrice Deane?"

"And I," she said proudly, "have been at work, except just at breakfast—earlier and shorter than yours, Tom—ever since seven, without stopping till now. I shall go on till lunch, and then Signor Fasolla comes: that's only play. Then Herr Von Brillen comes for my German lesson, and then I shall finish up my morning's work, if there's any over, or amuse myself with Italian till the dressing bell rings. And then, when we go up to bed, I always read myself to sleep. That's what I call a day's work—and if it wasn't that Uncle George wants me in the drawing-room of an evening"——

"By Jove, Bee! I should think he did, too. If I was the governor I'd give you a bit of my mind. It's awful. A week of it would kill Hammond, who was the greatest swat in Horchester. Don't you get awfully tired?"

"Never. That's a regular man's weakness. Women only get tired when they've got nothing to do. When I want to rest I change my work—that's enough for me."

"Don't you get headaches?"

"There's another man's weakness—to mind pain. If my head ever aches, I let it ache itself well. The pain tires before I do."

"By Jove! And they say girls are weaker than men. I never thought that though: there's no man alive that could dance seven or eight miles a night, for weeks together, as the weakest girl can on her head, and think it fun. And what's to be the end of it all?"

"None, I hope. But everybody has her ambition, I suppose."

"And what's yours?"

"You know Mrs. Burnett? I want to be like her."

"And who's she?"

"Don't you know? *The* Mrs. Burnett—and oh, Tom, she's coming to stay with us at Longworth when we go down."

"One of your strong-minded women, I suppose? I know—tall, scraggy, blue spectacles. What's she done? Thank you for the warning, Bee. Perhaps I shan't go down."

"I won't tell you what she's like, for you'll see. But what's she done? Surely even at Horchester you must have heard of Mrs. Burnett—you *must* have heard of her. What hasn't she done? She's one of the first mathematicians in the world—she's made discoveries in astronomy—she's written some of the most famous books—she corresponds with all the great men in Europe"—

"In one word—she's a blue-stocking."

"If you like. I only want my stockings to be the same colour as hers. And what woman has done, woman may do."

"You'll come a cropper, Bee, one of these days, if you don't take care."

"Mrs. Burnett never came a cropper, if you mean what I suppose you do. I'm as strong as a horse: and if I wasn't, the harder one works the easier it becomes. It's doing nothing that kills girls, and makes them make fools of themselves."

"By Jove, Bee, I wish you were going up to St. Christopher's instead of me! You'd walk over the course. We'd go up together, and get all the honours between us—you'd be Senior Wrangler, and I should have time to go in for the 'Varsity."

"I wish you had a little ambition, Tom."

"So don't I, if ambition's to spoil all the skittles and beer."

"You're not even excited at the thought of going to Cambridge. If I was a man—oh, when I think of your chances, I wish I *was* a man!"

"So don't I then, again. You're—no, hang compliments. If you were a man you'd take things easy, like a man."

"I'm glad I'm a woman then. You're all afraid of work, you're mercenary, you're lazy, you're mostly stupid—everything that's not like us, whom you presume to sneer at for not being like you, indeed! First work yourselves. If you don't take care, you'll find yourselves like the hare in the fable."

"And a very pleasant nap she had, I dare say—well worth the glory of beating a dozen tortoises. Ah, here's Annie—so you call that three seconds and a half, do you? I suppose you're in training for the tortoise too? Why, I've had time to smash up Bee about the rights of women and all sorts of things. You may look scornful, Bee, but it's true. Put up your books for this once, there's a good girl, and come for a ride. No?—Well, a pleasant problem to you. Come along, Annie."

Let not the experienced reader leap to the conclusion that, because he happened to be their cousin, Tom was in love, or even fancied himself in love with the two girls, or with either of them. Would that some venturesome historian, reckless of popularity, might tell a story without a word of love in it, in order to call attention to the fact that love is not the pivot upon which this getting, spending, feasting, starving world goes round. But till the day when love, the rarest of all the passions, is deposed from his fictitious supremacy, it is necessary to say that Tom had been thrown together with his father's nieces throughout all his school-holidays since he first went to Horchester, and yet remained heart-whole from the eyes—which had never dreamed of wounding him—of both Beatrice and Annie Deane. He carried his heart in his biceps: and if he had coloured a little at the name of a partner, it was only because he was at what is still sometimes the blushing age. The two girls were Mr. Deane's nieces and wards, with moderate incomes of their own charged upon his estate at Longworth under the provisions of his father's marriage settlement for the benefit of the younger children: so it was natural that they should live with their uncle and guardian as daughters of the house, more especially as they became so in fact, if not in name. Once more let not the reader, however experienced, *conclude that any sort of mystery or complication underlies this piece*

of conveyancing, for, if he does, he will be wrong. It is an explanatory fact—nothing more. Annie was perhaps Tom's favourite, because she was not labelled the family genius, and so was more on a level with his own sympathies: Beatrice was naturally not a favourite with young men, or, for that matter, with old men either. Hence may have not impossibly arisen a little of her scorn for the sex that appreciated her less than her more common-place sister, with whom Tom was now rattling on about the coming dance, about his future life at Cambridge, about Horchester, about horses, about cricket, about rowing, about people—to which all conversation at last must come.

"I suppose when you are at Cambridge you will go over and see Uncle Markham?" said Annie.

"Must I? It will be an awful bore."

"You ought. Uncle George thinks so. The old gentleman, he thinks, oughtn't to be forgotten by all his relations."

"Are you sure that was what the governor said, Annie? Now didn't he say Uncle Markham's getting old—his relations ought to see that they're not quite forgotten?"

"Well, be a good boy, and go over for a week some day. Uncle George would like it, and so should I. I should like to know all about Uncle Markham and his odd ways—so long as I haven't got to go there."

"I'll see about it—I shan't really be in Cambridge till October you know. If I get him to leave me any tin, you shall go halves. I wish Bee had come out with us. It's awful to think of the way she spends her time."

"She likes it—I'd do the same if I could, but I'm afraid she's got my brains as well as her own."

"Who's this Mrs. Burnett, that seems to be her great gun?"

"Oh, has Bee been raving to you about Mrs. Burnett already? A lady that Uncle George got to know at some society—a very wonderful woman I believe—Bee says so, though I shouldn't have thought so, to talk to her. She's coming down to Longworth—she and her son."

"A son? What sort of a fellow's he? I didn't know blue-stockings had sons."

"He's wonderfully clever too—in music. Not that I ever heard him, for he's always had a sore throat whenever we've met him. Perhaps it will be well when he comes to Longworth. I'm not at all sure he isn't smitten with Bee. He was tremendously attentive to her at the Fitzpatricks'—they sat out two dances."

"*He must be something special, I should think, to get on with*

Bee. I'll examine him critically," said Tom, who naturally felt prejudiced against a young man whom he had never seen and who had been mentioned respectfully by a girl. "And who was attentive to you?"

"Oh—everybody, of course. Bee beats me in flirtation, a long way."

"Everybody's nobody. I say, Annie—Bee will never get beyond flirtation if she goes on in this way."

"She says she doesn't want to."

"And you believe her, of course?"

"Of course I believe her. Why should she want to? Do you think a girl wants to be married as soon as she's born? That's what men think I suppose: they're all so worth marrying—in their own opinions."

"Annie, Annie! You've learned that parrot-speech from Bee. I see her hand in that as sure as I see yours on the bridle. I can tell you that men know more about girls than girls know about themselves," said the man of the world.

"They needn't know much about girls, to know more about them than girls do," said Annie laughing. "Come—I'm getting hungry—let's have a good quick canter home."

CHAPTER VI.

Clear the course! Ring the bell! Look, they start from the stand
In a line like the edge of the foam on the sand:
On they race, on they rush, till the thin line has grown
Like the offing—the Favourite's in front and alone!

Hurrah for the winner! hurrah for the black
Who bears not a boy, but men's gold, on his back;
But, though twenty lengths foremost, yet hold him not in—
He may yet have to race neck and neck ere he win.

THERE was no mystery about the Deane family. Everything that can be said of them is straightforward and above-board. They had not so much as the little finger joint of a skeleton in any of their well-stocked cupboards. Mr. Deane, Annie's and Beatrice's Uncle George, was a middle-aged country gentleman, of commercial extraction, who could afford to live up to ample means, and had married for love into one of the oldest families in the north of England. He had not gained a sixpence by his love-match, and could afford the luxury. He was known as an idle, but yet a busy man—a great and active patron of all advanced social movements, a

strong believer in the inherent aristocracy of intellect, and yet, with an inconsistency more apparent than real, a still greater upholder of the aristocracy of birth, which he revered, and of land, which he exemplified. He and his enjoyed excellent health and spirits, took life pleasantly each after his or her own fashion, pulled well together, and were fond and proud of one another. Friends, whose intimacy warranted the indulgence of a little ill nature, used to say that all the Deanes' geese were swans—which, being interpreted, meant that the Deanes were a very happy and united family, and lived together not as accidental relations, but as chosen friends.

Naturally Mr. Deane of Longworth was fondest and proudest of his only son Tom. But not only did he love his nieces, the children of a younger brother who had fallen at Balaklava, like his own daughters, but Mrs. Deane also loved them as her own. Therefore it follows that Mrs. Deane was a good wife, with a large, roomy heart, while Beatrice and Annie must have been amiable girls.

Next morning the family was assembled with unusual punctuality at the breakfast table. It was an occasion of some distinction: for Tom was going to Cambridge to try his mettle in a race for colts—an examination for minor scholarships at St. Christopher's, for which he had entered with the view of advertising himself from the beginning as an intending honour-man. It is true that nobody, except Beatrice, cared much for a trial that, whatever the result might be, would in no way affect Tom's career; and even Beatrice cared less than she might have done, for the candidate's want of ambition had put her out of sympathy. She would have sat up all night before such a trial: he had gone to bed and slept serenely, after a day of smoke and idleness. Still, it was an event, just as a hurdle-race would have been, though, since Tom was in it, not quite so interesting as a hurdle-race would have been. Beatrice had been labelled brains, Annie beauty, and Tom muscle: and nobody was expected to shine out of his or her proper sphere. If Beatrice had been going up, the family would have been wild.

After a long meal of chatter, the final cup of coffee was swallowed and the hansom was at the door.

"Good-bye, my boy," said his father, a good-humoured, portly man, with that expression of headstrong good nature in which Tom resembled him. "If you find it dull at Cambridge after the examination you had better go over and see your Uncle Markham." For it had been arranged that, as the house was to be shut up after the "at home," Tom was not to rejoin them till they were settled down *in the country*. The "at home" itself was of course only an out-of-

season affair—a sort of *pour prendre congé*—for the Deanes did not intend to visit London that spring.

“Good-bye, Tom,” said his mother, a mild little woman who must have been a beauty in her day. “I shall send for you the very first moment we can.”

“Good-bye, Tom,” said Beatrice. “They don’t let people smoke over examination papers, I’ve heard. If they did, you’d be first, I’m sure.”

“Good-bye, Bee. Ten to one in white gloves—no, in blue stockings—I win a donkey-race. Done.”

Tom was just saying “Shoreditch!” in his manliest tone to the cabman, when he felt himself struck on the shoulder by an old slipper.

“Good-bye, Tom—good luck to you!” said Annie, from the hall-door. He shook his fist at her, lighted a cigar, and was gone.

On the platform he met a Horchester man bound on the same errand—no other than that Hammond whom he had casually mentioned to Beatrice as the type of a hard student. Now Hammond, unlike Tom, was a poor and anxious man; success on this occasion meant everything to him; and yet the coming examination was not once mentioned by either, apparently not thought of, during the journey. Horchester prided itself upon serene indifference to all things outside the playing-field. The journey “up,” as Cambridge men, in defiance of Bradshaw, choose to style the journey down, was uneventful; for adventures are to the adventurous, as Sidonia has it, and these young men of the time were far too cool-handed and cool-headed to be classed among those whom adventures befall.

Everybody, at first or second-hand, knows Cambridge as it is for a sunny week or two in the month of May. And, as it is for that week, so it is supposed to be, in spirit, for the other fifty-one. It is, then, a University of Unreason; the only oasis in all our toiling England where, save her sister Oxford, life is a constant holiday, the “land in which it seemeth always afternoon.” What is the picture commonly conjured up by term-time? A holiday multiplied by a holiday—the world’s pantomime. The experienced writers who have painted the social aspects of their Alma Mater have made college life a fearful and wonderful mixture of a vast practical joke and a colossal wine party: the inexperienced as a blending of earthly *paradise* with Pandemonium. Alas for romance—he who would describe college life as it is must write with a dry pen. Nobody would read his small-beer chronicles, and so they will remain

unwritten. Only, for once, let the May-term visitor arrive at Cambridge on a cold, moist, mid-winter afternoon before term begins, and when the trees are bare. If he does not own that even in Cambridge it is not always May, he must be more determined to see with the eyes of others and less with his own than even travellers usually are.

St. Christopher's, familiarly called St. Kit's, was, and is, a hospitable college. It is small, unimposing, and hidden away among back lanes; but its members claim for it the foremost rank, while the men of other colleges justify the boast by saying, in effect, if I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes—if I were not a Trinity or a Queen's or a Downing man, I would be a St. Kit's man. In the exercise of its hospitality it received the several candidates in its empty rooms; and Tom and his companion, after reporting themselves to the Dean, found themselves enjoying for a few days the brevet rank of undergraduate *pro tempore*.

They spent the rest of the afternoon in prowling about among the colleges, each trying to impress the other with the extent of his local and social knowledge, and then dined in hall, where they met their competitors for the first time. Whatever more stately foundations may do, such was the custom of St. Christopher's: and, on this occasion, a very varied body of hungry men its hospitality called together—at least to eyes accustomed to distinguish the sheep of one fold from the sheep of another by the slight marks visible only to the unerring instinct of a public school man. There were the men of Tom's own Brahmin order from the great public schools—foreigners, indeed, from a Horchester point of view, but still equals: and Tom could tell at a glance whence each hailed. There was the half-caste who had been trained at some unrecognised *soi-disant* college or at home—an inferior, but still entitled to approach equality by his personal merits, if he had them. There was the pariah who bore the brand of being hopelessly outside the great school world—the stray from some academy or institution or some other place with a fine name that signified “bad form” to Horchester eyes and ears. Lastly, there was the no-caste man upon whom no judgment could be pronounced—the man of special and peculiar antecedents, who had come from some British colony in Australasia or Normandy, or had spent his boyhood in knocking about the world, or who came from *Bonn* or *Heidelberg* and spoke broad Scotch, or who spoke broader Irish and came from nowhere at all. All these, brought together for the first time, behaved after the manner of their kind. The Brahmins kept together in exclusive groups of personal

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acquaintances, ignoring all outsiders : the half-castes drew together by a law of elective affinity : the pariahs ate and drank in solitary and distrustful silence : the no-castes alone defied etiquette, were impervious to stares and short answers, and though inclined to rival boasting on the subject of their own experiences, would have made feeding time an amusing half-hour, instead of a gloomy necessity, had they not been held at bay. It may be assumed that each, independently of his caste, had a character of his own, but dinner time is short, and the characters of very young Englishmen are long in opening and shy of display. Tom was not particularly fond of Hammond, but these were the only Horchester men who had come up, and so dined *tête-à-tête* in the midst of the profane herd. When dinner was over—some minutes after the Dean had left the high table, for the guests had not yet learned the art of bolting their food in a short twenty minutes—Tom and Hammond, by way of change, adjourned from one another's society to the society of one another, and went to Tom's rooms for a cigar.

Tom, though distant to strangers when distance was required by the traditions of his order, was far from being so by nature, and to all who had no pretensions to social equality with him he was the essence of geniality. He had made friends with the Gyp in no time, had learned from him all about everybody and everything in ten minutes, and obtained—the Gyp knew how—the means of spending a comfortable evening.

"I hope you'll be one of us, sir," said the Gyp, politely but patronisingly, as became one of the oldest members of the college and one who had looked after the Dean himself when both were young. "You're the best gentleman of the lot, as I can see. There's a very odd one has got the rooms above you, sir—the oddest gentleman I ever see."

"Oh, you're safe to have me—I'm going to be a St. Kit's man any way. And who's the odd man upstairs?"

"I don't know his name, sir—he seems a lonesome sort of a gentleman—he hasn't even a pockmanteau to keep him company. I fancy he's made a bit of a mistake in coming to this college—St. Anthony's is more his style. You should see his boots, sir! He wouldn't go into hall, and what do you think he did?"

"What? Ate his boots?"

"Ha, ha, ha! You're a pleasant sort of gentleman, sir, you are. You'll get on capital in St. Christopher's. He offered me sixpence to get him some bread and cheese and to give him the change. I don't expect he's got too many sixpences, I don't—he'll never do for us, sir, no."

"You mean you'll do for him?"

"A fly in amber," suggested Hammond, who had not too many sixpences of his own.

"Poor fellow!" thought Tom to himself, who, not being an undergraduate of fiction, did not think that to make a butt of a lad a little rawer than himself the whole duty of a university man. "Fancy dining on bread and cheese! I say, Hammond—shall we have the lonesome gentleman down and give him a glass of wine? He might be fun," he added, thinking it necessary to apologise for good-nature.

"If *you* like"—

"All right. Will you kindly tell the lonesome gentleman upstairs, with our compliments, that Mr. Hammond and I would be glad if he'll come and have a glass of wine, if he's nothing better to do?"

"I hope you know what you're doing," said Hammond, as the Gyp left them with the message. "If he's coming up to St. Kit's in October we may be saddled with a man that we shall have to cut. One can't be too careful whom one knows at starting."

"Humbug. One would never do anything if one thought beforehand. We can cut him, into mince-meat, if he presumes on a glass of wine. There he is, though. Come in!"

It was the lonesome gentleman, no doubt. But he was not altogether what Tom, judging from the Gyp's report, had expected to see. He was a well-made, strongly-built young man of about the middle height, with the grave, rather stern expression of a hard student on features that, though otherwise common-place, were distinguished by almost classical regularity. His brows were drawn together by a slight frown; his light grey eyes were quick and yet dreamy: a singular combination that could only arise from a watchful and observant nature joined to an acquired habit of thinking about what was not seen. His shoulders were broader than Tom's, and his figure promised greater strength, if less activity. "Cut out for number five!" thought Tom, with critical admiration; "but rather rough style at present, I should say." Altogether he was one who would easily pass unnoticed in a crowd, but, if noticed, would retain attention. There was nothing to denote his station in life but his clothes—a badly fitting suit of black obviously stitched together by an awkward village tailor. His face, of healthily pale complexion, was cleanly shaved, but his thick hair was rough and uncared for; the boots that had impressed the Gyp might have been on the feet of a ploughman.

"*This is my friend Mr. Hammond,*" said Tom, courteously.

"Do you mind introducing yourself? The Gyp didn't know your name."

"I am Abel Herrick," said the visitor, in a hard, rather provincial, but singularly clear and precise tone.

"Sit down, Mr. Herrick, and help yourself. Do you smoke? I think you'll find the cigars in that case pretty fair. What do you think of St. Kit's? Things look jolly enough, so far?"

"Where do you come up from?" asked Hammond, with double politeness, as a preface to getting a rise out of him. "We are from Horchester."

"I am from near Eastington," said Abel, feeling that the town sounded more imposing than the village.

"I suppose that's within a walk?" said Hammond, looking at Abel's boots, which were muddy as well as thick-soled.

"Yes," said Abel. "It's not more than two days' journey."

Tom rather liked his guest's quiet manner, combined as it was with a full chest and broad shoulders. A peasant is never vulgar, and there is a verse, once known to schoolboys, about the influence of study upon natural hardness and ferocity. But Abel was not thinking of the question: he was mentally taking the measure of the first two of his competitors that he had yet seen. He could not dare to own even to himself how completely at sea he was, now that he had walked from Winbury into the world. He had never been out of sight of Winbury church, and now he found himself thrown at once into a vision of a city of palaces—for such Cambridge was to him. But he had come to conquer, and these were two of the youthful giants of learning whom he was to overthrow.

"The examination is to-morrow," he said, sipping his wine—the first he had ever tasted, but doing as he saw the others do.

"Hang the exam," said Hammond. "Sufficient unto the day—don't let's think of to-morrow till to-morrow comes."

Abel stared.

"By all means hang the exam," said Tom. "I've half a mind to cut the whole thing and go somewhere. What do you say, Hammond?"

"I'm afraid I must go in—worse luck. Or there's nothing would give me greater pleasure than to let Mr. Herrick walk over, I assure you. I wonder what he'd buy us out for? Which is your line—classics or mathematics?"

"Both," said Abel. "Everything."

"*The deuce it is!*" said Hammond, too much interested in the

result not to fear that Abel might not be a boaster. Here was the sort of man, he began to think, who comes up from a blacksmith's forge and is ripe for a double first at an age when other men have not left school. Such things have not been by any means uncommon, and it might be the case now. Though he affected to sneer, it was not without many misgivings that he looked on the muddy boots that told of a two days' walk with bread and cheese at the end: and he set himself to draw out Abel in a more serious way.

"You've read pretty hard, I suppose?"

"All my life. Ever since I can remember. I've never done anything but read."

"I'm afraid that's more than we can say," said Hammond, carelessly, thinking it politic to play the dark horse. "Who coached you?"

"Coached?—Who taught me? Myself."

It was just what Hammond feared. The self-taught is as dangerous to rivals as the self-made man.

"Why here must be a he-Beatrice!" said Tom, looking at the young man with such curiosity as to break the unwritten law that forbids lads of his age to betray the names of their womankind. "I may as well throw up the sponge—Hammond and Herrick are to be the first two, and it'll be queer if one of the field doesn't beat me. Well, if I'm to be beat, I'm all the more bound to run. Hammond, we haven't anything on the race—an even skiv Herrick's first. Done?"

Hammond did not like the bet. "No—I can't back the field, let alone myself, against a man who goes in for everything. If I do some decent verses I shall do all I expect to. But mathematics! Why I never got farther than rule of three. Did you?"

"Not I," said Tom. "I never got so far."

Abel first felt amazed: then scornfully satisfied. Verses were his forte—had he not been printed in the *Eastington Mercury*: had he not all the poets at his fingers' ends: was he not even now engaged upon the Wars of the Stars? And was it possible that men who had not reached even the simplest step in arithmetic should even dream of competing with him who could follow the stars in their courses, and who knew all the mysteries of numbers?

Suddenly his eye fell upon Tom's cigar-case, elaborately ornamented with his coat of arms.

"The servant told me your name was Eliot," said Abel, looking at the blazon with interest. "I see you are an Eliot of Northumberland. It is strange you should bear that name, since it comes to

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you in the female line. I should have said your name was Deane."

"By Jove! How do you know that?" asked Tom. "You're right, though—my mother was a Miss Eliot—of Northumberland, as you say—awfully great people. When my grandfather died he didn't like his branch to die out, so he left me all he had on condition I'd take the name and arms. So that's my name in full—Thomas George Markham Deane-Eliot: three Christian names and two surnames—rather too much for one."

"Lucky fellow!" said Hammond. "Then you're independent of your father?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, to write myself Eliot is more honour than tin. But the mater liked it, and so did the governor, for he's a proud old boy, and the Deanes of Longworth are nobodies to what the Eliots of Foxmoor used to be, once upon a time. The Deanes used only to buy and sell cattle, but the Eliots used to steal 'em. But how do you know about me?"

"I was only looking at your tobacco-box," said Abel.

Hammond examined the case. "You must have good eyes, Mr. Herrick. I don't see it there."

"What?" asked Tom. "Can you tell all that from a crest?"

They did not even know heraldry, then. The question was beginning to be, What did they know? With Hammond, What did this fellow not know? It was not likely that he had come to Cambridge to try for an exhibition on the strength of heraldry; and if he knew out-of-the-way things he might be presumed to be strong in common things.

"Are you a good hand at verses?" asked Hammond, carelessly.

"I don't like to boast," said the poet. "I hope I am not a bad one. But—if you will allow me, Mr. Eliot—I will go to my own room."

As there was plainly no fun to be got out of a man who was neither a wit himself nor the cause of wit in others, the young men did not press him to stay.

"Look out, old fellow," said Tom to Hammond when he had gone. "That's a rum 'un to look at, but I expect you'll find him a good 'un to go."

"Let him go," said Hammond, with carelessness less well assumed than before. "I dare say he wants to win more than I. If I come in a bad third, it's the most I look for. Good night, Eliot."

"What—are you off too?"

"Yes—I want to write a letter."

He went to his rooms, and went in for a final cram ; for Abel had fairly frightened him.

Tom smoked over a shilling novel till it was time to turn in.

Abel did what Hammond said he was going to do—he wrote a letter.

“DEAREST MILLY,

“St. Christopher’s College, Cambridge.

“To-morrow is the great day—think of me when the clock strikes nine. I arrived here safely, and without touching the money your aunt lent me. All the better, for I shall want every penny here. Success is certain. I have spent the evening with two candidates, young gentlemen from Horchester, which is one of the greatest and oldest schools in England. So of course I can judge the others by them. One of them seemed to know very little, and the other nothing at all—they seemed astonished at the extent of my learning. I had to call upon the Dean of the College, who seemed interested when he heard that I had educated myself, and said he supposed I meant to try for high honours. So in a very short time I shall send you word that I am a minor scholar of St. Christopher’s College, Cambridge, with eighty pounds a year for three years : and in three years!—How wonderful all this seems, dearest Milly—I don’t feel as if I was the same being, except when I think of you. I wonder what I shall be when I see you again! It will not be long, you may be sure. What shall I not owe to you?—ambition, success, fame—and love, which is the most glorious of all. Your aunt was right : she would be wrong to allow of your formal engagement to one who is not great enough to claim you, and she will see that with her aid I shall soon have ‘made my fortune,’ as she calls winning the desire of my whole soul. I wish you could be with me now. I must try to describe to you the place and all about it and the room I am in some time when I can realise it all. I am writing to you in a glorious dream—I can only realise that I have laid my hand upon the crown you are to wear. You said I should forget you in my greatness? Never—whatever my greatness may be, it would be owed to you. I shall never forget that till I die—nor then. Congratulate me on our first triumph, dearest Milly! Congratulate me on being this long step nearer to you!—Your true lover for ever,

“ABEL.”

His second letter was addressed “The Rev. T. Markham, Winbury, Eastington,” and was as follows :—

“REVEREND SIR,

“St. Christopher’s College, Cambridge.

“Being about to become a minor scholar of this college I write to place my resignation in your hands. I left on Sunday,

having given notice to the boys not to attend school to-day, and waited till I could write to you for certain, because you do not like to be troubled with business or personal interviews. I trust you will find no difficulty in obtaining a successor. I heard of my scholarship through the Cambridge intelligence of the *Eastington Mercury*; so I should think if you advertised the vacancy there it might attract notice in the same way. I do not think there is anybody in Winbury who is qualified to succeed me.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Reverend sir,

“ Yours with respect,

“ ABEL HERRICK, *late Schoolmaster.*”

Having finished his correspondence he went to bed. But his own thoughts, fed for the first time with wine, and held from turning into dreams by the never-ending chimes, kept him broad awake until the sun rose upon the eventful day.

(To be continued.)

N ADVENTURE OF ROB ROY'S
(1745).

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

IN a small, lonely roadside inn
Out yon by Bennochie,
Six Hanoverian soldiers sat
And played at "Rig-ma-Ree."
Deep lay the torn and scattered cards;
The dice were rattling loud,
When in there strode a Hielandman
Like one dropped from a cloud.

He took a hand and played his best,
But aye the suit went wrong;
He paid his gold and threw again,
But Fate was still too strong.
Then with a crafty, angry smile
The cards he slowly felt,
And tossed the dice into the punch,
And laughed to see them melt.

Taking a court-card from the pack,
He crushed it with his heel—
Against the wall he set his back,
Defied their flashing steel;
Flung in their eyes the painted knaves
And the vermilion kings;
Spurned them and braved that nest of snakes
With all their threatening stings.

"I know you," Rob Macgregor cried,
"And all the woe and ruin
You're working in this mountain land,
And all the sins you're brewing.
You come from many a smoking strath
And many a blood-stained village;
You slay the children in their beds—
The father at the tillage."

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The sergeant snatched his musket up
 And threw it to "Present";
 The bandsman drew his bayonet out
 With little good intent.
 Butt-end, all ready for the blow,
 The third man's firelock swung;
 The fifer would have drawn his sword,
 But to the sheath it clung.

The Highlandman laughed loud and long,
 Then kicked the benches over,
 Danced three steps of a Highland reel,
 And cried, "I'm Rob the Rover!"
 The brawny sergeant flung at him
 A stool that cleared the table;
 It hit the bandsman on the shins—
 And then began the Babel.

But suddenly the Highlander,
 With a smile frank and jolly,
 Cried out, "Good folks, one moment, please,
 I've lost my favourite collie.
 One whistle ere the fun begins,
 And then we'll to it hearty;
 I would not for a thousand crowns
 Break up a pleasant party."

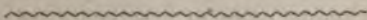
"Ugh! shmite de fool!" the sergeant cried;
 The others, with more pity,
 Said, "Let the clod bring in his hoond—
 We'll sell it in next city."
 As Rob he whistled shrill and clear,
 Loud laughed the sneering bandsman;
 Till through the shattered door there rushed
 At least two dozen clansmen.

When Rob, with white rose in his hat,
 Cried out, "God save King Charles!"
 You should have seen the sour grimace
 Distort those coward carles.
 "God save the Stuarts and the right,
 And down with the Pretender,
 And that's your little German laird,
 From Scotland God defend her!"

And quick his claymore whistled out,
In every blow a life ;
The rogues at bay turned pale to see
The opening of the strife.
But Rob he cried, " Sheathe all your swords,
And let these Dutch rats scamper ;
I trow," he said, " you gibbet-birds,
This day has been a damper."

For Rob was generous of blood,
Brave, frank, and lion-hearted,
And only smiled as up the glen
They skulkingly departed.
Then passing round the whisky horn
To every brave Macgregor,
He said " They'll not forget the cards
They dealt the Hieland beggar."

If I was bold enough to say
They left with all their spoil,
I should not be a truthful man
(A labourer's worth his toil).
They left their money and their arms,
Their coats and all about 'em,
And, bare as Adam, took the road,
With curses—Divil doubt 'em !



RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS
KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.
BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART I.

TO the fact of our having had pre-eminently good and enlightened parents is perhaps chiefly attributable the privilege we have enjoyed of that acquaintance with gifted people which has produced, and enabled us to grant, the request that we will record our recollections of old writers. Both John Clarke the schoolmaster, and Vincent Novello the musician, with their admirable wives, liberal minded and intelligent beyond most of their time and calling, delighted in the society and friendship of clever people, and cultivated those relations for their children. By nature John Clarke was gentle-hearted, clear-headed, and transparently conscientious—supremely suiting him for a schoolmaster. As a youth he was articled to a lawyer at Northampton; but from the first he felt a growing repugnance to the profession, and this repugnance was brought to unbearable excess by having to spend one whole night in seeking a substitute for performing the duty which devolved upon him from the sheriff's unwillingness to fulfil the absent executioner's office of hanging a culprit condemned to die on the following morning. With success in finding a deputy hangman at dawn, after a night of inexpressible agony of mind, came my father's determination to seek another profession, and he finally found more congenial occupation by becoming usher at a school conducted by the Rev. John Ryland, Calvinistic minister in the same town. My father's fellow-usher was no other than George Dyer (the erudite and absent-minded Greek scholar immortalised in Elia's whimsical essay entitled "Amicus Redivivus"); the one being the writing-master and arithmetical teacher, the other the instructor in classical languages. Each of these young men formed an attachment for the head-master's step-daughter, Miss Ann Isabella Stott; but George Dyer's love was cherished secretly, while John Clarke's was openly declared and his suit accepted. The young couple left Northampton with the lady's *family and settled in Enfield*, her step-father having resolved upon

establishing a school near London. For this purpose a house and grounds were taken in that charming village—among the very loveliest in England,—which were eminently fitted for a school; the house being airy, roomy, and commodious, the grounds sufficiently large to give space for flower, fruit, and vegetable gardens, playground, and paddock of two acres affording pasturage for two cows that supplied the establishment with abundant milk.

One of the earliest figures that impressed itself upon my childish memory was that of my step-grandfather—stout, rubicund, facetious in manner, and oddly forcible when preaching. The pulpit eloquence of John Ryland strongly partook of the well recorded familiarities in expression that have accompanied the era of the all but adored Rowland Hill. Upon one occasion, when delivering a sermon upon the triumph of spiritual grace over Evil, in connection with the career of the Apostle Paul, John Ryland's sermon concluded thus:—"And so the poor Devil went off howling to hell, and all Pandemonium was hung in mourning for a month." His favourite grace before meat was:—"Whereas some have appetite and no food, and others have food and no appetite, we thank thee, O Lord, that we have both!" Old Mr. Ryland was acquainted with the Rev. Rowland Hill; and once, when my grandmother expressed a wish to go up to London and hear the famous preacher, her spouse took her to the chapel in the morning, and afterwards to Rowland Hill's own house, introducing her to him, saying:—"Here's my wife, who prefers your sermons to her husband's; so I'll leave her with you while I go and preach this afternoon." Between the old gentleman and myself there existed an affectionate liking, and when he died, at a ripe age, I declared that if "old sir" (my usual name for him) were taken away I would go with him; but when the hearse came to the door to convey the remains to Northampton for burial according to the wish of the deceased, my boyish imagination took fright, and I ran to my mother, exclaiming:—"I don't want to go with old sir *in the black coach!*"

It has been said that "Every one should plant a tree who can"; and my father was a devoted believer in and fulfiller of this axiom. While still a little fellow, I used to be the companion of his daily walks in the green fields around our dwelling; and many a tree have I seen him plant: and I had the privilege of carrying the bag containing his store of acorns: he would dibble a hole in the earth with his walking-stick, and it was my part to drop an acorn into the opening. It was a proud day for me when, the walking-stick chancing to snap, I was permitted to use the ivory-headed implement,

thus fortunately reduced to a proper size for me; so that when my father had selected a spot, it was *I* who dibbled the hole as well as dropped in the acorn!

In many respects my father was independent-minded far in advance of his time; and an improvement systematised by him in the scholastic education of the boys, which testifies the humanity of his character as well as the soundness of his judgment, added considerably to the prosperity of his later career. Instead of the old custom of punishing with the cane, a plan was drawn up of keeping an account-book, for and by each scholar, of each performance at his lessons, "B" for bene, "O" for optime, and on the opposite page an "X" for negligence or wrong conduct; and rewards were given at the end of the half-year in accordance with the proportion of good marks recorded. A plan was also adopted for encouraging "voluntary" work in the recreative hours. For French and Latin translations thus performed first, second, and third prizes were awarded each half-year in the shape of interesting books. John Keats (if I mistake not) twice received the highest of these prizes. In his last half-year at school he commenced the translation of the *Æneid*, which he completed while with his medical master at Edmonton.

My father was intimate with the celebrated Roman Catholic writer Dr. Alexander Geddes, and subscribed to all the portions of the Bible that Geddes lived to translate. He was upon equally familiar terms with Dr. Priestley; and such was my father's Biblical zeal that he made a MS. copy of Bishop Lowth's translation of Isaiah, subjoining a selection of the most important of the translator's notes to the text. This MS., written in the most exquisitely neat and legible hand (the occasionally occurring Hebrew characters being penned with peculiar care and finish), bound in white vellum, with a small scarlet label at the back, the slight gilding dulled by age but the whole of the dainty volume in excellent preservation, is still in my possession. He took a peculiar interest in the work, much pursued at that time, of Biblical translation, and closely watched the labours of Gilbert Wakefield, the translator of the New Testament; and the eminent surgeon Mason Good—a self-educated classic—who produced a fine version of Job, the result of his Sunday mornings' devotion.

I remember accompanying my father on one occasion in a call upon Dr. Geddes. We found him at lunch; and I noticed that *beside his basin of broth* stood a supply of whole mustard-seed, of which he took alternate spoonfuls with those of the broth: which he

said had been recommended to him as a wholesome form of diet. He had a thin pale face, with a pleasant smile and manner; and told us several droll, odd things during our stay, in an easy table-talk style. But Dr. Geddes was irritable in controversy, for we heard from George Dyer that at a party given by Geddes, at his lodging, to some literary men, the subject of James II. arose, and the Doctor was so furious at the unfavourable estimate of the King's character expressed by his guests that he kicked over the table upon them in his wrath. In those days men's ire "grew fast and furious" in discussion.

I was but a mere child, wearing the scarlet jacket and nankeen trousers of the time, with a large frilled cambric collar, over which fell a mass of long light-brown curls reaching below the shoulders, when, encouraged by himself and my father, I used to visit Mr. Richard Warburton Lytton, and was hardly tall enough on tip-toe to reach the bell-handle at the front garden-gate. Mr. Lytton, although the owner of Nebworth, one of those old-fashioned mansions built with as many windows as there are days in the year—for some reason known only to himself—dwelt for many years at Enfield, and afterwards at Ramsgate, where he died. He was maternal grandfather to the late Lord Bulwer Lytton, his daughter having married a Mr. Bulwer; and after Warburton Lytton's death the author of "Pelham" adopted the maternal name.

Richard Warburton Lytton was educated at Harrow, and latterly attained the first class, in which were himself, the eminent Sir William Jones, and Bennett, Bishop of Cloyne. I have heard my father say that Mr. Lytton has read to him long portions of the Greek histories into English with such clear freedom that his dialect had not the least effect of being a translation made at the time of perusal. He was a man of the most amiable and liberal spirit. Several Frenchmen having emigrated to Enfield at the outbreak of the Revolution, Mr. Lytton displayed the most generous sympathy towards them; and they were periodically invited to entertainments at his house, especially on their fast days (more properly speaking, abstinence days), when there was sure to be on his table plenty of choice fish. Among these gentlemen *émigrés* was a certain delightful Abbé Béliard, who became French teacher at our school, and who was so much esteemed and even loved by his pupils that many of them were grieved almost to the shedding of tears—an unusual tribute from schoolboy feeling—when he took leave of them all to return to his native land. The bishop of his district required his return (*peace between France and England having been declared*),

giving him the promise of his original living. Mr. Lytton, upon visiting Rouen, having found poor Béliard in distress (his Diocesan having forfeited his promise), with characteristic generosity received his Enfield guest in his Normandy lodging till the abbé had obtained the relief that had been guaranteed to him.

Mr. Lytton had a very round fat face, he was small featured and fresh-coloured; in person he was short, fat, and almost unwieldy. I used to see him, taking such exercise as his corpulence would permit, in his old-fashioned so-called "chamber horse"—an easy chair with so rebounding a spring cushion that it swayed him up and down when he leaned his elbows on its arms—while I stood watching him with the interest of a child, and listening with still greater interest to the anecdotes and stories he good-naturedly related to me—stories and anecdotes such as boys most love to hear—adventurous, humorous, and wonderfully varied.

Another house in our vicinity that I enjoyed the privilege of visiting was that of Mr. Holt White, nephew to the Rev. Gilbert White, the fascinating historian of the parish and district of Selborne, of which he was the vicar. Mr. Holt White had purchased a handsome property on the borders of the Chase—then unenclosed—and came there to reside. He made the acquaintance of my father, and placed his little son under his tuition. Mr. White was in person, manner, accomplishments, and intercourse a graceful specimen of the ideal aristocrat. As an author he was strictly an amateur. He made himself one among the band of Shakespearian commentators, and I have a slight recollection that in the latter period of his life he was engaged in editing one of the Miltonian essays—I believe the *Areopagitica*. He also made an effort to be elected member of Parliament for Essex, but failed. His political opinion was of a broad Liberal character, and one of his most intimate associates was the heartily respected, the bland and amiable Major Cartwright, whose intercourse and personal demeanour in society and on the public platform secured to him from first to last the full toleration of his political opponents. I used to meet Major and Mrs. Cartwright at Mr. Holt White's house; and it was either he himself or Mr. Holt White who told me that, having lost a formidable sum at the gaming-table, Cartwright made a resolution never more to touch card or dice—a resolution that he faithfully kept. Mrs. Cartwright had a merry, chatty way with her, and on one occasion at dinner, when she and her husband were present, I remember, the conversation having turned upon the great actors and actresses, Mrs. Cartwright enlarged upon the talent of "the

Pritchard" (a talent commemorated by Churchill, as overcoming even the disadvantages of increasing age and stoutness, in a passage containing the couplet—

Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel and Garrick's six feet high)—

and on my asking if she were equal in talent with Mrs. Siddons—"Siddons!" echoed Mrs. Cartwright, "Siddons was not fit to brush Pritchard's shoes"! So much for the passionate partialities of youth.

Mr. Holt White had an ingenious arrangement by which he converted the more important works of his collected library into an extensive and useful commonplace book. In the course of his reading either an original work or a new translation of a celebrated classic, if he came upon a casual and new opinion upon the general character of an established author he would make an allusion to it, and, with a very brief quotation, insert it in the blank leaves of the work referred to. Thus some of his works—and particularly the popular ones—possessed a fine and interesting catalogue of approbations. For the memory of Mr. Holt White my gratitude and affection will continue with my days. Such was my social freedom and his kind licence that I had only to show him the volume when I had borrowed one of his books, and I had welcome to help myself from his splendid library—a rare and incalculable advantage for a youth of my age in those days.

I had several favourite chums among the boys at my father's school; but my chief friends were John Keats, Edward Holmes, and Edward Cowper. Of the first I have spoken fully in the set of "Recollections" specially dedicated to him. The second I have mentioned at some length in the same place. There was a particularly intimate school-fellowship and liking between Keats and Holmes, probably arising out of their both being of ardent and imaginative temperament with a decided artistic bent in their several predilections for poetry and music. Holmes, besides his passionate adoration of music and native talent for that art, had an exquisitely discerning taste in literature. His choice in books was excellent; his appreciation of style in writing was particularly acute—his own style being remarkably pure, racy, and elegant. He had a very handsome face, with beaming eyes, regular features, and an elevated expression. His mouth and nose were large, but beautifully formed. Thick masses of sunny brown hair, and his inspired look, lent him the air of a young Apollo. We who remember him in youth—one

of us even recollecting him in child's frock when he first came to school—felt strangely when, in after years, he was presiding at the pianoforte, and one of his enthusiastic young lady hearers present said :—"Dear old man! how delightfully he plays!" The words disenchanted us of the impression we had somehow retained that he was still young, still "Ned Holmes," although the Phœbus clusters were touched with grey, and their gold was fast turning to silver.

Edward Cowper, even as a boy, gave token of that ingenuity and turn for mechanical invention which, as a man, rendered him eminent. I recollect his fashioning a little windmill for winding the fibre from off the cocoons of the silkworms that he and I kept at school, and for winding my mother's and sisters' skeins of sewing silk. He used to open the window a certain width that the air might act properly upon his miniature mill, and would stand watching with steady interest the effect of setting in action the machinery. He was a lively brisk boy, with an alert, animated, energetic manner, which he maintained in manhood. His jocular schoolname for me was "Three-hundred," in allusion to my initials, C. C. C. He had a fluent tongue, was fond of talking, and could talk well. Once he joined us in a walk through Hyde Park from Bayswater to the Marble Arch, where we took an omnibus to the east end of Oxford Street; he delivering a kind of lecture-discourse the whole way without ceasing, on some subject in which we were all interested. He gave lectures to young lady pupils in a scientific class, telling us that he always found them especially intelligent hearers, and we had the good fortune to be present at a lecture he delivered in the first Crystal Palace, erected for the International Exhibition of 1851, before it was opened. His subject was the great strength of hollow tube pillars, on the principle of the arch, which he prettily illustrated by piling up, on four small pieces of quill set upright, heavy weights one after another to an amount that seemed incredible. He was the inventor of an important improvement in a celebrated German printing-press, brought over and used by the *Times* newspaper; and it was Applegarth, the printer, who helped him to take out the patent for this improvement.

Among our scholars was a boy named Frank Twiss, who was the son (if I mistake not) of Richard Twiss, the author of various tours and travels. I remember the lad being visited by his father, whose antique courtesy engaged my boyish notice when, as he walked round our garden, he held his hat in his hand until my father begged he *would put it on*; upon which Mr. Twiss replied :—"No, sir; not

while you are uncovered "; my father having the habit of often walking bareheaded in our own grounds.

While at Enfield my father received more than one visit from his fellow-usher in the old—or rather young—Northampton days ; and I well remember George Dyer's even then eccentric ways, under-toned voice, dab-dab mode of speaking, and absent manner. He had a trick of filling up his hesitating sentences with a mild little monosyllabic sound, and of finishing his speeches with the incomplete phrase "Well, sir ; but however."—— This peculiarity we used to amuse ourselves by imitating when we talked of him and recalled his oddities, as thus :—"You have met with a curious and rare book you say ? Indeed, sir ; abd—abd—abd—I should like to see it, sir ; abd—abd—abd—perhaps you would allow me to look at it ; abd—abd—abd—Well, sir ; but however."—— Or : "You have been ill, sir, I hear. Dear me ! abd—abd—abd—I'm sorry, I'm sure ; abd—abd—abd—Well, sir ; but however."—— Once when he came to see us he told us of his having lately spent some time among a wandering tribe of gipsies, he feeling much desire to know something of the language and habits of this interesting race of people, and believing he could not do so better than by joining them in one of their rambling expeditions. He once wrote a volume of French poems. During a long portion of his life his chief income was derived from the moderate emolument he obtained by correcting works of the classics for the publishers ; but on the death of Lord Stanhope, to whose son he had been tutor, he was left residuary legatee by that nobleman, which placed him in comparatively easy circumstances. Dyer was of a thoroughly noble disposition and generous heart ; and beneath that strange book-worm exterior of his there dwelt a finely tender soul, full of all warmth and sympathy. On one occasion, during his less prosperous days, going to wait at the coach-office for the Cambridge stage, by which he intended to travel thither, he met an old friend who was in great distress. Dyer gave him the half-guinea meant for his own fare, and walked down to Cambridge instead of going by coach. His delicacy, constancy, and chivalry of feeling equalled his generosity : for many years after, when my father died, George Dyer asked for a private conference with me, told me of his youthful attachment for my mother, and inquired whether her circumstances were comfortable, because in case, as a widow, she had not been left well off he meant to offer her his hand. Hearing that in point of money she had no cause for concern, he begged me to keep secret what he had confided to me, and he himself never made farther *allusion to the subject*. Long subsequently he married a very worthy

lady: and it was great gratification to us to see how the old student's rusty suit of black, threadbare and shining with the shabbiness of neglect, the limp wisp of jaconot muslin, yellow with age, round his throat, the dusty shoes, and stubbly beard, had become exchanged for a coat that shone only with the lustre of regular brushing, a snow-white cravat neatly tied on, brightly blacked shoes, and a close-shaven chin—the whole man presenting a cosy and burnished appearance, like one carefully and affectionately tended. He, like Charles Lamb, always wore black smalls, black stockings (which Charles Lamb generally covered with high black gaiters), and black shoes; the knee-smalls and the shoes both being tied with strings instead of fastened with buckles. His hair, white and stiff, glossy at the time now spoken of from due administration of comb and brush, contrasted strongly with a pair of small dark eyes, worn with much poring over Greek and black-letter characters; while even at an advanced age there was a sweet look of kindness, simple goodness, serenity, and almost child-like guilelessness that characteristically marked his face at all periods of his life.

Before leaving Enfield I used often to walk up to town from my father's house of an afternoon in good time to go to the theatre, and walk back after the play was over, in order to be ready for my morning duties when I had become usher in the school. Dark and solitary enough were the "Green Lanes," as they were called, that lay between Holloway and Enfield—through picturesque Hornsey, rural Wood Green, and hedge-rowed Winchmore Hill—when traversed in the small hours past midnight. Yet I knew every foot of the way, and generally pursued that track as the nearest for the pedestrian. I seldom met a soul; but once a fellow who had been lying under a hedge by the way-side started up and began following me more nearly than I cared to have him, so I put on my cricketing speed and ran forward with a swiftness that few at that time could outstrip, and which soon left my would-be co-nightranger far behind. Well worth the fatigue of a twelve-mile walk there and another back was to me then the glorious delight of seeing Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth or Queen Constance (though at a period when she had lost her pristine shapeliness of person, for she had become so bulky as to need assistance to rise from the ground in the scene where she throws herself there as her throne, bidding "kings come bow to it"); of seeing Miss O'Neil as Juliet, Belvidere, Monimia, and such tender heroines, which she played and looked charmingly; of seeing John Kemble as Coriolanus or Brutus, which he impersonated with true stateliness and dignity both of person and manner. But the

greatest crowning of my eager "walks up to town to go to the play" was when Edmund Kean came upon the London stage: and I saw him in all his first perfection. The way in which he electrified the town by his fire, his energy, his vehement expression of natural emotion and passion, in such characters as Othello (in my opinion his masterpiece during his early and mature career), Lear, Hamlet, Richard III., Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Edmund Mortimer, and Shylock (certainly his grandest performance in his latter days), after the comparatively cold and staid propriety of John Kemble, was a thing never to be forgotten. Such was the enthusiasm of his audiences that the pit-door at as early an hour as three o'clock in the afternoon used to be clustered round, like the entrance to a hive of bees, by a crowd of playgoers determined to get places; and I had to obtain extra leave for quitting school early to make me one among them. The excitement rose to fever-pitch when—about two years after Kean's first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre—and Booth had been "starring it" as his rival at Covent Garden—it was announced that the two stage-magnates were to act together in the same play, Shakespeare's perhaps grandest tragedy being selected for the purpose—Booth playing Iago to Kean's Othello. Both tragedians, of course, exerted themselves to their utmost, and acted their finest; and the result was a triumph of performance. The house was crammed; the most distinguished of theatrical patrons, the most eminent among literary men and critics, being present. I remember Godwin, on coming out of the house, exclaiming, rapturously:—"This is a night to be remembered!"

(To be continued.)

ULTRAMONTANISM IN IRELAND.

BY AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

THIRTY years ago an Englishman visiting the west of Ireland, and entertained at the mansion of one of the leading Protestant gentry, might possibly have heard his next neighbour, whose attire plainly indicated that he was a clergyman of the Established Church, addressed by the hostess with the question—

“Have you recently seen anything of your sister, Mrs. ——?” to which the answer perhaps was—

“Yes : so lately as Monday. I had some business at A——, and took the opportunity of driving over to the convent to pay her a visit. We had a long talk, and I should have remembered to mention it ; for she was asking particularly about you.”

“Oh ! you should be ashamed of your negligence. You know we were such friends as girls. I hope you found her quite well. I do so wish I could go to see her, and indeed I must contrive to do so shortly.”

Without continuing to report the conversation, we can easily imagine the English listener to be somewhat puzzled by it. He has always understood that religious differences in Ireland were attended with peculiar virulence, and that the wall of separation between the professors of different creeds was a barrier far more impassable than any which divides them in this country. Yet here was a Protestant lady, one of a family known to be of rather rigid and unbending principles, talking to a clergyman of her own persuasion, quite as a matter of course, of his sister, whom the tenour of the remarks plainly showed to be a nun ; and conventual institutions for Protestant ladies were at the time unknown. To satisfy himself on the subject, he perhaps would have taken occasion, later in the evening, to say to the lady of the house—

“Is the Rev. Mr. —— a convert from Romanism?”

“Oh dear, no ! He belongs to one of our oldest Protestant families. Why did you think otherwise?”

“I thought I heard him speak of his sister as the inmate of a convent?”

"So you did—a dear old friend of mine, and such a good, warm-hearted, unselfish creature!"

"Really. I presume he feels her abandonment of her faith. He seems much attached to her, judging by his manner when he spoke of his visit to her."

"Abandonment of her faith! Poor dear Louisa has been a Catholic all her life. Her mother was a most zealous one."

"That seems to me so strange—in Ireland of all places, where sectarian animosities run into such violent extremes. I should have thought such a thing impossible."

"Impossible! Nothing is more common among the gentry in this county. Mixed marriages are so general that numbers of us find persons of a different religion among our very nearest relatives. I don't know how many Roman Catholic aunts and cousins I have myself."

This will doubtless be as startling a revelation to many readers as to the English tourist in Ireland of thirty years ago. It was, indeed, only in the county of Galway, perhaps, that such mixed marriages prevailed to any considerable extent; for there only had any large number of Roman Catholic families retained their landed possessions throughout the series of confiscations which in other districts had transferred the soil to an alien Protestant proprietary; while there also the existing Protestant landowners are nearly all descendants of old Roman Catholic families, the heads of which at some period conformed to Protestantism. Protestant and Catholic alike therefore belonged, with hardly an exception, to the "old stock," as it is designated in Celtic Ireland. Thus the sense of social equality was retained among them, and the intercourse of families of the two creeds continuing unrestricted, attachments grew up among their members, and matrimonial alliances were formed which, if never favoured by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, were up to a recent date placed under no formal prohibition, and the sanction for them was never difficult to obtain in the case of those occupying a good social station.

Nous avons changé tout cela. Mixed marriages are now emphatically under ban in Ireland, as in other places, and though in two or three exceptional cases of late years agencies of an unusual kind have succeeded in getting dispensation for them direct from Rome, yet it is not so very long since, in the case of a highly-connected Irish Roman Catholic lady, whom a member of the Irish peerage—a Protestant—sought to make his wife, all the influences that could be brought to bear failed to obtain the necessary consent, and the

marriage eventually took place in the Protestant church only, no Roman Catholic ceremonial of any sort being permitted, the alliance, indeed, being emphatically forbidden.

The change of system is a part of that policy of insulation, so to speak, which it seems to be the special object of Ultramontanism to enforce in respect to Roman Catholics. Association, of whatever kind, between the "faithful" and the professors of other creeds is utterly repugnant to Ultramontane principles; it is, to use the phrase that has become so familiar in connection with the Queen's Colleges (which, however, are indebted to the late Sir Robert Inglis, and not to the Pope, for their epithet of "godless"), "dangerous to faith and morals." For the sole protection of "morals," according to the theory of the Ultramontanists, is "faith"; and they are very far from assenting to Hotspur's daring maxim "Out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower safety."

But the mention of the Queen's Colleges brings me to the question on which in Ireland, as elsewhere, the Ultramontane party have taken their great stand, that of education. Churchmen of all creeds who have any zeal for the religion they profess strive to get control over the education of youth; and it is perhaps less surprising that the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland have struggled so resolutely of late years to obtain the command of this great engine, than that their predecessors of fifty years ago should, seemingly at least, have been so indifferent to it. A glance at the history of education in Ireland will explain the indifference.

On no subject were the penal laws against the Irish Roman Catholics, or, as they were designated in the code, "Papists," more stringent than on that of education. In the earlier statutes they were prohibited altogether from being teachers; and it was only when the code began to be relaxed that they were permitted to act as ushers in schools kept by Protestants, and eventually to become schoolmasters on their own account, on condition of being licensed by the ordinary of the diocese. The general instruction of the upper and middle classes (the "hedge-schools" supplying education to the Roman Catholic poor who could avail themselves of them) was thus monopolised by Protestants; and as the teachers in most instances interfered in no way with the religion of the pupils (for in those days the Established Church, rich and easy-going, had no proselytising tendencies) Roman Catholics had no scruple about sending their children to receive such education as they offered. Their religious instruction was attended to by their parents or their clergy, sometimes by ushers or assistants of their own creed, and as a rule they grew

up very staunch and uncompromising Roman Catholics under this system of Protestant tuition. This state of things continued long after the penal laws had been obliterated from the statute-book ; for the Roman Catholics could in few places support a really good school ; and the old system continued from generation to generation, not a few of the bishops and clergy of less than half a century back having thus been educated at Protestant schools. Trinity College, moreover, threw open its gates to Roman Catholics as far back as 1817, and admitted them to its degrees, of which many in good circumstances gladly availed themselves. Indeed, it was so much the custom for Roman Catholics not merely to mix with Protestant fellow pupils at school but to frequent schools the teachers in which were of that creed, that no one saw in the system anything to cavil at. Now and then, perhaps, a Roman Catholic set up a school in one of the larger towns, and efforts, more or less successful, were made by the local clergy to induce members of their flock to give him support. But either from lack of sufficient patronage he could not make his establishment pay, or his teaching did not satisfy the parents or guardians of the scholars ; the school was before long given up, and the boys returned to the tuition to which they were accustomed, with no thought that they were doing anything inconsistent with the most conscientious discharge of religious obligations.

I do not mean to imply that the Roman Catholic clergy had no desire to obtain the supervision and control of education at that or any other period. So far too as the great body of the people were concerned, there were the strongest reasons why fifty years ago both the clergy and laity of that Church should have felt deep discontent at the mode in which public instruction was administered. All the State-sustained agencies for its diffusion were of a strictly proselytising tendency ; and on this subject a petition of Roman Catholic prelates was in the year 1824 presented to the House of Commons, complaining of the existing system, and setting forth the objections to it, among the chief of which was that it imposed on Roman Catholic children the necessity of reading in the various schools the Scriptures "without note or comment," and in versions disapproved of by the Church, as well as religious books or tracts conveying impressions at variance with their faith. This petition led to the appointment of a Royal Commission, the chairman of which was Mr. Thomas Frankland Lewis, and the proceedings and report of this Commission are of great importance in their bearing on all the subsequent history of Irish education to the present date.

The Commissioners made a most careful and elaborate investiga-

tion into the working of all the Irish schools for primary education and at an early period arrived at two conclusions: one, that none of them, acting on their then rules, could "provide such a system of education as should be cordially adopted and generally supported"; the other, that no system "could obtain a general and cordial support in Ireland which should not, in addition to elementary knowledge of a literary character, afford the opportunity of religious instruction to persons of all persuasions." A circumstance much struck the Commissioners in the course of their inspection, "in schools (carried on as objects of private speculation) in which the pupils paid for the instruction they received, and in which there appeared to be perfect harmony among children of all persuasions." This was that they "found the same master teaching the Church of England Catechism to one child, the Roman Catholic to another, and the Presbyterian to a third." Although they did not "approve of the same master teaching different and conflicting religious doctrines," still, they observe, "the state of these schools led us to the conclusion that it was at least possible that both religious and general instruction might be communicated in establishments in which children of all persuasions should be taught together," when such a course was harmoniously adopted.

Desirous of authoritatively ascertaining how far Roman Catholic principles would admit of acquiescence in their views, the Commissioners thought it right to have a conference with the four archbishops of that Church, Dr. Murray, Dr. Curtis, Dr. Kelly, and Dr. Laffan, the minutes of which are fully set forth in the report. The Commissioners expressed their desire for a system that "would unite children of all religious denominations in the same schools," except when it became necessary "to separate them for the purposes of religious instruction," intimating that only thus they "could hope to establish among them those reciprocal charities upon which the peace and harmony of society must depend." The Commissioners then inquired "whether there would be any objection to common literary instruction being received by Roman Catholics as well from a Protestant as from a Roman Catholic master, and whether religious instruction could be given to Roman Catholics by a Roman Catholic layman approved of by the proper Roman Catholic pastor." Dr. Murray (the interview being in the first instance with him alone) expressed his concurrence in these suggestions for uniting Protestant and Roman Catholic children in literary and separating them only for religious instruction, and stated that there could be no possible objection to the course proposed by the Commissioners. The other

three archbishops gave their entire assent to what Dr. Murray had thus sanctioned, having first asked a day for consideration, and it having been explained, as regards religious instruction, that "the Roman Catholic pastors should have the right of being present" (when it was given to those of their creed) and taking part in it so far as they should think proper.

In addition to this very strong evidence of the readiness of the Irish Catholic hierarchy to accept a system of united secular instruction, testimony of a like character was given before Committees of both Houses of Parliament in the following year. The Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, the gifted Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, in his examination before the Lords' Committee, in reply to the question whether he considered it desirable that the Roman Catholic laity should be educated conjointly with the Protestant, said:—"I see no objection whatever that they should be educated together; on the contrary, if by being educated together the harmony of the different sects in Ireland could be promoted, I think that it would be a matter to be desired"; while O'Connell, then in the vigour of his masterly intellectual powers, being asked a somewhat similar question before the same Committee as regards clerical education, replied: "My own wish would be that the Catholic and Protestant clergy should be educated in the same university. I think it would be a most advisable thing. . . . I am sure it would be very much the wish of the Catholic laity to see the clergy of the three principal persuasions educated together, as it is very desirable that the laity of all persuasions should be educated together." The very different opinions expressed by the great Irish Tribune some twenty years later were supposed to be mainly attributable to the influence gained over him, when his intellectual strength had begun to give way, by his son, Mr. John O'Connell, who was an earnest votary of denominational teaching.

The excellent report of the Commission of 1824, though for some years it lay dormant, served as the foundation of the existing Irish national education system, which was received by the clergy and laity alike with such cordial welcome, and has effected so much educational good in Ireland. It has not, indeed, produced one great result contemplated by its founders, by causing to be brought up together the humbler classes of the various creeds, and thus generating between them more harmonious relations. But this has resulted mainly from the hostility of the Protestant Church in Ireland, which, finding ample funds at hand for Protestant education, has held aloof from, and opposed the progress of, the united system.

And if the combined education that was hoped for has not been attained, still the system of instruction, the books provided, and the supervision exercised, being of a character adapted for the assumed presence of children of various creeds, the intolerance and bigotry too likely to be found in strictly sectarian institutions are necessarily excluded from the schools. Hardly sufficient weight has been given to this fact in the discussions respecting the results of the Irish national system.

The letter of Lord Stanley, under which that system was constituted, was addressed to the Duke of Leinster in October, 1831, but Mr., subsequently Sir Thomas Wyse—who, it need not be said, was one of the most prominent Irish Roman Catholics of his time—had on the 8th of August of that year brought a Bill into the House of Commons the provisions of which were in a great degree adopted in the establishment of the National Board. Indeed, the heads of a plan for national education in Ireland had been submitted in December, 1830, to Earl Grey, in which it was suggested to establish not merely primary schools, but likewise provincial colleges for the middle classes, and a university on a true national basis for the upper. As a fundamental maxim in the establishment of all these seminaries, Mr. Wyse says :—“Let Catholics and Protestants be educated, wherever possible, in the same school; both in their quality of citizen contribute to it. Its object is to prepare future citizens for a common country.” The scheme likewise provides for separate religious instruction under control of the clergy of the various creeds, carrying out, in fact, the idea of the Commissioners of 1824, as sanctioned by the four Roman Catholic archbishops. Nor could any one have then imagined that institutions would come to be reviled as “godless” and denounced as “dangerous to faith and morals,” founded in strict accordance with the principles so approved of.

In December, 1837, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was nominated on the subject of Foundation Schools and Education in Ireland, the Roman Catholic members of it being Mr. Wyse, Mr. Morgan John O'Connell, and Mr. Montesquieu Bellew. This Committee presented an elaborate and able report to the House on the 9th of August, 1838, in which they recommended the foundation of county academies for the middle classes, and likewise provincial colleges, as a “higher department intermediate between the academy and university.” And they stated in the report that though it might *not be advisable* that these colleges should be authorised to confer *degrees, still power might be given to* “a board formed of members

from each of the four, from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and from the University of Dublin and other learned bodies," after due examination, and "certificates of having satisfactorily gone through the prescribed courses, to grant degrees to the students. Immediately after the presentation of the report a meeting of the "nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of the province of Munster" was held in the city of Cork (November 15, 1838), presided over by the Earl of Listowel, at which several resolutions were adopted favourable to the scheme proposed, and a provincial committee was formed "for superintending further measures to secure the establishment of the colleges." The city of Limerick immediately after similarly exerted itself; and in 1845 Sir Robert Peel introduced, through the instrumentality of Sir James Graham, his project of the existing Queen's Colleges, accompanying it by his equally well-intended measure for the endowment of Maynooth. Both were regarded by the Irish Roman Catholics as important benefits, and the Queen's Colleges especially were hailed as institutions for higher education, founded in accordance with the principles which throughout the previous twenty years had been constantly proclaimed as those on which it was, on the highest grounds, desirable to establish a great national scheme of instruction for Irish youth, at once conducive to social harmony and protective of morality and religion.

The Queen's Colleges, however, were founded at an unlucky moment. The Repeal agitation was at its height, and a political anxiety to embarrass the Government had at least as much to do with the earliest dissatisfaction expressed respecting them as had any objection to them on Roman Catholic grounds. Had they been conceded half a dozen years before, in all probability they would have been welcomed with acclamation on all hands. But grave defects were at once discovered. There were no chairs of Theology—and a knowledge of that vital subject was discovered to be requisite for all properly-educated Roman Catholic young men; and there were chairs of History, Anatomy, and other sciences, which, if not filled by Roman Catholics properly tested and certified, might be made the means of disseminating heretical or materialistic instruction. The common school histories in use for educational purposes both among Roman Catholics and Protestants at the time, it may be observed, had been compiled by Protestants and were not particularly free from anti-Catholic prejudice; and Roman Catholic youth had, down to that date, made their medical and surgical studies under any professors, or in any school, without a question having been raised on *the score of orthodoxy*. Dr. Crolly, a worthy successor of Dr.

Curtis, and Dr. Murray were, however, the occupants of the two primatial sees, and, retaining the earnest wish to provide such an education as Irish youth could unite in receiving, so as to grow up as the citizens of a common country should, they cordially exerted themselves to reconcile differences and to cause the acceptance of the Government scheme, with some modifications acknowledged to be necessary and one or two more which might be yielded for the sake of conciliation.

Time passed on, and a favourable issue was hoped for by all calm and right-thinking Irishmen. The colleges were opened in November, 1849, and the Royal Charter incorporating the Queen's University was issued the following year.

In the very year of their opening Dr. Murray lost the aid of his valuable ally and coadjutor, Dr. Crolly, and the see of Armagh was, to the amazement of every one, filled by the appointment to it of the present Cardinal Cullen, then president of the Irish College at Rome.

The mode of Cardinal Cullen's appointment boded no good to the cause of that section of the Church in Ireland which had aspired to unite the ideas of Roman Catholicism and free citizenship. It was a bold violation of the old and long-established usage that had prevailed in the selection of the Irish Catholic bishops. That usage had been for the diocesan clergy to select three names—*dignus, dignior, dignissimus*—for the vacant office. These were submitted to the archbishop and bishops of the province, who, unless there was some very special ground for not doing so, ratified the selection in the order in which the names stood. All three names were then forwarded to Rome, and the Pope chose one of them to the bishopric; it being here also understood that unless there was some paramount reason, the highest on the list should be the one appointed by his holiness. That this usage was considered all but a right may be learned from an answer given by Dr. Doyle to one of the questions put to him when examined before the Parliamentary Committee on the state of Ireland in March, 1825. I give the question, and the answer so far as it is important:—

“Do you think the Catholic Church of Ireland is more or less independent of the Pope than other Roman Catholic Churches existing in other countries?”

“I think we are more independent in a certain way and more dependent in another. We are more independent, because the Pope does not at present, *and he could scarcely presume* to nominate any one except such person as we recommend; we are therefore very independent, because we have the election of our own prelates in our own hands, *and it would be morally impossible to take from us that right.* But we are more dependent than other Churches in another way;

for instance, in the Church of France the King has the appointment of the bishops; the Pope has only the power to give institution. There the Church is national, the appointment being only in the hands of the Sovereign. We are more dependent, therefore, than the French Church, because the Pope has the naked right of appointing in our Church without consulting us; and though I say it would be morally impossible for him to exercise that right, yet *I think it an evil that he has it.*"

How amazed this distinguished Irishman would be, had he lived, to find that the Pope, by a stroke of his pen, abrogated the privilege he so describes (without, I believe, a remonstrance), has nominated, *suo motu*, not only Dr. Cullen, but a number of prelates since, and only the other day the successor of Archbishop Leahy, of Cashel, passing over all three names submitted for his approval, and appointing to the vacant see an Australian clergyman, who, I believe, is quite unconnected with the locality, and, indeed, with Ireland! This innovation on the old elective system, inaugurated in the case of Archbishop Cullen, was, doubtless, the boldest move in the Ultramontane direction that has yet been taken in Ireland.

I have said that Dr. Cullen's selection boded little good to the section of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy who desired at once to promote good citizenship and religion; it threatened all possible hostility to the Queen's Colleges. The new prelate, who from boyhood had resided in his college at Rome, and knew nothing of the world, was the agent, of all who could be found, best fitted to carry on a crusade against such institutions, and had been for a considerable time in the closest confidence of the reactionary party at Rome and its allies among the Irish hierarchy. He was at once a votary of ecclesiastical domination in its most aggressive form, and a cordial hater of everything British. Nothing, indeed, in the historic animosity of the two races in past times surpassed the rancour which the Irish College at Rome, under his presidentship, and the English College, under that of the late Cardinal Wiseman, displayed towards each other. The archbishop felt, I have no doubt, that it was his sacred mission to crush the infant institutions, and he set to work at it with all the zeal of a true fanatic.

The first direct attack on the colleges was in the form of two rescripts from Rome in 1847 and 1848, in which the faithful were warned against them as "dangerous to faith," a stigma that, as a very sensible and clear-headed Roman Catholic ecclesiastic remarked to me at the period, would have been affixed, by the same authority, to any day's issue of the *Times* newspaper, if submitted for its solemn judgment. Nobody seemed to take the least notice of the rescripts. *The Cork College*, placed in the midst of a wealthy

commercial community, very largely consisting of Roman Catholics, was opened, with a somewhat imposing attendance of leading citizens, among whom that creed was fully represented, and among the earliest students on its roll were the sons of Roman Catholic gentlemen distinguished both for their prominent position in public affairs and their uniform attention to all the services of their religion. A public banquet, similarly attended, was given to the new president and professors: the former and several of the latter very strict and orthodox adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Dean of Residence fully intended acting in his position. The local clergy—men far above the average of their body in Ireland in general culture and liberality of sentiment—while yielding to none of its members in sincerity and conscientious discharge of duty, felt, perhaps, that it would be unseemly to openly advocate the condemned institutions; but they made it very clear indeed that they regarded the rescripts as mischievous, and the colleges as a decided boon to their flocks. As to the newly-imported archbishop, they made no secret as to their opinions of his silly and dangerous intermeddling: while the term “Ultramontane”—almost for the first time heard in Ireland—was the source of some amusement among them.

Apropos of this I may relate a clerical *bon mot*, which needs a word or two of preface. The adjoining diocese to that of Cork, on one side, is Cloyne, on whose generally more rustic priesthood the clergy of Cork have been accustomed to look somewhat as an Athenian might have regarded a denizen of Bœotia. The boundary parish in Cork diocese is very elevated ground, namely that of Watergrasshill, known to literature as the spot in which the celebrated Father Prout carried on his parochial ministrations. The Cloyne clergy were strongly Cullenite and anti-college—with a few creditable exceptions, it is true. This being the state of facts, it chanced that a dinner-party was given at the house of a leading Roman Catholic gentleman in Cork, at which a dignitary of the diocese was one of the guests, and some one made use of the word “Ultramontane.” One of the company turned to the very reverend gentleman thereupon and said—

“I really don't know what this new-fangled word means. Would you give us an explanation of it, Father D——?”

“I suppose,” replied his reverence, drily, “it means anything at the other side of Watergrasshill.”

But while the laity made no difficulty in sending their sons to the colleges, and the clergy indulged in jokes about Ultramontanism, the

disciples of Dr. Cullen showed no lack of energy. The Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda was fortified by certain of the bishops with various statements in sustainment of the view taken at Rome, coupled, I am sorry to say, with other statements of such a character as to draw from even the mild and Christian Archbishop Murray a reply in which he had to tell the Cardinal that there could be neither peace nor harmony in the Irish Church while some of the hierarchy were allowed to indulge in such misrepresentations and calumnies as they had forwarded against their brother prelates. I have to depend on my memory for the language, but I have seen all the documents, and can vouch for its substantial accuracy. But Rome had full assurance that the time was ripe for a *coup de grâce* to united education in Ireland and the establishment of a system entirely under ecclesiastical control. And the Synod of Thurles was assembled, in accordance with the Papal brief bearing date the 6th of April, 1850, under the presidency of Dr. Cullen, as Primate of all Ireland and Apostolic Legate. The rescripts were accepted, "both in letter and spirit," as coming from the shepherd who was charged to keep the faithful "from pestiferous and poison-infected pastures." The clergy were prohibited from holding office in, or in any way being connected with, the Queen's Colleges, on pain of suspension *ipso facto*, and the laity were warned that the censured institutions, on account of the grave and intrinsic dangers to which Catholic students were exposed in them, were "to be rejected and avoided by all faithful Catholics, who ought to place their faith before all conveniences and temporal emoluments."

A milder course was taken as to the national schools, but a declaration made in respect of them also, that they ought to be conducted on the separate system for Catholics, and that the privilege accorded in England of giving funds from the public treasury for separate Catholic education should in justice be extended to Ireland too.

The fact is so well known that it need hardly be stated here that the decree ratifying the condemnatory rescripts against the Queen's Colleges, notwithstanding the plea *Roma locuta est*, was carried by a majority of one—not a bishop, but substituted as delegate for a bishop who fell ill during the progress of the Synod, and who was known to be favourable to the colleges.

The only direct result of the Synodical decrees was the withdrawal from the colleges of the Catholic Deans of Residence, and the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Kirwan, President of the Galway College, who being a *clergyman* of the same Church, was necessarily

obliged to sever his connection with that institution. No lay Roman Catholic professor, or, so far as I am aware, no single Roman Catholic student, left the condemned colleges, notwithstanding the contamination alleged to be incurred by remaining in them. The decrees, however, caused very great dissatisfaction, not to say indignation, among the great body of Roman Catholics of the middle and superior classes, who had long looked forward to, and exerted themselves for, the establishment of such educational institutes for their sons, and to whom it was an especial gratification to obtain the guarantees for moral and religious observances, on the part of the students, which the appointment of the Deans of Residence seemed to secure.

In the rescript of 1847 the Irish bishops were urged to render all the existing Catholic Colleges more effective, by founding new chairs, "particularly in the Philosophical department"; but of all things "to erect in Ireland a Catholic Academy on the model of that which the prelates of Belgium founded at Louvain." This it was at once decided upon, when the Synod had given its ratification to the sentence on the Queen's Colleges; and the "Catholic University" scheme was set on foot. The venerable Archbishop Murray died soon after the Synod had closed its sittings, and Dr. Cullen was translated from the See of Armagh to that of Dublin; where his vice-Papal authority has ever since been a far less shadowy and unsubstantial fact than the vice-regal authority of the Queen's representative. He is the virtual autocrat of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland; and while the elections of priests and the recommendations of bishops pass unheeded as "the idle wind," at Rome, the "*purpurei panni*" of the Irish Episcopate are conferred, at his suggestion, on whatever individual he may indicate as the fit and proper person to maintain ecclesiastical prerogative at the utmost stretch. He has made his selections well. The private worth of his nominees is, I believe, undeniable. But an Irish Catholic hierarchy like that which the last generation knew will soon, indeed, be a thing wholly of the past. For "men of the world who knew the world like men," men of sense, discernment, and moderation; men who understood the duties of citizenship, the difficulties of government, the danger of extreme and violent courses, and the inestimable blessing of social harmony, there seems every prospect of having substituted, in the spiritual guidance of the Roman Catholics, a body of prelates ignorant of political affairs, unversed in business, zealous and indiscreet, and likely to aggravate every prejudice and inflame every passion that the long distractions of Irish society have tended to foment.

Of the Catholic University it is not too much to say that as an educational institution its failure has been without a parallel. Yet it had many elements of success. Money was not wanting. The forced "voluntary offerings" of the priests—whose murmurings against the impost were deep if not loud, and exhibited in a marked degree that "ignorant impatience of taxation" that somehow is felt even by more affluent men—and the pennies of the millions, to whom a university held out many attractions—would mount up to a handsome sum. The exhortations and influence in their behalf of bishops and of priests; the possession of a really efficient staff of professors; last, assuredly not least, the spell of John Francis Newman's mighty name as rector—all these were combined in behalf of the institution: which, moreover, was founded in obedience to a rescript from Rome itself.

What has it all come to? It is some years since I heard a distinguished English Catholic lamenting over the waste by such a man as Newman of so much of the best period of his life trying to infuse some vitality into what, in the bitterness of his soul, he could not help designating "that miserable abortion in Stephen's Green." It is far more rickety now. Except as a medical school, it is, I believe, to all intents and purposes extinct.

So far I have traced the history of Ultramontane effort in Ireland, having first made the reader acquainted with the state of that country in the period immediately preceding that in which Ultramontaniam set its agencies to work, in relation to those topics with which it has mainly concerned itself—namely, mixed marriages, education, and ecclesiastical subordination to Rome. As regards the last, the success has been complete; for, as we have seen, for the last twenty-five years Rome has absolutely nominated, without any consideration for the representations of either the bishops or the parochial clergy, the members of the Irish hierarchy. As to mixed marriages, the number of which, at any time, was too small to make them important, save as they may indicate the course of Church policy, they have not, certainly, been put down, and some highly respectable Roman Catholics finding that, under recent regulations, they could not otherwise effect matrimonial alliances with Protestants, have been satisfied with marriage by the Protestant clergyman, dispensing with any ceremonial of their own Church, a course to which it is hardly prudent to coerce them. But though this may be done without any abandonment of Roman Catholic principles, yet there can hardly be a doubt that in a country like Ireland, and in a Church that stamps a *solemn sacramental character* on the matrimonial union, the

hesitation to marry in this manner will tend considerably to restrict such alliances.

There remain to be considered the efforts made to put an end to united secular education.

The failure of the so-called Catholic University is so patent a fact that it would be worse than idle to argue with any one who calls it in question. Whatever place Irish Roman Catholics have selected for the education of their sons, they have at least not chosen that school for them. This, in itself, is no slight evidence of want of success in the attempt to set up separate education. The extent to which Roman Catholic students frequent the Queen's Colleges is further evidence of the same fact. That some check has been given to these institutions, as places of instruction for Roman Catholic youth, by the Ultramontane policy adopted in their regard, I think is undeniable. But, as I have already said, I believe very few Roman Catholics have been deterred by the action of their Church from resorting to them. Any one really knowing Ireland is well aware that the colleges have been very nearly as successful as could have been reasonably hoped, and that the true cause of the comparative paucity of students has been the want of demand among Roman Catholics for such an education as they supply, at the cost at which it must be obtained. The country is not yet, and will not soon be, one in which youths of the class that in Scotland make their way to Aberdeen or Edinburgh, and seek, with the poorest pittance to live upon, the benefits of high academic culture, can be found in even a very insignificant number. Nor is the fact that they are "at people's own doors" by any means regarded as an unmixed benefit by persons of sufficient means, who, without caring for university honours for their sons, could yet avail themselves of the colleges for education of a superior kind. "Boys," as Sir Arthur Helps has somewhere said, "are always troublesome, especially from ten to thirty"; and the inquiry of an anxious mother on the first day of a vacation, coupled, of course, with a sincerely affectionate welcome, sometimes is the significant one, "On what day do you go back?" Hence many Roman Catholic lads are sent to ecclesiastical seminaries in Ireland where they "will be out of harm's way," and get an education good enough for them—the standard sought is not very high—or to similar seminaries in this country, where it is hoped they may in addition "catch an English accent," which, it may be added, they never do. One thing is certain—Roman Catholics of undoubted sincerity, and who comply with all the requirements of their Church, continue to act as professors and office-bearers in the colleges; others of equally high

reputation as religious and exemplary men have not hesitated to send their children for instruction to them. And they educate and send out into the world a very large number, at least, of Roman Catholic young men. These facts all go to show that no great success has attended the exertions of these reverend gentlemen in their crusade against united education.

As yet, however, it must be borne in mind that their efforts have not been made in circumstances the most favourable to success. When the Queen's Colleges were first established, as has been pointed out, not only was united education favourably regarded by the great body of the Irish Catholic laity, but decided approval of it had been expressed by the leading members of the hierarchy; and, even after the rescripts of 1847 and 1848, a full half of that body were adverse to any condemnation of the Queen's Colleges. The secondary order of the clergy in many parishes, and probably in all those most likely to avail themselves to any considerable extent of facilities for superior education, were disposed to give them active support; and if the old system of election to the Episcopacy had continued in force, there is no good reason to suppose that much change would have since occurred in this respect. But by resuming boldly the nomination of the bishops, Rome secured that the new occupants of all vacant sees should support her policy in reference to united education, and also that the inferior clergy should at least show no opposition to that policy. When the avenues to Church advancement were closed to all ecclesiastics who did not profess their desire for separate education it was hardly to be expected that the priests—who, after all, could only favour it on social grounds, and who could not from a spiritual point of view object to it—would not at least grow discreetly silent; while the zealots in its behalf were sure to exhibit their partisanship with redoubled activity. Maynooth, moreover, and the several diocesan seminaries, being entirely under Episcopal control, have been Ultramontanised as the bishops have become so. The well-intended endowment of the first of these institutions, I may add, has had the great disadvantage of enabling the college to educate for the priesthood youths who are not in a position to contribute anything to their own support, and the consequence is, as a highly intelligent and cultivated Roman Catholic clergyman complained to me several years ago, that a continually increasing number of the students is of a far lower social class than formerly, to the decided deterioration of the clerical body.

All these things are leading to a more active hostility to the Queen's Colleges and to the entire system of united education, as

well as to more extreme and fanatical views on everything connected with Roman Catholic ecclesiastical policy ; which tends every day to assume a more Ultramontane character.

Hitherto the real sentiments of the laity—that is to say, of those among them possessing any education, or capable of any thought—have undergone little change. They are still, as of old, friendly to united education. No inconsiderable number of them, indeed, now regard it as a necessary barrier against a too aggressive ecclesiastical spirit.

Where, it will be asked, are the public evidences of this? I doubt if they are to be found, save in the attendance of Roman Catholic students at the Queen's Colleges. Nay, more, I admit that many circumstances seem proof rather of an antagonistic spirit. We have Roman Catholic candidates for the Legislature universally joining in the cry for denominational education ; lay speeches and resolutions in its favour, and so on. But to one who understands Irish society all this counts for nothing. No men living lack so much "the courage of their opinions" as the middle and upper classes of Irish Roman Catholics. I recollect one, an Irish baronet, saying to myself, in the writing room of a Dublin club, where some half-dozen men were bantering me about my very strong public expression of sentiments at variance with those of the Ultramontane party, on an important question: "By Jove, the only difference between — and us is that he has the courage to say what he thinks and we have not. And we should be ashamed of ourselves for it!" Men of high position and great influence have frequently complained bitterly to me of the hostility to united education, and said that if things went on as they were going, ecclesiastical domination would become unendurable. A fortnight later they have attended meetings for denominational education, and have proposed resolutions to the effect that they could have no confidence in any system of public instruction which was not under the supervision and control of their revered hierarchy and venerated clergy, and in institutions in which the faith of Catholic students would not be endangered by association with youths of a different creed! I have expressed to them my astonishment at such conduct ; and the answer has been—"What is a man to do? If he refuses to join in this sort of thing, all the ignorant prejudice of the country is excited against him. Besides, he never hears the end of it from his wife. There was So-and-so, who at the last collection for the Catholic University put a threepenny bit ostentatiously on the plate, to show his repudiation of the whole business ; and yet his name was at the head of the

requisition! But the great protection we have is that the English people will never allow the education of the country to be Ultramontanised. God knows I haven't much faith in the Whigs, for the fellows would go any length for the Irish vote; and that confounded Disraeli is such a trimmer that he'd do anything to get office. But the national feeling won't allow them to give way on this point!"

This is the sort of language, almost *verbatim*, used in Ireland, not by men indifferent to Roman Catholicism, but by sincere believers in it, acting in accordance with the full requirements of their creed, and in station and intelligence among the recognised and prominent leaders of lay-Catholic opinion! I could name such persons, I regret to say, by the dozen, within the circle of my own acquaintance: men honourable, respectable, and trustworthy in all private relations; but whose public acts belie their opinions on public questions almost every other day.

So much for the generation that has now reached the maturity of life and is tending to "the sere and yellow leaf." A generation is coming into manhood in many respects different from this, and that only requires the full play of Ultramontane agencies to bring about in Ireland much of what we now behold in Belgium—a division of the Catholics into two sections—one of sincere and narrow-minded bigots, the other of professed sceptics, if not as narrow-minded, perhaps quite as intolerant. Without saying that separate education is at all an evil in itself, I am quite sure that Roman Catholic education, under purely ecclesiastical supervision, almost inevitably tends to create a strong reaction against stringent religious discipline; and a considerable proportion of young men, so soon as they escape from its immediate pressure, will strive to assert their newly-gained freedom by indulging in whatever has been prohibited to them. No vigilance exercised in schools or colleges will now guard those who have once left their precincts from association with men of other creeds, or without creed of any kind, or from the perusal of whatever literature is accepted as possessing merit of a superior kind among the body of educated readers. If Ultramontaniam merely inculcated principles of belief on those it trains up, they might be in far less danger from such reading and association. But its strongest reliance is on the concealment of all the facts of history—however indisputably established by evidence—which it is apprehended may tend to diminish the reverence for those who have been identified with the inculcation of Catholic dogma or the maintenance of Church authority. The young mind must receive no teaching that could *even suggest a doubt respecting the virtue or the holiness of popes*

or cardinals, of bishops or of priests : nay, the failings or crimes of princes or of statesmen must be hidden, provided their policy has been connected with the promotion of Catholic interests.

The system might answer its purpose in an age when happy ignorance might be secured through life to the faithfully brought up son of the Church. In this day no knowledge, whether of good or evil, can be shut out from the mind of one who moves through society, any more than the sunlight can be shut from his eyes. The *suppressio veri* will be found out assuredly, and will suggest to many that those resorting to it might not have stopped short at mere concealment of historic facts. The doubt is probably the first step in scepticism the final issue of which no one could determine, but which would never have been entered on if it were only borne in mind that the surest way to preserve the truth is to disclose it freely.

As an Irish Catholic I do not shrink from the expression of my deep conviction that to Ultramontanise Ireland would be to deprive her of her last chance of social or political regeneration.

ABOUT GREAT PLAYERS AND THEIR ART.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

BEARING in mind Charles Lamb's charming essay on "The Tragedies of Shakespeare Considered with Reference to their Fitness for Stage Representation," let us attempt to consider the abstract art of acting, apart even from the counterfeit presentment of the great character of Shakespeare. The highest task of the greatest player is unquestionably to present satisfactorily the great Shakespearian characters; but acting is in itself an abstract art, irrespective of the particular part presented. Thus when you saw Macready in "Werner" you felt that his art was as fine as it was when he played Lear; but you recognised the more fully the comparative inferiority of the Byronic to the Shakespearian creation.

None of Rachel's triumphs were produced in Shakespearian parts. Her glory was won by the exercise of her own magically demoniac art as a mere player. She lived the abstract passions. Ristori won her fame outside Shakespeare. When Edmund Kean answered his wife's inquiries by saying "D——n Lord Essex! the pit rose at me!" the effect had been produced through Sir Giles Overreach. Mrs. Siddons played Aspasia in Rowe's "Tamerlane," and we are told that "in the last act, when, by order of the tyrant, her lover Monesis is strangled before her face, she worked herself up to such a pitch of agony, and gave such terrible reality to the few convulsive words she tried to utter as she sank a lifeless heap before her murderer, that the audience for a few moments remained in a hush of astonishment, as if awe-struck; they then clamoured for the curtain to be dropped, and, insisting on the manager's appearance, received from him, in answer to their vehement inquiries, the assurance that Mrs. Siddons was alive, and recovering from the temporary indisposition that her exertions had caused. They were satisfied as regarded her, but would not suffer the performance to be resumed." Again, in Lady Randolph, when she hears of the death of young Norval, "the anguish of her soul seemed to have struck her brain. The silence of her fixed and vacant stare was terrible; broken, at last, *by a loud and frantic laugh, that made her hearers shudder.*"

These are instances of the independent power of genius in the actor. The great effects are due less to the author who created the part than to the actor who realised the passion of the situation. The audiences at Newcastle who elected to see Mrs. Siddons—on the two occasions on which, in his early youth, Macready played with her, in Mrs. Beverley and in Lady Randolph—were not wholly wrong, though they might have chosen better.

Here is suggested, by the way, one of the links which curiously unite the present with the past. Macready, whom some of us have seen, played in his youth with Mrs. Siddons; she in her young days had performed with Garrick. Ward, Mrs. Siddons' maternal grandfather, had acted with Betterton; who, in his turn, had been taught by Taylor, who was the original Hamlet under Shakespeare's direct tuition and inspiration.

No dramatist was ever more closely connected with the stage, and with the actual representation of plays, than was Shakespeare, who himself probably supplied the very

—Four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous :

and yet he wrote all his plays as acting plays, as pieces directly designed for practical representation. No man could have better known the difficulty of presenting in his own day, and in his own theatre, the "Tempest" or the "Midsummer Night's Dream," but he nevertheless wrote even these pieces, not as dramatic poems, but as plays for acting. Many of us have felt, as Lamb felt, how imperfect are all representations upon the stage of Shakespeare's plays. Indeed, a great drama can, as a whole, seldom be adequately performed and presented. While one or two parts are satisfactorily rendered, the totality of the performance is commonly unsatisfactory. The imagination of the imaginative is hard to satisfy; but men are too apt to overlook the might and magic of the acted drama, the mystery and the marvel of acting in the abstract. If it be simply impossible to embody a dramatic poem through the inevitable shortcomings and roughnesses of action, then Shakespeare, writing in a day in which there was little reading and less publication, must be held to have laboured under a misconception in art.

The truth is, Shakespeare worked not for a handful of critics, but for a nation; he could adequately estimate the effect of the "cunning of the scene," and the best practical dramatist was united in the same person with the greatest poet of all time.

How shall we reconcile this apparent discrepancy—for I maintain that it is only apparent? How shall we explain the seeming

contradiction that Shakespeare, who has given his own expression to the keenest sense of the necessary imperfection of stage rendering,—who paints for the stage things which, according to his own statement, "cannot in their huge and proper life be here presented," should yet write directly for the stage? He could hardly be so grossly mistaken as to waste work—and such work!—upon an impossible condition of things.

Shakespeare himself affords most conclusive and triumphant answer to the question. He overcomes the inevitable imperfections of the actual stage by appeals to the highest range and faculty of imagination. He it is who bids us—

Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

He felt intensely that the "wooden O" could present only mockeries; but he also felt, and points out, that the really imaginative, not those merely of fastidious taste, but of true and shaping imagination, *can* mind "true things" through and despite of mockeries. Imagination, healthy and lofty, can easily be stirred and impregnated by suggestion: "a crooked figure *may* attest in little place a million." He, speaking as poet and as player, begs us to "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts"; he urges "on your imaginary forces work"; he requires us to "play with your fancies, and in them behold"; he it is who calls upon his spectators—not necessarily upon his hearers—to

Work, work your thoughts,
Eke out our performance with your mind.

Shakespeare, then, wrote emphatically for the stage, and he is supremely right, especially when he can obtain the imaginative spectator for whom he chiefly wrote, in whom he mainly delighted.

A dramatic poem can only be brought to the masses through the life of action; and Shakespeare wrote for the many as well as for the few. Hamlet, the highest joy and the profoundest problem of the critic, is yet the most popular acting play in the drama. Shakespeare, even if in his farseeing fantasy he foresaw the shadows of things to be, and dimly apprehended in his objective age the subjective period, and the busy reading of times which at present stop with our own day, did not write only for readers. He created also for spectators. He embraces alike the masses and the judicious and critical few; he worked for mankind, and will put a girdle round the earth; but the bulk of men are not to be reached through the closet: they must be taught and delighted from the stage.

Well says our gentle Lamb "that an intellect of no common

calibre is required to know the internal workings and movements of a great mind, of an Othello, a Hamlet, for instance"; and further, that the correspondence of a passion to a great or heroic nature is "the only worthy object of tragedy"; or, we may add, of a tragedian.

Shakespeare draws his great characters as men of great intellect; and this fact alone always renders vulgar the presentation of such characters by actors who are not, apart from all other qualifications, intellectual men. No mere histrionic force, gift, or accomplishment can, in the high ideal creations of Shakespeare, supply the place of that clear and subtle intellect by means of which the poet lent such poetic grandeur to his greatest parts. Macready possessed in a high degree this rare and distinctive gift, and he consequently could pourtray the passions, acting before a background of mental greatness, of Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth; and present them in the rarefied air of due spiritual altitude. To act such characters in the right spirit and with adequate ability is indeed noble art. The fine air of thought and word, of a poet's imagination, of a dramatist's conception, becomes then incorporated in a human form; becomes vital with passion, active with will, and living with quickening intelligence. With such an actor before you, dramatic illusion *is* possible. You can forget the actor in his art and his part. The cunning of the scene, thus nobly rendered, transports you beyond the ignorant present of the mere actual playhouse; and you can see, with the mind's eye, living before you, a Shakespearian hero moving and feeling in his ideal human life. How wonderful the variety of character and the change of passion which can be conceived and conveyed by one great actor!

The player's creative power of expressing a noble mind and nature, of realising an heroic man, is perhaps his most poetical achievement. It is a rare gift which enables an artist to embody, and actually live, heroism and nobleness. His art can do nothing higher than fitly represent the strong passion which shall correspond to a great or heroic nature.

In connection specially with Macready's acting there are two points which are illustrations of the gifts necessary to enable a player to render the higher parts of Shakespeare. One is the power of expressing the attitude of such a character as, for instance, Macbeth, towards the supernatural. Macready is truly said to have been able to represent a wholly "amazed, bewildered being," rapt "in the sublime of preoccupation," as he indicated from the first moment of meeting the weird sisters the awful "consciousness of destiny." In Hamlet the same expression was conveyed in the

presence of the Ghost ; and Garrick is credited with a like gift in the same scene. Another magic power of Macready's was that of imposing an illusive image of physical grandeur upon the sense of the beholder" by some change of attitude, by some action ; the ideal illusion being due to the working and shaping influence of a fine imagination which distended with a great conception of the altitude of the dramatic position, and could compel the body to express the workings of the soul.

"Never let me be so ungrateful," says Lamb, "as to forget the very high degree of satisfaction which I received some years back from seeing for the first time a tragedy of Shakespeare performed in which those two great performers (John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons) sustained the principal parts. It seemed to embody and realise conceptions which had hitherto assumed no distinct shape." But yet our gentle essayist speaks scornfully of "a gesticulating actor" who "mouths" before an audience. If he thus attacked an individual and bad actor, he would, of course, be right ; but he really intends to apply these phrases generically to the abstract art of acting, and, if he include both good and bad acting in his animadversion, he must be held to speak too strongly and sweepingly. He elsewhere says that an actor "must be thinking all the while of his appearance," and this statement, I am convinced, contains an error. A great actor undoubtedly thinks, and must think, of his appearance when privately studying and practising his art ; but the secret of great acting consists in entirely forgetting the audience. The great tragedian cannot, in the "very torrent, tempest, and the whirlwind of passion," remain hampered by consciousness. He must have forgotten himself, and have merged himself, through art and enthusiasm, into the feelings of the character and the action of the scene. Lamb's remark upon the point betrays, as I hold, an imperfect sympathy with the actor's art.

If when painters died their paintings perished with them, leaving no more record or trace of work achieved than does the acting of an actor, then he who had seen the actual pictures of Michael Angelo, of Velasquez, of Titian, of Raphael, would have a great advantage over those later born who could only judge of masterpieces by descriptions of them. Acting, which consists in living poetry through human life, must perish with the actor ; and of players and their styles the records and descriptions remain necessarily fragmentary and imperfect ; but in spite of all drawbacks, the critic can, as I maintain, form to himself a just conception of the style and of the very essence of the art of the great players who

have lived since the days of written record and criticism, say from the time of Garrick. Painting preserves the form, the face, the eye, and word-painting does the rest. In my opinion sufficient proof exists to warrant us in believing that the greatest dramatic artist of any age or country which comes within the scope of accurate record is Mrs. Siddons. From out the mass of evidence, let us select that of an actor and of a critic—Macready and Hazlitt. Hazlitt's dramatic essays abound in eulogistic reference to the great actress, but I will content myself with the following passage:—"The homage she has received is greater than that which is paid to queens. The enthusiasm she excited had something idolatrous about it; she was regarded less with admiration than with wonder, as if a being of a superior order had dropped from another sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. She raised tragedy to the skies, or brought it down from thence. It was something above nature. We can conceive of nothing grander. She embodied to our imagination the fables of mythology, of the heroic and deified mortals of olden time. She was not less than a goddess, or than a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. She was tragedy personified. She was the stateliest ornament of the public mind. She was not only the idol of the people, she not only hushed the tumultuous shouts of the pit in breathless expectation and quenched the blaze of surrounding beauty in silent tears, but to the retired and lonely student, through long years of solitude, her face has shone as if an eye had appeared from heaven; her name has been as if a voice had opened the chambers of the human heart, or as if a trumpet had awakened the sleeping and the dead. To have seen Mrs. Siddons was an event in every one's life."

Thus the literary critic. Next comes the player, and it is observable that Macready, with a master's knowledge of the art by means of which such results were attained, combines a nicer criticism with an enthusiasm which is not less than that of Hazlitt. Macready speaks of the name of Siddons as "a name that even now excites in me something of a reverential feeling." He says: "What eulogy can do justice to her personations? How little can any force of description imprint in the imagination the sudden but thrilling effects of tone or look, of port or gesture, or even of the silence so often significant in the development of human passion! One great excellence that distinguished all her personations was the unity of design, the just relations of all parts to the whole, that made us *forget the actress in the character she assumed.*" In Mrs. Beverley,



"devotion to her husband stood out as the mainspring of her actions, the ruling passion of her being. In Lady Randolph, the sorrows of widowhood and the maternal fondness of the chieftain's daughter assumed a loftier demeanour, but still the mother's heart showed itself above all power of repression by conventional control. . . . She stood alone on her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection. . . . Her acting was a revelation to me, which ever after had its influence on me in the study of my art. Ease, grace, untiring energy through all the variations of human passion, blended with that grand and massive style, had been with her the result of patient application."

"Remember what I say," said Mrs. Siddons to Macready, "study, study, study. Keep your mind on your art; do not remit your study, and you are certain to succeed." Macready adds: "From the acting of Mrs. Siddons I had received a great lesson. Where opportunity presented itself she never failed to bring out the passion of the scene and the meaning of the poet, by gesture and action, more powerfully, I am convinced, than he originally conceived it; but in giving life and, as it were, reality to the character she represented, she never resorted to trick, or introduced what actors call 'business,' frequently inappropriate, and resulting from want of intelligence to penetrate the depths of the emotions to be portrayed."

These two witnesses alone will, I think, establish Mrs. Siddons's claim to be ranked as the greatest tragic artist that ever trod the stage. Without the imagination of the spectator, which should keep pace with the imagination of the poet, the actor can never realise his imaginative presentment of a dramatic character; and we require an additional proportion of critical imagination to follow the record of the witnesses who have preserved for us so admirable a picture of the distinctive glory of the Siddons.

"Pity it is," says Cibber, "that the momentary beauties flowing from a harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record;—that the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that represent them; or, at least, can but faintly glimmer through the memory and imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators." Certainly Cibber is in the right, but I hold that he is only partly right. If the record to after ages of the actor's triumphs be fainter and more evanescent than those which preserve the fame and the productions of other artists, the player has yet one recompense in the rapture of his hour of glory. No other artist *can ever know* joy comparable with the emotional

thrill and swell of soul of a great actor, in a great part, on a great night. The house, full of living humanity, swayed and stirred by the magic of the artist's power, melts with the pathos, or rises with the heroic inspiration of the part. Scene follows scene ; passion rises upon passion ; inspiration glows with the heat of living ecstasy, as the actor, forgetting himself in his art, becomes sublimed to the lofty ideal. The mass of humanity which surrounds him supplies present glory and after fame. The sympathetic communication between actor and audience becomes electrical. The reverberation of full-hearted thunders is a divine intoxication ; the pressure of full-hearted silence is a dim, delicious echo of his inner feeling of mastery and of magic. His emotion vibrates upon theirs. The enthusiasm which responds so subtly, so intuitively, to the actor's efforts, is a leaping flame running swiftly through, and vividly lighting up, the hearts and minds of thousands of subjugated and excited spectators. Life knows no joy that can surpass the glory of those brief exalted hours. The end arrives ; the part is played ; the piece concludes ; and then comes the full draught of the sense of great victory, as the actor, then outside his personation, and resolved into his individuality, receives the full acclaim of applause which expresses the admiration, the gratitude of masses of men thrilling with a consentience of deeply-moved emotion. For the time the actor has been lifted above himself, has lived and breathed in an ideal world, has animated with action the poet's creation. He has been in a state of feeling upraised to the glow and glory of poetry ; the realism of his art has been but the footstool for noblest imaginings. Truly there are shortcomings in the stability of the actor's fame in years to come ; but the great justice of art awards a magnificent compensation in the triumph of such an hour.



A HERTFORDSHIRE VALLEY.

BY "RED SPINNER."

AMONG the many tributaries which feed old Father Thames during his proud career through a drainage basin estimated, I believe, at over six thousand miles, commend me, in the double capacity of wanderer and angler, to the Colne. It is within easy reach of town, it is very fairly stored with fish, and it traverses interesting and, in some portions of its course, exquisitely beautiful scenery. How many Colnes there may happen to be in this country I know not; my Colne is not, however, the feeder of the Calder which receives the foul discolouration of the West Riding cloth factories, nor the stream of that name which runs through the north-eastern part of Essex to Colchester, nor the little Coln (so often spelt with a final *e*) that rises in the Cotswold Hills, and gives some occasionally worthy trout fishing at Fairford; my Colne is that loveable stream which brightens a goodly section of pastoral Hertfordshire, which for two miles and a half keeps boundary between Herts and Middlesex, and which in the last fourteen miles of its length mostly marks the border-line between Bucks and Middlesex, as the Lea across the county marks the border line on the eastern side.

Rising near historical Hatfield, the Colne soon begins to receive additions right and left, its infancy being by this reason much shorter in duration than that of most streams; very soon

The struggling rill insensibly is grown
Into a brook of loud and stately march,
Cross'd ever and anon by plank and arch;
And for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament; stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint.

One of the earlier branches of the Colne, the Verlam, is considerably larger than itself, and this is the stream which passes by Lord Bacon's Gorbambury and the ancient shrine of St. Alban's. By Watford the Colne flows through flat marshy meadows, overlooked by the London and North-Western Railway, and busily peopled in winter time by grey *plovers* and many passing feathered visitants, and

touches the quiet old-fashioned town of Rickmansworth, where we may find it convenient to halt at the head-quarters of our Hertfordshire Valley. From this centre you may wander away into the woods to the north, into Moor Park, once the habitation of Cardinal Wolsey, James Duke of Monmouth, and Lord Anson, and now the country house of Lord Ebury; or into Rickmansworth Park, where you may pass a long delightful summer's day under the shade of grand avenues of trees, none daring or caring to make you afraid. Or to vary your experience you may take the canal towing-path, and trudge over its loose gravel until you heave a sigh of thankfulness in Uxbridge, of which it was once said that the only thing to be noticed respecting it was the house in which the Commissioners appointed to arrange the little differences between Charles Stuart and his bristle-backed Parliament sat fourteen days in conference, and never arrived at a satisfactory conclusion after all.

The first sight of Rickmansworth from the window of your railway carriage is a very pleasant one, the taper spire of the parish church rising out of the trees as one always likes to see it rise in country places, where ecclesiastical rooks and episcopal jackdaws like to claim a share in the benefits which Church and State bestow upon the land. There is a rare colony of these garrulous belfry haunters at Rickmansworth, and sometimes the approach of the train, though it is the slowest railway travelling in the kingdom, sends them wheeling over spire and trees in noisy clouds. Very peaceable and—if I might say it without offence of a town in which I have spent many happy hours—very humdrum is Rickmansworth. Of course, like other old-fashioned places with a history, it has had its excitements. Take as a specimen the matter set forth on a time-worn black-letter document in the British Museum, bearing date 1525 and beginning: "Be it knoun to all cryste people which joyeth in theyr hartes of ye power of God shewed by his own precyous body i fourme of brede in ye chyrche of Rykmersworthe where wretched and cursed people cruelly and wylfully set fyre upon all ye ymages." This was the head and front of the offending, and the cardinal of the period liberally offered indulgences to whomsoever would aid in restoring the cremated effigies. Rickmansworth Church in these days of grace is, however, most carefully tended; its churchyard is a finely shaded God's acre, and over the walls of the building luxuriant ivy is climbing upwards and onwards.

Rickmansworth possesses good inn accommodation of the comfortable old-fashioned kind, but there is an unpretending little tavern *down by the bridge* specially dear to a fraternity of anglers who make

it their head-quarters. Their room overlooks a back stream running swiftly from a weir at the bottom of the cabbage garden, and day and night, winter and summer, feast days and fast days, they are soothed by the musical plash of the water rippling along under the balcony which runs along the entire front of this homely Fisherman's Home. Fishing gear fills the corners, mantelpiece, and sideboard. Upon the wall of the Waltonian sanctum there hangs a floridly coloured representation of the catching of a salmon. The angler is seen struggling with a rod that by all rules of perspective should be four hundred and fifty feet long, and he is of the type of sportsmen so dear to a certain class of artists—a swarthy gentleman of the gipsy type, cigar in mouth, and hair most ravishingly curled. But somehow the picture tells its story admirably; gives you an accurate idea of a fine salmon river and the country through which it runs; and the sort of tableau that an angler winching in an exhausted salmon, an attendant with gaff outstretched, and an odd slain fish or so neatly deposited among flowers and grass under a rock, would make. Some such pictorial furniture as this is as necessary to an angler's inn as the Herring prints are to the coaching and marketing tavern. We have not, alas! many honest angling inns left to us—I mean the inn as to which it was no mere figure of speech to talk of snow-white sheets smelling of lavender, and the like—some such inn as Shenstone, no doubt, had in his mind when he wrote the dreadful heresy—

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

From the doorway of this anglers' tavern at Rickmansworth you look out upon the canal. The straight stretch of sluggish water at even-tide reflects the sunset, and catches the parting glints of daylight. A canal is not *per se* an object of beauty, but a bridge or two, fringes of sedge and bulrush, and trees overhanging here and there take much from the hard and fast lines of the artificial channel. It is not an effort of imagination, therefore, to represent this prosaic canal as a salient feature of the winsome picture spread before us from our stand-point, and the general effect is heightened by the broadening of the water at the jutting point where the Colne runs into and across it under the high Chinese-looking bridge, up which the barge horses have to climb. In the meadows to the right of this bridge there are notice-boards warning delinquents with angling propensities *against the penalties of the law*, and offering rewards to any

member of the community who will detect and expose the poacher. A small rustic bridge further on, under overshadowing trees, conducts to the waterside, margined for a while with an osier-bed. Beyond the further bank the distant houses of the town peep from beneath the greenwood, and the road may be traced by its fringe of trees. Cattle feed in the verdant meads; bees hum in the air; swallows hawk over the fields and pursue their prey to the surface of the water, from which they can whisk it without a splash.

It is a common expression that you can look upon a scene like this without tiring; but not more common than true. The poor women, married and single, who toil in the rag-mill up the road, the labourers returning with the expiring day from fallow and fen, the country folk, driving backwards and forwards, generally slacken speed or stop on the crest of the bridge that they may once more take in the panorama with which they have been for many years familiar; and every night the angler, as he steps out to smoke his pipe of peace, will be sure to find groups of natives looking over the coping into the water below, looking at nothing particular, but hugely comforted nevertheless by the occupation.

The barge life of this Hertfordshire valley cannot long escape the notice of the frequent visitor. It is a phase of life not at all creditable to a Christian land and a missionary-loving people. The barges are sottishly ignorant, and treat their womenfolk as if they were savages. Being continually on the water, and continually on the move, in our midst but ever passing, on shore and yet on water, no one seems to think of them. They belong to no parish, and have no responsibilities; neither does any teacher or guide feel responsibility towards them. True it is that there are exceptions to the rule; some of the barges are well-regulated cottages, whose little aft cabin is clean, painted with some idea of artistic adornment, and the abode of a family literally born and bred within its shadowy recesses. But these are rare exceptions indeed. To the anglers' inn there is a lower region where the barge men and barge women call for refreshments when passing through the lock hard by, and he who would prefer not to see the face of womankind disfigured by every kind of bruise or to hear horrible blasphemies rolling from a woman's tongue had better give that lower region a very wide berth. Ask the landlord of the inn how many drunken persons he has rescued from a watery grave close to his stable door; ask the coroner what a tale of dead is yielded every year by the canal. And if you would learn further of the morality, and ignorance, and habits of the barge people start straightway to the Paddington basin

and make full inquiries. The condition of these hardworking men, women, and children, for whom we should feel much pity, has been improved no doubt, but they are still deplorably benighted.

Whatever man may be, every prospect pleases. Follow the Colne through the meadows, fight your way through the myriads of gnats and midges that rise from the osier leaves : mark the merry water-rat plunge from his niche in the muddy bank, the water wagtail rise from the island of weeds in the middle of the stream, the reed sparrow scared away in momentary alarm, the dabchicks down the stream which will have disappeared long before you reach them, the deep swims where the lazy roach keep company, the gravelly scours and sandy shallows upon which the dace and chub wait for the drifting insect, the bubbling weirs streaked with effervescing water and flecked with spotless foam, the ford leading to the village, the anglers' huts, the villagers' kitchen gardens, the creeper-covered houses, and clean shaven lawns of the gentry and the humble tenements of the poor, the village on one side and on the other copses and rising woods in which game hides and romping children gather flowers, blackberries, nuts, hips and haws in their respective seasons—mark these as the surroundings of the Colne as it winds through rich meadow-land to the roaring, Ford, a little beyond which it once more finds an outlet into the canal.

The remainder of the Colne valley may be less picturesque than that we have left behind and to which we must presently return, but it possesses historic interest. The mansion of Harefield—we are now in Middlesex with Buckinghamshire across the river—we are now visited by Queen Elizabeth, who halted there as the guest of Lord Keeper Egerton, and the new play of "Othello" was performed there by Shakespeare's own company, with Shakespeare himself, in all probability, in the cast. This was in 1602, and thirty years later the Countess Dowager of Derby had for her guest a man who was in other ways associated with the locality—the poet Milton. For her he wrote his "Arcades," which was represented at Harefield by some noble persons of her own family. Milton was a frequent visitor at Harefield while he lived at Horton, and lower down there still, I believe, is to be seen the cottage (at Chalfont, St. Giles) hired for the blind poet by Quaker Ellwood when the inhabitants of London were driven afield by the Plague. It is pretty well authenticated that the greater portion if not the whole of "Paradise Regained" was written in this retreat. Before this time, however, the famous mansion at Harefield had fallen victim to its own hospitality, for the gay Sir Charles Sedley being one of the guests,

and reading in bed, set fire to his bed furniture, and thus burnt the house down.

Historical, too, to anglers is the Colne through the use made of it by Sir Humphrey Davy in "Salmonia," which, referred to in last month's magazine, must needs again occupy our passing attention. The worthy inventor of what is still *the* Safety Lamp has been often laughed at by scientific naturalists, but for all that we ought to be thankful for the illness which, rendering him, to use his own words, "wholly incapable of attending to more useful studies, or of following more serious pursuits," gave us his charming little work as the amusement of his leisure hours. It was upon the Colne at Denham, midway between Rickmansworth and Uxbridge, that his four *dramatis personæ* gave up twenty-four hours to the delight of an angler's May-day. In its essential points the description written in 1810 serves now:—"This is really a very charming villa scene, I might almost say a pastoral scene. The meadows have the verdure which even the Londoners enjoy as a peculiar feature of the English landscape. The river is clear and has all the beauties of a trout stream of the larger size—there rapid and here still, and there tumbling in foam and fury over abrupt dams upon clean gravel, as if pursuing a natural course—and that island with its poplars and willows, and the flies making it their summer paradise, and its little fishing-house are all in character; and if not extremely picturesque it is at least a very pleasant scene, from its verdure and pure waters, for the lovers of an innocent amusement."

The record of the actual sport obtained by this quartette is very tantalising to readers in 1875. Coming upon the fish when they had forsaken cad and minnow for the dainty drake or luscious alder fly, they kill and slay. Fish under two pounds were returned to the water, and monsters up to seven pounds were either lost or taken. Alas, for the days that are gone! Occasional large fish are killed by minnow, and more rarely by fly, but the Colne trout, though not extinct, is only represented by patriarchal specimens, which have probably wandered from tributaries to take up positions which they hold until poached or taken by legitimate captors. During the pike season a large trout, or perhaps a couple, may be taken with line-bait, or a brace in the early spring may fall to the share of a skilful minnow fisher; but the glory of the Colne as a trout stream has long since departed.

Not so many years ago the Rickmansworth fishery was one of the best in the country. It was carefully preserved by a limited club of *gentlemen, who paid a high price for their sport; but it was worth*

He paying for, and the angler was seldom indeed sent empty away. One morning the keeper walked down the meadows to perform his daily inspection and saw a burly speckled object circling slowly by the side of the stream. It was a trout, too sickly to dart away at the approach of footsteps. A few yards further there was another fish *in extremis*; then another and others. In short, along the entire margin the magnificent trout, objects of his most constant watchfulness, were dead and dying by the hundred and by the hundred-weight. The man has often told me that he wept like a child at the sight. His employer went to law with the mill-owner above Rickmansworth, whose iniquities had caused this dire destruction, and through some technicality lost the day. This portion of the river is still preserved as a subscription water, and I know of none that surpasses it for heavy and plentiful roach, for large dace that afford good sport to the fly-fisher, and for chub. The pike run small, though they are of extra quality. The poachers in the neighbourhood run large, and they also are of extra quality—bad quality.

No better excursion can be made to behold our Hertfordshire valley scenery at its best and at the same time to visit one of the show-places of the neighbourhood than to Cheneys, just over the Buckinghamshire border, five miles from Rickmansworth. The drive is through delightful country, along a high road overlooking the course of the River Chess, which joins the Colne near Rickmansworth. You ascend from that town by a steep street, which soon brings you into high ground, among the hedges and trees and fresh country air. Rickmansworth Park is to the right, with its cool shady avenues and grand forest trees, and there is rolling upland to the left, stretching away in well-cultivated undulations towards Royal Windsor.

A July drive along this route lives bright in my memory. It had rained hard during the morning, and the sun had, as if in a fit of sulkiness, refused to show himself for the remainder of the day, though the showers had ceased. Nature was therefore in tears, and tears which disfigure human beings become the hedgerows and grassy banks, cornfields and tree-branches. In the glittering drops which gently hung upon the leaves there was no trace of grief or sadness, but rather a suggestion of joy and infinite content. How, too, the birds warbled on every hand, piping in every bush, answering each other in the tree-tops and making the woods jubilant with song! And what woods they were! I saw them on the return journey next day, mottled with the gold of a fierce sunshine, but now they were *clothed in sober mood that accorded well with their stateliness.*

Towards Lowdwater the trees were very fine, and their naturally noble aspect was heightened by an abundant admixture of larch, Scotch and other firs. Shapely beeches (not that the beech is ever other than shapely), lofty elms, sturdy oaks, showy chestnuts lifted up their heads, rising with the ground from the little river and covering the opposite slope with a mass of variegated foliage.

Sometimes you forgot the woods in the nearer objects—in the flowering vetch, in the waving corn, bright with scarlet poppy-heads, the blue blossoms of the succory (so often mistaken for the cornflower proper), and the modest little lesser bindweed that entwined and nestled among the stalks, making bold in the absence of sun-glare to open its sweet countenance. To many a cornfield is a cornfield, but, like the poet's primrose, "it is nothing more"; to the careful observer who has time to lean over a five-barred gate and look into the wheat a cornfield is a glorious garden of wild flowers. On this July day the wild flowers shone in their full glory. What the fields lacked the hedges supplied. They were drawn up on either side of the road like troops at a review, as if for the sole purpose of gratifying me, who drove slowly between the lines, inspecting their many-coloured uniforms and accoutrements. It is said there are no fewer than twenty varieties of wild rose in these islands, and there were a good many representatives in this Hertfordshire hedge, in different stages of bloom and in every shade of delicate colouring, from the blush that is almost white to the blush that is almost red. There, too, exquisitely beautiful as it always is, was the bonny woodbine, climbing always from left to right, and the white convolvulus obeying the same law. The cream-coloured elder blossoms were there in large masses, and the common bramble with its red stems and manifold flower spangles held its own right bravely.

Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers.

But we must drive onwards would we not lose caste in the eyes of the driver, who does not understand why his horse should be held in when the road is good and the steed willing. Luckily he is one of those drivers who, while not chatting too much, is desirous of telling his passengers many interesting things about the country—how, for example, the splendid mansion behind the cedars yonder was *built by So-and-so*, the great tobaccoconist, who owns the entire estate *and has worked wonders upon it*—how Mrs. Blank, in the cottage,

has gathered so many bushels of cherries already and will be able to gather as many more—how, coming down the hill which we are approaching, Farmer Stubbs, keeping a loose rein, came to grief and broke his neck—how this fine stretch of furze-covered land is Chorleywood Common, famous for splendid cricket matches promoted by Mr. Fitzgerald, of Lord's, who lives in the house—how, at the further extremity of the common, there are the kennels of the old Berkeley Hunt—how much had been given for the fleeces of the sheep, who in their newly shorn condition seemed anything but comfortable after the rain. There ran a stoat across the lane into the plantation, and here pounced a hawk upon something fluttering over the richly blossoming pea-field : now we pass a group of rustic boys examining the rusty gun of a companion who is neglecting his bird-keeping, or a row of old almshouses suggestive of Elizabethan times, or a number of model cottages with choice flower and vegetable gardens at sight of which the driver launches out into loud praise of the Duke of Bedford, upon whose estate we are, and who, he says, lets the handsome brick houses for eighteenpence a week. “By George, sir,” he says, touching up the mare with the whip, “I should like to live there myself.” And he might do worse.

Down in the valley, in a kind of sleepy hollow, surrounded by charming scenery, but very much out of the world, are Sarratt Mills, on the Chess. Descending the steep lane by which the mills are reached you have a comprehensive bird's eye view of the valley, the woods, and the stream. There are trout in the Chess, and to let you into a secret, the article strapped to the umbrella is a fly-rod, and I have received an invitation to see the paper mill and make acquaintance with paper mill trout. I have spoiled so much paper in my time that I resolve to inspect the mill as a matter of duty to conscience ; I need neither argument nor resolve with the trout, being always ready for them. From the excitement which the arrival of a stranger causes among the workpeople, I am led to the conclusion that life at Sarratt Mills is regular, not to say monotonous ; it must of necessity be so to the ladies whom I espy over the garden hedge in broad brimmed hats and white gauntlets busy at the flower beds, for whom there is absolutely no society near at hand.

A mill head for angling purposes is a very different affair from a mill tail. The former is quiet sometimes to stagnation ; the latter characterised by perpetual motion. The Chess in the one fishable meadow at Sarratt takes the form of a mill head, and it was like my inveterate ill-fortune that I should find it smooth and quiet as a pond. *A trout would be nothing less than idiotic to take an artificial fly*

under those circumstances. But was there ever an angler yet who would be deterred from at any rate making an attempt, whatever the chances might be? The foreman of the mill, into whose hands the hospitable proprietor delivered me, thought it the worst of taste on my part that I did not at once accompany him into the mill. He was a practical Yorkshireman, and could not imagine why I was not as enthusiastic about his business as was he himself.

After the honeysuckles, wild roses, woods, cornfields, and hedgerows, I am bound to say the paper mill did not strike me as being particularly attractive. The first process I found was quite appropriately termed "dusting"; two very dirty young women were tending a revolving circular wire cage in an atmosphere of dreadful dust which might represent the sweeping of all the London garrets. In another room grimy girls were cutting up barge canvas, potato sacks, tarpaulins, ropes, and other materials of the marine store class. In another the "hands" were sorting the rags—soft pink rags for blotting paper, and white rags for white paper, blue and other colours being artificially produced. Upstairs dressmakers' clippings and black odds and ends of various materials were, after being boiled and rinsed with lime-water, prepared for the soft whitey-brown paper in which madame's drapery purchases are wrapped. Out of the stinking mass seething in the boiler would by-and-by come the wholesome paper bags in which your confectioner sends you your cracknels. Then came the breaker room, where by an ingenious drum-washing apparatus rags were broken and cleansed. Next it was shown how the rags were reduced to pulp, or as it is technically termed "half-stuff." By this time the choking dust and uncomfortable rags had been left in the rear, the atmosphere was sweeter, and the workpeople much more wholesome in appearance. The vats were full of yeasty looking pulp, which, having passed through a strainer, bore a resemblance to clean curds. The pulp requires much refining before it leaves the vats, and the material at each stage assumed a fairer quality, until it descended to the machine rooms, where what seemed to be a number of printing presses were at work. Here the pulp flowed in a smooth stream along a shoot, ran over several miniature weirs, refining as it travelled, until it spread out and became an almost impalpable sheet over a tightly strained wire bed. Dryer and dryer it becomes, and at the last weir the sheet goes between two massive rollers of felt, to all intents finished paper, though rollers and cylinders remain for drying and calendering.

The paper mill trout, it was evident even to the foreman, could be kept waiting no longer. It was but a short length of water at

my disposal, for the Chess is most rigorously preserved, and the boundary fence of the Sarratt Mill land was not more than two hundred yards off. The fish refused to respond to any manner of temptation. Long line, short line; wet fly, dry fly; fine cast, coarse cast; flies dark and light, large and small, shared the same uniform fate. In such case there is nothing lost by suspending operations and making a few quiet observations. In other words, spike your rod, lie down on the grass (if it be not too damp), and watch. So I advised myself, and so I did. When everything was quiet the fish began to move about, evidently returning from the deeps into which they had been scared to the banks under which they had been originally lying. They arrived singly, and with no little commotion took up each its favourite position. Giving them leisure to settle down into confidence, I made ready, and having previously marked the particular bunch of grass near which the fish lay, dropped the fly upon it, whence it tumbled gently into the edge of the stream. A suck from the trout, a jerk from the fisherman, and the mischief was accomplished. The fish leaped clean out of the water, and frightened numbers of which I had had no previous suspicion away from the margin. But he was well hooked, and all his plucky fighting could not save him. In about an hour quietness again reigned supreme, and a second trout was deluded into the fancy that my governor was a dainty morsel accidentally falling in his way. It was a modest bit of sport, but it fitted well into a long day which had included a succession of enjoyments as miscellaneous as the subjects of this article.

And Cheneys still remained. The Sleepy Hollow of Sarratt was left to its seclusion, and the highroad once more gained. Cheneys, about a mile and a half farther on, is a placid, eminently respectable village, commanding the loveliest woodland walks. Attached to the church is the mausoleum where lie many members of the Russell family, among them Lord William who was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields. No one goes to Cheneys without seeing the remarkable monuments and faded banners of the mausoleum; the fine old Elizabethan Manor House, with its cool quadrangle and dark-leaved ivy; and the veteran oak planted, it is said, by the fair hand of good Queen Bess herself. Pursuing the valley upwards Latimers and Chesham are reached, the Chess rising near the latter place. The lower part of the river has been spoiled by mill-poisoning, but between Sarratt and its source it maintains its high reputation as a trout stream.

OLD CHINA AND FAYENCE.

BY A COLLECTOR.

EXTRAORDINARY has been the increase in the market price of fine examples of fayence, or pottery, during the last twenty or five-and-twenty years. Of this the Oiron or Henri Deux ware is an unparalleled example. That *poterie de luxe* is remarkable both for its rarity and beauty. Only fifty-three pieces are known to be in existence, of which England possesses twenty-six, France a like number, and Russia one. About ten years ago M. Fillon devoted a great deal of time to the elucidation of the mystery of its fabrication, and his industry was rewarded by the identification of the manufacture with Oiron near Thouars. He discovered that Jean Bernard, librarian of Hélène de Hangest Genlis, supplied designs, and a potter named François Charpentier carried them into execution, between the years 1520 and 1550.

A large ewer of this fayence, in the possession of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, was sold for £20 at the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842; it would now realise £1,200. A hanap, in the same collection, which only made £20 at the De Bruge sale seven years after, is valued at £500. A tazza sold for £44 at the Préaux sale (1850) is worth £500: another at the same sale brought £52, was nine years after sold for £280, and is now worth £500. At the Soltykoff sale (1861) the South Kensington Museum gave £450 for a tazza and cover which eleven years before—at the Préaux sale—had fetched £62 only. A triangular salt-cellar at the Rattier sale of 1859 made £504. The most recent example sold—a biberon—is in the possession of Mr. J. Malcolm, who gave £1,100 for it at the Pourtalès sale in 1865. The paste, or body, is of very fine quality and the decorations are in coloured pastes, thus differing from painted fayence.

The appreciation for majolica is somewhat recent. Perhaps I ought to say the revived appreciation, for at the time of their fabrication fine examples of Urbino manufacture were sent as presents from members of noble Italian houses to those of others, and were much valued. Sir Andrew Fountaine, chamberlain to Caroline Queen of George II., was an exception to the general lack of taste for such things in the last century, for in his travels in Italy he secured superb specimens of this ware, which are still preserved at Naxford Hall,

Norfolk, the seat of his descendant. At that time the three examples of Henri Deux ware which adorn that collection were purchased. The whole description of fayence classed under the convenient term of majolica was doubtless suggested by the Hispano-Moresco lusted wares which were imported from Spain into Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

That the examples of majolica in the Duke of Buckingham's collection at Stowe did not realise high prices is apparent when we learn that one of the most interesting specimens, on which was represented a fayence painter at work in his studio, only made £4. It was purchased by a dealer, who sold it for £5 to Mr. Bernal. But between the Stowe sale (1849) and the dispersion of Mr. Bernal's collection (1855) connoisseurs had directed their attention to this kind of pottery, the South Kensington Museum was in the field as a purchaser, and accordingly that institution secured the specimen under notice at the Bernal sale for £120. At the Roussel sale Mr. Fontaine bought a plate with Three Graces after Marc Antonio of very beautiful character for 400 guineas. The South Kensington Museum at the Soltykoff sale secured a fine basin and ewer painted with grotesques and cameos on white ground of Urbino *fabrique* c. 1550 for £136. At the Bernal sale Mr. A. Barker bought for £220 a fine Urbino oviform vase ornamented with a sphinx and masks, and about the same date as the last mentioned example.

Bernard Palissy, like many self-taught men, toiled for years to discover the secret of certain enamel glazes which had been in use for centuries. At the Bernal sale a circular dish was bought by Baron G. de Rothschild for £62. Mr. Bernal had paid £4 for it, and not long had elapsed since it had been picked up in Paris for twelve francs. At the Soltykoff sale a round basin with Diana and dogs painted upon it made £292, and another example £160. But these are excessive prices, and as a good deal of Palissy ware was made from the original moulds by the potter's descendants, which can with difficulty be detected from earlier examples, the ware does not command the high price in the market which its originality would lead us to suppose it would.

Wedgwood ware has fluctuated considerably in popular estimation. For his beautiful copies of the Portland vase Wedgwood received from £30 to £50 according to their perfection, but it is probable, so difficult was their fabrication, that not more than fifty were executed. As late as July, 1865, a fine copy was sold at Christie's for twenty-seven guineas. Seven years later one in the Purnell collection sold for £173, and in June this year (1875) the fifth

manufactured, which belonged to the late Mrs. Martineau, realised at Christie's £294. This is the *chef d'œuvre* of a potter of whom Mr. Gladstone said at Burslem in October, 1863: "If the day shall ever come when England shall be as eminent in taste as she is now in economy of production, my belief is that the result will probably be due to no other single man in so great a degree as to Wedgwood."

Turning to porcelain or china, at the outset two interesting questions present themselves—viz., when did the Chinese discover the art? and when was it introduced into Europe? Little was known about the former until M. Stanislas Jullien published his "*Histoire de la Porcelaine Chinoise*" in 1856. In that volume he dates the fabrication of porcelain there to B.C. 185, or under the Han dynasty. The great manufactory of King-te-chin was established in the sixth century, and early in the eleventh was distinguished by Imperial patronage. Unfortunately during the recent rebellion the works were destroyed. A considerable part of the porcelain made at King-te-chin and other large manufactories was sent to Canton and Nankin to be decorated. From a very early period fine examples of porcelain have been much prized by the Chinese themselves, and the high prices of European sales have been exceeded in China by enthusiastic collecting mandarins. Good *crackle* pieces are much valued. The marks producing that variety are not really cracked in any glaze, but are painted on the paste and then glazed over.

Pieces of porcelain found their way to Europe as early as the fourteenth century. Mr. Chaffers quotes the following from the inventory of effects of the Queen of Charles le Bel (d. 1370):—"Item, un pot à eau de pierre de *porcelaine*." In 1518 the Portuguese settled at Macao, and from that date notices of china in old inventories and in literature are not unfrequent. Among the presents to Queen Elizabeth in 1587 was "one cup of grene *parsselyne*, the foote, shanke, and cover silver gilte, chased like droppes." In the time of Charles I. the East India ships brought a good deal of it to England.*

It was natural that Europeans should be inquisitive respecting the composition of the beautiful specimens of porcelain they admired, but the Chinese refused to gratify their curiosity. I

* In the reign of the previous monarch the first ship after the incorporation of the East India Company was launched in the presence of the King, and all the tables at the banquet were covered with "china ware." (Macgregor's "*Commercial Statistics*," iv., 304). Among the effects of Charles I. were many "*Portingall cuppes*," so called from those who imported them from the East.

believe that a Jesuit priest—D'Entrecolles by name—was the first to find out its composition about the year 1712. He discovered that by the union of *kaolin*—like the china clay of Cornwall—and *petuntse*—the china stone of Cornwall—the substance was made. The presence of the former of these ingredients gives the required hard texture and solidity.

Previous efforts had, however, been made in Europe to make porcelain—the soft paste variety being the natural result of an absence of *kaolin*. The earliest attempt of this kind was made at Florence by the Grand Duke of Tuscany as early as 1580, and he succeeded in producing a very beautiful *fabrique*, not more than thirty examples of which are known to be in existence. The Grand Duke's attempts were carried out by the great Bernard Buontalenti.

A glance at the history of the manufacture of hard paste porcelain in England will show that it was only made at Liverpool, Bow, Plymouth, Bristol, and Lowestoft. It can with difficulty be scratched by a file, while the resting rims have no glaze upon them. Soft paste porcelain on the other hand is easily scratched, and the rests are covered with glaze. The soft paste manufactories of England were at Bow, Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, Rockingham, and Coalport.

The Plymouth hard paste porcelain manufactory was removed to Bristol in 1772. Henry Bone was employed by Cookworthy at Plymouth, and then by Champion at Bristol. Perhaps the most celebrated Bristol service known was that made in 1774, and presented by Champion and his wife to Mrs. Burke.* A coffee cup and saucer of this service, with yellow and gold borders painted with Hymen on a pedestal, bearing the arms of Burke impaling Nugent, realised £78 15s. at the sale of Mr. James Sanders' collection at Christie's, May 5, 1875. In April, 1871, Messrs. Sotheby sold the entire service for £565. It is said that Henry Bone decorated this set.

The Lowestoft hard paste factory is in some respects more remarkable than any. No mark identifies its productions, and so completely has the fact of its existence become a tradition that many collectors say that no porcelain was made at the place at all, but that white Oriental was imported to receive its decoration there. It is difficult to understand how any one can advance such a theory after reading the evidence collected by Mr. Chaffers in his "Marks and Monograms" (810—38) in favour of its existence as a flourishing manufactory. The sand on the Lowestoft beach is nearly pure silica, and therefore well adapted for making porcelain. When the Lowestoft works

* Owen's "Two Centuries of Ceramic Art in Bristol," p. 96.

were closed in 1802 the sand was sent to Worcester for use in the manufactory there. From 1756 to 1775 soft paste porcelain was made at Lowestoft, and hard paste after the latter date. Several persons are—or were until recently—living at Lowestoft who remember the factory well, whose relations were employed in it and who used to visit all the departments. They scorn the idea that Oriental porcelain was ever brought in to be decorated.

It is important to state that never has one iota of evidence been brought forward to show that the Chinese ever exported undecorated porcelain,* and the large quantities of porcelain known as "Lowestoft" exhibit in the modelling of the various pieces certain peculiarities never found in Oriental china. Handles and spouts of teapots are often irregularly made, bowls, tureens, and other large pieces are unevenly turned: some are thick and even clumsily fashioned. The decoration is still more characteristic, but to that I do not allude, because most of the theorists admit that the ware was painted at Lowestoft. The time will come when collectors will appreciate at their proper value examples of this manufacture, for many of the specimens are good in form and exquisite in decoration.

Although hard paste porcelain was made at Bow, that place was essentially a soft paste manufactory. It was probably the first of the great china factories of England, and workmen were sent to other places where works were established, giving a Bow character to their productions. It was a "happy thought" of Mr. Tiffin, of Salisbury, to publish a "Chronograph of the Bow, Chelsea, and Derby Porcelain Manufactories," as it enables one at a glance to see the rise and simultaneous progress of that group of works which were so connected with each other. Little is known for certain about the first ten or fifteen years of the Bow and Chelsea works, or even the precise year in which they were respectively established, but the fact cannot be doubted that in 1744 they were actively in operation, while W. Duesbury did not establish the Derby works until six years after that date. These factories are fitly grouped together because Duesbury in 1775 bought the Bow works, and in December, 1769, the business and stock of that of Chelsea.

One result of such purchases is the great confusion which exists as to the dates of late Bow and Chelsea figures. When a manufactory changed hands the moulds were taken to the works of the purchaser,

* We should also mention that at this time there was a heavy duty on imported china, and it would have been impossible to have paid it and then carry on a profitable trade by simply decorating the so imported specimens.

and so we have figures, &c., which were made at Derby from Bow and Chelsea moulds, and to make the difficulty of identification still greater they were decorated by old Bow and Chelsea painters. Of course, when pieces are marked—as the Chelsea anchor surrounded by a D., of the Derby-Chelsea period (1770-1784)—the matter is set at rest, but, putting out of the question the numerous frauds of marks, at least half the specimens of china are not marked at all. It is a popular error to suppose that the best pieces of porcelain are marked, for many beautiful examples of the best periods of our celebrated English manufactories were not so treated, and the young collector should be warned not to put too much reliance upon marks. The question of modelling and decoration should be his first consideration when examining a piece of porcelain. If both be good and he finds that the piece is marked, so much the better; but a good rule would be never to purchase a bad piece with a rare mark, unless under exceptional circumstances, for the chances are that it has been “doctored.”

What can have become of the large quantities of china sent out year after year by the Bow works when in their flourishing period? We know from Lady Charlotte Shreiber's series of books formerly used at those works that a very large trade was done—sometimes to the extent of £11,000 a year, and chiefly in cheap goods. A great deal of Bow remains to be identified. One of the order books shows that *printed* ware was sold; but the china must have been sent to Liverpool to undergo that process, as the patent was in the hands of Messrs. Sadler and Green of that place. It is much to be regretted that the numerous interesting fragments discovered on the site of the Bow works in 1867 do not add to our present imperfect knowledge respecting the marks used at the factory. Those pieces were the *débris* of imperfect examples chiefly in the biscuit state.

It is very important that details respecting the proprietors of our porcelain works should be collected, for many puzzling characteristics of china remain to be explained. An apparently unimportant fact sometimes clears up a doubt. For example, the dagger is often classed as a Chelsea mark, but when we remember that the proprietor, not being a freeman of the City of London, had no right to place it upon goods, and the factory had no warehouse in London, it is probable that it is a Bow mark only, for both the proprietors of that factory were London freemen and entitled to use it. Bow figures can often be distinguished from Chelsea, when unmarked, by having at the back of each a square hole towards the bottom, into which a metal stem might be inserted, to support nozzles for candles.

Fine examples of Chelsea porcelain now realise a higher price

than ever, and it is right that it should be so. The best specimens are little, if at all, inferior to the productions of Sèvres. The well-known Chesterfield Vase, the Foundling Vase—both now in the collection of the Earl of Dudley*—and a similar pair given to the British Museum in April, 1763, and made the preceding year, are superb examples of the *fabrique*. But to realise high prices at sales specimens of Chelsea must be of first-rate quality and decoration, such as those in Mr. James Sanders' collection, dispersed by Messrs. Christie on the 4th and 5th of May this year. A magnificent group of two pastoral figures, with lambs and a dog by their side, in beautiful bosquets modelled by Roubiliac, made £346 10s.; † a shepherd and shepherdess, richly coloured and gilt on white and gold scroll plinths, encrusted with flowers, marked with gold anchor, £304 10s.; a figure of Britannia of unusual size, in coloured and gilt drapery, £157 10s.; the Welsh tailor and his wife riding on goats, £100. A month after the same auctioneers sold a pair of flat-shaped vases, with scroll handles painted with pastoral subjects, for £440, and a pair of fine dark blue oviform vases, with allegorical subjects, for £750.

There is no subject more interesting to the china maniac than the question of frauds. He has to be upon his guard against early copies of the more celebrated *fabriques* issued from porcelain works like those of Coalport, which are artistic in character; and re-decorated and re-marked fabrications, the paste or body of which may be perfectly genuine, like a large quantity of the *pâte tendre* Sèvres. I believe that modern fabrications of the choicest qualities of old porcelain are rare, for the simple reason that such forgeries can only be produced—if they can be produced at all—at great cost. The fine Bow and Chelsea figures were modelled and decorated by artists of repute, and even at that time were sold for high prices and valued for their artistic qualities. It is rumoured that a great deal of the blue and white "Worcester" is made at Tournay, and "old" Staffordshire figures in the present potteries of that county; but this is an easy matter compared with forgeries of old artistic porcelain.

Mr. Turner—who did so much to improve the quality of English porcelain—retired from the Caughley works in 1799. Mr. John Rose of Coalport became the proprietor, and both works were carried on together until 1814, when the whole business was removed to Coalport. Chelsea porcelain was before and after the last date

* These two vases cost him about £4,000.

† A month before, one like this, only an inch lower, realised at Mr. Lacy's sale 241 guineas.

successfully imitated—gold anchor and all—and the crossed swords of the Dresden manufactory appear on pieces made there of fine quality and decoration. Mr. Turner used to get skilled decorators from France, and the practice appears to have been kept up by his successors. T. M. Randall—who worked under Mr. Turner—painted in the Sèvres style at various places, but he would never put the double L upon his works, though dealers offered him a great deal to do so. It is to be regretted that old forms of porcelain formerly made at Dresden are copied and re-issued at the modern manufactory there, and to make the imposition more complete the distinctive marks of early periods are added. One would have thought that the directors of such an establishment would not have carried out such a deception.

In 1804 M. Brongniart, the director at Sèvres, ordered that soft paste porcelain should no longer be made. A great many unfinished pieces were packed away; but more room being required, it was determined to sell the whole, and in 1813 three dealers—Mr. Chaffers says their names are Pérès, Jarman, and Ireland—bought the stock, and taking rooms near the manufactory, induced some of the decorators to paint it. The consequence—which ought to have been seen by the authorities—was that the market was flooded with Sèvres *pâte tendre*, right as regards manufacture, but wrong in decoration. Of course much of this pseudo-Sèvres was beautifully decorated, and it is on record that a service was in 1814 bought by a nobleman, who presented it to Louis XVII., who preserved it in the Tuileries for several years. Some one pointed out that it was not what it pretended to be, and of course when sent to Sèvres its spuriousness was readily detected.

Let me add a few examples of the enormous prices which fine examples of Sèvres porcelain command in the market. At the Bernal sale Sir A. de Rothschild gave £1,417 10s. for a pair of turquoise vases painted by Dodet and Draud, and £1,942 10s. for a pair of Rose du Barry colour, which had cost Mr. Bernal £200. At the Rickett sale the Marquis of Hertford gave 1,350 guineas for a vase painted with medallions after Boucher. At the San Donato sale in March, 1870, the Earl of Dudley secured 172 pieces of a celebrated service made at Sèvres in 1772 for the Prince de Rohan for £10,200. But last year Messrs. Christie sold an oviform vase, decorated by Morin, for £1,857 10s.; a set of three oval-shaped jardinières Rose du Barry ground, painted by Alonde, for £2,572 10s.; and also a vase and cover and a pair of éventails jardinières, the three forming a *superb garniture de cheminée*, decorated by Morin and dated 1759, for £10,650, the highest price ever given for such a set.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND AND THE SOUND OF A VOICE THAT IS STILL.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

NOW are mine eyes entangled deep in thine,
I swoon far down their subtly-threaded maze :
How much more potent than strong wine thy gaze,
And how much sweeter thy faint sighs than wine.
Love ! I am thine in truth as thou art mine ;
And it were sweet, ah, more than mortal sweet
To lie and die, here, at thy worshipped feet,
Slain by some godlike anguish fiery-fine !
Sweet is it now to fade and faint and yearn,
Sweet is it now to yield up soul and will,
Beneath the touch of thy soft hands that thrill,
Beneath the thrill of thy soft lips that burn ;
And sweeter still were death, if death might rise
To dwell in that far heaven within thy heavenly eyes !

* * *

If this were all,—that eyes and lips and hands
Should thus so dearly, bountifully meet,
Though thou wert sweeter than aught known of sweet
I would arise, and break Love's tawdry bands !
But I am as a wayfarer, who stands
To hear some saintly music, which he knows
Shall travel with him, wheresoe'er he goes,
And cheer his soul in unknown barren lands.
Not long I tarry in this fertile vale,
Yet alway Love's dear music shall abide,
And alway thou shalt travel at my side,
And neither thou nor I shall faint or fail,
Because of that fair song, which whoso hears
Is lifted past the power of wrong, and grief, and tears.

* * *

Fly not, blest soul, from that frail tenement,
So fair of old, but now so worn and grey !
Sweet soul, abide with us another day,
Share with thy lovers Love's last sacrament.
We will not vex thee with one poor lament,
Nor mar thy parting joy with foolish tears ;
We too are weary of these earthly years,
And in thy way our willing steps are bent.
Therefore, before thou goest, and we loose
Thy pallid hands, and Death's dread curtain falls,
Tell us thy visions of the heavenly halls,
Sweeten the wont of earth with heavenly use ;
That so our thoughts of thee, in future days,
May have less grief than joy—less need for prayer than praise.

* * * * *
Is thy cold form or my cold heart more cold ?
Or dwells dull calm about the core of Grief ?
Is heavy sorrow Sorrow's own relief—
As overborne Despair is overbold ?
Darkly thou liest under churchyard mould,
And darkly on this widow'd couch I lie :—
Did I not love thee ? Yet my eyes are dry ;
For though a sadder tale was never told
Than of thy love and mine, and this swift loss,
The story cannot reach my heart at all ;
If it were but another's tears might fall,
Though tears for this fine grief were all too gross.
Pray God I waken to some common pain,
That so my heart may thaw beneath its quickening rain !

* * * * *
Dear, past the power of words or tears to tell,
Dearer, perchance, because ill-prized of yore ;
She has gone from me, through Death's dreadful door,
Beyond the reach of any last farewell.
A year ago to-day I heard the bell,
Which told the hamlet of her burial ;
And now again I heard it rise and fall
Faint as old Ocean's echo in the shell ;
For all our love and all our wedded life
Did I remember, as, in this dull room,
Where firelight plays at hide-and-seeek with gloom,
Beside me stood the ghost of my lost wife.
And half I dreamed that she once more was here,
And turned to speak ; and woke, and shook with unknown fe

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOOKING THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

MARIE CHALLONER had seen many strange, delightful, wonderful sights in the New World before she arrived at New Padua. She had looked upon Niagara, and had crossed the Mississippi; had been among the Rocky Mountains and passed through the superb cañons, and along the edges of precipices having more than Alpine steepness and grandeur, as her way led her through the gorges of the Sierra Nevada, in California. She had watched the soft Pacific steeped in its sun-streaked mist as it heaved slowly to and fro through that Golden Gate of which she had dreamed so much. From the sandhills of San Francisco, and from the balconies of the Cliff House where the visitors crowd to watch the never-diminishing swarm of seals barking and struggling on the rocks, she had looked across those sleepy waters, and in sight of the Pacific remembered 'Durewoods. The Golden Gate had a marvellous fascination for her. When her journey turned back eastwards again, she seemed as if she were parting from some dear familiar scene of childhood.

Sir John Challoner could not understand the change in his daughter's manner. She was alternately listless and satirical. Sometimes it seemed as if nothing could interest her. She lay back in her seat in their "palace-car," and for hours together hardly looked at anything. Again she would sometimes suddenly engage in conversation, and talk and laugh and say sharp bright things in a way which much perplexed him. A sort of distance seemed to be opening between him and her. It made him sometimes angry and sometimes gloomy to observe this. "I suppose children are always ungrateful," the successful man of the world said to himself, and he sometimes almost wished that he never had a daughter. At least he sometimes wished that he had come out on this journey alone; he often wished *that he was back again with his offices and his City companies, his*

clubs and the House of Commons. Then, when he saw Marie occasionally looking so bright and handsome, and so much admired, he was delighted with her and proud of her, and felt terror-stricken at the thought of her possibly sinking into bad health. She was always sweet and good in her manner to him—only not so affectionate, not so confidential as she used to be. It was not the same thing—and why?

“I am sorry to leave San Francisco because of the Golden Gate,” she said, languidly, to him one day when they were in the railway on their return towards the east.

“San Francisco disappointed me,” her father remarked. “I didn’t expect to see it such a sandy and dusty place. It seems like a little London set in sand.”

“I don’t care about San Francisco, but I love the bay, and Saucelito, and the rocky islands, and the Golden Gate.”

“Why the Golden Gate, Marie?”

“Perhaps because it reminds me of Durewoods, dear.”

Sir John smiled: “How on earth can anything near San Francisco remind you of Durewoods?”

Marie hesitated a moment, and then said, without replying to his question—

“How strange it was to sit in the balcony of that hotel—the Cliff House wasn’t it?—and watch those seals perpetually scrambling up the rocks and then plunging down into the waves, and always barking and restless! Some of them never seemed to keep quiet. One would scramble and fight his way up to the very top of a rock and then only splash down again. They seemed to me very like human creatures—only, I suppose, every one has said that already.”

“Yes; people find out resemblances in particular seals to particular men. Don’t you remember that they told us one seal was called after”—a well-known American politician whom Sir John named.

“Oh, yes; and I think I detected several striking likenesses to people we know at home. But it was not that I meant; I was thinking of mortal ambition and projects, and that sort of thing. Almost everybody is trying to scramble up to something; and when he gets there he will want to get to some other place—unless he splashes down before he is halfway up and disappears altogether; and the human race too is so noisy all the time. Why not rest in the sunlight, or be happy to sink down, down in the soft waves?”

“I didn’t know that you were moralising so much when watching the seals; I dare say I could have helped out your comparison.”

“*The moralising was much too simple and commonplace to disturb*

you with then—I feel rather ashamed of it. It is too like Sturm's Reflections."

"Still you have not told me why the sight of the Pacific reminded you of Durewoods; I don't see anything to remind you."

Had Marie been evading the answer? Not consciously, perhaps. But now, when she did answer, it was with a little hesitation.

"I think because I was on the hill at Durewoods one day, looking out over the bay, when that poor boy, Christmas Pembroke, began to tell me of the Golden Gate. I believe I told him then I didn't care much to see it ever. I wish I hadn't said that."

This was a particularly irksome turn for the conversation to take, so far as Sir John was concerned. They had a little chamber or compartment of the palace-car all to themselves, and Marie had taken off her hat and was leaning back with her head and her ruffling hair against the crimson velvet that covered the back of the seat. She looked strangely young and almost childlike to her father at that moment. He could not tell why. Perhaps it was the half-languid, half-impatient way in which she moved her head from side to side, regardless of the condition of her hair, which gave him the impression.

"Why do you wish you hadn't said it, dear?" he asked, tentatively, and in something like the tone one might use to a child.

"Because it must have seemed so cold and careless, and he loved the place so much, poor fellow!"

"Why poor fellow, Marie?"

Sir John's smile was now a good deal forced, and he studied her expression with sudden anxiety.

"I don't know. I suppose because he's going to be married. There will be no more cakes and ale, I suppose, when he is married."

"I presume he likes it," Sir John said, with affected carelessness.

"I suppose so. Is he not very young to be married?"

"N—no, I don't think so," Sir John said, with an appearance of easy deliberation. "I rather think not, Marie. I think he must be older than I was when I married."

"Yes, that is true. But then you married very young. And you were very happy?"

"Very happy, dear."

"I hope he will be happy."

Then there was a pause, and it may well be imagined that Sir John Challoner did not feel greatly inclined to renew the talk on the former ground. He thought long and deeply over his daughter's words, and a new fear came on him.

Meanwhile he had in his pocket a letter from Christmas Pembroke

of which he had said nothing to his daughter. The letter had only reached him the very morning of their departure from San Francisco. It was short, friendly, and melancholy, written soon after Christmas had been to Durewoods, thanking Sir John for his many acts of kindness, but expressing a desire to leave England, and a wish that Sir John would, if convenient, release him from whatever engagements they had together, and so allow him to go at once.

Nothing could now happen better, it seemed to Sir John, than that Christmas should leave England and betake himself to Japan or any place out of the way of some of his friends. A terrible suspicion was beginning to pass through Sir John's mind. He had before this feared and guarded against the possibility, remote and wild though it then seemed, of his daughter's coming to take too deep an interest in the young man. To guard against this possibility he had deliberately deceived her. Now the fear struck painfully to him that his precaution had been taken too late, and that his deceit had been in vain. He was enraged with himself—almost with her, and certainly with Christmas. He chafed to think of the possibility of such a boy, without name or money, or any place whatever in society, interposing for a moment between his daughter and a marriage with a man like Ronald Vidal.

Especially was he made angry by the simple directness of a short postscript to Christmas Pembroke's letter:—

“I have heard with a great deal of pain that there is an absurd story about my being engaged to a young lady here in London. I need not tell *you* how utterly untrue that is, but I should take it as a great kindness if you would contradict the story whenever you have an opportunity of doing so, with delicacy, of course. You will understand how painful such a foolish story is to me.”

This was poor Christmas's almost despairing appeal. It was written in the sad hope that if, owing to any misunderstanding or any false idea of thus preventing the truth from being discovered, Sir John had allowed Marie to be deceived by a wrong guess or a foolish rumour, he would at least undeceive her as to that—now that Christmas was not likely to see her any more. It made Sir John feel doubly annoyed, this throwing on him an insufferable responsibility. It seemed like forcing him to remember and admit that he had told a falsehood. “I must get this fellow out of the way at all risks before we return to London,” was the resolve in his mind which made him compress his lips as he studied his daughter's face and wondered whether his terrible suspicions could really be well founded.

“*We may be looking forward to London already, Marie,*” her

father said after a while, fearing that the journey was wearisome to her.

"So soon, dear? Oh, surely not. Our holiday can't be coming to an end yet?"

"It hasn't been much of a holiday to you, Marie, I am afraid."

"Dear, I have enjoyed it very much all the time; I don't think I want it ever to end."

"You seem to be weary somehow, and not to enjoy things."

"And you are hurrying home to dull and dreary London on my account? I know I am driving you home. Will you stay longer here if I show that I really do enjoy everything? Only promise me and you shall see!"

"I am a busy man, Marie; I can't afford long holidays. Don't you want to return home at all?"

"No, dear. At least not to London; I am very well at home here. Home?—that is you and I—is it not? We are here, papa, and remarkably well off, I think."

"And Ronald?" Sir John tried to seem easy and playful.

Marie coloured a little.

"Ronald is very busy and very happy, I dare say—and he is a good kind creature," she added, hastily.

"He is giving up everything for you, Marie," Sir John could not help saying.

"And I have nothing to give up for him! If I had"——

"Well, dear?"

"I suppose I should not be so magnanimous as he."

"Have you answered his last letter, Marie?"

"Not yet, dear, but I will when we stop at some place; only I don't well know what to say. It's of no use doing guidebook work. Guidebooks in print are bad enough, but in writing! And no one cares to hear about anybody's travels. I didn't listen to half the things poor Christmas—Mr. Pembroke, I mean—used to tell me at first, though I see now that he described places wonderfully well. Did you like Miss Jansen, papa?"

"I hardly noticed her."

"I wish you had; I should like you to have told me what you thought of her. Was it not strange that he never should have told Miss Lyle?"

Sir John was glad when they reached Sacramento, the first city at which they were to make any stay on their way eastward. From Sacramento he wrote to Christmas Pembroke, and Marie wrote to *Ronald Vidal*. Thus they came in process of time to New Padua,

where they met Nat Cramp, and where Marie's reception of him diffused the little romance we have already mentioned.

How proud that reception made Mr. Cramp, no words could tell. When he had been seen to sit beside Miss Challoner and talk to her, he walked the rooms with the air of one who belongs to another world. He went boldly up to Mrs. Clinton's sister and called her "Minnie" in the full face of her blue silk; and he patronised her and everybody, and put on airs at once romantic and lordly. He alternately looked or tried to look pensive and sentimental, like one of Angelica Kauffman's heroes, or proud and grand. Poor Nat was always ready to soar from abject depression into ridiculous exaltation. He delighted to be questioned about Miss Challoner, and to put the questions aside with a mysterious and somewhat of a wounded manner.

"Who is your friend, Marie?" Sir John said to his daughter as they were leaving the University rooms—"your young English friend? I can't remember his face, but I know I have seen him before."

"Papa? Not to know Natty Cramp!"

"My dear, who in the world is Natty Cramp?"

"Oh, for shame—to forget Sarah Cramp, our faithful old Sarah Cramp—of Durewoods, you know."

"Was that old Mrs. Cramp's son—that young man?"

"Yes, dear, that is Natty himself."

"He has greatly changed, improved, I think—he used to be an awkward sheepish looking cub, Marie—was it not so?"

"Oh no, dear, at least not very awkward, and not at all a cub. A good poor fellow; clever, I think, in a sort of way; and shy and rather ridiculous; but I used to like him. You must really promise me that you will try to do something for him here, papa. You will speak to somebody, won't you? He looks upon me as a sort of protector of his, and I should like to be so. I am afraid I rather like to play the part of a lady patroness."

Sir John was glad to have a chance of pleasing her.

"Anything I can do, Marie, I'll do gladly, and I suppose we may be civil to him out here. Nobody knows I dare say"—

"Knows what, dear?"

"Well, about his mother, and his early condition, and all that."

"Oh, nobody would care here," Marie said, enthusiastically. "Here there is perfect equality. A man here is a man, and only a man. *He* told me. He says he is happy here because he is the equal of *any man*—and I should be happy too if I were he."

Sir John smiled.

"Very good, Marie—only, for all that, I think we will keep the mother and the hairdresser's shop to ourselves. *He* won't be sorry for that you may be sure."

Sir John and Marie were waiting for the carriage of their host and hostess, which was to carry them to the private residence of the president of the University across the grounds. Meanwhile the president himself came up, and at the same moment Mr. Cramp.

"Papa, this is Mr. Cramp," Marie said. "I think you hardly caught his name when you met to-night before."

Nathaniel bowed with dignity. Even the haughty father could not abash him now. But to his surprise the father proved not to be haughty.

"Mr. Cramp, I am greatly pleased to meet you," said Sir John, extending a friendly hand. "You will forgive my not remembering you to-night at first. I have been seeing so many new faces lately, and I never expected to meet an old acquaintance here."

"Mr. Cramp is one of our rising young citizens, sir," the president goodnaturedly observed. "We mean to be proud of him, sir, some day. I hear a great deal of Mr. Cramp through my esteemed friend, Professor Clinton."

Mr. Cramp murmured his thankfulness and delight.

"Professor Clinton, sir," said the kindly president, "is coming to breakfast with me to-morrow, Mr. Cramp, to meet our distinguished friend, Sir John Challoner. If you will give us the pleasure of your company, Mr. Cramp, we shall be delighted."

Oh, happy, happy Nathaniel! The noise of wheels scraping up the gravel, a light touch of gloved hands, a sensation blended strangely of dark eyes, rustling skirts, the sound of a carriage door shut to—and Nat was standing on the threshold gazing up to the stars at the end, or nearly so, of the happiest night he had ever spent.

Nat was not alone, however. The president was still there, he and his wife being bound to stay until all their guests had taken their leave.

"I shall be pleased to present you to my wife, sir," the president said; "she will be delighted to know you. I am sorry to say that hitherto we know you only by hearsay. We have only gentlemen at breakfast to-morrow; but after breakfast you must come and see the ladies of our family, and Miss Challoner, I have no doubt, will be pleased to see you."

Up came Professor Clinton and his womankind.

"*Cramp, my boy,*" said the blue-eyed professor, "will you take my

wife and Minnie home? I want to arrange one or two things here with the president; but if you wait for me at our place I shan't be long, and we'll have a walk and a stargaze together."

Nat had proposed to himself a walk round and round the president's house, and a stargaze for some particular window which he could fancy to be Miss Challoner's. But he was so happy this night that he could have done anything with pleasure. There was a certain soothing sensation, too, in the thought of walking home with these two kindly, simple women, in whose eyes Nat knew that he was by this time established as a sort of hero of romance. They looked very pretty, both the women, with their heads and shoulders enveloped in soft and fleecy white "clouds"—the time for furs and overshoes had not come as yet. Miss Minnie carefully, and without any affectation of indifference, gathered up her blue silk all round, and with fond deliberation arranged it over her arms so that its skirt should not by any chance descend to touch the gravel and kiss the earth. Thus kilted, and with a great display of white petticoat, she gave her arm to Nathaniel. Ladies in Chicago and New York may be prodigal of their dresses, and Saratoga may be reckless about a blue silk once or twice worn, but in the small and inland towns the lasses do not find that blue silks come home to them every day; and they are almost as careful of their little fineries as a Swiss lady might be. Nathaniel's lofty soul was a little disdainful of Minnie's neat and careful adjustment. Despite his principles of equality and of democracy, his admiration and homage went up more readily to ladies who had no need to think about saving their silks, and who moreover went home in carriages at night when their revels were ended.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NAT IS CRUSHED.

THE few days that the Challoners spent in New Padua promised to be the most delightful that Nathaniel Cramp had ever known. Nay, they were, until towards the close, an ideal time to him. They soothed every vanity, gratified every sense, and inflated him with the most fantastic hopes. He could hardly believe his senses when he found himself one of a small company of men brought together to breakfast with Sir John Challoner. When Sir John appealed to him at breakfast once or twice to confirm his recollection or impression of something in London, Nathaniel felt his ears tingle with pride. Sir John was particularly gracious, partly because Marie had asked *him to be so, and partly because, since Nathaniel had been some-*

how assigned to them as an old acquaintance, he thought it judicious to make the most of him, and so avert any suspicion of poor Nat's lowly rank. Sir John himself was far too new a comer into the upper air of society not to be a little nervous about his companionships. Therefore he was specially friendly with Nat. Once he referred to "my friend Cramp." Nat felt his heart sing with joy.

Nat often saw Marie. Wherever her father and she went now he was always, and, as a matter of course, invited to make one of the party. His consideration in New Padua began to go up immensely. His natural hesitancy and alarm when he heard that the Challoners were coming there were now misinterpreted in a sense particularly delightful for him. He was considered to be remarkably modest and reticent about his intimacy with the British aristocracy, for of course Sir John Challoner was popularly regarded as a man from out the very heart of the British aristocracy. Many people called his daughter Lady Challoner or Lady Marie Challoner, and there was some discussion as to whether it was proper to address her father as the Honourable or the Right Honourable Sir John Challoner. Natty explained all that. He had not sprung from the servants' hall or curled hair in a West End saloon for nothing. He acquired new consideration by his precise knowledge of the manner in which British titles are distributed and applied. If the Prince of Wales had paid a visit to New Padua soon after, it would have been the confident expectation of most persons that Mr. Cramp would prove to be an old and intimate friend of his Royal Highness. To do Sir John Challoner justice, he had a kind of idea that it might serve Nat in New Padua, where he assumed that the lad was about to stay for the rest of his natural life, if he was understood to have been on terms of friendship with great British financiers. It would probably help Nat, and it could not, Sir John thought, harm *him* in any way.

Marie, on the other hand, was moved solely by simple kindness and good feeling towards the young man who used to be a sort of humble playfellow of hers when she was a little girl, as yet uninstructed as to differences of rank and social state, and who was the only son of a faithful old servant. She was undisguisedly friendly with him. Everything therefore conspired in Nat's favour, or rather conspired against him.

One day when the stay of the Challoners was nearly at its end, there was an excursion to some mineral treasure or other which was giving evidence of its existence near New Padua, and of which Professor Benjamin was particularly proud. It was but a short

distance, and everybody walked. Some dozen or more of professors and professors' wives were there, with a sprinkling of daughters. The way followed the windings of the river. Nathaniel placed himself resolutely by Marie's side and walked with her. There were two or three others with her also; Professor Clinton, for example, and Mrs. Benjamin, and little round-eyed Miss Benjamin; and therefore Sir John did not mind his daughter having Nathaniel as one of her escort. Probably Nat walked rather quickly. Somehow or other, no one could tell why, the remainder of the escort dropped behind, and at one winding of the path Marie found herself alone with Nat. She was glad of a moment's opportunity to ask him all about his prospects, that she might bring a full and true report to his mother; and she had not hitherto had any chance of making a direct inquiry.

Nat's heart beat too violently, when glancing backward he saw that they were alone, to allow him readily to begin the conversation. But Marie saved him all embarrassment by beginning at once:—

“Then you are settled here for good, Natty?”

“I don't know that, Miss Challoner; I like this place, and the people are kind to me—but it is narrow and small. Not much of a career here, Miss Challoner, for a man's ambition; and in this country one feels that he has a career open to him if he has intellect and courage,” Nat added, with careless grandeur.

“Oh, I didn't mean New Padua. I didn't suppose you would stay here always, although it seems a delightful little place. So full of quiet and simplicity; and people only caring about books and education, and not about making money and getting on in the world. But I know, of course, that men must have ambition” (and Natty for the moment whimsically presented himself to Marie's mind in the form of one of those seals swarming up and down the rocks near San Francisco), “and I only meant that you were settled in the States.”

“I don't know that I can be called settled anywhere yet, Miss—I mean Miss Challoner. I should like to make a name and a fortune and go back then to Europe; I should like to show England what manhood can do elsewhere.”

Marie was amused in a pitying sort of way by Nat's idea about astonishing England's weak nerves in the person of her unprized son, successful in a more appreciative land. But she was in a soft and indulgent mood, and in a strange sort of way she seemed almost to cling to Nathaniel Cramp for the sake of the memories that his *presence brought*.

"I am so glad to hear that you are likely to do well," she said, gravely. "We heard rather discouraging accounts at first; your mother was greatly alarmed."

"Things did look bad at first," and Nat remembered, with a twinge, that the first difficulties had overwhelmed him with as unreasonable a depression as the first little movement upwards had elated him with an absurd self-confidence. "They did look bad at first. The Americans with all their many great qualities—which no one is more proud to recognise than I am"—Nat interjected oratorically—"are a little jealous of strangers. Not unnaturally, perhaps."

"I should not have thought that. People always tell us that they are anxious to get all manner of help from the Old World."

"In a manner, certainly. But there may be, in certain cases, a little jealousy too—in certain cases, I only say. They like their own orators—I don't blame them, Miss Challoner; far from it. But I have got over all that, I am happy to think. It was indeed but momentary I may say. Now my way is clear," the rising youth said proudly. In fact, Mr. Nathaniel, with his few dollars a week in a village, saw himself already swaying the destinies of parties, editing leading journals in New York, making and unmaking Presidents, and perhaps eventually accepting the post of United States Minister to the Court of St. James.

His confident manner quite imposed upon Marie as it had imposed upon himself, and she felt a throb of generous gladness.

"I am delighted to hear of all this," she said; "I shall tell your mother, Natty, and I can see her joy already. She has no idea of anything so good. I suppose you did not like to tell her too much until things became quite certain, lest there might be any disappointment?"

"You have divined my motive, Miss Challoner," said Nathaniel, grandly. "One must not announce a victory before he has won it."

"Still, Natty, I think I would have told her something of the good news. I would have prepared her a little; it would have cheered her up. She suffered a great deal, I know."

"Men must work, and women must weep," said Nat, with dignity.

"But she is not young, and suppose anything had happened and she had died not knowing of your success. Could you ever have forgiven yourself?"

Nat modestly confessed that he could not, but he pleaded that it was only very lately that his prospects had begun to open with such a roseate glow.

"What a beautiful scene this is!" said Marie, suddenly. "And this is winter with us. That sunlight is more beautiful than summer sunlight; it is so soft and mild. It is the moonlight of the year I think."

"It is—just that," said Nathaniel, who had not been observing the sunlight.

"I don't see any of our company. We must have walked very quickly. I think we had better turn back, Natty."

"May I offer you an arm?" Nathaniel said with sudden courage, and hearing his heart beat loudly the while.

Marie would have had no hesitation in saying to any one else that she did not need support and preferred not to take an arm. But she was afraid that if she said this to Nat he would have been hurt, and would have thought, quite wrongly, that she refused his arm because he was the son of her old servant. So she thanked him and leaned on his arm, and they turned to walk back. Nat moved very slowly.

"How strange it is," he said, "us two—I mean we two—walking in this way—on this side of the ocean—and your arm leaning on mine! Miss Challoner, it's like a dream."

Marie looked up at him in wonder.

"I don't know how it is to you," the infatuated Nat went on, "but to me, Miss Challoner, to me it's Heaven!"

Never woman could have been more amazed than Dear Lady Disdain. She did not as yet think of being angry or quite know that there was any reason why she should be so. Her first impression was that her unfortunate companion was really out of his wits. It came on her like a flash that his talk had been marvellously grandiloquent, and full of pride and confidence, for which she did not understand that there could well be any justification. Could the poor creature really be out of his wits? In the same instant Marie's kind heart thought of his mother.

"Natty," she said, in a tone of soothing remonstrance; and perhaps, for the first time in her life, with a tremor of timidity in her voice as she glanced eagerly around. "There was no one near."

"Oh, hear me out!" the wretched Nathaniel went on; "I can't stop now—I must speak—you have a sympathetic soul, you are above the miserable ways and prejudices of meaner minds. I know you are. You do not look down upon me as others do—as others did at home; you do not despise me because my birth was lowly and my occupation was at one time mean."

"No, Natty, certainly not. I always thought the higher of you for

endeavouring to raise yourself. *We* were always friends, Natty; but I don't think any one we ever knew was mean enough to think less of you for—for not being rich."

Marie now believed that she was only soothing an outburst of the morbid and half-crazy egotism of a self-conceited lad smarting under the memory of fancied humiliations. She would as soon have thought of her groom, or her Newfoundland dog, or old Merlin at Durewoods making love to her, as of Mrs. Cramp's Natty.

"Oh yes, I have suffered; but not from you—never from you. Now things are changed. Now we are in a free and equal land, where a man may make his way to anything and be equal to anybody. Here, Miss Challoner, I may dare to say—with you leaning on my arm"—

Marie quickly withdrew her arm.

"Don't be afraid. It's only this—we two alone, and I must say it here—under this bright heaven," Nat exclaimed, wildly, "that I love you—oh, Miss Challoner, yes—that I love you!"

Marie was bewildered by this outburst. She was not sure at first if she had understood him rightly. Then, when there was no possibility of further misunderstanding, she was startled, angry, full of shame and pity, and withal vexed by a shocking inclination to laugh.

"Natty, how can you speak in such a way?" she said, at last. "I could not have expected this, or believed it of you. I was always friendly with you. Is this my return?"

"I can't help it," he exclaimed, passionately; "I love you; I've always loved you" (in his emotion he went back to the pronunciation of his early days, and he became conscious of the fact in a moment, and it added new agony to his sufferings); "I loved you since I was a boy"—

"Why will you speak in so foolish a way," she said, more gently, "and so prevent me from ever being friendly with you any more? Your mother was a dear old friend of mine, and I am sorry for this—for her sake."

"Ah, but there it is," he broke out, wildly; "that's where it is—that's why you despise me! My mother was a servant—a servant—a servant—and I'm only like a dog in your eyes. But you are wrong, Miss Challoner. I ain't—I mean I am not—a dog here. This is not your country of aristocrats and caste and class. A man is a man here."

"A man ought to be a man anywhere, and not a fool," Lady Disdain said, likely to lose her temper now.

"Is a man a fool because he loves a woman above him in rank?"

Half the best men in the world have been fools, then! I am not ashamed. Call me anything you like—I must love you all the same. You despise me because I am poor and low! Oh, but if you have a woman's heart at all you might feel for me, and make some allowance for me, and not trample on me, trample, trample on me, just because I come of humble people."

The unfortunate youth was trembling and shivering from head to foot with emotion. His cheeks were vividly pale, and his eyes, always rather small and lustreless, were winking and watery with tears. He seemed, indeed, like a half-mad creature; like a loving dog whom his master spurns and curses. Lady Disdain looked at him with alarm, and her anger all melted away and only pity remained.

"It is not because you are poor, indeed," she said earnestly, and trying to soothe him; "but you know how absurd all this is; and it is wrong of you to expect me to listen to it. I ought not to allow you to talk to me in such a way; but you are an old friend, and I know you only forgot yourself for the moment and that you will never do so again. Come, Natty, say that we may be friends again as we used to be. Did you not know, you foolish boy, that I am engaged to be married?"

"Engaged to be married!" he stammered.

"Yes, Nat, I knew you never could have heard of it, or you would not have talked such nonsense. Come, let us bury all unkindness and forget it—and never speak of this folly any more."

"Engaged to be married to *him*?" Nat asked fiercely, and following out a track of his own ideas.

"Indeed yes, Nat, to *him*," she answered, following out a track of her own ideas. "And so you see you are late in any case," she added, with a smile, trying now to make as light of the whole affair as possible.

"But *he* ain't a gentleman neither," Nat interposed, vehemently. "At least, he isn't what you would call a gentleman. I don't see why he should look down on me and give himself airs. What was his father but a civil engineer—what is himself?"

"Nat," said Lady Disdain, turning rather pale, "you don't know what you are talking of, and I deserve anything for having listened to you so long."

"Then it isn't he; it isn't that Japan fellow—he saved my life though," Nat struck in, with sudden penitence. "Oh, but don't go until you say you forgive me. Oh, don't despise me and hate me. Oh, Miss Challoner, you have made my life so wretched—so awfully wretched!"

"If I have," she said, "I am sorry for it; I would have been your friend gladly. I—I am not so very happy myself. But I will not listen to any more, Nat, and I will not stay here."

"Don't tell any one," he pleaded, with a pitiful last outburst; "don't set them laughing at me!"

"I shall tell no one," she said, unable wholly to suppress her contempt for him. "I suppose if it were told they would laugh at me more than at you; and I deserve it."

So she was turning from him, for she felt anger and scorn in one moment. She pitied him again, for the unfortunate wretch had flung himself grovelling on the ground, and clasped his hands over his head as if he would shut out the sense of his disappointment and his humiliation. She glanced at him and then along the path where their friends might soon be expected to appear.

"Natty! Get up, you foolish fellow, and show yourself like a man. These people will come along soon—do you want them to see you, and to have all this talked of? What do you think my father would say? Get up, and help me to conceal this ridiculous affair. I promise to do my best to forget it, if you will."

Dear Lady Disdain was growing so impatient and alarmed at the prospect of their friends coming up that she felt inclined to rouse her grovelling admirer with a thrust of her parasol.

Nat got slowly up, looking wild, haggard, and scared.

"What am I to do?" he stammered.

"Here," and a flash of inspiration enlightened her, "you see that little tuft of—mallow is it?—no matter what it is, down there, just at the water's edge—no, no, not that way—down the bank just beneath us. Climb down and get me *that*. There's no danger—I could do it myself," she added, with an emotion of irrepressible contempt; "it will give you time to get composed, and will turn away their attention."

Poor Nat obeyed as a frightened child might do, hardly yet understanding why she wanted him at such a moment to perform a feat of climbing. He was awkward enough at it, too, for his boots were new and very tight, and he had his gloves on, and the clayey, crumbling bank was rather deep, and there were only little brambles and branches to cling to. But Marie's point was gained. If Nat were now found puffing and excited there would be sufficient reason for it. He was already nearly down to the water's edge when Professor Clinton, Mrs. Benjamin, and Miss Benjamin appeared.

"Thank Heaven!" Lady Disdain mentally ejaculated. The thought came into her mind that that was the first piece of deceit

she had ever practised, and she began to think that the cynical things said of women by old-fashioned railers must be true, and that the gift of ready deceit is the heritage of all Eve's daughters. She felt terribly inclined to laugh, with a natural revulsion of feeling, as she saw poor Nathaniel's awkward and floundering attempts to get up the bank again.

"Mr. Cramp is a gallant cavalier," she said to Professor Clinton, who, with his companions, seemed to be looking in some wonder at Nat's performance. "I admired the little tuft of flowers below, near the water, and he has kindly gone to get it for me. Oh!" for at that moment Nat's foot slipped, and he seemed destined for a plunge in the stream.

"He'll fall right in!" said little Miss Benjamin, breathless.

"No, he's all right," Professor Clinton coolly said. "But I say, Cramp, you're not much on climbing—banks of clay at least. Here, hold on to that."

He extended to Nathaniel the crooked handle of the walking stick he was carrying. Nat glanced up at first with eyes that meant indignant rejection. But at that instant he felt the smooth hard soles of the new boots beginning to slip again, and in despair he clutched the handle of the stick, and the stalwart Clinton tugged him safely up.

"You're not used to our clayey banks yet, Cramp," Clinton said, smiling. "I dare say you have often scrambled down there, little Mollie?" he asked of Miss Benjamin.

"Oh yes, Professor Clinton; we all do it," was the prompt answer of the little round-eyed maid. "We all coast down that bank when the river's frozen."

"Coasting," it should be explained for the benefit of British youths and maidens, is lying upon a little "sled" or sleigh which rushes of its own impulse down some steep and frozen descent. Usually the owner of the "sled" brings it to the verge of the descent, gives it a push, and then, when it is in motion, flings himself on it and is borne along with tremendous velocity. The regular thing is to sit or lie on it feet foremost, but it must be owned that the daring spirits of both sexes (up to the age say of twelve) find joy in flinging themselves face downwards head foremost, on the flying car.

"Well, I dare say you have. Feet foremost or head foremost, Mollie?"

"Oh, feet foremost, Professor Clinton—mostly; but sometimes head foremost," added the little lass with a slight blush, and yet a certain pride in her daring.

"I thought as much! Never mind your mamma—I dare say she has run as great risks in her time. You see, Cramp, your feat wasn't very great."

"I don't want to have Mr. Cramp's services and gallantry depreciated, all the same," said Marie. "Thank you, Mr. Cramp, I am greatly obliged. What very beautiful flowers—and peculiar, at least they seem so to me. Now, Professor Clinton, I want you to tell me all about these flowers, for I don't think we have anything quite like them at home."

Thus Marie succeeded in changing partners, so to speak, with Mrs. Benjamin, and she kept with Professor Clinton for her escort until the whole party came up. No one suspected that Nat had been making so painful an exhibition of his passion and his folly. Nat disappeared soon from the party, making some stammering explanation about "journalistic labour," as he called it, that had to be accomplished, and he hurried to his quarters in the Franklin, the most wretched of all self-conceited and humiliated men.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"GO AT ONCE!"

CHRISTMAS PEMBROKE came down one morning at the beginning of winter to his breakfast in the room with the painted goddess on the ceiling. The moment he entered the room he saw one particular letter among others lying on his table, and he knew the handwriting of Sir John Challoner. His face flushed. He seized the letter eagerly; and then held it a moment unopened in his hand.

This letter he knew must be in answer to that one which months ago he had sent out to the States, and which, after wandering from place to place, always arriving just after Challoner had left, reached him at last the very day when he was leaving San Francisco. It was written by Sir John from Sacramento, the first town at which he and his daughter stopped on their way eastward. For this letter Christmas had waited and waited. It seemed out of all possibility, not to say propriety, that he could take French leave of one who had been so kind to him as Sir John; he must first have his formal sanction and release. That was the reason Christmas gave to himself and to Dione Lyle for lingering so long in London. But in his heart there was another reason, which the postscript of his letter to Challoner had dimly indicated. He would not leave England for ever until he knew that Marie Challoner did not believe him to be in *love with Sybil Jansen*. It seemed one of the most ridiculous of all

vanities that he should wish to be assured upon that point, and yet he would not leave England without being assured of it. In his heart there was "a kind of fighting" that would not let him rest about that story which Sir John Challoner had told or sanctioned—the story of his engagement with Miss Jansen. Christmas had not told Miss Lyle half what he thought of that strange story; and we know that she had taken care not to tell him all that she thought. Why had Sir John Challoner told his daughter, or encouraged her in believing, such a story? The thought wounded Christmas in many ways. Did Sir John think so little of the confession Christmas had made to him—the confession of his hopeless love and his broken heart—for broken the poor lad believed it to be; did he think so little of it as to make a jest of it? Was he so cruelly deceived in Sir John, to whom he looked up with so much regard, and whom he believed to be so sympathetic? Or could it be possible that Marie Challoner's father really had some deliberate motive in trying to make his daughter believe that Christmas Pembroke was in love with another woman? This was the doubt that sometimes made Christmas tremble with wild fears and angers, and wilder hopes. Many a sleepless hour of the night, many a dreamy abstracted hour of the day, had that thought cost him.

"Here is my sentence," he said to himself, taking Sir John's letter in his hand. This is what he read:—

"MY DEAR PEMBROKE,—Since you have made up your mind to leave England, I agree with you in thinking that any further delay would be a waste of time. Do not let anything stand in your way so far as the offices are concerned. I write by this post in order that arrangements may be made for supplying your place. I think if I were you I would return to Japan by the overland route, and so have a passing glimpse at India, &c., which you may not soon again have an opportunity of seeing.

"Good-bye, my dear boy; and God bless you. I need not say how glad I should have been if I could have kept you always with me. But as you find that your own interests require another course, it is only for me to speed the parting guest. It is a great pleasure to me to have made your acquaintance, and I shall always look back with interest upon the time we spent together.

"I hope you will write to me when you get settled in Japan.

"My daughter joins me in kind regards and good wishes.—Ever, my dear Pembroke,

"Your sincere friend,

"JOHN CHALLONE

Christmas put the letter down. Then he took it up again, and read it over—scanned every word of it. No new meaning shone through it. It was not so much a farewell as a dismissal. Had Sir John Challoner been turning from his doors an over-impetuous dependent, he could not have been more coldly imperious in his tone. There was no getting over the bitter reality. Christmas was simply thrust out of the circle of Sir John Challoner's acquaintance and bidden to begone.

The blood rushed into Pembroke's face. Good God! what had he done to deserve this? What change had come over the man who had always professed such friendship and affection for him? Or was Challoner simply insincere from first to last? Often and often had Dione Lyle hinted as much, and he could never be brought to believe it. Now?

"My daughter joins me in kind regards and good wishes."

"She never said that!" Christmas cried out to his solitude. "She never knew of it. She never would have sent me off with two or three cold words. She would have said something warm and friendly, or she would have written a few lines of her own. I know she would! Unless he told her what I, like a fool, confided to him. But even then why should she not feel some compassion for me, and say a kind parting word, when I am never to come in her way again? Oh, no!—she knows nothing about this letter."

Christmas sat himself resolutely down to think this all over, as if it were some baffling problem. "There is deceit in that letter, somehow," he thought, "and it must be found out." Suddenly he jumped out of his chair.

"I'll not go!" he exclaimed. "I'll not stir from England until I have seen her and spoken to her. There's some infernal treachery at work in all this. Why did he tell her a lie? Why didn't he tell her I was leaving England? Why does he want to get me out of the way before she comes back?"

Then there came a depressing reaction, and he asked himself what was the excuse for the wild sort of hope that would keep burning within him—the hope that Sir John Challoner had some strong motive in preventing Marie from seeing him any more. We don't live in the days when flinty-hearted fathers can compel their daughters to marry, and Miss Challoner did not seem the sort of girl who could very easily be coerced in any case. Still there remained the unmistakable fact that for some reason, be it what it might, Sir John Challoner was playing off a piece of deceit—even of treachery.

"No, come what will," Christmas vowed once more, "I'll not go until I have seen her. I can only make a fool of myself and be laughed at, and I don't care about *that*."

A new life and courage seemed to animate him. It was strange how completely he had become possessed all at once with the conviction of Sir John Challoner's treachery. He had not the faintest doubt on that point any more. "Perhaps if I were wise and self-denying," he thought, "I would go away all the more quickly, and not interfere any more. Suppose I find out that her father is an insincere friend, will that please her or make her think any the more of me? Can I do anything but mischief by remaining?" Yet he could not shake his own resolve. "I will not go!—I will not go!" he said again and again.

A whole hour must have passed away before he thought of looking at the other letters on his table. One was in the writing of Miss Jansen:—

"DEAR MR. PEMBROKE,—Mamma has been very ill, but is now better. She wonders that you never came to see her; but perhaps you did not hear. She would be glad if you could come to-night, as she wishes to ask your advice about something. She sends her kind regards,

"SYBIL JANSEN."

"What an idiot I am!" Christmas thought; "and a shabby, ungrateful idiot 'at that'—and he mentally used an Americanism. For he had to confess he had rather avoided the Jansens of late, feeling a little sore about the absurd stories which connected Sybil's name with his, and being ashamed to meet Sybil's eyes. Our youth had been brought up so far away from modern civilisation that he was strangely and perhaps savagely modest about women, and assumed that every pretty girl could have her pick and choice of lovers, and that, therefore, Miss Jansen could not possibly care to have her name connected with his. Therefore, he had kept out of her way, fearing lest she should think he had been vain enough to encourage such reports. Besides of late he had felt little inclination for women's society of any kind. The small needful gallantries and courtesies irritated him, and he preferred to nurse his pain in sullen solitude.

A loud and resolute tapping at his door disturbed him. Christmas opened the door, and the martial figure of Captain Cameron entered. Our hero had not seen *the Legitimist* since his somewhat unsatisfac-

tory return from the wars. The Dux redux looked in no wise disconcerted. His manner was as jaunty, self-reliant, and good-humoured as ever. He might, so far as all appearances went, have just seen Don Carlos seated in triumph on his ancestral throne.

"Delighted to see you, Pembroke, my dear fellow," Captain Cameron said, as he grasped Pembroke's hand. "I have been resolving to look in upon you this some time. Having breakfast—eh? I think you are always having breakfast. You young fellows now have such healthy appetites."

Christmas expressed his satisfaction at the sight of Captain Cameron, and he thought with a pang that his first acquaintance with Sir John Challoner was made in that room through Cameron's introduction.

"But I say, you are not looking all right," Cameron said. "Growing thin, I think, and pale. Ceasing to be a boy, eh? Man's estate; and a very pretty estate it is to succeed to! I'm disgusted with the world, Pembroke, disgusted, sir!"

"Well, I don't know that I am greatly charmed with it," Pembroke said.

"Poof, my dear fellow! what do you know about it? What does a fellow of your years know about disappointment and ingratitude and treachery and all that? A smile from a pretty girl, I dare say, would raise you into the seventh heaven. Wait till you come to my time of life! Wait till you have your soul in some great cause, and work for it and sacrifice your time and your money—and your blood, by Jove!—and see everything going to the dogs—and your advice neglected and yourself put aside. Well, well!"

"The Carlist affairs are going badly?"

"Badly? Wretchedly. Shamefully. They are blind, sir, mad! *Quos Deus vult*—but that's an old quotation. I give you my word, Pembroke, that if my advice had been taken, the King would have been in Madrid before now. Look here; I'll show it all to you. You know Spain?"

"No—I am sorry to say I don't."

"Never been there? Well, no matter. Just see now—follow me. Here are the mountains—this toast-rack. Very good. Here are our head quarters; yes, this cruet-stand. Now the advance of the *Madrilenos* is just there—jammed up there, sir; in a cleft stick. Now, you see what our course ought to be." Captain Cameron paused and looked triumphantly at Christmas.

Christmas studied the field of battle with an air of profound interest.

"Of course you see it; a school girl couldn't miss it. There's the way to the capital thrown right open—clear as the Thames embankment, by Jove! Just make a feint here—swing round your left—keep the fellows engaged—easy work; and then on with your main force slap into Madrid! I showed it to them, sir; I showed it to them just as clearly as I am showing it to you now!"

Christmas thought if that was so he could perhaps excuse the Carlist generals for not seeing it precisely at a glance.

"And they couldn't see it?" he asked.

"Couldn't see it? They wouldn't see it, sir. It wouldn't suit the book of some of them—oh, no! What would become of the influence of certain persons—I mention no names—of certain persons over his Majesty" (and Cameron performed a military salute in honour of the absent prince), "if a foreigner, a mere foreigner, were to be allowed to show the way to victory? No, no, that would never do. You have no idea, Pembroke—you can have no idea—of the jealousy of these Spaniards where a foreigner is concerned. I believe they would rather be whipped by a Spaniard than led to victory by a foreigner. So I left them. What could I do? You heard that I was taken prisoner by the other fellows?"

"Yes, I heard that. It made some stir over here."

"Stir? I should think it did. But England is of no account now. I almost wish they had shot me, Pembroke, just to see whether anything could arouse England to a sense of her degradation. We are pigeon-livered, my good fellow, and lack gall to make oppression bitter—Shakespeare, you know. You can have no idea what they think of us in other countries. They laugh at us. This affair of mine created quite a sensation in the United States, I can tell you."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. Isabel—Mrs. Seagraves you know—has had some American papers sent to her with some splendid leading articles on the Cameron affair, as they call it. I have the papers—published in a city called New Padua—evidently a very important journal—pitching into England terribly for her want of spirit. I have a strong notion myself that the articles were inspired, you know, from the White House. General Grant must know my name well enough; he must have heard of me when I fought under poor Robert Lee for the flag of the Stars and Bars; and I know he wants to pick a quarrel with England."

Christmas had received some newspapers containing articles with Natty Cramp's name written in Nathaniel's handwriting at the bottom,

and coming from New Padua. He therefore did not feel quite so confident about the inspiration of the White House. But he was not inclined to get into any discussion, or to dash Captain Cameron's opinion of his own international importance.

"Well, all that is past and gone," the brave Cameron resumed; "and I looked in to talk about you and not about me. Isabel tells me you are leaving England."

"Yes, I think so—before long."

"Quite right, my boy! England's no place for a man of spirit any longer. Where are you going?"

"Back to my old ground. Japan, I think."

"Japan? Well, yes—let me see. Japan? To be sure; why not? I have an idea of offering my military experience and services somewhere. I thought of Siam—and I thought of China; and I have been thinking too a good deal of Brazil. I wonder would there be a good opening in Japan? There's nothing to hold me to Europe any more. I am afraid the cause of Legitimacy is lost, Pembroke, for our generation! Have you heard from the Challoners?"

"I had a letter from Sir John this morning," Christmas said, with a pang shooting through him.

"They're coming home very soon, Vidal tells me. You know she's going to be married to him—Dear Lady Disdain, we used to call her."

"Yes; I know."

"I suppose it's a good match for both parties? Challoner has plenty of money, and the young fellow has family and rank, and all that. But I don't know; I shouldn't like it if I were her father—I think. Should you?"

"I don't know much about *him*."

"Oh, he's all well enough for our time. He ought to be a gentleman; but what does a gentleman want mixing himself up with stock-jobbing speculations, and theatres, and actresses, and harlequins, and all that sort of thing? Let a man be in business—if he can't help it; all right. But if you are a gentleman, continue to be one, I say. It's all right, however, I dare say. They know best. He's well enough for our time. But I shouldn't have thought Marie Challoner would care about him."

"He's a good-looking fellow," said Pembroke, generously; "and clever, I believe."

"Good-looking!—yes, like a fiddler or a dancing-master. Clever!—a sort of cross between a stockbroker's clerk and a third-class painter. And that's the son of an earl, the scion of a noble house,

now-a-days! And that's to be my dear little Lady Disdain's husband! Well, it's no affair of mine. I say, Pembroke, why the deuce didn't you make love to her yourself? You're a deuced deal more like a gentleman and an earl's son than he is. Tell you what, you might have had a chance. Think of Jock o' Hazeldean."

Pembroke made no answer to this suggestion, and Captain Cameron took his leave after a while, promising to look in again very soon and talk with his young friend on the possibility of there being a good opening in Japan for the brains and sword of the experienced soldier of a lost cause.

"Everything fails us in life," Pembroke thought, "but self-conceit! If all else fails with me, I shall try to persuade myself that the world was unable to appreciate me. I believe a man is capable of dying consoled alone in a garret if he has self-conceit to comfort him. That is really humanity's last friend!"

But Pembroke was now far from being all unhappy; even though the thought that Sir John Challoner had been treacherous was bitter, and seemed to shake the realities of things. A new hope was exciting his brain and filling his heart. There was something yet to be done before he wholly succumbed and disappeared. If Sir John Challoner had been treacherous to him, he was released from all fealty. His heart echoed again and again the words of Captain Cameron, and he did not believe that Ronald Vidal was worthy of Marie, or that she could have loved him. A thousand little memories crowded back upon him, conspicuous among them the memory of her pale, weary expression when he saw her last, that day in Mrs. Seagraves' house, and of the touch of her hand when she said "Good-bye!"

"She doesn't care for him," he said aloud in his excitement. "I am not an idiot—any more. She does not care for him; I know that much at least!"

He felt a strange lightness all through him; the exalted sensation of a man who finds that there is one last chance, yet one blow to be struck, one decision to be given; and that, let it fall out as it will, all the old chapters of life are closed for him. Let it end this way, let it end that, a new life begins. If only the time would pass quickly over! It is the interval that is hard to bear.

Christmas went down to the City treading upon air, and took formal leave of his business connection with the house of Challoner and ascertained the exact date when Sir John was expected to return to England. He was pervaded and sustained by a strong resolution which he could not have set forth in plain words for the life

him. Did he propose to rush in at the last moment and carry off Marie Challoner like young Lochinvar? Did he think to break in on her bridal party like Edgar Ravenswood? Did he expect that an inundation would arise somehow and wash Marie Challoner out of her engagement with Ronald Vidal and into the arms of him who conceived himself a worthier lover, as happens to one of Mr. Charles Reade's heroines? No, he did not propose or expect anything of the kind. All his excitement and his recklessness of meaner considerations came out of his resolve—that at least he would speak with her once again, that she should know how he loved her, and that he would live and die loving her. Then he would take what happened. Let her then dismiss him to the other end of the earth. At least she would have known that he loved her, and only she would have spoken his sentence.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANOTHER PIOUS PARENTAL FRAUD.

POOR Sybil Jansen sat long and wearily at her window waiting that evening for the coming of Christmas Pembroke. The once ardent and disinterested priestess of the future, whose whole soul was concerned in the mission of women and the perfection of the human race, had grown very morbid and discontented. She found her hopes of the coming time as unsatisfying as the applauses of Avenir Hall. She had not seen Pembroke for some time. He never went to Mrs. Seagraves's Sunday afternoons now, and was seen no more at Avenir Hall. But Sybil had heard that Miss Challoner was soon to be married to Ronald Vidal, and there was just enough of comfort in that to prevent her from ever settling down contented to take up the thread of her old career.

Mrs. Jansen had seen her daughter's condition. She understood it only too well. But the mother and daughter never spoke on the subject. Mrs. Jansen watched her daughter's eyes as they turned eagerly now and then of evenings towards the door when a knock was heard. He did not come, and Mrs. Jansen went so far as to try a pious little fraud. She invented to herself some excuse for believing that she wanted Mr. Pembroke's advice, and she bade Sybil write to him. The mother had something of a reward when she saw her daughter's cheek colour with pleasure and a kind of shame. What was the good of asking him to come for one evening, *one hour, more?* Only somebody in love, or the mother of somebody in love, could tell. What was the good of that last ride

together, which yet Mr. Browning's lover thought better worth than all the dreams of poet, artist, or statesman?

Well, Christmas Pembroke came that evening. His own excited and *exalté* condition made him animated and sympathetic. He looked very handsome. There was, with all his masculine strength of frame, and what seemed to the Jansens his world-wide travels and experiences, a certain boyish simplicity and freshness which made him peculiarly attractive. He seemed to be absolutely without affectation or even self-consciousness. Mrs. Jansen, for her own part, had conceived a sort of maternal affection for him, and felt his absence, and thought that his friendly smile, generally with a tinge of a boyish blush accompanying it, lighted up their melancholy little room. But Mrs. Jansen had clear enough eyes, for all her mother's partiality, and she did not see in the young man any sign of more than friendship for her daughter. Yet she had practised her pious little fraud, and induced him to come that evening, and was glad when he came.

The business on which she wished to consult him was not much—did not even look to be much. It concerned the investment of some small, small savings in some Eastern railway project, which made Christmas tremble to hear of. Heavens! with what superfluous elaboration of argument and energy of description he showed Mrs. Jansen that such a scheme could not by any possibility begin to pay for at least fifty years, supposing it ever, by any rare combination of fortune and skill, to be made to pay at all. Christmas had not the least suspicion that any *arrière-pensée* or pious fraud lurked in the mind of the good and anxious woman to whom he was expounding the principles on which alone such projects could be made to pay. Sometimes, in enforcing his argument, he addressed himself to Sybil, in order to have her assent and attention too.

"But Miss Jansen doesn't care for all these dry unpoetic details," he said, fearing that he was wearying the young woman.

"Sybil is very, very fond of hearing anything that instructs her," Mrs. Jansen hastened to say.

"You explain it all so well," Sybil herself said, gently. "I begin to be afraid we women have not the heads for business that you men have." This was a meek propitiatory concession to the stronger sex, which a year ago the young Hypatia would not have believed herself capable of making. It was something very like a hauling down of the colours.

"Well, you see, this is the sort of thing I have always been working at," the unconscious Christmas replied. "In Japan perhaps a

The Gentleman's Magazine.

project like that may work well. I may be able to give you some information, or put you in the way of doing something." (He was really quite concerned about the small means which their frank disclosures showed them to have. He considered himself poor, but he was a young Cræsus compared with Sybil Jansen). "I shall be a good deal in that line when I go back to Japan."

"But are you going back really?" Mrs. Jansen asked.

"Oh, yes; I intend to go back very soon."

"You are tired of us already?"

"No, indeed; but I don't seem to find my right place here; and I feel somehow as if I were driven back. It's just that, Mrs. Jansen. I can't stay."

The little servant came in at that moment and brought some message to Mrs. Jansen, who thereupon excused herself, said she would return immediately, and left the room.

Sybil had risen, and was standing near the hearth. Christmas was seated at the table, with the papers which he had been looking through lying before him. He rose and went towards the hearth also, where the fire was burning brightly, and Sybil was busying, or seeming to busy, herself in preparing tea. His heart was touched with regret for the kind and simple friends whom he was so soon to lose for ever; the modest and quiet little household of mother and daughter, who were so poor, so good, so friendly to him, and whom he was not to see any more.

"Yes, I am sorry to leave England," he said.

"Why should you be sorry?" Sybil asked, without looking up.

"I wish I were a man and could leave England."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Anywhere. I don't care—anywhere out of this—away, far away."

"Well, I suppose we are restless beings, most of us. But I feel sorry, too."

"I don't see what you have to be sorry for. You lose nothing."

"I lose some very dear friends," the young man said, softly.

"Oh, friends are nothing. You will soon forget your friends."

"I shall not forget *you*"——

Sybil's cheek glowed and her hand trembled.

"Nor your mother."

Sybil shrugged her shoulders.

"You will not think much about us. It is not we, Mr. Pemroke, who are driving you out of England."

"No, indeed! Who ever thought of such a thing? Why should you drive me out of England?"

"I said so," the young Hypatia went on viciously. "I said it was not we who are driving you away."

"Why, of course not. Nobody is driving me away."

"Oh yes; somebody is." And Sybil shrugged her shoulders again. "I know quite well."

"Come now, tell me what you mean."

"I know that you are brokenhearted and despairing, and that you are flying to the desert—and—all that. You are off to the wars again, like the sentimental youth in the song, because the lady you love is to be a bride with a diadem on her brow! What feeble creatures you men are! You are always making yourselves ridiculous about some woman. There now—you are angry!"

"No, I am not angry," said Christmas, feeling, however, a good deal embarrassed, and wondering why a kind and clever girl could descend to such commonplace and trivial teasing; "and this is an old story of yours, Miss Jansen—I am used to it now. It doesn't disturb me."

"I don't want to annoy you," she said, "especially as you are going away—and we have not so many friends. *We* are not rich and sought after like the lady who is to be a bride with the diadem upon her brow! Well, let us say no more about her—only it is no use your trying to conceal from me the real cause of your returning to Japan. That sort of thing may deceive mamma, but not me."

"But I don't want to deceive any one, and least of all such friends as you and your mother."

"Then why invent excuses? Why evade? Have men no courage? If I were a man I should not feel ashamed"—

"But—Miss Jansen, in Heaven's name," Christmas asked warmly, "ashamed of what?"

"Ashamed of being in love and of being disappointed—thrown over for a greater lover—for the son of an earl! There! Of course I know that you are in love with her—with Miss Challoner; and that you are leaving England because you can't endure the idea of seeing her married to Another, as the romances say."

Sybil's eyes were sparkling, and her lips were trembling. It must be owned that at the moment Christmas thought her an ill-natured and vehement little person, and wondered why, if she believed all she said, she did not sympathise with him rather than thus rail upon him. He drew a great breath, and then faced the situation boldly.

"If I were in love with her," he said, gravely—"I'll not mention her name, Miss Jansen—I don't think we have any right to mention her name in talk like *this*—if I were in love with her, and were

thrown over, as you say, that would be a great misfortune for me—would it not?"

"I suppose so."

"Suppose you had a brother, and it were his case—it might be, you know; would you not feel sorry for him and try to cover his misfortune, and to lighten it if you could? Yes, I know you would, for I know that you have a good heart."

"How do you know?"

"I can see what you are to your mother, and I know well enough. Put me in your brother's place"—

"Oh, in one's brother's case, one would know the truth."

"Well, you may know the truth from me if you will. I am not ashamed, and I had rather you did know the truth than hear you talk—in that way. I never was thrown over for a richer lover. It never entered into Miss—into *her* mind—to think of me as a lover. I never thought of putting myself forward in such a way. I never thought myself worthy! But, if you will know all—well, I can't conceive how any man could be brought so near her and so often as I have been—without loving her! There, you have the whole truth; and that's all!"

Christmas stared doggedly at the fire. Poor Sybil was cold, pale, and trembling. Her excitable temperament had so nearly betrayed her! She felt penitent, ashamed, degraded; and yet, as he stood there, so full of jealous pains and futile anger and love.

"You'll not forgive me," she said at last, in trembling tones, "for speaking in such a way! You think me mean and malicious."

"Oh no," Christmas said, turning to her, "I am not so unreasonable, Miss Jansen; I don't bear malice."

"You mean that *I* do?" she said piteously.

"No, no; I didn't mean that; I know that what you said was only mere *badinage*."

"I didn't know," the poor little priestess pleaded, "how serious it was. I didn't know that you cared—for her—so very much—as all that."

Christmas took her hand in signal of complete forgiveness. It was very cold. She drew it quietly away.

"I should not like you to think badly of me," she went on; "I am not mean and spiteful and small minded, Mr. Pembroke—like so many women. At least I try not to be. But I am unhappy—in many ways; and disappointed; and people don't like me; and *think I am unwomanly*—because I make speeches and all that—and *I am not unwomanly!* Oh no—only much too womanly, I think—*and you think now, perhaps?*"

"I never thought you unwomanly," said downright Christmas; "I told you this moment that I knew what a kind good heart you had."

"Thank you very much. Well, I am glad you are not angry with me. Now, when mamma comes back she will ask you, of course, to stay this evening with us and have tea."

"Yes?"

"Well—please don't stay. Don't! You must have some pleasanter place to go to; and we should be so dull."

Christmas was beginning an energetic protest.

"No—please don't stay. I had rather you didn't. I am not very well—and you don't mind?—you are not offended? Thank you a thousand times. We shall see you some other time—perhaps—before you go."

So when Mrs. Jansen returned and asked Christmas to stay, he excused himself and went away. That night poor Sybil sobbed and cried a good deal in her mother's arms, and her mother for the first time was allowed to know all without pretence at concealment.

That was the end of poor Mrs. Jansen's pious little fraud.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

IRELAND celebrates this month the centenary of the birth of the great Daniel O'Connell. He was born on the 6th of August, 1775, and he died at Genoa on the 15th of May, 1847. The event will give an impulse to the discussion and consideration of great questions affecting the welfare of the Green Isle, and I have thought this a not unfitting time to print an article with which I have been favoured, on certain aspects of the Ultramontane movement in connection with the Roman Catholic faith in Ireland. My readers will, I am sure, accept my avowal that the paper on "Ultramontanism in Ireland, by An Irish Catholic," is indeed written by an Irish gentleman attached to the Old Catholic Church, and I may add that the author is one who has been very intimately and conspicuously associated with Irish politics during the last half-century, having been an active member of the Young Ireland Party of thirty years ago. So far as this magazine is concerned, I do not print the article by way of advocacy, but simply as a contribution, from an interesting standpoint, to one of the greatest and most momentous controversies of the day. Accompanying the MS. of this article comes a letter to me from the "Irish Catholic," touching the O'Connell celebration, from which I am tempted to extract a few observations. My contributor glances at the condition of the Irish Catholic community at the date of O'Connell's birth to contrast it with its condition now at the end of one hundred years. It is a century, he says, embracing the history of the Irish Catholics "from their lowest point of political and social depression to that of the highest political and social elevation to which they can attain without destroying that equilibrium which the perfect equality of all citizens before the law demands." "Not half a dozen years," he says, "before the great Tribune's birth, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland declared, in a solemn judgment in his Court, that the law which it was his duty to administer did not recognise the existence of any such person as an Irish Papist. Just a century later an Irish Chancellor, himself a member of the Legislature, by virtue of a British peerage, administered, from the same high judicial position, laws that recognised the Irish Papist as the equal in every civil right and privilege of his Protestant

fellow-countryman. From a community of slaves, oppressed, trampled, and degraded, the Roman Catholics of Ireland have gradually risen, during these hundred years, to the full and equal enjoyment of all the rights and advantages of citizenship; and it is not strange that they should prepare to celebrate fitly the memory of him who, amongst the leaders of their own faith during their long struggle, was assuredly the ablest and the boldest, and whose name has associated with it the prestige of their greatest and most decisive success." But he adds that O'Connell, during that period of his career when his intellectual powers were unimpaired and when alone his exertions were effectual, was eminently practical; that he never dreamed of carrying measures through the legislature until he had gained over to their support a large share of the recognised statesmanship of the empire; and that he had a high respect for constitutional agencies and emphatically protested against looking outside the constitution for the means of political success. I need not follow further my correspondent's reflections upon this celebration. He looks upon the event by the light of those views of the situation which he has set forth in his article on "Ultramontaniam in Ireland." I do not know whether he would declare himself to be an Irishman first and a Catholic afterwards, but he is emphatically an "Irish Catholic": and in religion as in politics he will not submit to the separation of the two words, which in his mind form a single idea.

To another Hibernian contributor, "The Knight of Innishowen," I am indebted for some personal recollections of Mr. Morgan John O'Connell, formerly M.P. for Kerry (and nephew of the Liberator), whose death has occurred during the past month. My correspondent was contemporary with him for awhile at Dublin, and both were members at the same time of the Law Student's Debating Society, which held its weekly meetings in Sackville Street. A movement was at that time afoot to obtain an Act of Parliament for the exemption of students of the King's Inn, Dublin, from keeping terms at any of the London Inns of Court previously to being called to the Irish Bar. Upon this question a formidable petition was got up and a deputation of Law Students of King's Inn was appointed, of which my correspondent was one and Mr. Morgan John O'Connell was spokesman, to wait upon the great Daniel O'Connell at his house in Merrion Square, and to request the Liberator to bring the grievance before the House of Commons. But Daniel O'Connell did not sympathise with the agitation. The young Irish barrister, he told these youthful

students, should spend twelve months in the office of an eminent London Special Pleader, and another year in the office of a distinguished conveyancer; he should attend the Courts at Westminster and study the dignity and responsibility of his profession at the seat of empire. "When we get our own Parliament back," said he, "we shall remodel the University and have our own Faculty of Law; in the meantime go to the Temple and Westminster Hall to study the great legal authorities as you would go to Rome or Florence to study the old masters of painting and sculpture"; and so the petition came to nothing. Morgan John O'Connell, as a young man, gave greater promise as a speaker than he afterwards realised in the House of Commons or at the English Bar. He had little taste for law or litigation. He was a scholar, but his kindly and almost foolishly generous spirit and his easy genial temperament stood in the way of his success. In politics he followed his uncle as an agitator and a repealer, but his English education and imperial sympathies held him back from the Young Ireland Nationalism of thirty years ago as well as from "the Home Rule Provincialism" of recent years. In Parliament he spoke with ease, point, good sense, and moderation. It was Morgan John O'Connell who was called by Thackeray, who regarded him with marked partiality, "the laughing philosopher." When he was close upon fifty years of age, and a Captain in the London Irish Volunteers, he married the only daughter of the celebrated Bianconi, who settled in Ireland more than half a century ago. Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell's father, in the hey-day of his prosperous career, owned all the public jaunting-cars in the South of Ireland.

THE gentleman known to my readers as "A Parisian Critic," after a glance at the brilliant musical and theatrical incidents of the London season now ending, ventures to ask whether this splendid display of talent has been utilised to any sufficiently large extent in the culture and refinement of the public taste? He speaks more particularly of music, and submits that those who most require the benefit of such high influences are excluded from operatic performances by the exorbitant prices of the seats. I give his own words:—

We ought not to treat music and the drama as curiosities, to be seen as one sees some phenomenon. They should be national. But how, then, shall we train people to like music or the theatre in a truly artistic spirit? In my sense there is but one way, and I hesitate to formulate it, because I know how uncongenial to Englishmen is anything that does not spring from competition and personal initiation. But why, to take one instance, are the French incomparably more tutored in the ideal arts than we are? It can only be answered

that it is because the State interferes, maintaining schools of art where the most talented of their profession do not disdain to impart the secret of their accomplishments to pupils, and generally promotes a spirit of emulation and keeps up a high standard of excellence most useful to art. Judging from experience, cannot the feasibility, the necessity of such an intervention, be seriously mooted in this country?

I leave the "Parisian Critic's" questions and suggestions as they stand; but I am afraid he goes so far beyond Lord Sandon and Mr. Forster in the notion of "National Education" as almost to snap the connection between the two ideas of one large subject.

THAT letter from the late Charles Dickens to the author of "A Wife's Story; and Other Tales," has been the text of many critical remarks on the art of fiction during the past month, but I will not apologise for adding a brief note on the subject, since the observations I am about to quote form the substance of a letter to me from an accepted and popular novel writer of the day. Mr. Dickens said to his contributor, "You write to be read, of course?" and proceeded to advise an alteration of the *dénouement* of the story in question to suit the taste of the market in which "sad endings" have been for some time at a discount. Upon this my novelist says:—"The weight of such an authority in favour of substituting a stupid and inartistic caprice for 'the divinity that shapes' the ends of novels is not gratifying, even though, in this case, the great master wrote in his capacity, not of author, but of editor. A story, if properly worked out, can have but one end, and whether that is happy or unhappy is not a matter of free choice or accident. Beaumarchais used to say that all he did was to set his characters going—all the rest they did for themselves. Upon this point, however, there will, at least in theory, be only one opinion. The really curious question concerns the disesteem into which tragedies have fallen among readers of fiction. The minority, if it is a minority, that looks to the end of a novel to see if it ends happily as a condition precedent to beginning it, is almost large enough to decide whether a work shall be popular or no. There would be nothing remarkable in this beyond the wide prevalence of artistic childishness, had not the opposite been the case at other times. Scott 'wrote to be read,' but neither he nor his readers had any objection to end with tears. Perhaps in these days he would have added a chapter to explain that the Master of Ravenswood escaped from the Kelpie's Flow, that Bucklaw died, Lucy Ashton recovered, and all lived happily for the rest of their lives. In some such fashion it was found necessary to treat 'Kenilworth' not

long ago when it was adapted to the stage for a modern audience. Bulwer also 'wrote to be read,' and yet offended none of the class of readers corresponding to those who now object to 'The Mill on the Floss' and 'Romola' on the sole score of their ending what is called 'badly.' Dickens himself, despite his quoted advice, sternly disregarded the letters that poured in upon him during the progress of 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' imploring him 'not to kill little Nell.' No doubt 'those who live to please must please to live,' but it will be a sorry day for fiction when, as seems not unlikely, art and popularity are doomed in this important issue to declare open war. In such cases the wrong side always wins, and the most noticeable part of the matter is that when tears are banished, wholesome laughter is apt to follow them. Most people are agreed that humour is degenerate, and, though this coincidence of the failure of laughter and of the dislike of tears may be only accidental, the connection is striking enough, and natural enough, to be more than likely. It is to be hoped we are not making life so hard and troublesome that we prefer fictitious ease and happiness by way of contrast, just as Goldsmith observed that gay nations like their music sad, and sad nations like it gay."

ONE of my correspondents, himself a poet, submits an ingenious theory of the high qualities and defects of Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary." He avers in the first place that this drama, whilst it is in effect a failure, affords at the same time distinct proofs of dramatic genius. His notion is that the essence of dramatic genius consists in self-projection, and to this faculty all others are subordinate. No mere modelling from outside knowledge, he contends, could have succeeded in the production of Hamlet, or Bottom. These are not realistic figures of men—they are portions, larger or more fractional, of the poet himself. Bottom is not a copy of a mere weaver, but an actual little bit of that great Shakespearian self which comprised the whole world of character. The great dramatic poet, though perfectly true to nature, does not copy, but creates—or projects—types. Now Tennyson's "Queen Mary," if closely examined, becomes an instance in its degree of the same power. There are examples too in "Maud" and in some others of this poet's works. The character of Mary is new, distinct and natural. She is a created or projected type. She is a genuine woman and lives in these pages a genuine life. Philip, though less intensely embodied, is also real. The two old women who talk in the church are real in the same way, though not worth the pains of creation. But though gifted with the higher faculty

essential to success Tennyson has failed, simply because he has little or no faculty of arrangement or construction. Here, however, I will let my critic speak in his own words :—

At the risk of a charge of irreverence I venture to say that he positively potted about the Idylls. He had never any notion where to begin and where to end, what to include and what to omit. His poems are like a loose handful of jewels. There is no praise too high for their purity and beauty. But he cannot thread his pearls to please himself, and he cannot thread them to please anybody else. The pearls are true orient, and are each worth a king's ransom, but they tumble loose. In the choice of his subject the poet has dared greatly, for he has deliberately undertaken the production of a partial sequel to the greatest and completest of the historical plays of Shakespeare. He has at once achieved a great success and a small failure. He has fulfilled the weightier matters and has neglected the mere tithes of anise and cummin. The faculty of dramatic construction is not at all one of the greatest. As a story-teller Miss Braddon is superior to Thackeray. As builders of plays Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Tom Taylor are miles before Browning and Tennyson. But though it is not in itself—as these examples certainly prove—a faculty peculiar to genius, even genius is unequal to the drama without it. There is another matter which is cognate to this. The poet seems to have striven to atone for a want of succinctness in his plot by the intensity with which he has impregnated all his characters. But the intensity grows monotonous and even tiresome. The period of Mary's reign was no doubt a great time for the beating of the drum ecclesiastic, but is it possible that all men in thought and speech kept up so intense and continuous a rub-a-dub on that unmusical instrument? There are yards of speeches in "Queen Mary" which are wildly impossible for the stage, and are even hopelessly unprofitable to the student. And yet side by side with these clouds of dulness you may see here and there the true pure heaven of poetry, where the great sun smiles right richly. I know nothing in the whole range of the drama which seems to me more powerful than the scene in which the poor woman sits with her chin at her knees in wilful abasement of that unattractive self which Philip so despises. The play is altogether the strangest mixture. It is thick with faults and thicker with beauties. With all respect for Mr. Irving I am persuaded that it is utterly unactable.

TURNING from the virgin drama to the stage itself, I have before me a letter from an enthusiastic and experienced playgoer, Mr. H. Schütz Wilson, which I cannot resist the temptation to quote, touching the exceptionally notable acting of Miss Ellen Terry as Clara Douglas. Mr. Wilson, while he is not without appreciation for the theatrical Pre-Raphaelitism which has its most distinct embodiment in the plays of Mr. Robertson and in the manner in which those dramas have been most successfully acted, sighs now and then for the old Raphaelite or ideal style, and regrets that "the long reign of the poetical drama which existed in unbroken sequence from Burbage to Macready, from Elizabeth to Victoria," practically ceased on the retirement of *Macready from the stage*, when "the era of realistic decadence set

in"; but he is sanguine of the future, and thinks that "signs are not wanting of a tendency to a renaissance of poetical acting." In this respect he does not despair of Miss Ellen Terry, but he does not insist that youthful genius should begin by kneeling at the old shrines. "Young actors and actresses," he says, "must work backwards in order to regain the grander and larger olden style." "As Clara Douglas, Miss Helen Faucit," says Mr. Wilson, "was much stronger than Miss Ellen Terry, but not more delicate in her presentation of the character; she played Clara with a deeper emotion and a higher ideal standpoint, and presented a woman of loftier temperament and nature, but she did not realise a more gentle and loving tenderness." Here let me give a short quotation bodily from Mr. Wilson's letter:

Miss Terry can trust to her own impulse; she can abandon herself to the full force of feminine feeling, and can yet be sure that she cannot violate that temperance which gives smoothness to the strongest expression of the deepest passion. In her acting: eyes, voice, features, form, gestures, all work together harmoniously to a totality of expression; and this singular gift is a note of the true-born actress. Sometimes, like a song-bird in the strength of its ecstasy, she seems to quiver tremulously in the force of feeling; and she can wholly lose herself in the passion or the position of the moment.

Then my correspondent proceeds to point out that "Money" is not quite the play now that it was when it was first produced in 1840. "There is a slight tinge of time on its rhetoric and its sentiment. When it was first acted, it was played earnestly, in the true tone of comedy, but the change which has since then come over things theatrical leads our present companies to a highly charged farcical presentation of the piece." I confess I cannot go full lengths with Mr. Wilson in regretting this change, since it indicates a perception in the public mind of that tendency to artificiality in rhetoric and sentiment which is, I think, a blot upon the otherwise fine quality of Lord Lytton's plays. But I agree with my friend that Miss Ellen Terry has achieved a distinct triumph as Clara Douglas, and am sorry that the length of this note prevents me from quoting his criticism at greater length.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

"Deem'st thou because thou hadst for birthday gift
A dull, dead weight that Milo scarce could lift ;
Because the gods decreed—how blindly fond !—
To thee rich meads—to me a stagnant pond,
That Art avails not Nature to subdue—
That I, by labour, cannot equal you ?
See how I lengthen out my supple thighs :
Behold my lungs expand, my stature rise,
Till half an inch I'm nearer to the skies !
I grow—I mount—I swell—the task is done !"

Unrivalled still, the Bull grazed calmly on.



BEL, at the sound of a bell, hurried into the hall, not now set out with joints of beef and mutton, but with pens, ink, and paper. This was the most imposing sight he had ever witnessed ; it was the beginning of a solemn function, rendered more awful by silence. The hall itself, though he had never seen it, was not unfamiliar to him. In its general character, and even in its details, it was like one of the many rooms in one of his many castles in the air. He could easily imagine Lords and Ladies on the dais, while men-at-arms were reflected in the black oak tables below. He even recognised the minstrel's gallery over the doorway, where no doubt he, the poet, would have sat in those days ; and the portrait of some Lord Chief Justice or Lord Keeper who had given

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distinction to St. Christopher's long ago, gorgeous in scarlet and ermine, seemed to fix its eyes steadfastly upon him as if singling him out from the herd. Tom gave him a cheerful nod of recognition from the other side of the hall, by way of good morning; then the Dean went round and distributed a damp sheet of dry questions to each candidate, and Abel's triumph began.

The humours of an examination, such as they are, are known only to Asmodeus, for it is a pantomime without spectators. But they would be well worth a painter's study, for he would have before him in miniature the whole gamut that runs down from eager self-confidence through placid indifference to despair, and again up from despair through every grade of anxiety to triumphant serenity. The last was Abel's pitch after the first five minutes. He neither sat staring at his questions, nor chewed his pen, nor scratched his head, nor hurried, but set to work with a master's calm, rather scornful over the ease of a test that must have been chosen for the sake of its difficulty to other men.

Tom was no less cool, in a different way. He used to boast, with good reason, of his mathematical ignorance, and cultivated it diligently. He gave up his papers within an hour, and then went back to his rooms. On leaving them to meet Hammond at lunch time he ran against Abel on the staircase.

"Well—you floored the paper, of course?"

"I should think so," said Abel, guessing at the meaning of "to floor." "It was easy enough for a village school-boy."

"I only did three questions, and I expect I muddled those. You'll have a walk over, Herrick."

"I expect I shall," said Abel.

There is no need to follow the course of the examination to the end. Tom enjoyed himself very well, and soon formed a set among the most congenial of the candidates, with whom he became immensely popular. Abel was not one of the set, nor did he become popular. His oddities and his isolation would have been enough to prevent that, even if it had not become a foregone conclusion that he would obtain the first place as a matter of course, and thus practically reduce the number of open places from three to two. One or two men, who did not like to lose prestige by being beaten, set up examination fever or urgent domestic affairs, and vanished from the field.

But at last the race was over, and the colts dispersed again to their own stables, there to wait the publication of the result of the contest. Tom, however, remained in Cambridge; according to the family arrangement, took lodgings for a few weeks, and let the examination

and all belonging to it drift out of his mind. There was plenty of pleasanter matter to take its place. Term was beginning, and old Horchester men were coming up: and among these he enjoyed college life for a time without any of its chapels, lectures, gates, or other burdens. He did not find it by any means dull enough to think himself obliged to go over and see his Uncle Markham—that would keep till October very well. But this pleasant anticipation of his freshman's term ran to an end at last, and one morning he received this short letter from Annie:—

“Longworth.

“DEAR TOM,—Hurrah! The workmen are out of this place at last, and to-morrow march into Arlington Gardens: so we slipped down here yesterday, and found everything charming and delightful. The dear old house looks quite young again, and Uncle George is just like a child with a new toy till you can see all that's been done. Bee and I have *such* a room of our own—the one you know with that glorious view of the Ridge—I shall sit in it all day long, except when I'm out of doors, which will be all day. Bee grumbles a little about having to leave Signor Fasolla and Herr Von Brillen, and all her masters and mistresses; but Uncle George has given her a grand piano—given us, he says; but as it's precious little use to me, the present's rather one-sided—and then she's all on the *qui vive* about Mrs. Burnett, who comes to-day. Captain Burnett is here too, on leave, and as attentive to Bee as ever, in his mooning way, but she does not seem to see it. So we're all as jolly as sand-girls: and the moral is that you're to answer this *by return of post*, by coming down to Longworth by the very first train you can get for love or money. Aunt Ellen, nor Uncle George, nor I, nor Bee will ever forgive you if we don't see you to-morrow before dinner-time. Indeed, if you don't, you'll have to bivouac in the park, for Uncle George seems bent on having all the world and his wife to see our new old home. There's one of his society people, a Mr. Archer, coming to-morrow on purpose to talk to the Burnetts; and I expect we shall have nothing but coming and going for weeks to come. If you like to bring down a friend, you may, for what we seem likely to fail in is young men, and the Captain mustn't have it all his own way. I've got all sorts of messages for you, but I've forgotten them all—they all mean, Come down.

“ANNIE.

“P.S.—The Campbells are coming.”

“Not a very lively programme,” thought Tom. “A blue stocking

—a man asked to talk shop with her—all right, though: I'm game. I wonder if the governor will be quite so happy about Longworth when the bills come in? I suppose my Lady Campbell wants to see if Longworth's worth fishing for. I flatter myself I know the world a trifle too well to be taken in by that little game. Well—Flora Campbell isn't a bad sort—and—well, I don't think I'll take a man down. In fact I couldn't very well, as I've only Cambridge to choose from, and term's begun. I'll go and tell Taylor I can't breakfast with him on Thursday, and be off to-morrow by the 9.25."

He was on his way to his friend's rooms in the inner court of St. Christopher's, and was passing between the hall and the buttery, when his eye was caught by a scrap of blue foolscap, prominently screened on a green baize devoted to college notices. It was headed "Examination for Minor Scholarships, Christmas, 18—"; and below he read these names in their order of success:—

HAMMOND.

MACKAY.

DEANE-ELIOT.

"By George! I'm placed after all! Won't they jump out of their skins at home when they hear! There's one for you, Miss Beatrice; you'd better have taken my bet; and old Hammond's come out where he wanted. Here's kudos for old Horchester! Well rowed, the old school! And if I don't show them what you can do in an eight or eleven, my name's not Tom Eliot, minor-scholar of St. Christopher's. Hurrah! It'll be jolly to go home with such news, and I must telegraph this minute to Horchester."

He was almost running to the railway station, forgetting his dignity in the pleasure he should give them at home, and in the honour he had conferred upon the old school, when he ran against, and almost over, one who was walking slowly in the opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Hulloo, Herrick!" he burst out unthinkingly, "The list's out, and"— He paused suddenly.

"Well?" asked Abel calmly, but a shade paler.

"Hang it all!" thought Tom; "I wish I hadn't met the fellow. But there's no good beating about the bush when a tooth's got to be drawn. Give a wrench and have it over. Hammond—MacKay—Eliot," he said, in the most matter-of-fact way he could. "Those are the horses this time."

In the same tone he would, under the same circumstances, have spoken to Hammond, or even to his dearest friend, not from want

of feeling, but simply in order to do unto others as he would they should do unto him. To beat delicately about the bush would be to insult a young Englishman by implying that he cared a straw whether he lost or won, or for anything under the sun except a reputation for taking things coolly. He had given Herrick an opportunity of maintaining dignity in defeat by answering in the same tone. It was to his amazement, therefore, that Abel, instead of holding out his hand with a smile and saying "I congratulate you, old fellow," as any Horchester man would have done, cried out—

"What!"

in a high-pitched voice, almost a shriek, as if he wished all Trumpington Street to hear.

Tom could only stare. The story of the Spartan boy was not wonderful to him, but that any man should let the fox leap from under the decency of his cloak like this was more than wonderful—it was incomprehensible.

"Impossible!" said Abel, eagerly; almost fiercely. "It can't be. And *you* one of them! Who told you such a thing? Are you laughing at me?"

"Not a bit of it," said Tom, his heart suddenly hardening against one who took the fortune of war in such seemingly unmanly fashion. "I saw the list myself—you can see it on the screen. I'm surprised myself, I own: but it's not my way to laugh when I win, or to howl when I lose. It can't be helped—better luck next time."

He was about to pass on, when Abel lurched like a drunken man, and would have fallen on the pavement had not Tom caught him by the arm.

"Come, be a man," he said, with scornful pity. "I dare say it's hard lines on you; but you'll be having a crowd—come to my rooms—they're close by. Don't faint about the place like a girl, man—if you must give in, do it where you won't be seen."

Poor Abel allowed himself to be led to Tom's lodgings. He seemed to have lost all will of his own. Tom made him sit down, and poured him out a wine-glass of brandy. But it remained untasted. After sitting like a statue for a long minute, he suddenly rose up and began to pace up and down the room like a wild animal who has just been caught and caged.

Tom both despised and hated scenes; but it began to be borne in upon him that failure meant more to Abel than it would have meant to him.

"I can't have this sort of thing, Herrick. Drink that brandy this instant. You don't *mean* you're making such an outcry over a

beggarly eighty pounds? Why twenty men have^d lost besides you, and I'll lay anything you're howling for them all."

Abel felt the taunt. He swallowed the brandy, and turned upon Tom savagely.

"Yes—for them all! It seems to be sport for the rest of you, but it's death to me. You haven't set your whole life upon one cast, to win or lose all. You haven't mastered all learning to find yourself thrust aside to let in a lot of idle schoolboys. You can't understand—that scholarship is my right; I have worked for it from before I could read. The loss of it leaves me a pauper, it destroys my career, it shows me that not merit but favour gives men their chances—unto every one which hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away. A man like me to be put down at the tyranny of an examiner!—it is fear—it is jealousy"——

"What howling rubbish! Who ever heard of an examiner being"——

"Unjust? You haven't, of course. It can't be that I have been fairly beaten by you."

"They're never unfair up here. Nobody ever heard of such a thing"——

"You are rich, and I am poor."

"And it's just the poor men that win. Why the Vice-Chancellor's father was a common working carpenter, and he's refused a bishopric."

"Then there is some terrible mistake—for I tell you it's impossible that you should win and I lose. You don't know what my life has been—what I have done"——

"By Jove, though—I know it isn't likely I should beat you—suppose the papers should have got mixed: such a thing might be, and it's more likely than that a reading man like you should be licked by an idle dog like me. Just wait here five minutes, Herrick—I'll see the Dean—perhaps I've been reckoning without my host after all. By Jove, I shall be almost glad to find myself sold"——

The kind-hearted young fellow caught up his hat and was off like a shot.

The ghost of hope returned to Abel, and made him spend a hideous half hour of suspense in drumming upon the window pane, his forehead damp with cold perspiration while his temples throbbed and burned. Anxiety prevented his realising what the result would be if there was no blunder, and if he was really a beaten man.

At last, after what seemed many endless hours, Tom returned.

"*Herrick*," he said very gravely, but more kindly than before,

"I'm afraid I have bad news—but I'm not sure it mayn't be good in the long run. The Dean *is* a brick—there's no mistake about that, anyhow. He seemed glad to see me, and said my papers were very fair—barring the mathematics of course; they don't look for that sort of thing from a public school man. And they might look a long time for it from Horchester. He said there was no possibility of a mistake, and of course, when one comes to think of it, there couldn't be. I didn't say much about that, because going to ask if I hadn't been placed by a blunder would have made me look like a fool, and have been like crying down Horchester—but I asked him about you."

Not being given to make long speeches, he paused; but Abel said not a word.

"He said there could be no mistake about your papers, they were so queer. I can't tell you all he said—only what it all came to. You are a wonderfully clever fellow. You seem to know everything that nobody knows and nothing that everybody knows—except in mathematics, where you were better than most of us, and seemed to have gone farther, unless it was that you'd begun to read them at the wrong end; but your classics were as if you'd been taught by some awfully clever fellow from Bedlam, you were so original and so wild. He thought you safe to be a high wrangler, though, with good training, and he'd have been glad if you'd got one of the scholarships, only, as they have to go by examination, of course to take other things into account wouldn't be fair to the other men. He said he soon gave up looking at your classical papers, except for fun, and tried to give you all the marks in mathematics he could, but it was no use—several men besides MacKay answered what was set better than you, though if you had been examined in what wasn't set he's afraid *you* might have plucked *him*. He says you must have thought you were going to be examined by Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa—whoever they may have been—and have studied in the Middle Ages. He would like to see you awfully and have a talk with you. I told him you had taught yourself, and how important it is for you to get what's after all of precious little use to me. By Jove, Herrick, I feel desperately mean and shabby to win over a fellow that could have licked me into fits if he'd only been used to exams—the Dean as good as said you ought to have won if you'd only known the commonest things that every fourth-form boy knows by nature. I'd go and call on him straight if I was you."

And much more he reported of what the Dean had said, bringing every scrap of praise into prominence, and smoothing down all severities as well as honesty and want of tact would allow. Little

could Tom guess that what he intended for encouragement and consolation was, in truth, a crushing blow.

"No," said Abel, at last, no longer fiercely, but calmly, hopelessly, almost humbly. "You are too good to me. I will not see the Dean. Good-bye."

"Wait a bit—there's no hurry. Where are you off to?"

"No matter. Only this is no place for ignorant fools—like me. I think I will be a soldier. I shall pass that examination, anyhow."

"That's all humbug. Go and see the Dean."

Abel shook his head sadly. "No."

"It's hard lines," said Tom. "If I was you I'd put on some swell coach and try again. Send Greek to the devil, and your mathematics will pull you through."

"Fine talking—to a man with but twenty shillings in the world; and those I owe."

"Well, that's pluck, and no mistake, to come up to St. Kit's with twenty shillings! I thought a man of your cut must have bottom in him somewhere. It *is* hard lines, by George! I can't stand robbing a man of his chances without trying to make up for them. You'll excuse my saying I don't think St. Kit's is the place for a man who hasn't got too much tin. But you must get something, somewhere, if it's only a sizarship—that's clear. I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. I'd give up this confounded scholarship if that would put things straight; but it seems I'm not the only man before you. Fancy an exam, that one thinks nothing of, being so uncommonly like a tragedy. I have it—coach, if you can't be coached—make fellows pay you for grinding. There are lots of men, Hammond himself for one, who'll have to cram Euclid and all that muck for the Little-Go, and you could do—look here—I must begin to grind at it before October comes—I know I shan't when I come up—and I always meant to put on a coach between Horchester and St. Kit's—come down to our place, Longworth," Tom ran on, letting his needless scruples about profiting by another's loss and his eagerness to make compensation to a deserving and unfortunate man hurry him beyond the bounds of common sense and common prudence. "Come down to-morrow—they'll be all reading men and women there but me; we'll make a reading party of it while you're turning yourself round. I must have had some tutor if I hadn't you, and you're the man. The governor's tremendously partial to all queer—uncommon people, and we're very free and easy: you'll be quite at home."

What could Abel, with a head too occupied for another thought to

find room, say to such an offer? Tom read his silence as the natural hesitation of a shy and sensitive man, and said still more warmly—

"I mean it—I never say what I don't mean. Think it over if you like—I don't start till to-morrow morning, and you can easily make up your mind by then. But you'll come. I've made up my mind you're to be senior wrangler and Archbishop of Canterbury; and Tom Eliot isn't the fellow to make up his mind without doing what he's made it up to, as all Horchester knows, and as you'll know before long. Let me have a line before bedtime to say if you'll come to Longworth—just yes or no. When you're once there you'll find there's nobody like the governor for giving a man good advice, and helping him too. And from the moment you say yes, mind, you're my tutor; and I don't think you'll find the governor a man to quarrel about terms—you know what I mean. I must be off to the telegraph now—don't forget to let me hear."

It is true that Abel Herrick was not likely to interfere with Flora Campbell. But, none the less, there can be little doubt that Tom Eliot had acted less like a man of the world than he believed himself to be. Only because he wished to be just and generous, he had pressed his father's hospitality upon a stranger of whom he knew absolutely nothing worth knowing but that he had not twenty-one shillings in the world. That headstrong look of his was beginning to show that it was not there for nothing. But the deed was done, and he was not one to withdraw. "That's a man who's down, and has to be helped," said he to himself as he lighted a cigar, and went at last to send off his telegram.

Abel dragged himself to his own lodging—a poor back room in a back street, where he had been economising upon triumphant hope and Mrs. Tallis's ten pounds, now all spent but one. That back room had for many days been an antechamber to the temple of Fame—and now! He had wasted the whole of his life—and what life is so long as its first one-and-twenty years?—only to find, on the day appointed for triumph, that any chance school-boy was better armed for the fight than he. Of what the world seemed to recognise as learning he knew nothing: he thought he had been travelling far along the broad high road, and he had only been following a Jack-o'-lantern along a bye-path that led to nowhere at all. His was the depth of mortification in which the vainest of men cries out that he is a fool. He had not the means, even if he had the heart, to begin again. Why had he ever left Winbury, his fool's paradise? There he was great—in a dream. And his "Wars of the Stars," and his certainty of future glory—how

could he let Milly know of this shameful downfall—how her hero, after all his boasting, had failed? How could he go back to the Vicar, and beg to be restored to the schoolmastership he had so confidently resigned? How, even, could he say to Mrs. Tallis, "I have failed—I cannot pay you back your loan"? At one stroke he had lost bread, hope, ambition, pride, self-respect—and "Milly is lost with the rest of it," said the poor young man to himself in his despair. "I can't tell *her* of my disgrace. I should die of shame."

Men have drowned themselves for less. And then he thought of how he had been beaten by his confessed inferiors. He thought of Tom Eliot: and the poor beaten, self-styled genius envied—the word must be used—the lad who had been trained for the race and had gained what should have been a help to poverty because he had been rich enough to be sent to Horchester: in a word, because he had required no aid. The logic might be good or bad, but it stood in the way of gratitude. Why should the race be denied to the swift and the battle to the strong? Why should the rich be enriched at the expense of the poor? Why should Tom be born to fine linen and Abel to rags when both came naked into the world? Why should the rich be filled with good things and the hungry be sent empty away? With these and like unanswerable questions he was aggravating his own terrible disappointment when his eye fell upon what he had been too self-absorbed to observe—a trunk studded with brass nails in a corner of the room, and, upon the table, a letter directed to himself in the most lady-like Italian hand. He opened it mechanically, and read:—

"MY DEAR ABEL,—When you told me of your success I didn't know what to do for joy! Of *course* you were to win! So now, dear Abel, you can really finish your grand poem and be a great man. I didn't write before because Mrs. Hodges at the shop finds out what's in all the letters—I know she does—so I send this by the carrier, who will always post my letters for me at Eastington. The box contains all your things, which aunt got together and sends you—which shows she's pleased; and, dear Abel, I *am* so proud! It isn't likely I should forget you indeed—I'm sure there's nobody to make anybody forget anybody, not even young Mr. Adams; he drove over yesterday to tea, and was more absurd than ever; he made me laugh all the evening with his ridiculous jokes, but then I've been in a laughing humour ever since I heard the great news. I told 'him of your success of course, and who wrote the poem in the *Mercury*; so I expect they'll put it in all the papers. I'm sorry to

say poor Mrs. Herrick has a bad lumbago, but all the others are very well; they are very proud to have brought up such a great man as you are now, and I had to explain to them what a scholarship means about a hundred times; but as I don't know quite exactly myself, I found it rather hard. However, I did what I'm sure you'll think right. I asked aunt for a sovereign, and gave it them from you, and they understood that very well. The girl at the Vicarage told aunt that the Vicar said, when he got your letter, 'A good riddance, too; confound the rascal for telling me he was one of old Crook's pupils; he's some training college puppy, I'll be bound, in the pay of the Whigs; drunk or sober I'll have old Crook back again.' But he isn't back, so the boys have a holiday; so you may suppose what you're thought of here by young and old. I asked Mr. Pottinger to have the bells rung, and he would have, only he was afraid of shaking the steeple down. I shan't expect you to write to me often, for you'll have so much to do; but do write when you can—it's but dull now you're gone. The box is corded and the carrier waiting, so a million congratulations and best love from your ever affectionate

"MILLY.

"P.S.—I shall make you a purse for your first money, and shall get the silk in Eastington. It will be something to do, for aunt never lets me do anything to help her, except keep your books dusted. I found an old broken tea-cup behind them the other day, and kept the bits for luck—'Broken pitcher, you'll be richer; broken cup, good for luck,' they say. I sit at the drawing-room window most mornings, so you know how to see me, if you care to. Don't work too hard. Mind and *always* tell me *everything* that *ever* happens, for even if you hadn't got what you wanted, it would have been *all the same* to your affectionate

"MILLY.

"P.P.S.—I *am so* glad, dear Abel!"

This was the last straw—every word was a sting. He did not seek to trace out the love written in sympathetic ink between the lines of a young girl's letter to one whose greatness made her shy. He could only see that he dared not return to Winbury except to confirm his premature glory: he could not write to Milly to answer her joy by saying, "Love me more than ever, for I have failed." But the sting was wholesome in a way—it nerved him, no longer to ambition, but to climb the ladder slowly since he could not reach it at a bound. *Surely not Tom Eliot, but Destiny*, had offered him an escape from

the dilemma between going back to Winbury like a beaten cur, and throwing himself into the Cam.

So he thus answered Milly's pledge of constancy in good and ill:—

“DEAR MR. ELIOT,—I have decided. I will go to Longworth to-morrow.

“Yours gratefully,

“A. HERRICK.”

But he who has dreamed of springing to the top of a ladder at a leap is not content to climb when he wakes, however stoutly he may resolve. Having sent his note to Tom's lodgings by a messenger, he surrendered himself into the hands of fate, and sat down and dreamed bitterly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Grant me, ye gods, a wealth of wit
Without a skull to cover it:

And, free from rust that moulders,
Grant me a blade for ever bright,
A sunless day, a shadeless night,

A fame without beholders:
Yea, grant me all prodigious things—
A flawless leaf, a pair of wings

Without a pair of shoulders.

“BUT, dear Mrs. Burnett, how is it possible for *anybody* to be happy but an angel or an oyster? We are born to be happy, we are told, and to be thankful for our blessings. What are mine, I should like to know? I am not rich enough to do any good that would not be done without me, and though the widow's mite did a great deal of good to the widow, I have no satisfaction in doing things merely to feel that I am good—I want to feel that the world is really better for what I do. I am not poor enough to enter the real battle of life—I am only a holiday soldier, arming myself for a war that goes on all round me and that I am not allowed to see. Ah, I have it! Men *are* made to be happy, which means that women are not, so the saying is true after all.”

“This is the nineteenth century, my dear, and you are in your nineteenth year—the conjunction of a melancholy year with a discontented age. But you have indeed a terrible list of sorrows. I am going on for seventy, and I never had but one that I cannot whistle away.”

“And that—?”

"No, it's not my son Dick, as it's on the tip of your tongue to say. It's just that I shall die without ever having been as sad as you. There's just nothing that can make up to a woman for never having been a girl."

Beatrice was helping her heroine dress for dinner at the Deanes' country house at Longworth, which Mr. Deane had rebuilt at a cost only known at present to his architects and builders. As she was not given to hero-worship, it may be assumed that she had not chosen her heroine without cause. It was a real condescension on the part of such a moon of science and star of society to find a corner in her list of occupations for a visit to Longworth, and Beatrice was immensely proud of waiting on her like a maid of honour about a queen.

The great lady was insignificant enough at first sight. She was a little elderly Scotchwoman, with a marked national accent, and with features that could never have been anything but homely. At second sight, however—that is, as soon as she had time to speak—her French vivacity of expression drew attention to fine dark eyes that were shown off by a profusion of snow-white hair; and then she became interesting. But her principal note of character was her smile, which attracted some, but repelled others, for it was not a kindly smile, and intolerable to those who were afraid of ridicule. When she spoke kindly it seemed to contradict her words, and to throw an atmosphere of hard doubt over the reality of her numberless kind deeds. But, to those who were not afraid of it, it seemed the solitary protest of a bitterness of experience against a sweetness of nature, blended by time into a wise habit of laughing instead of crying over spilled milk and those who spill it—herself included.

In short, she was not only a learned woman and a good woman, but a woman of the world besides; and it was largely owing to this last quality no doubt that Beatrice, like others, felt the influence ascribed to her real mental eminence. The girl who could do nothing by halves tried to turn herself into a new edition of Mrs. Burnett—binding, tricks of phrase, and all, even to the errata. She was even ashamed of being neither so old nor so little as her lioness, and would willingly, in her enthusiasm, have exchanged her own bright brown hair for the snows of more than sixty years. From which one thing is certain—her hero was yet to come.

Of course one great charm of her model was its flawless consistency. It was a little jar to her, therefore, when Mrs. Burnett, who had advanced so far out of woman's beaten track, as much as told her, who was as yet only struggling through the hedges, that she ought to be *happy in the high road*.

"But surely you were not content before you had shown what a woman can do—before you became so great—oh, I should be content enough if I dreamed I could ever be half so great as you! But then you were not fastened down into a little circle like me. You were out in the world. There was a place for you."

"My dear! As if the whole round world was not a little circle, and as if we were not all out in it—and very much out, sometimes. And as to place, there is just one place for all things—and that's wherever they happen to be. Mine is at Longworth now; and are ye sure your place is not there too?"

"Anyhow, there I am."

"No, my dear. Longworth is a bonny nest of trees, and hills, and burns—a place to be young in. And when are ye there? Longworth is not a library—and when are ye not there?"

"And when are you out of the library?" asked Beatrice, as if she settled the whole question.

Mrs. Burnett led her before the cheval glass. "Which is most like a milk-maid," she asked; "I, the old town mouse, who have eaten all my candles at both ends, or you, the young country mouse, who has only begun to nibble at one?"

To that question there was but one answer. The cheeks of Beatrice Deane were already paler than even a few weeks ago, while those of Mrs. Burnett were firmer and brighter than many an idle girl's.

"Perhaps when I am as old—I mean as young—as you," said Beatrice, gaining colour from a blush, "I shall be able to take work like play. You did not become Mrs. Burnett by running about the fields when you were—old. What woman has done, woman can do."

"I became Mrs. Burnett just by marrying Mr. Burnett, my dear. And what woman has done is the very thing woman can't do—for Nature never yet repeated herself, and never will. I did not run about the fields, and for why? Because I had to spend play-time in making my six little brothers ready for the schoolmaster—and their clothes too—and finding hands for the whole house, for we never had a girl worth the salt to her porridge; and eyes for two—for my father was blind, and that's what made me learn Greek—or ye may be sure I'd not have left a flower growing on the moor. Ah, my dear," she said, looking up into Beatrice's face with a touch of pity in her eyes, if not in her tone, "I am conceited enough to like being called young, my bonny Bee, but I'd like better to have been young, and a mad-cap lassie with the rest of them. It was not my fault I

lost it, but it will be yours if you do. A woman that's never been a girl! It is as bad as a man that's never been a boy; and boys, my dear, are always idle ne'er-do-weels, but those that never turn into men."

"*You say that!*" exclaimed Beatrice, opening her eyes in amaze. "Would you have me copy the girls—and they're the only ones I have to copy—who think of nothing but dress and fritter away their hearts on staircases till they're unfit for the only thing they ever think of?"

"I'm not sure but ye might copy them a little way, and no harm—unless ye'd rather play golf or cricket. You do neither—ah, my dear, it would be just nonsense for me to pretend I've not done something, but it has been in spite of never having been a girl."

Beatrice's eyes, which had been on the point of filling with tears at what sounded more than half like a scolding from one whose good opinion was her immediate aim in life, lighted up once more. "I can't play cricket," she said. "You are what you are without cricket or waltzing, and whatever way you took is the right one, I'm sure. I wish mine were a home like yours was."

Mrs. Burnett gave her silk flounces a final shake before the cheval glass, and looked at herself not without approval. "Nay, my dear—if you had been in my place you would have soon found your way into the kirk-yard. You may be one girl in ten, but I was one in ten thousand."

Beatrice opened her eyes and doubted her ears. "I never heard you praise yourself before!" she exclaimed, surprised out of politeness. "I thought you left that to the world."

"My dear, to tell the truth is not vanity. I say that my dinner never disagreed with me since I was born."

"Your dinner!"

"Nor my breakfast—by which I mean breakfast, and not toast and tea. I'm not proud of my brains. That's nothing—everybody, down to my poor boy Dick, has brains nowadays—if he'll not be the exception that proves the rule. But of my teeth and my digestion I'm just as proud as a peacock, for they're things that get rarer every day. I've tried mine with London seasons, night work, meals taken anyhow or no-how, poverty, luxury, sorrow and pain, for nigh seventy years, and they're as good as new. But that I'm not a palsied old woman is just good luck—I ought to be. If you were made of cast iron, I'd say live my life if it pleases you. But as I am an unnatural phenomenon, I say take care of the flesh and blood and the bright spirits, my dear, and give the brains just a wee chance of taking care of themselves."

"I am as strong as a horse, I assure you!" said Beatrice, eagerly. "And then it is my right to be whatever I can make myself"—

"Your right? My dear, it is only sham people talk of their rights, and never get them: real people don't talk of their duties, and do them. If you think of your duties you'll get your rights fast enough, and if that's never you won't care. There—I'm dressed now, and I only hope you're half as ready for dinner as I am. Come in!"

"Oh Bee! Oh Mrs. Burnett!" exclaimed Annie, almost jumping into the room. "Tom's come back—the dog-cart is coming up the avenue. I wonder if he's brought anybody with him?"

"Bring? Who should he bring?" asked Beatrice. "Some coxswain or longstop, I suppose. I don't think we need be very much interested in wondering who is to be the next specimen of Horchester." She had been sadly put out by finding Mrs. Burnett's views of life so little in accord with her own, and disappointed in not finding sympathy. Every pet belief of hers had been wounded by that curious smile that seemed to point the kindest words with an unintentional sting. And then—if it had not been Mrs. Burnett—it sounded like the theory of the enemy to suggest that a woman's delicate brain is as dependent for its vigour upon animal health as a man's. Men have brain with muscle, women brain without muscle—therefore women are free from the impediments that hinder men. That was how she argued; and Mrs. Burnett herself was a living proof of the soundness of her logic, however much she might elevate her digestion at the expense of her brain.

"For we, read I," said the old lady. "I still like boys, in spite of my own. Is Dick in the drawing-room yet, Annie? But I need not ask—the wonderful talent the lad has for being last is real born genius. He was the last born, and the last left me," she said, with just the whisper of a tear in her voice, "the last in his class, the last to see a joke, the last"—

"The last, I think we heard, to leave a certain unpronounceable station," said Annie, "when the Sepoys had to be held off for a minute more. Isn't it true?"

"Thank you, my dear. I'm not saying the lad's not brave, for he's a Stewart on my side: but I never could quite believe the story of his being first in the charge afterwards all the same. Ah, Annie—if the longstop comes, let down poor Dick easily."

Annie looked slyly at Beatrice: but that young lady's mind was soaring above such sublunary concerns. "And after all—if she is right—I, too, don't know what indigestion means!" she was thinking proudly.

The two girls followed Mrs. Burnett into the drawing-room, where

Mr. and Mrs. Deane and an elderly gentleman in spectacles were waiting for the dinner bell. But before it sounded, another bell rattled through the house: and Annie, clapping her hands, cried out—

“There’s Tom!”

And Tom it proved. In another minute they heard his voice on the stairs, and in he came, followed by the half-expected stranger as far as the door. But the latter, though interesting, would keep. At present all eyes and ears were for Tom.

“Well, you have made a clear sweep of it!” he said, as soon as the shower of greetings had subsided, for the Deanes had no notion of its being good manners to treat one another as strangers, whether strangers were present or no. “I feel like Rip van Winkle—I don’t know my own home. And, what do you think?—wait a minute though—I must introduce you to my friend Herrick, who’s been good enough to—by Jove! it’s such a long story I can’t find the head of it—my father, my mother, Miss Beatrice Deane, Miss Annie Deane”——

The strange young man, whose eyes looked half dazed with his sudden half entrance into a lighted room, made an awkward bow to the chandelier.

“I am happy to see you at Longworth,” said Mr. Deane, holding out his hand. “Always happy to see any friend of my Tom. An old school-mate, I suppose? My dear, I suppose we can’t wait much longer now? Tom and his friend must be as hungry as fox hunters.”

Mrs. Deane, standing by her husband, regarded Tom’s friend, whose name she had not quite caught, with no little curiosity. His boots, in particular, were not of the sort associated in her mind with Tom’s set, and there were other points about the young man that puzzled her. Annie whispered to Beatrice—

“What a disappointment! I told Tom to bring somebody nice, and he has brought an usher from Horchester. I’m so glad the ampbells have not come—just to spite him.”

“He is what Tom would call nice,” said Beatrice. “He looks as if he could knock somebody down, and would like to try.”

“I’m very glad you’ve brought Tom home at last,” said Mrs. Deane, pleasantly, but a little stiffly, for she had made up her mind that the young man was not to her liking. “I was beginning to sink”——

“And now guess my news,” interrupted Tom, “all of you. I bet *everybody that everybody’s wrong.*”

"You've been to see Uncle Markham!" said Annie. "No—you've been—it's something about an F and a C?"

"Wrong for you! Go on—I'll say who's right when you've all done."

"A bit of news, eh?" said his father. "Let me see—you've not—you've not given up smoking, I suppose? That would be too sensible to be true."

"George?" said Mrs. Deane, "as if he'd tell it in that way." A sudden surrender of the pipe only suggested one idea to her, and it was uncomfortably connected with the visitor, who, just because he did not look like one of Tom's friends, might turn out to be Tom's future brother-in-law. Her boy had been quite long enough away for mischief, and there was no knowing into what hands he might have fallen. "You've lost all your luggage again!"

"You've made five thousand off your leg-bail, or whatever you call it," said Beatrice with affected disdain. "Let me be the first to congratulate you."

"Wrong—every one of you. I've not been to see Uncle Markham. I've not lost my luggage. I've not made five thousand off whatever I call it. The governor's nearest, for I have given up smoking ever since I left the train; but as I shall most likely take to it again before bed-time, I can't own I've lost, even to him. I am a minor scholar elect of St. Kit's—what do you say to that, Bee? Wasn't there some bet of blue stockings? I'll let you off for a pair of slippers, if you know how to make them."

"Then let me be the second to congratulate you," said Mrs. Burnett from the fireplace. Tom bowed, not to her reputation, of which he knew nothing, but to her snow-white hair, and was not afraid of her smile.

"Who would have thought it?" said Mr. Deane, proudly. "If it had been Bee, now!—Mrs. Burnett, Dr. Archer, let me present to you my son Tom. Ah, Mrs. Burnett! this sort of thing makes us fathers and mothers feel like an old hen whose ducklings are taking to the water."

"Oh, Tom!" whispered Beatrice, whose ill-temper had cleared off in a moment. "If I wasn't so glad, I should envy you! But it's as good as being examined myself, and coming out before the first; if cleverness has won, what would not work have done!"

"No—cleverness didn't win; nor work either," said Tom. "They're both standing in the doorway. It was just old Horchester pulled me through, and nothing more. I was a bad third as it was, and ought to have been a fourth, if all had their due."

"And who is it that's in the doorway, please?"

"Ask him for yourself, after dinner—he's quite your style. He's to be senior wrangler one of these days."

"No—is it true?"

"I have said it. And what I say"—

"Is nonsense." But she looked at the stranger more heedfully, and was studying the contrast between the ploughman's boots and the scholar's face when at last the welcome thunder of the gong announced the only piece of news that never grows stale.

"Mr. Herrick," said Mrs. Deane, giving her arm to the silent professor, who had been invited to talk to Mrs. Burnett, "will you take down my niece Annie? But where's Captain Burnett?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said his mother, "don't wait a minute for Dick! I don't think the lad ever tasted soup in his life, nor fish, but when half cold. I believe he was almost in time for dinner once, but it turned out he had mistaken the day of the week, and thought it was yesterday."

"Never mind," said Mr. Deane. "The hare and the tortoise, you know."

"Ah, those tortoises! How vain they are because a hare once preferred a nap in the sunshine to the shame of beating one of them—and quite right too. But what I complain of poor Dick is that even when he runs with tortoises he comes in at the tail. But mercy on us! Here is Dick himself, before we're down the stairs. Why, Dick! what brings you down so soon? Dinner has not begun."

"All right, mother," said a deep, good-tempered voice from the rear of the procession as it entered the dining-room. "I'm very sorry to be so nearly late, Mrs. Deane; but the fact is, I'm plagued with a watch that has somehow got six hours out, and I never know whether to take it as six hours fast or six hours slow."

Unpunctual people are privileged to make strange excuses, and Mrs. Deane, who liked Captain Burnett as a relief from the clever people with whom her husband liked to fill his table, and was no arithmetician, accepted his reason with good faith as well as good nature. The contrast in appearance between Mrs. Burnett and her son was one of the very few absolutely perfect things that the world contains. He was nearly six feet high, broad-chested and long limbed, and instead of her vivacity of mouth and eyes his handsome regular features wore an expression of the supremest and most imper-
regulable calm. A heavy brown moustache added no doubt to his *physical advantages in many eyes*, but it certainly took away from

the expressive power of a face that had not much expressive power to lose. But the art of abolishing expression is a favourite occupation of our time, and it must not be supposed that the young officer looked the fool that his mother seemed to consider him, or that his bull seemed to imply. Mental laziness, absence of ambition, easy temper, want of words, modesty, and a handsome face, when all combined, have often conferred a very undeserved label on men who are in fact rather more sensible than nine clever people out of ten. It was true enough, as his mother had said, that Dick Burnett was a dunce at school. But in action he had been no dunce even there. Nothing could stir him into any sort of emulation, either in work or play: when personal distinction was to be earned, he kept out of the way, and left it with the utmost indifference to those who cared about such things. He was equally careless and indifferent if playing or rowing on the winning side. But if rowing or playing for the school when defeat was in the wind, he could be almost relied upon to save the day—the more hopeless it was, the more inexhaustible seemed his hidden reserve of power. He would then come with a burst to the front, stay there till victory was assured, and then fall back, and let others claim the glory. It was the same when, at his own choice, he entered the army. He had no taste for that or any career, but this promised him the best field for inactivity, and his mother admitted, according to a belief that prevailed once upon a time, that he chose wisely—for a fool. And, if England had remained at peace with all the world, he would have carried out his plan of lounging through life, content to be, and not to do—always a gentleman and always a nobody. But England did not remain at peace: and not even Dick Burnett, with all his care, could manage to hide that he had as clear a head, as stout a heart, and as strong a sword-hand as any man that bore the burden and heat of those terrible Indian days. Any other man who behaved as well, and did as much as he, would have made a lasting name. He did not. And this was all an old and forgotten story now. Dick Burnett quietly took up the old label when all was over, went to sleep again, and hid away his Victoria Cross, as if anything in the shape of a reward was a badge of shame.

Beatrice occupied the silence that usually accompanies soup in comparing the three specimens of young manhood now before her: and her pride of sex was not lessened by the process. There was Tom—"He would have been proud of himself if he had thrown a ball a foot or two more than usual, and when I only hinted he had brains, he was ashamed of the mere suspicion: what can a man be

good for who is proud of being a machine, and ashamed of being more?" There was Captain Burnett—a brave animal. She had passed one in the pound, to the full as respectable, that very day. There was the future senior wrangler—Why could he not manage to look like a gentleman besides? One would think, to look at him, that he was a page out of Euclid bound by accident into the Longworth family album. She was certainly hard to please.

But her prejudice against the scholar was merely an unexpressed instinct, for she would not own to herself, however much her taste might insist upon it, that the eccentricities of genius, if shown only in the matter of boots, are presumably its weaknesses, unfitting it so far as they go for the work it has to do. Of course she could not tell that Abel's boots happened to be part of his strength, seeing that they were the outward symbol of a home-made mind. Ex-hurdle-maker as he really was, he had read himself out of vulgarity if not out of awkwardness, and his natural tact prevented him showing that he was eating with a silver fork for the first time. Much her wisdom knew about the matter!

It must be owned that the table-talk at Longworth, though kept up briskly, was neither witty nor wise. But for that very reason the genius of Winbury was all the more hopelessly at sea. If a single good thing had been said, he might have caught hold of it and thus pulled himself out of his quagmire. As it was, he listened to a Babel, wherein everybody was talking in an unknown tongue. Every commonplace allusion to things or people was as unintelligible as that wonderful mathematical folio had been to him years ago. Was this a sample of the world he had read of—was his brilliant book-world created in contrast to an actual world of Deanes? No wonder he, the genius, had been sent to the wall in what seemed to him a paradise for Toms. It was a bitter thought, but not unwholesome, in a way. He believed he was eating mutton, when he was, in truth, eating the wisdom of the world.

"Annie!" said Beatrice, as the four ladies sat round the drawing-room fire when the gentlemen had been left to their wine, "how could you have the face to ask a learned man like Mr. Herrick what he thought of a wretched Italian tenor like Corbacchione?" Her musical tendencies, by the way, were ultra-classical: the word "Italian" was the most contemptuous epithet in all her dictionary. "I would as soon have asked Socrates his opinion of a penny whistle."

"And Socrates, I've no doubt, would have given it you, my dear," said Mrs. Burnett. "And if he had none, he would have asked

yours—he was a gentleman. There's no harm, as he's a stranger to all of us, if I say I'm not in love with Tom's friend."

"Why?" asked Beatrice. "Should you not have said—if I'd said so"——

"It was prejudice? And so it is prejudice, my dear. Perhaps he will be my Dr. Fell. But mark my words: that man is a dreamer—and he'll just be stepping out of his dream. And when that happens, my dears, I would as soon meet a mad Malay."

"Mrs. Burnett! What *can* you mean?"

"A man—or a woman, Bee—that dreams all his life through from end to end is no better and no worse than one that's broad awake: he lives in another world and dies there. But just think what happens when he finds all the false lies he's lived in dead set against what's true: or any way against what's thought to be true. He'll keep a private conscience of his own, in which all that's wrong for others may be right for him. Ye may be sure he's been master over his own castles in the air, and won't come down to hard earth without wanting to be master there as well. Just as he's followed his fancies he'll now follow his desires, and think it's all one."

"What a terrible picture you draw of Tom's friend! Annie is looking quite frightened. But has not every great and good man that ever lived been a dreamer? Has not every poet"——

"Aye, my dear: and died in the dream—except the poets, who have been mostly pretty wide awake, I believe. But you see, when a man wakes from a beautiful dream, as it's sure to be, he can't help hating truth and daylight, and all the ways of them. If he dreams of goodness, he thinks it a lie, because it was a dream—and so it is, for the goodness that's but dreamed of is not goodness at all. Of course Tom's friend is just nothing to me, but I wish for the lad's own sake he admired Corbacchione."

"Why—what has that to do with it? I'm glad for his sake he hasn't, for he would have sadly wasted his admiration."

"Because, if he'd admired Corbacchione, he would have shown that he's content with very little, and have proved, just to demonstration, that he's not likely to quarrel with the world about anything. But ah, lasses, if I'm not in love with Tom's friend, I'm over head and ears with Tom! What—not one of ye with the shadow of a rose? For shame! You ought to be as jealous—but hush! Here they come."

CHAPTER IX.

The rosy veil of morning yet
Hung o'er the barren hill :
It made the very snows forget
That they were frozen still.
With phantom beauty, seeming sooth,
The floating cloudlets teem—
But lo, shines out the golden truth—
And lo !—'tis all a dream.

* * *

The wanderer's eyes in sadness strayed
Across the barren snows :
"Beauty is dead, alas !" he said,
"And falsehood tints the rose.
And when the treacherous bloom I meet
By woodland, lawn, or stream,
I will deny that flowers are sweet,
Because a dream's a dream."

BEATRICE had not much farther opportunity of studying the manners and customs of a future senior wrangler during the short evening that divided a very late dinner from bed-time. It was not Mrs. Burnett's fault, however, if she did not regard him with an interest out of all proportion to any real occasion for it. He was a stranger, he was odd, he was reputed learned, he was mysteriously silent, and now he was labelled "Dangerous." Girls, with all their fine instinct in judging one another, are not ready at appreciating even the boldest shades that distinguish a man from a man : and what better first impression than this could any man wish to make upon any girl ?

After a very little music, Tom carried off Captain Burnett and Abel into the smoking-room, whither, though the Winbury school-master's behaviour under these novel circumstances has its temptations, there is no immediate occasion to follow them. Not even the pen, with all its magic, gives the power of omnipresence, and it would be base to indulge in Mr. Deane's Havanas while injustice is being done to Miss Beatrice Deane.

We have seen her with her airs and her tempers, her discontent and her pedantry. Henceforth we must know her, if not like her, better : and some feeling of doubt, or reserve—I hardly know what—seems to hold back the hand that seeks to lift the veil. There is always a half consciousness of sacrilege, let readers scorn the fancy *as they may, attendant upon trying to pry into the secrets of the*

most imaginary soul. But the fancied guilt is doubled in strength when the subject is so real, nay, so common place, as Beatrice Deane.

As soon as she entered her room she, as a matter of course, sat down to read. Like all students who have not reached the physician's age, she had found out the charm of night-work, when the body is just tired enough to leave the brain active and clear. She used to consider this hour the best of the twenty-four, and still considered that she considered it so.

She was no genius, like Mrs. Burnett, who spoke under the mark in calling herself one in ten thousand, and was surely too modest concerning the cause. She was not even exceptionally clever. She was exceptional in nothing—though she might have been thought so once upon a time. The world has always suffered from intermittent fever, and she was born in one of its hot seasons, during which somebody discovered that men had usurped a monopoly of learning and were engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to keep in darkness the sisters of Lady Jane Grey. Good Mr. Deane, always open to anything like a new idea, felt ashamed of the part his sex had played, and of his superiority over Mrs. Deane in a general knowledge of the loves of the gods and goddesses. Being doubly responsible for his two orphan wards, for the very reason that they were not his own children, he determined that they at least should have nothing to complain of, more especially as Annie was labelled from her cradle a wonderfully clever child. The praises lavished upon her sister's feats of memory fired Beatrice, not with jealousy, but with honest ambition, and she had always been devoured with a desire to please. That was the grand gift that nature had given her as her birth portion. There never was a more purely feminine soul. If there had been an epidemic of playing cards, she would have played them: if of stringing beads, she would have strung them: as it was, learning was in the air. She worked at her tasks, not out of a dream-hunger, like Abel Herrick, but out of sheer docility, and of affection for the people that set them.

She soon left Annie so far behind in the race as to get the label of genius transferred to her own shoulders. All the Deanes' birds—they do not deserve the more specific name—were swans, as has been said before, so that, while yet a child, she had already taken a delicious sip of fame in its most pleasant form of home-praise. So on she worked, encouraged and applauded at every step, until, one day, she found herself faced by the inevitable question—*what does life mean?* Her mother had never asked it. But our daughters are

not their mothers—whether alas for it, or thanks therefor, their sons and daughters must decide if they can.

The Deanes, like the best of their neighbours, tried to make the best of both worlds, and Beatrice knew well enough what the object of human life is theoretically supposed to be. Moreover she believed what she knew. But even in this matter many questions troubled her. She was not vexed with doubts about matters of doctrine or ritual, or whether she was good enough to go to heaven if she died—her constant study kept her safe from these dissipations of idle souls. But, granting that she was good enough in the main so long as she did nothing wrong, according to the unwritten family creed, life was not to be satisfied with negatives: and a hereafter implies a here. She looked round her, and was hopelessly dissatisfied. Everybody, down to the least animated ball-dress, had a recognised place, either of use or ornament, except the poor flies like her, who used the brains God had given them only to buzz upon the wheel. Great women, like great men, were no more frequent than in the darkest times. Men brought their brains to market: but even that contemptible use of what must have been given for use was denied to her. They helped her to appreciate and to understand, no doubt, and to open to her an infinity of beautiful and wonderful things: but the joys of a scholar are selfish, and therefore not joys to her. She was even losing the consolation of family sympathy by trespassing upon fields of study into which none could follow her.

So, by degrees, she gradually gathered about her a philosophy of which a great many people have been the original discoverers. It rendered her content, but not satisfied. It taught her that we are bound in duty to follow a useful and elastic phrase called the laws of our being, and that hard head-work was the law of her being, because she had followed it. But all these things she kept to herself, and openly, in self-defence, argued herself into a simultaneous belief in the inherent nobility of woman's head-work as compared with man's.

And had she never once dreamed of love and marriage all this while? Not once—and it is not strange to say. She had invented her ideal hero, of course, but in such lofty and inconsistent fashion as to be practically nothing at all. He must be a prince in intellect, of course, but at the same time must require her aid. He must be perfectly wise, and yet confirm her in believing all she wished to believe. Finally, he must be utterly unlike any man she had ever seen—which seems to go to the root of the whole matter in a sufficiently obvious way. *If keen sight discovers any inconsistencies*

between her words, between her ideas, or between her ideas and her words, keener insight will know how to account for them in the case of a girl who, as Mrs. Burnett had said, was the victim of such a formidable conjunction of nineteens. She sought for self-knowledge according to the number of her centuries, and failed according to the number of her years.

She took her books, then, and plodded over them conscientiously in spite of the manifold temptations to let her thoughts wander over Mrs. Burnett's unwelcome theories till her thoughts began to wander of their own accord. She went to bed at last. But she woke as usual with the sun, for she had lost the art of sleeping soundly even on a sharp winter's morning, threw a dressing-gown over her shoulders, and set herself to improve the first hours of the day by picking up a few early worms of learning. But even so, she was dressed long before the late and irregular breakfast hour at Longworth, and tried to make up for want of sleep by a turn or two in the frosty air. "What nonsense to think I'm not as strong as Mrs. Burnett!" she thought, in the strength of her energy. "I'll show her that I can eat breakfast as well as she."

Meanwhile, if she had slept but little, Abel had not been able to close his eyes.

Had Milly's lover been introduced to the scene of an imaginary combat *à l'entrance* wherein he, a knight of one of his romances, had been set to do battle against overwhelming odds in point of numbers, strength, and completeness of armour: had the lady of his heart been there to see: if, despite her influence and his own courage, he had seen himself go down before tougher lances and heavier horsemen: if he had then been asked by the showman of the magic mirror what he should do, he would have answered—as indeed he had often answered such questions—"I should lose neither courage nor honour. I see myself fighting on till I am past lifting a finger: I see myself carried before the princess—namely, Milly Barnes—who crowns me victor because I deserved to win, and whose heart holds me higher because I failed: she brings me back to health again, or else I die in her arms. If one of my victors, more generous than the rest, has lent me his hand to help me to my feet again, I embrace him as my friend for ever even if we have to fight again: I do my duty as a stout knight and true lover." And now, instead of taking place in a dream, all this had happened in reality, word for word. And the dreamer, brought face to face with facts that gave him as wide a field for showing his knightly virtues as his soul desired, had not recognised that the college examination at

St. Kit's was just such a battle-field. Instead of displaying courage in defeat he had filled the field with noisy out-cries: he had felt nothing but envy towards his generous conqueror while ungraciously accepting his hand: he had insulted his lady by being ashamed to go to her a beaten man. Of course there is every excuse for his recoiling from a return to Winbury in the character of a detected impostor who had bragged too soon, from hearing behind his back the sneers of the Vicar, from having to explain to Mrs. Tallis that he could not repay her paltry pounds—he a genius and she but an upper servant!—from having to beg back his hateful place again, and from dashing to the ground Milly's belief in his invincibility. And so there used to be every excuse for many a beaten champion who, we may be sure, though romance is silent on such matters, had to think more of the tongues of his friends than of the swords of his foes, and of how the price or hire of his spoiled armour was to be paid. Abel's dreams had shown him but the glorious aspect of a conquered hero as he poses before the world. Face to face with the world, he did not realise that it is the ignoble elements of defeat that constitute the true glory of constancy.

And what a world it was, to judge from all he had seen! It must needs be despicable, because it evidently despised him. He had learned a great deal at the dinner-table that day. As at St. Kit's he had been esteemed an ignoramus because, knowing more than the Dean himself, he knew nothing of the little scraps of knowledge that schoolboys knew, so at Longworth he was unable to open his lips for fear of showing that he knew less of the world than a school-girl. What was genius at Winbury became at Cambridge ignorance, and at Longworth stupidity. What was he to do? He could never go back to the books that had led to his downfall. He was too old, as well as too poor, to enter the first form at Horchester. He could do nothing, he was fit for nothing, he was penniless save for one gold coin that he had kept to buy Milly a ring in celebration of victory, he now believed in nothing—not even in himself. And yet not one desire had died in him, while a hundred more had been born—and the great truth was gradually bearing down upon him that the use of gold pieces is to buy the world, and the use of study to buy gold. He had wasted his life in beginning at the wrong end: was it even yet possible to make up for lost time? And if he ever bought the world—he began to dream again—what a glorious purchase it would be for the world! “I hope tutors are paid in advance,” was the companion thought, as he

opened his box. The first thing upon which his eyes fell was his manuscript of "The Wars of the Stars." It was the very voice of all his dreams, and it filled him with loathing. It conjured up before him, not the old airy mystical fancies that he had once thought sublime, but the picture of a flat country village, of a wasted life, of wounded vanity, of lost illusions, of barren zeal. And of Milly too, to whom in his pride he had read every line—and a sorry sort of muse she had proved! He buried the rubbish at the very bottom of his box, so that it might shame his eyes no more.

Unlike Beatrice, he did not wake with the sun, because he had not slept with it. At the first ray of daylight he threw open his window and let in the sharp frosty air. For the sake of avoiding tediousness I have not been careful to chronicle every little dilemma in which the peasant scholar from Winbury found himself on a first visit to an ordinary English household, seeing that the commonplace things of every day, in proportion as they were familiar matters of course to others, were new and strange to him. What passed for the eccentricities of genius in the drawing-room were no doubt more accurately valued in the servants' hall. But his opening his window at sunrise was no trifle.

The latter portion of his journey from Cambridge had been made in the twilight of a winter afternoon, and he had arrived in the dark, so that the new morning opened yet another new world to his eyes. It was nothing wonderful in itself—only a wide open valley with a broad river winding and curving in the half-distance, and a broken line of hills beyond. There are a thousand such scenes, and this had not as yet the advantage of green leaves. But it was as if a Dutchman had been conveyed by the magic carpet into Switzerland. Nature as well as life he had gathered from books, and in both cases the reality was utterly unlike his dream. He had been rhyming about rivers and hills for years, and now when he saw them he did not know them. It was not the peaceful beauty of the scene before him that struck him so much as the absolute imposture of his books: his poets themselves, even the greatest, had pretended to carry him into the secret heart of nature, and they had not enabled him to realise a fragment of her outer robe. No wonder, he began to feel, learning such as his was despised by those who lived not among words, but among things. He could see now that the world was right and he was wrong. Fancies were false sirens, one and all, and the whole bulk of them was outweighed by a single hard solid fact, whatever it might be. And, so thinking, Abel Herrick the dreamer rubbed his eyes and stepped out of his dream.

Not knowing the ways of country houses, he thought it safest to follow the impulse that led him towards the open air. The house was not yet awake, but one of the household at least must have been stirring, for the front door was unfastened. He passed out upon a terrace that overlooked a lawn surrounded by shrubberies. He leaned over the stone parapet and thought: "Longworth was not built of printed bricks, to judge from the people who live in it. I must bring myself down to fight the world with its own weapons, since it refuses to fight with mine—and then, when Milly is mistress of some Longworth, I will show them all what sort of man they have despised. No, I cannot go back to her a poor man. I told her I would claim her as a great and famous man, and I must keep my word."

"Why—Captain Burnett!" exclaimed Beatrice as she approached the terrace on her way back from her brisk stroll, "Are you an early riser? What would Mrs. Burnett say? You have surprised me out of saying good morning. Perhaps, though, you are not early, but late, and I ought to say good night to you?"

"Well, Miss Deane," began the exceedingly heavy dragoon, slowly and gravely, "the fact is I've been trying to think about things lately, and you see"—The Captain was always at his lowest when this quick-tongued girl was by.

"And with the morning cool reflection came '—is that it?"

"Well, I suppose that's something like what I wanted to say. I know there wasn't much last night—what a capital fellow your cousin is! He remembers me at Horchester—so we made friends in no time. I wish he was one of ours. But—do you mean to say you've come out this sharp morning with no more wraps than those? Let me go in and get you"—

"Oh, I like the cold. I thought you'd get on well with Tom—I suppose you settled who was to win every race for the next ten years?"

"Well, some of them. But one doesn't look forward quite as long as that, you know. I wish one could see half the way."

"You speak quite sadly! It is no bad news of the favourite, I hope, that has made you get up to think so early?"

"I wasn't thinking about that—I was thinking about—nothing, I assure you, Miss Deane, on my honour."

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders in imitation of his mother, for the Captain was one of her favourite instances of the impossibility of *any woman being so low in the intellectual scale as some men.*

"And how did you get on with the senior wrangler? Did he talk about racing too?"

Abe's left ear began to burn, for from his vantage-ground on the terrace he heard every word.

"Your cousin's tutor? Well, no—he didn't—he didn't strike me as a man with many ideas. Not exactly the kind of man—I can't exactly explain, but you know what I mean. Not exactly what one would call a gentleman."

"I can guess. He's Tom's tutor, is he? What could have put it into Tom's head to bring down a tutor? Has his scholarship got into his head, and put a spark of ambition into him?—I think I know who will make most use of the tutor," she thought. "Longworth will not be such waste of time, after all."

"I don't know—I suppose he wants to cram for something, poor fellow. But I want you to do me a favour, if you will."

"Let me hear first what it is, please."

"Well, you see—it's hard to explain—but I wish *you* wouldn't think I think of nothing but nothing. I don't mind what other people think, you know, but you see—I really *have* been thinking ever since that talk we had at the Campbells', if you haven't forgotten"—

"I have, though, every word. I never can remember what people say at evening parties—except that the room is hot, and then I always forget at which party I heard it."

A look of disappointment came into the soldier's eyes. "I dare say you've got better things to think of, but I haven't, you see. Don't you remember saying you wondered how a man could go drifting on through life without seeing an end to it, and not putting his back into something, if it was only breaking stones on the road? You said more than that, but that was what it came to"—

"I said it? Why, everybody has said it. You must have heard it hundreds and thousands of times. Do you mean to say Mrs. Burnett left you to hear it from me?"

"I dare say you're right, but everybody isn't you."

"And in that I'm sure you're right. Aren't you getting hungry? I think we had better go in and see if it isn't breakfast-time."

"Wait one minute, Miss Deane, please! It's just all the difference who it is that says a thing. I want to see an end to it and to put my back into something. But you see life with us is such a con-foundedly easy-going thing"—

"True!" sighed Beatrice.

"*That what's a man to do?*"

“What’s a woman to do, you mean! If I were a man, I should soon know what to do.”

“Tell me what it is, and I’ll put my back into that!” he said with a tone that was not very unlike energy.

“I’m afraid that’s little use. I don’t think our aims could ever agree.”

“You have a right to say that, I suppose. But tell me what you’d have me do, and then see. You have just made me hate and despise myself—do you think if ever—if I could ever make myself whatever you want a man to be—I dare say I’m an ass to think of such a thing—but do you think you could ever, if I did that?”—

Beatrice had been hastening her walk, but she now stopped in dismay. She had never yet had an offer, but she knew what was coming—and from the stupidest man she knew! It was like an insult to her intellect—but she just glanced at the soldier, and read in his eyes what deprives even a philosopher of coherent words. In its way it was finer eloquence than the oration in which the poet Abel had made love to Milly Barnes.

“I mean I love you with all my heart,” said Dick Burnett more slowly and gravely than ever. “And I never loved anybody in my life before. And now I suppose you’ll send me about my business,” he said with a sigh. “I said I was an ass. I didn’t mean to tell you that till I’d shown you—but it’s out now. Never mind: I’ll”——

No doubt, as Annie had noticed, the undemonstrative Captain had paid her attentions through a London after-season, but Beatrice was honestly surprised, and after the first moment honestly pained. She would as soon have thought of marrying Dick Burnett as her cousin, or her cousin’s tutor. Not even the prospect of having Mrs. Burnett for a mother-in-law—a strange form of temptation!—drew her towards the son. She scarcely felt flattered, brave and honest gentleman as everybody knew him to be.

“There, dear Captain Burnett,” she said giving him her hand and her best and brightest smile. “Please don’t say a word more. I really never thought you could think of me in that way—I should never make a wife for you, even if I tried—and I should not try. You want somebody the very opposite of me, not a girl who would be always sitting by herself over her books and papers. No—you must never think of such a piece of folly, or say a word about it again.”

Her manner more than her words was enough to overthrow the hopes of one who was weak enough to think nothing of himself in comparison with her. But he took her hand, and she let him hold it,

out of kindness, while he looked at her sadly and silently. There was no doubt a great deal he might have said, but his tongue was slow.

They came side by side, still in silence, up the steps of the terrace, and Abel thought it advisable to shift the position that had given him a bird's eye view of this private scene. At first he thought of returning to the house : but Beatrice caught sight of him and, glad enough of the relief of an interruption to her *tête-à-tête*, nodded a good morning.

"We are all early risers it seems," she said with forced lightness, as Dick Burnett went back to the house dismally : for it was clear that the poor fellow was more deeply wounded than he could tell himself even, and Beatrice could not see his disappointment, however absurd it might be, without a pang.

Abel felt painfully shy at finding himself for the first time alone with a young lady : for of course such a title did not apply to Milly Barnes. He had not the consolation of knowing that she stood in far greater awe of him and his prestige, and she had just been told, on military authority, that he was not exactly a gentleman—a word he used in a sense different from hers.

"This is a very beautiful place, Miss — Deane," he said, adding the surname just in time.

"We think so. I suppose this country is new to you ? It is very different from what you have at Cambridge, I suppose."

"Very."

"I hear you are going to 'coach' Tom—is not that the proper word ? I hope you will have a pleasant visit, but I suppose you will be glad to hear we are not usually very lively. I am so glad Mrs. Burnett is staying here just now."

"So am I," said Abel, without knowing why.

"Of course you know her books by heart, such a great mathematician as you are ! I hope, Mr. Herrick, you are not one of those people who think that learning is unfit for girls ?"

It was with such questions as these, dragged in by the head and shoulders by way of conversational challenge, that Beatrice had fallen out of masculine favour, except with those who were wise enough to tolerate any sort of enthusiasm and with those who, like Dick Burnett, were stupid enough to hold everything she said or did to be right and wise.

"I ?" asked Abel, to whom the question was new, in a tone of surprise that sounded like wonder at his being suspected of holding such an idea,

I am so glad of that! I suppose, as you are Tom's teacher, you don't mind my asking you a question or two now and then? I find it very hard to get on as fast as I wish, here at Longworth where there is nobody to help me—and when I go to Mrs. Burnett she only answers by telling me to shut up my books and walk up the hill."

Even Milly's lover could not help feeling the charm of finding, in an unexpected quarter, a real girl, out of a dream, who obviously respected him off-hand at his own valuation. Her careless words were balm to his wounded vanity, and his self-confidence began to blossom anew.

"I shall be proud to help you in every way I can, Miss Deane," said, almost in his old despotic way.

"Thank you indeed! I will not promise not to be troublesome. Are you going to stay with Tom—my cousin—long?"

"I am not sure"—

"You will find one thing here—a very fair library. That is my department: and I took care that the builders should not give it an unnecessarily less space than I chose. Tom will no doubt introduce you to the billiard room, if you care about playing at ball. Ah—who is that coming up the drive? What business can he have here?"

"Any job here in my way, miss?" asked a hoarse voice from below the terrace. "Any old umbrellas—or parasols? Any scissors to grind?"

"Nothing. You should go to the back—not up the drive."

The trespasser was an unusually shabby-looking tinker, or knife-grinder, of more than middle-age. He had an unusually shabby-looking lurcher, or mongrel, at his heels, and pushed before him a broken-down truck, on the front of which was painted, in glistening white letters, "Cornelius Boswell, Dealer in Hardware, by Appointment, Umbrella-repairer in Ordinary to Her Majesty Queen."

"Thank ye, miss. Sorry if I've made any mistake, and I ax your pardon, but all this house be so turned about since I were last this way, that, as a travelling tradesman with all England, I may say, for the best of me, I may be excused. Sure all your scissors are sharp, miss? I suppose you've got no little job my way? P'raps some of the servants will be glad to do it. Hulloo! Good morning to ye, master! Got e'er a penknife to grind? How's all at Win"—

Bel's ears were still smarting with his having been called no gentleman in those of Miss Deane. By gentleman he understood the things—one, what his books of heraldry had told him, the other what the Winbury people believed a gentleman to be, thereby not
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including village-schoolmasters, hurdle-makers, or parish-foundlings. And now ill-luck, in Miss Deane's very presence, had sent him this miserable tinker who knew him, heaven alone knew how, and had it on the tip of his tongue to say what might prove Abel to be no gentleman in the eyes of a charming young lady who at present looked up to him.

"No," he said, cutting short the name of Winbury. "Come—don't you hear the lady telling you to be off? There's nothing here."

He spoke with impolitic impatience. "Eh!" asked the tinker with a touch of impudence in his tone. "Let the lady tell me so herself, if *you* please. I can see through a mill-stone as well as my neighbours, *I* can. But as to Win—— however, if you haven't got a penknife, you may have something to get a drink this sharp morning, and that's another pair of shoes."

"Take that then, and be off with you," said Abel, who saw to his dismay that this chance tramp had managed to read a thought of which he was ashamed. "Take that——" Alas! He had but one coin in his pocket, and that was the gold piece he had reserved for Milly's ring.

"Thank *you*, sir!" said the tinker in anticipation. "Mum's the word!" he whispered hoarsely through the hollow of his hand. There was nothing for it but to drop the sovereign, as if it were a sixpence, over the parapet. The tinker stared for a moment, and pocketed the coin. "A regular chip of the old block you be, sir, and good luck to you and the young lady, that's what I say," he said, as he earned his tip by taking himself off down the drive.

"What does he mean? Is he tipsy?" asked Beatrice, bewildered and scared.

"I expect so," said Abel, more pale than she. "I thought it better to spend a few coppers than to run the risk of anything unpleasant to you."

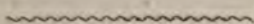
"Thank you, Mr. Herrick," said Beatrice. But Abel's attempt to prove himself a gentleman was a comparative failure, after all. Tom, or even Captain Burnett, would have acted differently. On the other hand, however, her professed contempt for masculine brute force obliged her, for consistency's sake, to respect Abel's temper, prudence, and thoughtfulness for herself all the more.

"Where's Dick, Mrs. Deane?" asked Mrs. Burnett at the breakfast table. "In bed; of course. He seldom gets up till tomorrow, and not often then. They call him 'Sleepy Dick' in

the regiment—an honourable nickname for an officer, isn't it, my dear?"

But "Good morning!" said Dick himself while his mother was still speaking. He spoke even more good-humouredly than usual, and Beatrice herself, with every reason to know it, could hardly believe that she saw before her a rejected lover. But Tom, who had been a little boy at Horchester when the Captain was a very big boy, said to himself, "Hullo! Sleepy Dick looks as he used to when he was playing on the losing side—and when that happens, I'd rather be anywhere but on the winning one."

(To be continued.)



RICH HOSPITALS & POOR HOMES.

BY W. TORRENS M'CULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

IF there were a dismal necessity could it be proved that for the weal of the majority we must establish plague spots on a great scale in particular places, and fortify these centres of intensified contagion with solid masonry at excessive cost lest the melancholy fact should escape the notice of the passer-by. The argument which told with the public and with Parliament more than any other in favour of maintaining the obnoxious establishment on the existing site at Hampstead was wrapt in the loose and thoughtless expression that the "nuisance must be somewhere"; and yet the day is not distant when this will be discarded as a mere dull and mischievous delusion.

One of the ablest medical officers of the metropolis, writing with special reference to the Hampstead Hospital question, says: "If the building of a general small-pox hospital be a necessity, I consider the site at Hampstead as good as could be found anywhere; but Are permanent small-pox hospitals necessary or advisable? In my opinion they certainly are not. The aggregation of disease is, under all circumstances, the aggravation of disease. I hold positively that in the time of epidemic temporary local hospitals are infinitely preferable to large buildings. The records of deaths in fever hospitals are sad stories of lives that I believe might otherwise have been saved. I am certain that permanent fever hospitals are *nuisances*."*

Dr. Robert Bruce, medical officer of St. Luke's, says: "My belief is that a permanent hospital at Hampstead is not needed, and, if built, would be of little use. Isolation and proper treatment can be best obtained by temporary local hospitals, to which people would not object to send their relations, as they would be within their ken. But these public Boards are bound to their idols, and reason and remonstrance are alike in vain."

Two principles are in conflict, and public opinion will have ultimately to decide between them. The one relies mainly, and if it were allowed it would rely wholly, on the system of congregating the sick in public hospitals. These are sometimes called district,

* Letter of Dr. C. Meymott Tidy, medical officer of Islington, 27th April, 1875.

sometimes general asylums ; some of them are for particular kinds of maladies and some for all. Most of the great free hospitals endowed by private benevolence are of the latter description. In London they contain upwards of four thousand beds ; and for the afflicted with diseases not infectious, or sufferers destitute of family and friends, they are a merciful provision. But even they are beset with difficulties, arising for the most part from the misuse of their powers of good, by overcrowding and by the want of a well-administered system of out-door treatment and domiciliary visitation. Instead of providing in this more expansive and less expensive way for the amount of misery which no multiplication of monster edifices can sufficiently or safely relieve, Government resolved some six years ago to stud the environs of the town with rate-supported hospitals, to which the miscellaneous mass of cases was to be transferred from the workhouses : and in addition to these a new set of separate asylums were to be created at prodigious charge, of which that at Hampstead is one. Formerly the people of each parish or union took care of their own sick ; henceforth it was decreed that three or four hundred thousand people, having little in common except that of living within a space arbitrarily mapped out by the officials of Gwydyr House, should be required to go into a compulsory partnership and joint-stock liability on account of their sick poor. For cases of epidemic diseases tracts were meted out : and the last utterance of the administrative oracle indicates that it is meant to sweep all fever and small-pox throughout London into three huge heaps at Stockwell, Homerton, and Hampstead. Heavy as the cost has already been, we may make up our minds that it is only beginning, and that presently it will be much greater. Experience proves that when you once set a great establishment of this kind going it is not long before officials discover that the edifice is too small. Another wing is wanted for extra accommodation for executive or for patients. The more you build and furnish out of the bottomless purse of rates the more you will be asked to build. There never was and there never will be a limit to the tendency to jobbing in this way, and there never will be a bridle put in its mouth until the reins of local expenditure are firmly grasped by an awakened public opinion. If a man falls from a scaffold in St. Clement Danes, Bloomsbury, or Soho, the police, instead of taking him home or to some medical refuge near his home, put him into a van and send him up the hill to the distant asylum. If a poor woman with young children has acute inflammation of the lungs she is to be bundled off in winter weather or left to casual charity. If the

only child of the widow, or only hope and love in life, whom she is ready to tend by night and day, is stricken by some grievous malady requiring skilful treatment, she must give up the child to be locked in from her five miles off, there to be dealt with as the surgeons please; but twice a week she may come with the crowd and see her child for an hour.

What, then, is the real question at issue? In a few words, it is this: that one set of men would make general hospitals the exception, and that another set of men would make them the rule. My contention is that in proportion as hospitals are big they are bad; that in proportion as they are far off they fail; and that in proportion as they are crowded with an accumulated mass of disease they cease to be what they ought to be—refuges for the saving of life—and become pest-houses for the harbouring of death.

The late Sir James Simpson was one of the first men of eminence in his profession who boldly asserted the greater advantages of home treatment in surgical cases. His opinion was challenged, his arguments were sneered at, and his facts were denied. He took a practical way of confuting his opponents. With no little trouble and some expense he succeeded in obtaining from general practitioners in the border counties accurate notes of 6,000 operations, such as amputation of a leg or an arm, performed within a given time, in the homes of the sufferers, many of them peasants and others workmen in towns. A careful analysis of this curious mass of information showed that in spite of the drawbacks incidental to poverty and limited dwelling room one in nine only of the cases proved fatal. He then contrasted these with the figures published in the same year by the authorities of St. Bartholomew's, which disclosed the fact that two out of every five persons operated upon in similar cases died. A great stir arose on the publication of this startling comparison, and sharp was the controversy that ensued. For Sir James was neither to be answered nor silenced by medical rhetoric. It was obvious to all who had impartial ears to hear that he had not attacked the scientific skill, the faithful ministrations, or the unstinted benevolence of the greatest of our endowments. He was ready to believe and prompt to own that the trustees, directors, surgeons, and physicians did their best, and did all that in such an institution could be done; but he argued, and he proved, that death loaded the dice against them, and that with gangrene, erysipelas, and blood-poisoning in dense congregations of the sick no skill is able to contend. Year after year he reiterated his assertion with ever cumulating proof of the havoc made in surgical wards, showing that in proportion as the patients operated

on were numerous they perished ; that in proportion as they were they recovered ; and that persons submitted to amputation in the poorest, closest, and worst ventilated homes fared better than other.

Mr. Lawson Tait, his favourite pupil, writes in April last from Birmingham : " Subsequent experience points in the same direction. Sir J. Simpson's tables, all the material of which is in my possession, are of unquestionable authority, and they show that the larger the hospitals the greater the mortality. Investigations of my own give the same result, and lead me to believe that the next great medical reform ought to be the disestablishment of all large hospitals." Dr. Macleod, for many years resident surgeon of Glasgow Infirmary, though differing in some points of detail from Sir James Simpson, said at a medical conference at Leeds " he agreed in thinking that our future hospitals ought to be small, numerous, and local, for as they became old they became unhealthy." Dr. Evory Kennedy, in a luminous exposition of the incidents of ordinary disease and the comparative methods of treatment, gave as the " result of careful investigation in Dublin and other towns that zymotic or fever cases constitute one-fourth of the whole that have to be dealt with seriously ; and that of these nine out of ten are preventable, or easily curable if taken in time."

But how can aid be given in time without an adequate organisation for visiting and tending the sick in their own dwellings, or in places so accessible as not to involve the rending of family or neighbourly ties? With such appliances and the inestimable help of maternal and sisterly care, half the ills that flesh is heir to might be cut short in their immaturity ; but then what would become of the art and mystery of founding and filling great institutions, and of the ever-growing vested interests involved in them?

Dr. Rendle, of St. George's, Southwark, has always advocated, as the best mode of treating typhus and small-pox, that in every parish from time to time a couple of well-sewered houses, not of the valuable class, but cut off from contact by a moderate space on every side, should be kept for the afflicted who have no friends to nurse them, or who have no separate rooms to be tended in where they live. Mr. Jabez Hogg, surgeon to the Ophthalmic Hospital, says " There can be no doubt about the treatment of the poor in place near their homes being in every way far better for their chances of recovery. This was fairly tried at the time of the cholera. In St. Giles's we had a temporary shelter fitted up near the church, and found it answer admirably. Dr. Buchanan believes it was the mea-

of saving many lives, and it was kept up at a very small expense, the lady sisters of the parish gladly aiding in the care and solace of their poorer neighbours. The building of large hospitals for infectious diseases is a great mistake, and if the Asylums Board understood its work it would never think of looking for another site to carry on the blunder."

When Government proposed in 1869 to burthen the metropolis with three new establishments on a vast scale for fever and small-pox patients, warning founded on such testimonies was given that the effect of thus concentrating infection would inevitably be to reduce the chances of escape from death of those who should be aggregated therein. A letter from Dr. Sutherland, the experienced physician of the War Office, was quoted in debate testifying "that there is a larger percentage of recoveries where the sick are subdivided amongst separate dwellings than where they are removed in all stages of illness to a distant hospital, even though the surroundings and means of treatment may be greatly superior to those available in their own homes. The simple bringing together of a number of sick out of a number of separate rooms involves a new class of risk to all of them."

A still more touching admonition was quoted from the pen of Florence Nightingale. Her words, tender and true, ought not to have been disregarded:—"At the end of a life spent in hospital work to this conclusion I have always come, that the poor are better relieved in their own homes. And this even when the accommodation of every kind should have been proved to have been ample, the medical and surgical relief sure, the attendance good, and the diet unexceptionable."* On the other hand, it was shown that by the dispensary system in Ireland at an incredibly small outlay small-pox and typhus seemed to be in a fair way of being almost stamped out through the medium of relief afforded to the working classes in their humble homes. Warning and remonstrance, however, were alike in vain. The mania for more building, more crowding, more centralising of control, more patronage, and more compulsory expenditure out of rates was irresistible.

Parliament was misled into enacting the foundation of various palatial prisons for the sick. And what has been the result? Professor Letheby, from many years' experience as medical officer for the City, says:—"There is no doubt that the further a patient has to go the more dangerous it is to him. Hospitals of small size nearer to the houses of the poor would be infinitely more valuable than larger

* "*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*," 7th June, 1869.

hospitals a considerable distance off. We had a small refuge in New Street in 1871, where the mortality was but 8·9 per cent., while in the three hospitals of the Asylums Board it was 19·2 per cent. A permanent hospital is a permanent danger, while an infirmary for meeting the immediate wants of an epidemic is no longer dangerous when the epidemic ceases, as it generally consists of houses taken temporarily. Hospitals for meeting local wants are chosen with great consideration, and they are not taken in public thoroughfares. In the case of a large hospital for infectious diseases I find the sources of danger aggregated, multiplied, and intensified.* At Hampstead it was stated by Mr. Pearson Hill that from December, 1870, to July, 1872, the number of patients admitted were 7,352, of whom the large total of 1,331, or 18 per cent., died.

No one ascribes this mortality to any want of zeal on the part of the Asylums Board in performing their arduous and often perilous duty. No one of right feeling or candid spirit would cast any portion of the responsibility on the medical men engaged in the treatment of the sick. The blame must be laid on the original error of over-building and over-crowding, and in the obstinate persistence by Government in that error after its fatality had been experimentally proved. There is reason, indeed, to fear that the bills of hospital mortality fall far short of disclosing the whole of the hideous truth; for in the opinion of many of our ablest sanitary advisers, a considerable dissemination of disease is the result of the passing of the ambulances for several miles with their pestiferous burthen through our crowded thoroughfares. A remarkable denunciation of the evils of this practice is from the pen of Dr. Septimus Gibbon, for many years in charge of the Holborn district: "All large hospitals for fever and small-pox are a mistake in a preventive as well as a curative sense. The mortality in the best appointed asylum is much greater than in home treatment. In 1863 small-pox killed in London 2,012; in 1871 it killed 7,876, owing to the hospital treatment adopted." Patients with typhus, small-pox, or scarlet fever emit the seeds of disease very copiously into the atmosphere; so that any transport of them through the streets is sure to spread contagion. A small detached infirmary of a few rooms is all that each locality requires." This view is thus forcibly sustained by Dr. Ross, medical officer, Bloomsbury: "My opinion is that huge hospitals in the suburbs for fever or small-pox cases are inconvenient, costly, and ill-adapted to the chief end of all treatment—the cure of the sufferers. Even for the purpose of isolation they

* *Evidence taken before the Select Committee.*

will fail whenever they are so far distant from a district stricken with fever that it becomes a question with the medical officer whether he can conscientiously recommend that the sick man should be removed at the certain injury of already weakened powers. In an advanced case it would be very perilous ; in an extreme case, certain death. In numerous instances, therefore, where isolation would be necessary, the patient could not be removed. This I have no hesitation in saying is and will be the practical result of such a system. The question is, How can the interest of the healthy in respect of isolation and the interest of the sick be reconciled ? The answer must be by having "refuges" in every district, so that proper isolation may be ensured and the patient not unduly distressed by removal. I think that local authorities should have a compulsory power to take houses for conversion into shelters or to clear sites on which temporary hospitals could be erected as occasion required."

Is it necessary, then, expedient, or humane to take the sick to a distance from their dwellings, and to incarcerate them in great public buildings with others as afflicted as themselves ? It is a grave question for the friends of public health, for the friends of economy, and for the friends of the poor. It is, in fact, three distinct and important questions rolled up in one, and, consequently, it is a very serious problem for the statesman to consider from a social point of view. To be candid in its examination and clear in judgment we ought to look at each phase of the controversy separately and apart. It may not be necessary, somebody will say, to segregate the fever-smitten from neighbours and from kindred in order that they may be healed ; but it may be economical to drive them into pens and deal with them in herds, content with averages of the number that live or die. Or it may be neither indispensable nor cheap to cart them away from their homes as required by the statutes made in behalf of the whole that need not a physician rather than on behalf of the sick ; and yet it may not be after all the best way of preventing the spread of disease. If these issues, confessedly quite distinct in themselves, must be determined variously, we should have nothing for it but to counter-weigh results and strike a balance of sad conclusions. If, on the contrary, each and all of our inquiries tend in the same direction, and we find that the crowding of the sick and wounded together in vast permanent receptacles is not the best way of saving lives and of promoting cures ; if we have reason to suspect that the accumulation of patients in huge public buildings, instead of their relief in their own humble homes, or in local refuges of a temporary and inexpensive kind, is a sad misuse of charity, or a vexatious waste of local rates ; and if we further ascertain that the present practice is not on

cruel to the poor and costly to the ratepayers, but exceedingly dangerous to the casual multitude, through the midst of whom typhus and small-pox ambulances have to wend their way, we shall have a confluence of motives for change, which ought to sweep down every mere prejudice in favour of an unsound and obsolete system. It is sheer nonsense to talk of maintaining institutions at the public expense merely because private individuals on their death-beds left great sums a century ago to found similar institutions in the hope thereby of benefiting their kind. Good intentions of the founders of hospitals admit of no more dispute than those of the founders of mediæval colleges or sinecure benefices. But Parliament has not hesitated to break up the former and abolish the latter when public opinion was satisfied that the pious uses could be better fulfilled by a re-appropriation of the funds.

Vested interests with a holy smile or a philanthropic lisp are indeed proverbially hard to move; and one cannot expect that the governors, trustees, pensioners, nurses, and routine visitors of long established hospitals will easily be induced to confess that in the course of years these buildings have gradually become unfit for the reception of patients by reason of the inscrutable but inveterate intensification of taint exhaled from bodies afflicted with disease or gashed by wounds. Yet nothing in the whole range of experimental knowledge is more certain. The chronicles of all the great institutions at home and abroad bear irrefragable testimony to the fact that in proportion to their age and size they belie the fond hope of the benevolent founders, and from havens of refuge become maelstroms from whose pitiless circle the feeble and exhausted find but a poor chance of escape. Yet day after day we hear the pompous chant of thanksgiving sung by their stipendiaries with an earnestness not to be mistaken; and year after year we have ignorant benevolence bequeathing hundreds and thousands for supplemental wards or new wings to edifices which for the sake of the poor ought to be reduced, if not remodelled or rebuilt altogether.

Let it not be said that those who advocate hospital reform would lessen by a shilling the amount of private charity or of public grant now given for the succour of the helpless. Whenever superstition is assailed in any form it is sure to raise this sort of howl. Motives, however pure, are aspersed; truths, however clear, are questioned; and improvements, however demonstrable, are denied with desperate effrontery. Ten years ago overcrowding and stench were taken to be unavoidable conditions of any first-rate asylum for reducing compound fractures, the delivery of women lying-in, or

the cure of persons in fever. Were not the outer gates of the best cast iron? Were not the outer walls of Portland stone? Was there not a flight of handsome steps up to the grand entrance, and sometimes an imposing portico on its summit? What could be finer than the central staircase, wider than the principal corridor, or ampler than the main wards? What visitor could fail to marvel at the number of beds, all full of unhappy patients; and the number of students eagerly availing themselves of opportunities in such a field of comparative agony? How grateful the suffering inmates ought to be for being thus severed from all whose affection could soothe their pain or breathe words of comfort in their dying ear! and yet how insensible, if not ungrateful, many of them looked; how unspeakable the expression of desertion and despair in many a glazing eye! The practical philosopher put away such considerations with a shrug of regret for the ingratitude of the poor. The Sister of Charity as she read or prayed by the bed of pain felt it a duty to remind the desponding or the dying that they had had the best aid that in their circumstances could possibly be rendered them. And when after many misgivings long stifled voices at last were heard courageously challenging the assertion and appealing to the awful records of the dead house and the burial ground against the efficiency of crowded permanent buildings for the saving of life, a loud cry was raised on all sides against the questioners, as if they could fairly be suspected of any other aim than that of seeking the better appropriation of endowments, alms, and rates to the mitigation of misery.

More money should be spent on surgical and medical skill and on educated nurse-tending—less money should be spent on architectural designs, contractors' profits, tipsy ambulance drivers, and the furniture of pestiferous wards. I argue from cumulative proofs that admit of no displacement that the noblest edifices permanently devoted to surgical, obstetric, or zymotic cases are not and cannot be made by any scientific art as propitious for the restoration of the sick as the ordinary homes of the working classes. I do not say that poverty when stricken down by accident or disease should always be left to groan where it falls: that is the mere burlesque of a sound doctrine. Exceptions there will always be for which provision ought to be made simply, frugally, and nigh at hand. Local shelters, like local dispensaries, ought to exist in every parish or populous district for the friendless, or for one of a family whose scant earnings are insufficient to provide a separate room. Severance from contact is often indispensable, and care against infection is an obvious duty. But a strange amount of

ndering and cowardice is flippantly talked on the subject. Huddled together in one narrow room, parents and children are often, no doubt, one after another laid low by typhus or scarlatina—but why? Because when the first little one sickens, parental instinct, which no statute or circular of a Local Government Board or order of Poor-Law Guardians can extinguish, conceals the fact as long as possible—hoping against hope that the malady may pass away, and caring above all other fear that the helpless one may be seized on and carried off to the dreaded asylum miles away, thence possibly to return no more. The inhalation thus unconsciously of the poisoned breath of fever is suffered to go on hour after hour, to the endangering of the healthy and the hale; and until the people can be educated down to the level of brutes this danger must daily and hourly recur unless resort be had to means of quick, near, and cheap relief instead of abortive reliance on the costly establishments which have been termed sanitary Bastiles.

Let every reader make the case his own. What Act of Parliament, efficient edict or espionage of medical police would induce him on the first flush of fever in the cheek of his child, his sister, or his wife to ask the parish doctor to have her borne away to the dreaded abode of contagion, there to be locked up with scores of beings as debilitated and as weak, not to be ever seen again except in regulated hours upon certain days, and for the rest left to the chances of a life and death lottery? The reinhalation of the fetid breath of disease is bad enough and sad enough in the workman's humble home, but what is that compared to the respiration in joint stock of the air laden with a taint of every stage of sickness and saturated with the exhalations of every phase of suffering? With the infectant to the nostril, the well-paid official or curious visitor may hurry through the gaunt chamber of aggregate pollutions and feel none the worse for his brief pilgrimage. If it were not so the physician could not safely make his daily rounds. But even he is sometimes struck with the arrow that flyeth in darkness, and it was not as yesterday that the resident assistant of one of our greatest hospitals fell a victim to his too frequent visits to the fever ward, the impossibility of keeping out intensified infection from the chamber of the staff. What, then, must the inevitable effect be upon the nerves, the skin, the lungs of the immature or feeble inmates of such places confined there continuously, night after night, and day after day? Had we no statistics on the subject we might apprehend the worst from such a state of things. But without taking the trouble to reason on the matter we learn from the death-roll more than enough to stagger impartial unbelief.

THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND.

BY EDWARD SEVERN.



WHAT'S the way to Fairyland?
Melts it through the meadow?
Leads it where on silver sand
Lies a golden shadow?
Where the Spring, 'neath Maia's hand,
Shoots to Summer's stature?
What is youth, but Fairyland—
Fairyland, but Nature !

*Lies thy lot by lake or land,
Steerest thou by stream or strand,
Strife and storm shall be at hand
On the way to Fairyland.*

Is it dewed with morning's kiss,
Dimmed with sunlight setting?
Runs it through remembered bliss,
Lurks it in Forgetting?
Mid the mountains' heaving mass
Must I dive to find it,
Where the gnomes beneath the grass
Gather gold and grind it?

*Be thy burden blest or banned,
Gain'st thou gold from sea or sand,
Woe and want will warders stand
On the way to Fairyland.*

I have worn both want and woe,
Yet they lead not thither :
Must I grope no more, but go
Flying up through Ether ?

Love will lend me wings, to rove
Through the orbèd Seven—
What is Fairyland, but Love—
What is Love, but Heaven?

*Fly thou far by Fancy fanned,
Breakest thou both bolt and band,
Death will grasp thee by the hand
Ere thou findest Fairyland.*

What's the way to Fairyland?
Not by Star, or Stream, or Strand.
*Close one finger of thy hand,
And 'twill close on Fairyland.*



PÈRE HYACINTHE'S BRETHREN.

BY ROGER QUIDDAM.

THE Order which once owned the illustrious man whose daring rebellion against the Vatican recently culminated in marriage (thereby giving his enemies occasion to quote anew the bitter words of Erasmus) is the most ancient monastic Order in Christendom. Its primitive institution is lost in the mists of the first century, though its first written rule is said to have been given to it by Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, about the year 1200.

Much dissatisfaction with the Order was displayed in various quarters at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and it was entirely owing to the exertions of an Englishman, Simon Stock, that Pope Honorius was induced to grant a confirmation of the Carmelite Constitution in the year 1226, which confirmation the future saint found it necessary to solicit again, three years later, at the hands of Gregory, the ninth of that name.

Simon was held in great repute by his brethren for his extraordinary sanctity; and at a chapter of the Order held at Aylesbury in 1245 he was elected the sixth General of the Carmelite community. By the saint's continued exertions Pope Innocent the Fourth was induced to take the monks of Carmel under the special protection of the Holy See; and it is chiefly owing to these efforts of his on its behalf that the Carmelite Order regards St. Simon Stock in the light of its real founder.

Simon derived his nickname of "Stock" from a devotional vagary which possessed him in his youth. Like his earlier namesake, Simon Stylites, he demonstrated his piety in a peculiar manner; and as the Syrian fanatic displayed his love of God by taking up a precarious abode on the top of a pillar, so our Simon took for his dwelling the hollow trunk of a tree, wherein he practised the most frightful austerities, to the admiration and edification of the faithful.

The principal home of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel was Palestine, but, owing to the relentless persecution of the Saracens they were forced to flee into Europe in the thirteenth century. A few monks of the Order had ere this been invited to England by some devout Knights Crusaders, at whose instance they settled in the

sunny woods of Kent ; and the foreigners took so kindly to English soil, and, doubtless, gave such glowing accounts of the devotion of the people and the fatness of the land to their brethren abroad, that later in the same century they were joined by many others of the same Order : thus England became, and remained for a long period, the stronghold of these ascetics, so that at the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., no fewer than forty Carmelite houses are reported to have suffered spoliation.

The chief cause of the immense popularity of the Carmelite Order was the institution of the "Brown Scapular." This miraculous badge is a strip of brown cloth about nine feet long and one foot wide, with a hole in the centre through which the head is passed, so that the scapular is suffered to fall over the shoulders before and behind. The invention was communicated to St. Simon Stock by the Holy Virgin herself, according to his own declaration ; for he states that she appeared to him in a vision and promised that all who should thenceforth wear in her honour the scapular which she showed him should be taken under her special protection, and prevented from dying in a state of mortal sin.

The vision was implicitly believed, and, later on, the laity thronged to the monasteries to be invested with the sacred amulet. For them the scapular consisted of two small pieces of cloth joined by slight cords in such a manner as to be worn over the shoulders next the skin, and the fame of this modification of the monkish habit became so great that kings of England and France knelt to be invested therewith by the hands of the monks of Carmel. Innumerable were the stories which soon became current of the extraordinary efficacy of the holy charm in guarding its wearers from temporal dangers. In that marvellous book, the "Glories of Mary," frequent examples are given of the supernatural protection afforded to those who wear the consecrated scraps, and it is held as no very extraordinary phenomenon for bullets and daggers to glance off the flimsy pieces of woollen stuff, as though from plates of hardened steel. The popularity of this wonderful charm has never waned. It is held in as great esteem among the Roman Catholics of the present day as it was by devotees in those remote ages of faith ; and, doubtless, many a workhouse or prison official has been puzzled in the nineteenth century to know the meaning of the two little greasy strips of brown cloth to which his Roman Catholic prisoners cling with such fervid entreaties.

It is not surprising that after the immense success of Simon Stock's scapular many other holy persons of rival orders had visions of a

similar import; and there exist at the present day scapulars brown, blue, white, and red, all possessing equal privileges with the first, but none surpassing it in its hold upon popular favour.

In the sixteenth century the peace of the monks of Carmel was seriously disturbed by the reforming spirit of St. Theresa. It is a noteworthy fact that all the great religious Orders have taken their rise in the fervent zeal or restless spirit of one man; that from a humble beginning they have waxed rich and numerous, and with riches and numbers have lost the spirit of their rule, fallen into all kinds of luxuries and abuses, and that each has placed itself at the mercy of the first of its members who should endeavour to emulate the example of the founder by an endeavour to lead back his Order to its pristine severity. This was especially the case with the overgrown Order of Carmel; but the singularity of its regeneration was that (to add to its humiliation) it was reformed by a woman.

The austere spirit of Theresa saw a grand opening for her zeal in correcting the abuses which had crept into the eldest of the monastic Orders; and she never relaxed her efforts until she had induced the then General of the Carmelites to grant her permission to initiate a reform among his subjects. No sooner did she commence her work than there arose an outcry from one end of the Order to the other. All were furious that it should be imagined they needed reformation at all, but much more so that the *role* of reformer should be entrusted to the hands of a meddling nun. Theresa was in her element. She prosecuted her work with marvellous vigour; and though she encountered considerable opposition from her own immediate superiors she triumphed over all obstacles, and quickly won popular opinion to her side. The old Carmelites were beside themselves with rage, and fulminated all kinds of threats against the innovator and her followers: Theresa, however, disregarded them, for she felt herself to be beyond the power of her enemies; but the unfortunate friars whom she had induced to assist her in the work of reform suffered severely for her transgressions.

Theresa's principal coadjutor, John of the Cross, who was afterwards canonised on account of the miracles said to be wrought at his tomb, was the principal victim. He was condemned in a general chapter of the Order as a rebel and an apostate, and an armed band was sent to drag him from the protection of Theresa. Breaking open the door of the chamber to which the unfortunate friar had fled for protection, the armed force dragged him with scorn and contumely to the prison of his convent, whence they transferred him, for fear of a rescue by the populace (by whom John was held in great esteem), to a more rigorous

prison in Toledo, where he was kept for many months, and fed, say his biographers, on bread and water and sardines. It seems it was not considered at all shocking in those days to shut up a disobedient monk in a noisome dungeon, keep him upon starvation diet for many months, and add to his affliction by reviling him through the grating of his dungeon door. St. Theresa would have done the same by any one of the opposition party whom she found in her power; and, indeed, I should by no means have liked to be either a monk or a nun under that strong-minded female's control, if I had had the slightest inclination to giddiness or the faintest notion of disobedience. Poor Miss Saurin would have fared badly under such an abbess, and as for Père Hyacinthe, she would have had him hauled back to his convent by main force, and have kept him in the deepest and dampest dungeon of the establishment until he had relinquished all notion of disagreeing with his superiors.

The battle raged fierce and long between the old established monks on the one side, and the reformed, bare-footed (or discalced) Carmelites on the other. The friars of the former party regarded Theresa's followers as rebels against the ancient Order, and the reformers looked upon their conservative brethren as men who had relaxed the primitive severity of their common rule; thus they never missed an opportunity of mutual reviling, but fished up tales derogatory of the chiefs on both sides, and so sure as one party had a vision their antagonists declared it to be an illusion of the devil.

These visions play an important part in the history of every religious Order, because it was ever necessary for the would-be saint or founder to attest his mission by a sign, and the readiest way was to declare a revelation by means of a vision. Theresa was powerful at visions. No sooner had a project entered her fertile brain than she asserted that a vision had been vouchsafed to her, in which the will of the Almighty was declared in favour of her scheme; and thus all would-be dissentients were at once put to silence. By this means, and her unparalleled austerities, she succeeded in establishing an immense reputation for sanctity, which, together with the popular love of novelty, caused her to triumph over all her adversaries. Her followers rapidly drove the lax party from their convents, engrossed the revenues, and were speedily recognised as the legitimate successors of the ancient monks of Carmel.

The dress of the reformed or discalced Carmelites (to which Order Père Hyacinthe belonged), though in a certain degree picturesque, is cumbersome in the extreme. It consists of a coarse brown habit reaching to the feet, and fastened by a leathern girdle round the

waist, from which depends the usual string of beads, called a "rosary"; over this falls the scapular, before-mentioned, nearly as long as the habit, before and behind, and above the scapular is worn the circular tippet and cowl, termed the "capuchin." When fully dressed the monk also wears a thick white cloak and hood, in which the brown cowl is inserted as a lining; and when walking beyond the precincts of the convent he wears a huge black sombrero, which gives a grotesque dignity to the whole. It is from the white cloak and hood just described that the Carmelite derives his name of "Whitefriar."

The rule of life of this ancient Order presents to the casual inspection of a worldly eye an aspect of revolting severity; this is, however, more apparent than real. Eight months of the year are devoted to fasting, and on every Wednesday and Friday throughout the year *personal discipline* (self-inflicted) for the space of one "Miserere" is compulsory upon every member of the community. The instrument of correction—called in monkish parlance a "discipline"—is a terrible weapon when used by a powerful hand upon the bare flesh. It is composed of fine whipcord beautifully twisted into a handle about a foot long, from which depend six or eight tails, finished at the ends in artistically worked knots. Sometimes wire is interwoven with the cord, and, by special permission of superiors, little steel points are inserted into the ends of the tails. On the evenings appointed for the infliction of the discipline, the brethren assemble in the oratory of the convent, or in some place devoted to the purpose, and the windows and doors having been carefully fastened and covered, so that no vagrant ray of light may enter at an inopportune moment, all range themselves round the chamber, discipline in hand, and the prior, or other superior monk, commences the prefatory prayers. Presently, at a given signal, the lights are extinguished, and each Religious prepares to use his whip. For this purpose the skirt of the habit is drawn over the head, and the loose flannel drawers beneath unfastened, and suffered to fall about the hips: all is then ready. Suddenly a whizzing sound disturbs the air of the room; a dull thud upon the naked flesh, followed by the broken voice of the prior commencing the penitential psalm, gives the signal to commence; and immediately there is a sound as of a score of flails threshing upon a granary floor, while a chorus of agonised voices roaring out the Miserere attest, by their peculiar emphasis, the vigour with which each monk is scourging his own unfortunate body. As the psalm is hurried over, voice and hand fail, and there is a sigh of intense relief throughout the assembly as the prior, by an exhaustive effort, yells out the

of the psalm. After a sufficient pause, to allow of the light adjusted, the light is readmitted, and after a short final the monk departs in silence to his own cell.

In addition to this rough discipline, the Carmelite rule commands abstinence from the flesh of every animal, and forbids the use of the habit for any purpose except that of changing the lining; thus, the monk is obliged to sleep in his clothes on the table-board, with a pillow for his head, and a rug or blanket for a seat. This sounds very austere; but the austerity, as was shown above, is more apparent than real. It is true that a large portion of the year is ostensibly devoted by the monks to the observance of short-commons, but there is such a number of monks belonging to the Order or connected with it in some places as to celebrate the many public festivals of the church, all of which are celebrated in the refectory as well as in the choir, that the primitive discipline of the Order is once more very considerably mitigated. It is for every reason that the Catholic and the Protestant hold such very divergent opinions upon the subject of the monastic life; the one regarding the monk to mourn in one continuous Lent, while the other never asserts that he passes his days in the comfortable enjoyment of perpetual Easter-tide. I have seen a portly friar nibbling a scanty portion of dry bread, in gloomy silence, on Good Friday, with his cowl drawn over his head, and his eyes fixed upon the crucifix with an expression of holy mortification; and have seen the same man enjoying his dinner on Easter Sunday with his crown exposed to the vagrant breezes, laughing ha! ha! and eating down the viands with copious draughts of sound old wine, with all the unctuous satisfaction of a confirmed *bon-*

Every day routine of the Carmelite life is much as follows: They rise at 5 a.m. all the year round, and immediately assemble in choir, where they kneel in silence for an hour of mental prayer, the conclusion of which the lay-brothers leave the choir to their several employments, while the clerics and choir-commence to chant the first office of the day, which consists of the four canonical hours "Prime," "Tierce," "Sext," and "None." The chant used on such occasions is nothing but a dead, unvaried monotone, with a long drawl upon the last word of each phrase, without the slightest vestige of a cadence, which, though solemn and effective on being heard for the first time, becomes a little while insufferably wearisome. At the conclusion of the *office*, the fathers prepare to celebrate their several

masses, at one or other of which the rest of the community assists. Three times a week, or oftener at the discretion of the superior, the brethren who are not qualified to celebrate mass receive the sacrament either publicly in the church, or in the choir. After the daily masses, the fathers and choir-brethren retire to their studies or other imposed duties until eleven o'clock, when the first meal of the day is taken. Before proceeding to dinner the brethren assemble in the choir, and after chanting several prayers and psalms, march in procession, still chanting, to the refectory, where, after much more chanting, and many twistings and turnings and divers low bows, they file off right and left to their places at the table. During the repast a monk reads aloud either from the Scriptures, or from the Lives of the Saints.

Many tedious and minute ceremonies have to be observed by the scrupulous Carmelite in the conduct of his meal. He must hold his knife and fork or spoon in one particular fashion, his drinking cup, which has two handles, must be clasped by both hands when it is raised to the mouth, and the napkin which lies by the side of his plate must be disposed about the body in a peculiar fashion, a failure in any of these particulars exposing the delinquent to a reprimand and a public penance.

It is also *de rigueur* that the monk who is the first to finish his meal should leave his seat at the table, and having thrown himself upon his knees before the prior, solicit a public penance; the reason of which rule is not evident, unless it be designed to enhance the enjoyment of the others who have not been so hasty in their operations.

The penances given on these occasions are sufficiently humiliating and ludicrous. Upon a signal from the prior, the penitent will prostrate himself before each of his brethren in turn, and present his cheek to be soundly boxed; or he will throw himself upon his knees and kiss the feet of the rest of the community, and as the Carmelite goes with naked feet, and washes them upon occasions of ceremony only, the latter penance is much more severe than the former. Another favourite punishment is to cause the penitent to make a spreadeagle of himself upon the threshold of the door, so that every member of the community may step upon him in coming in or in going out. Should a monk be so unhappy as to break any article of his dinner service, he is condemned to leave his dinner, and stand in the centre of the refectory bearing the fragments of crockery in a little basket round his neck.

The first meal of the day consists of three dishes: a pottage of

ns or lentils, fish, and eggs variously and deliciously cooked, with
ad *ad libitum*. For drink there is strong ale (in England and
er beer-drinking countries) and red wine, generous in quality and
ntity.

After dinner, as this meal may be called, the brethren retire for an
r's siesta, and then resume their several occupations till vespers.
rtly after vespers and compline are sung, the community kneel
in for an hour's meditation or mental prayer, and then march in
same order and with the same ceremonies as before to supper.
is meal is more important than the earlier one, inasmuch as it is
w the Superior passes his strictures upon the various members of
community who may have been remiss in their duties during the
r. It is the duty (and, alas, very often the pleasure) of the
erior to humiliate his monks in every possible way (especially
younger brethren and the novices) in order to destroy any
ions of spiritual pride or self-esteem that might hinder their
gress to perfection; hence he will affect to find fault with great
rness when, perhaps, there may be no room for anything but
probation.

At this meal also, the master of the novices makes public com-
int of the weaknesses of his pupils, which he does upon his knees
fore the Superior in the centre of the refectory. Immediately
hearing his name mentioned, the culprit leaves his place at the
ole and remains kneeling by the side of his accuser until sentence
passed. He must never think of defending himself, for that would
que an amount of self-esteem sufficient to shock the whole com-
munity; and though the charge arise out of a mistake on the part of
e accuser, and the proof of its falsity be to hand, the victim must
t adduce it, but receive cheerfully and silently the punishment
arded him by his Superior. It is also competent at this time
any monk to make complaint of the shortcomings of a brother,
o likewise is forbidden to defend himself, and thus an opportunity
given to petty spite and malice (which will find a home even in
e most sanctified bosoms) to wreak itself upon its enemies.

After supper the brethren proceed to the choir to chant the matins
d lauds for the next day, for (strange as it may appear) these
ututinal services are generally performed at night. Anciently it
s the custom to rise after midnight to chant this portion of the
vice, and retire to rest on its conclusion, but our modern ascetics
fer not to have their slumbers broken.

On the conclusion of these choral exercises the community, upon
e *proper days*, proceed to the discipline room to inflict upon them-

selves the usual flagellation, and all then retire to rest, the hour being somewhere about 10 p.m.

Silence and humility are constantly inculcated during the day, both orally and by means of huge placards round the walls, whereon are inscribed "Silence," "Humility," in large letters.

One remarkable fact which strikes the postulant upon his admittance into the convent, is the slavish ceremony with which the Superior is treated by his subjects. Every monk who enters the presence of the prior falls upon his knees and kisses the ground at his Superior's feet. He then humbly asks for a blessing and permission to speak. If a monk encounter his Superior in his passage through the convent, he must fall on his knees till the holy man has passed. If the Superior come into a room where a monk is engaged, the latter must prostrate himself and beg his spiritual father's benediction, though it were fifty times a day.

Another fact eminently worthy of notice is the stern distinction which is drawn between the choir brothers and the lay-brethren. Although the monk calls his lay companion "Brother," he by no means treats him fraternally; the former is the aristocrat, the latter the helot. To the lay-brother falls all the dirty work of the convent. He is not generally allowed, except on great festivals, to participate in the Divine Office in the choir, but must stick to his drudgery. He is not allowed, without special permission, to sit in presence of his clerical brother. At recreation times, when all are chatting in the common room, the lay-brother sits modestly against the wall, with his hands folded demurely under his scapular, hearing all and saying nothing. At the frequent spiritual conferences which are a peculiarity of monastic life, the choir brother answers seated any question that may be put to him by his Superior, while the poor lay-brother must first "flop" before he may open his mouth in reply. If humility and poverty are ducts of Divine Grace, surely the soul of a man who voluntarily embraces the life of a lay-brother is far more richly endowed than that of the superior monk, who is so revered by the world of the faithful.

To the young monk of vigorous intellect even this, one of the most stern of the contemplative Orders, offers a career in which he may obtain a world-wide reputation, and acquire as much glory as though he had a seat in the Senate and directed the affairs of the nation. Should he, during his noviciate, display any symptoms of talent which may hereafter redound to the profit and reputation of the Order, he is petted and caressed by his superiors in a remarkable degree. His health is most assiduously cared for. At his slightest

complaint his rule is mitigated, and every facility is given him for study, and every pains taken to develop his talent. No sooner is his promise ripened to performance than he is courted by the parish priests, to draw large congregations to their churches, and the various Orders of religious women in his vicinity vie with each other to obtain him as a director to their convents, or to conduct their numerous spiritual retreats, while thousands hang upon his words and regard him as the oracle of the Holy Ghost. Crowds besiege his confessional. Troops of visitors, chiefly young and fashionably-dressed ladies, flock to him in his convent for advice upon spiritual matters, with which they have no desire to trouble their ordinary directors. In all this there is an excitement which keeps alive the primitive fervour of his vocation, and, if his intellect be in thorough subjection to his faith, he enjoys an interior satisfaction which he could not derive from any mere worldly career.

To the humble lay-brother there is no opening for ambition. By that portion of the world which haunts the convent doors he is completely overlooked, or treated with compassionate contempt, as a pious drudge who is necessary to save the hands of the monk from being contaminated by menial labour. Yet in him resides the true spirit of the monastic life. It is he, rather than the monk, who carries out the intention of his founder by living a daily life of poverty and contempt. He suffers all the harshness of monasticism without enjoying its amenities. Usually a poor illiterate soul, imbued with that engrossing, bigoted piety which is the peculiarity of persons of limited ideas, his heavy lumpish countenance, scarcely made more engaging by an expression of morose devotion, sufficiently indicates his origin from the poorest of the people. The life of these men is awful in its monotony, and one is almost tempted to believe that in nearly every convent in Europe, containing any great number of inmates, a large percentage of the professed lay-brethren would be found to be either imbecile, or suffering from the milder forms of insanity.

The Carmelite monk, in common with the members of all other religious Orders, takes, on making his profession, the three canonical vows of Voluntary Poverty, Perpetual Chastity, and Entire Obedience to lawful superiors. With regard to the first of these, it is to be remembered that though the individual be poor the community is rich. It is true that the monk may not hold the smallest article of property, nor call his own the bed he sleeps on, the breviary from which he reads his office, nor even the habit which he has worn for years, but—he enjoys their perpetual use; though they belong to the community, they are practi-

cally his own, and it is therefore a mere question of words altogether. Indeed, there is as much difference between monastic poverty and the pinching, grinding poverty of the labouring poor, or the lesser pangs of genteel indigence, as there is between the ailments of the valetudinarian and the agonies of a fever-stricken wretch in the ward of a London hospital. It is merely playing at being poor. The monk is well housed and well clad, and undisturbed by the thousand anxious cares of active life. He is not harassed by sordid calculations of the value of a shilling, nor alarmed by the rise in the price of his daily bread. If he suffer at times the pangs of hunger they are voluntary pangs, for he knows that the convent larder is well stocked, and that punctually at such an hour he may feed to repletion if he be so minded; and in addition to this, he is supported by the belief that he is gaining merit by his endurance and earning his title to eternal life. What though his rule forbid him to taste of flesh meat? He has abundance of fresh eggs and good milk, bread and butter and delicate fish, strong ale and generous wine; and if, after all, his health should fail, in comes the doctor, and at his powerful word a dispensation is granted, and a juicy beefsteak or a tender pullet is soon smoking on his platter. Is this poverty? I can conceive this state of life telling with some severity upon one who has been reared in luxury and opulence, but for persons of the class from which the male religious Orders recruit themselves, it is a very comfortable existence, whose occasional inconveniences are amply compensated by its periods of easy luxury and the odour of sanctity which attaches to every individual who wears a cowl.

With regard to the second vow of Perpetual Chastity, I believe it to be honestly and fairly observed. The great majority of those who embrace the religious life are actuated by a sincere conviction that they are called thereto by God, and they have been educated in a fear and horror of gross sin. In matters of this kind a man cannot juggle with his conscience. Though he may persuade himself, in defiance of his rule, that a beefsteak is necessary to enable him to execute the functions assigned him by his superiors, he has a sufficient horror of breaking the law of God to prevent him trifling for a moment with a breach of his second vow.

The third vow of Entire Obedience is much more important in its effect upon the character of the monk than either of the others. In the observance of this vow he becomes a mere automaton moved by the will of his superiors, and requires a formal permission before he may perform some of the most ordinary actions of a man's daily life. A monk may not shave, nor cut his hair, nor

his nails, neither may he wash himself, after his regular morning prayer, without going upon his knees and demanding pardon of his immediate superior. He may not pen a thought upon a scrap of paper, nor take up a book, nor speak to a brother without going through the same humiliating process. Of course, as I have before remarked, in the case of one who is making his mark in the world all this is greatly mitigated, but even he has had to submit, and it induces a habit of timid obedience, from which none but a strong mind may break away. The due observance of this discipline, together with the strict account which he is bound to give his superior of every phase of his mind, keeps the monk in a state of perfect discipline—a faithful and ever ready soldier of the Church.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS
KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.
BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART II.

THE elder of my two sisters having married and settled in London, I was now able to enjoy something of metropolitan society, and to indulge in the late hours it necessarily required me to keep, by sleeping at my brother-in-law's house, after an evening spent with such men as I now had the privilege of meeting. I was first introduced to Leigh Hunt at a party, when I remember he sang a cheery sea song with much spirit in that sweet small baritone voice which he possessed. His manner—fascinating, animated, full of cordial amenity, and winning to a degree of which I have never seen the parallel—drew me to him at once, and I fell as prone in love with him as any girl in her teens falls in love with her first-seen Romeo. My father had taken in the *Examiner* newspaper from its commencement, he and I week after week revelling in the liberty-loving, liberty-advocating, liberty-eloquent articles of the young editor; and now that I made his personal acquaintance I was indeed a proud and happy fellow. The company among which I frequently encountered him were co-visitors of no small merit. Henry Robertson—one of the most delightful of associates for good temper, good spirits, good taste in all things literary and artistic; the brothers Gattie—Frederick, William, Henry, and John Byng Gattie, whose agreeable tenor voice is commemorated in Hunt's sonnet addressed to two of the men now under mention, and a third, of whom more presently; Charles Ollier—author of a graceful book called "Altham and his Wife," and publisher of Keats' first brought-out volume of "Poems;" and Tom Richards—a right good comrade, a capital reader, a capital listener, a capital appreciator of talent and of genius.

My father so entirely sympathised with my devoted admiration of Leigh Hunt that when, not very long after I had made his acquaintance, he was thrown into Horsemonger Lane Gaol for his libel on the *Prince Regent*, I was seconded in my wish to send the cap-

Liberal a breath of open air, and a reminder of the country pleasures he so well loved and could so well describe, by my father's allowing me to despatch a weekly basket of fresh flowers, fruit, and vegetables from our garden at Enfield. Leigh Hunt received it with his own peculiar grace of acceptance, recognising the sentiment that prompted the offering, and welcoming it into the spot which he had converted from a prison-room into a bower for a poet by covering the walls with a rose-trellised papering, by book-shelves, plaster-casts, and a small pianoforte. Here I was also made welcome, and my visits cordially received; and here it was that I once met Thomas Moore, and on another occasion Barnes, the then sub-editor of the *Times* newspaper, "whose native taste, solid and clear," Leigh Hunt had recorded in a charming sonnet. Barnes had been a schoolfellow of Leigh Hunt's at Christ's Hospital: he was a man of sound ability, yet with a sense of the absurd and humorous; for Leigh Hunt told me that a foolish woman once asking Barnes whether he were fond of children, received the answer, "Yes, ma'am; boiled."

It was not until after Leigh Hunt left prison that my father saw him, and then but once. My father and I had gone to see Kean in "Timon of Athens," and as we sat together in the pit talking over the extraordinary vitality of the impersonation—the grandeur and poetry in Kean's indignant wrath, withering scorn, wild melancholy, embittered tone, and passionate despondency—Leigh Hunt joined us and desired me to present him to my father, who, after even the first few moments, found himself deeply enthralled by that bewitching spell of manner which characterised Leigh Hunt beyond any man I have ever known.

I cannot decidedly name the year when I was first made acquainted with the man whose memory I prize after that only of my own father. The reader will doubtless surmise that I am alluding to my father-in-law, the golden-hearted musician Vincent Novello. It was, I believe, at the lodging of Henry Robertson—a Treasury Office clerk, and the appointed accountant of Covent Garden Theatre. My introduction was so informal that it is not improbable my acquaintance with Leigh Hunt may have been known, and this produced so agreeable an interchange of courtesy that a day or two after, upon meeting Mr. Novello in Holborn, near Middle Row, I recollected having that day purchased a copy of Purcell's song in the "Tempest," "Full Fathom Five," and observing that the symphony had only the bass notes figured, I asked him to have the kindness to write the harmonies for me in the correct chords more legible to my limited knowledge of music. His immediate answer

was that he "would take it home with him;" and, with an unmistakable smile, he desired me to come for it on the morrow to 240, Oxford Street, where he then resided. This was the opening of the proudest and the happiest period of my existence. The glorious feasts of sacred music at the Portuguese Chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square, where Vincent Novello was organist, and introduced the masses of Mozart and Haydn for the first time in England, and where the noble old Gregorian hymn tunes and responses were chanted to perfection by a small but select choir drilled and cultivated by him; the exquisite evenings of Mozartian operatic and chamber music at Vincent Novello's own house, where Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, and the Lambs were invited guests; the brilliant supper-parties at the alternate dwellings of the Novellos, the Hunts, and the Lambs, who had mutually agreed that bread and cheese, with celery and Elia's immortalised "Lutheran beer," were to be the sole viands provided; the meetings at the theatre, when Munden, Downton, Liston, Bannister, Elliston, and Fanny Kelly were on the stage; and the pic-nic repasts enjoyed together by appointment in the fields that then lay spread in green breadth and luxuriance between the west end of Oxford Street and the western slope of Hampstead Hill—are things never to be forgotten. Vincent Novello fully shared my enthusiastic admiration for Leigh Hunt; and it was at the period of the poet-patriot's leaving prison that his friend the poetical musician asked Leigh Hunt to sit for his portrait to Wageman, the artist who was famed for taking excellent likenesses in pencil-sketch style. One of these pre-eminently good likenesses is a drawing made by Wageman of the Rev. William Victor Fryer, Head Chaplain to the Portuguese Embassy, to whom Vincent Novello's first published work—"A Collection of Sacred Music"—was dedicated, who stood god-father to Vincent Novello's eldest child, and who was not only a preacher of noted suavity and eloquence, but a man of elegant reading, refined taste, and most polished manners. The drawing (representing Mr. Fryer in his priest's robes, in the pulpit, with his hand raised, according to his wont when about to commence his sermon) is still in our possession, as is that of Leigh Hunt; the latter—a perfect resemblance of him as a young man, with his jet-black hair and his lustrous dark eyes, full of mingled sweetness, penetration, and ardour of thought, with exalted imagination—has for many years held its place by our bedside in company with the portraits of Keats, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Jerrold, Dickens, and some of our own lost and loved honoured ones, nearer and dearer still.

Vincent Novello had a mode of making even simplest every-day objects matter for pleasant entertainment and amusing instruction ; and the mention of the consentedly restricted viands of those ever-to-be-remembered supper meals, reminds me of an instance. As "bread-and-cheese" was the stipulated "only fare" on these occasions Vincent Novello (who knew Leigh Hunt's love for Italy and all things pertaining thereto) bethought him of introducing an Italian element into the British repasts, in the shape of Parmesan, a comparative rarity in those days. He accordingly took one of his children with him to an Italian warehouse kept by a certain Bassano, who formed a fitting representative of his race, renowned for well-cut features, rich facial colouring, and courteous manner. Even now the look of Signor Bassano, with his spare but curly dark hair, thin-chiseled nose, olive complexion, and well-bred demeanour, remains impressed on the memory of her who heard her father address the Italian in his own language and afterwards tell her of Italy and its beautiful scenery, of Italians and their personal beauty. She still can see the flasks labelled "finest Lucca oil" ranged in the shop, relative to which her father took the opportunity of feeding her fancy and mind with accounts of how the oil and even wine of that graceful country were mostly kept in flasks such as she then saw, with slender but strong handles of dried grassy fibre, and corked by morsels of snowy cotton-wool.

This "Lucca oil" made an element in the delicious fare provided for a certain open-air party and prepared by the hands of Mrs. Novello herself, consisting of a magnificently well-jellied meat-pie, cold roast lamb, and a salad, the conveyance of which to the spot where the assembly met was, considered to be a marvel of ingenious management ; a salad being a thing, till then, unheard of in the annals of picnic provision. The modest wines of orange and ginger—in the days when duty upon foreign importations amounted to prohibitory height—more than sufficed for quaffers who knew in books such vintages as Horace's Falernian, and Redi's Chianti and Montepulciano, whose intellectual palates were familiar with Milton's—

Wines of Setia, Cales and Falerne,
Chios, and Crete ;

or whose imaginations could thirst "for a beaker full of the warm South," and behold—

The true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth.

This memorable out-door revel originated in one of the Novello

children having the option given to her of celebrating her birthday by a treat of "going to the play," or "a day in the fields." After grave consideration and solemn consultation with her brothers and sisters, the latter was chosen, because the month was June and the weather transcendently beautiful. The large and happy party was to consist of the whole Novello family, Hunt family, and Gliddon family, who were to meet at an appointed hour in some charming meadows leading up to Hampstead. "The young Gliddons" were chiefly known to the young Novellos as surpassingly good dancers at their interchanged juvenile balls, and as superexcellently good rompers at their interchanged birthday parties; but one of the members of the family, George Gliddon, became celebrated in England for his erudition concerning Egyptian hieroglyphics, and in America for his lectures on this subject; while his son Charles has since made himself known by his designs for illustrated books. The children frolicked about the fields and had agile games among themselves, while their elders sat on the turf enjoying talk upon all kinds of gay and jest-provoking subjects. To add to the mirth of the meeting, Henry Robertson and I were asked to join them; both being favourites with the youngsters, both possessing the liveliest of spirits, and known to be famous promoters of fun and hilarity. To crown the pleasure Leigh Hunt, as he lay stretched on the grass, read out to the assembled group, old and young—or rather, growing and grown up—the Dogberry scenes from "Much Ado about Nothing," till the place rang with shouts and shrieks of laughter. Leigh Hunt's reading aloud was pre-eminently good. Varied in tone and inflection of voice, unstudied, natural, characteristic, full of a keen sense of the humour of the scenes and the wit of the dialogue, his dramatic reading was almost unequalled: and we can remember his perusal of the Sir Anthony Absolute scenes in Sheridan's "Rivals," and Foote's farce of "The Liar," as pieces of uproarious merriment. Even Dutton himself—and his acted impersonation of Sir Anthony was a piece of wonderful truth for towering wrath and irrational fury—hardly surpassed Leigh Hunt's reading of the part, so masterly a rendering was it of old-gentlemanly wilfulness and comedy-father whirlwind of raging tyranny. The underlying zest in roguery of gallantry and appreciation of beauty that mark old Absolute's character were delightfully indicated by Leigh Hunt's delicate as well as forcible mode of utterance, and carried his hearers along with him in a trance of excitement while he read.

Having referred to Mrs. Vincent Novello's long-famed meat-pie and salad, I will here "make recordation" of two skilled brew^{ers} ^{aga}

for which she was renowned: to wit, elder wine—racy, fragrant with spice, steaming with comfortable heat, served in taper glasses with accompanying rusks or slender slices of toasted bread—and foaming wassail-bowl, brought to table in right old English style, with roasted crab-apples (though these were held to be less good in reality than as a tribute to antique British usage): both elder wine and wassail-bowl excellently ministering to festive celebration at the Novellos' Christmas, New Year, and Twelfth Night parties. Mrs. Vincent Novello was a woman of Nature's noblest mould. Housewifely—nay, actively domestic in her daily duties, methodical to a nicety in all her home arrangements, nurse and instructress to her large family of children—she was nevertheless ever ready to sympathise with her husband's highest tastes, artistic and literary; to read to him when he returned home after a long day's teaching and required absolute rest, or to converse with him on subjects that occupied his eager and alert mind. Not only could she read and converse with spirit and brilliancy, but she wrote with much grace and fancy. At rarely-gained leisure moments her pen produced several tasteful Tales, instinct with poetic idea and romantic imagery. She had an elegant talent for verse, some of her lines having been set to music by her husband. She was godmother to Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, supplying him with the clue to the information which he embodied in the first motto to that periodical,* and suggesting the felicitous title which he adopted. Mrs. Novello contributed a paper to the *Indicator*, entitled "Holiday Children," and signed "An Old Boy"; also some papers to Leigh Hunt's *Tattler* and a large portion of a novel (in letters), which was left a fragment in consequence of this serial coming to an abrupt close. Perfectly did Mrs. Vincent Novello confirm the assertion that the most intellectual and cultivated women are frequently the most gentle, unassuming, and proficient housewives: for few of even her intimate friends were aware that she was an authoress, so perpetually was she found occupied with her husband and her children. Horace Twiss, who was acquainted with the Novellos and often visited them at their house

* "There is a bird in the interior of Africa whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairyland, but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognised, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food. This is the *Cuculus Indicator* of Linnæus, otherwise called the *Moroc*, *Bee Cuckoo*, or *Honey Bird*."

in Oxford Street, near Hyde Park, proclaimed himself a devoted admirer of Mary Sabilla Novello as the next among women to Mary Wolstonecraft, with whom he was notedly and avowedly "deeply smitten." He used to knock at the door, and, when it was opened, inquire whether he could see Mrs. Novello; while she, from the front-parlour—which was dedicated to the children's use as nursery and play-room—hearing his voice, and being generally too busy of a morning with them to receive visitors, would put her head forth from amid her young flock and call out to him, with a nod and a smile: "I'm not at home to-day, Mr. Twiss!" Upon which he would raise his hat and retire, declaring that she was more than ever adorable.

Over the low blind of that front-parlour and nursery playroom window the eldest of the young Novellos peeped on a certain afternoon to see pass into the street a distinguished guest whom she heard had been in the drawing-room upstairs to visit her parents. She watched for the opening of the street door, and then quickly climbed on to a chair that she might catch sight of the young poet spoken so highly and honouringly of by her father and mother—Percy Bysshe Shelley. She saw him move lightly down the two or three stone steps from the entrance, and as he went past the front of the house he suddenly looked up at it, revealing fully to view his beautiful poet-face, with its clear blue eyes surmounted by an aureole of gold-brown hair.

It was at Leigh Hunt's cottage in the Vale of Health, on Hampstead Heath, that I first met Shelley; and I remember our all three laughing at the simplicity of his imagining—in his ignorance of journals and journal construction—that Leigh Hunt wrote the whole of the *Examiner* himself—right through—"Money Markets," "Price of Coals," and all! On another occasion I recollect a very warm argument in favour of Monarchy upheld by Leigh Hunt and Coulson, and in favour of Republicanism by Shelley and Hazlitt.

Walter Coulson was editor of the *Globe* newspaper. He was a Cornish man; and these "pestilent knaves" of wits used to tease him about "The Giant Cormoran," some traditionary magnate of his native county whose prowess he was supposed to exaggerate. They nevertheless acknowledged Coulson to be almost boundless in his varied extent of knowledge, calling him "a walking Encyclopædia"; and once agreed that next time he came he should be asked three questions on widely different subjects, laying a wager that he would be sure to be able to give a satisfactory answer upon each and all—*which he did*. If my memory rightly serve me, the questions were

these:—The relative value of gold coin in India with sterling money? The mode of measuring the cubic feet contained in the timber of a tree? And some moot point of correctness in one of the passages from an ancient classic poet.

It was on a bright afternoon in the early days of my visits to Leigh Hunt at the Vale of Health that the now "old couple"—who are indebted to the reader for his kind attention to their "Recollections"—first saw each other. Had some prescient spirit whispered in the ear of each in turn:—"You see your future wife!" and "That is your future husband!" the prediction would have seemed passing strange. I was in the fresh flush of proud and happy friendship with such men as Leigh Hunt and those whom I met at his house, thoroughly absorbed in the intellectual treats I thus constantly enjoyed: while she was a little girl brought by her parents for a day's run on the Heath with the Hunt children, thinking that "Charles Clarke"—as she heard him called—was "a good-natured gentleman," because, when evening came and there was a proposal for her staying on a few days at Hampstead, he threw in a confirmatory word by saying: "Do let her stay, Mrs. Novello; the air of the Heath has already brought more roses into her cheeks than were there a few hours ago."

It must have been a full decade after our first meeting that we began to think of each other with any feeling of deeper preference: and during those ten years much that profoundly interested me took place; while events occurred that carried me away from London and literary associates. When my father retired from the school at Enfield, he went to live in the Isle of Thanet, taking a house at Ramsgate; where he and my mother had frequently before made pleasant sea-side sojourns during "the holidays." Here my younger sister and myself dwelt with our parents for a somewhat long period; and it was while we were at Ramsgate that I remember hearing of Charles Lamb and his sister being at Margate for a "sea change," and I went over to see them. It seems as if it were but yesterday that I noted his eager way of telling me about an extraordinarily large whale that had been captured there, of its having created lively interest in the place, of its having been conveyed away in a strong cart, on which it lay a huge mass of colossal height; when he added with one of his sudden droll penetrating glances:—The *eye* has just gone past our window.

I was at Ramsgate when Leigh Hunt started the "Literary Pocket-Book," asking his friends for prose and verse contributions to that portion of *its contents* which was to form one of *its*

distinguishing characteristics from hitherto published pocket-books. I was among those to whom he applied; and it was with no small elation that I found myself for the first time in print under the wing of Leigh Hunt. The work appeared in red morocco case for four consecutive years, 1819, '20, '21, and '22, in the second of which he put No. I. of "Walks round London," where I described my favourite haunts to the south-west of Enfield, and contributed a small verse-piece entitled "On Visiting a Beautiful Little Dell near Margate," both signed with my initials. Under various signatures of Greek characters and Roman capitals, Shelley, Keats, Procter ("Bary Cornwall"), Charles Ollier, and others, together with Leigh Hunt himself, contributed short poems and brief prose pieces to the "Literary Pocket-Book"; so that I ventured forth into the world of letters in most "worshipful society."

Leigh Hunt afterwards paid me a visit at Ramsgate, when the ship in which he and his family were sailing for Italy put into the harbour from stress of weather; and it was on this occasion that my mother—who had long witnessed my own and my father's enthusiasm for Leigh Hunt, but had never much shared it, not having seen him—now at once understood the fascination he exercised over those who came into personal communion with him. "He is a gentleman, a perfect gentleman, Charles! He is irresistible!" was her first exclamation to me, when he had left us.

Another visitor made his appearance at Ramsgate, giving me vivid but short-lived delight. Vincent Novello, whose health had received a severe shock in losing a favourite boy, Sydney, was advised to try what a complete change would do towards restoration, and he came down with the intention of staying a few days; but, finding that some old friends of my father and mother were on a visit to us, his habitual shyness of strangers took possession of him, and he returned to town having scarcely more than shaken hands with me.

Not long after that, anguish kindred to his assailed me. In the December of 1820 I lost my revered and beloved father; and in the February of 1821 my friend and schoolfellow John Keats died.

It was in the summer of this last-named year that I first beheld Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was on the East Cliff at Ramsgate. He was contemplating the sea under its most attractive aspect: in a dazzling sun, with sailing clouds that drew their purple shadows over its bright green floor, and a merry breeze of sufficient prevalence to emboss each wave with a silvery foam. He might possibly have composed upon the occasion one of the most philosophical, and at *the same time* most enchanting, of his fugitive reflections, which he

entitled "Youth and Age"; for in it he speaks of "airy cliffs
glittering sands," and—

Of those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide.

When he had no companion, I desired to pay my respects to one of the
most extraordinary—and, indeed, in his department of genius, *the*
most extraordinary man of his age. And being possessed of a
wisdom for securing his consideration, I introduced myself as a
friend and admirer of Charles Lamb. This pass-word was sufficient,
and I found him immediately talking to me in the bland and frank
tones of a standing acquaintance. A poor girl had that morning
thrown herself from the pier-head in a pang of despair, from having
been betrayed by a villain. He alluded to the event, and went on
to denounce the morality of the age that will hound from the com-
munity the reputed weaker subject, and continue to receive him who
has wronged her. He agreed with me that that question never will
be adjusted but by the women themselves. Justice will continue in
abeyance so long as they visit with severity the errors of their own
sex and tolerate those of ours. He then diverged to the great
mysteries of life and death, and branched away to the sublimer
question—the immortality of the soul. Here he spread the sail-broad
vans of his wonderful imagination, and soared away with an eagle-
flight, and with an eagle-eye too, compassing the effulgence of his
great argument, ever and anon stooping within my own sparrow's
range, and then glancing away again, and careering through the
trackless fields of etherial metaphysics. And thus he continued for
an hour and a half, never pausing for an instant except to catch his
breath (which, in the heat of his teeming mind, he did like a school-
boy repeating by rote his task), and gave utterance to some of the
grandest thoughts I ever heard from the mouth of man. His ideas,
embodied in words of purest eloquence, flew about my ears like
drifts of snow. He was like a cataract filling and rushing over my
penny-phial capacity. I could only gasp and bow my head in
acknowledgment. He required from me nothing more than the
simple recognition of his discourse; and so he went on like a steam-
engine—I keeping the machine oiled with my looks of pleasure, while
he supplied the fuel; and that, upon the same theme too, would have
lasted till now. What would I have given for a short-hand report of
that speech! And such was the habit of this wonderful man.
Like the old peripatetic philosophers, he walked about, prodigally

scattering wisdom, and leaving it to the winds of chance to waik the seeds into a genial soil.

My first suspicion of his being at Ramsgate had arisen from my mother observing that she had heard an elderly gentleman in the public library, who looked like a Dissenting minister, talking as she never heard man talk. Like his own "Ancient Mariner," when he had once fixed your eye he held you spell-bound, and you were constrained to listen to his tale; you must have been more powerful than he to have broken the charm; and I know no man worthy to do that. He did indeed answer to my conception of a man of genius, for his mind flowed on "like to the Pontick sea," that "ne'er feels retiring ebb." It was always ready for action; like the hare, it slept with its eyes open. He would at any given moment range from the subtlest and most abstruse question in metaphysics to the architectural beauty in contrivance of a flower of the field; and the gorgeousness of his imagery would increase and dilate and flash forth such coruscations of similes and startling theories that one was in a perpetual aurora borealis of fancy. As Hazlitt once said of him, "He would talk on for ever, and you wished him to talk on for ever. His thoughts never seemed to come with labour or effort, but as if borne on the gusts of Genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him off his feet." This is as truly as poetically described. He would not only illustrate a theory or an argument with a sustained and superb figure, but in pursuing the current of his thought he would bubble up with a sparkle of fancy so fleet and brilliant that the attention, though startled and arrested, was not broken. He would throw these into the stream of his argument, as waifs and strays. Notwithstanding his wealth of language and prodigious power in amplification, no one, I think (unless it were Shakespeare or Bacon), possessed with himself equal power of condensation. He would frequently comprise the elements of a noble theorem in two or three words; and, like the genuine offspring of a poet's brain, it always came forth in a golden halo. I remember once, in discoursing upon the architecture of the Middle Ages, he reduced the Gothic structure into a magnificent abstraction—and in two words. "A Gothic cathedral," he said, "is like a petrified religion."

In his prose, as well as in his poetry, Coleridge's comparisons are almost uniformly short and unostentatious; and not on that account the less forcible: they are scriptural in character; indeed it would be *difficult to find one more apt to the purpose than that which he has used; and yet it always appears to be unpremeditated. Here is*


random example of what I mean : it is an unimportant one, but it serves for a casual illustration of his force in comparison. It is the last line in that strange and impressive fragment in prose, "The wanderings of Cain"—"And they three passed over the white sands, and between the rocks, silent as their shadows." It will be difficult, I think, to find a stronger image than that, to convey the idea of the utter negation of sound, with motion.

Like all men of genius, and with the gift of eloquence, Coleridge had a power and subtlety in interpretation that would persuade an ordinary listener against the conviction of his senses. It has been said of him that he could persuade a Christian he was a Platonist, a Deist that he was a Christian, and an Atheist that he believed in a God. The Preface to his Ode of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," wherein he labours to show that Pitt the Prime Minister was *not* the object of his invective at the time of his composing that famous war-eclogue, is at once a triumphant specimen of his talent for special pleading and ingenuity in sophistication.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

BY SPECTAVI.

“HAT strikes you as most wonderful at Versailles?” asked Louis Quatorze of the Venetian Doge. “To find myself here,” was the reply.

So, to see the Geographical Exhibition where it is, is not the least striking of its many curious features. It occupies the Pavillon Flora, which, built for the Prince Imperial's habitation, was being decorated when the war with Prussia broke out; and it fills all the waterside galleries of the Louvre, between the Tuileries and the hall where the collection of old French masters is deposited. The Geographical Congress holds its sittings in the Salle des Etats, sacred half a dozen years ago to the great bodies of the State. It was there that an Emperor supposed to be all-powerful opened his Parliaments with imposing pomp and ceremony, in the presence of all the superior functionaries of the divers branches of his administration. Every brilliant as well as every solid element of French civilisation was represented at these meetings, at which the sex excluded by the Salic law from reigning appeared triumphant in native and borrowed charms, and came armed *cap-à-pie* for conquest. Mars, who took a leading part in the ceremonial, was superb, and Venus was irresistible. The allegory painted on the ceiling was brought down into the life of the nation in the splendid pageant below. The Emperor now sleeps in a country church in Kent, to which he passed from the gilded prison of Wilhelmshoe. His wife, who, with the bevy of fair ladies painted by Winterhalter, and the princesses of the Bonaparte family, was a central object in the Salle des Etats, lives in a quiet English manor, into which the tempests of war and revolution tossed her. The boy before whom courtiers bowed low as he advanced at the head of a military household to his place beside the throne, serves as a sub-lieutenant in an artillery regiment of Queen Victoria. There is no more trace of the Senate and Corps Législatif than if they never existed. One of the marshals who stood near the throne at the last opening of the Imperial Parliament was condemned to death for his unsoldierly surrender of the maiden fortress of Metz, and now drags on an obscure existence in a foreign

Another is the septennial Sovereign of Republican France, in such capacity he some days ago inspected the Cartographic Commission of the War Office in the Salle des Etats. Learned geographers assemble on the platform where the Imperial throne stood so firmly planted. The green curtain, with the Carlovingian scene that formed a background to the French Cæsar, and to the soldiers, the warriors, and the chamberlains grouped around him, is assigned to the Garde Meuble, a sort of pantechnicon for official page accessories and palatial furniture.

Instead of the swarm of gilded insects there are now three maps of France. The central one is a cartographic giant, being fourteen feet by nine, and composed of 280 sheets. This map, which is in simple black and white, is a very much revised and corrected edition of the one used in the last war by the *général*, and which was found, whenever it was taken as a guide, to be misleading. The new edition is said to rival in precision those found in the knapsacks of Prussian war prisoners, which materially assisted the French military engineers in their revisionary labour. The two flanking charts represent the routes and water-courses of France, and are also contributed by the Minister of War. Strictly speaking, they do not come under the heading of curiosities.

Taking the Salle des Etats for a starting-point in the search after the curious things of the Exhibition, not far from the platform I find the section of the "Topographical Commission of Gaul." Of Gaul, the vigorous and gay mother of the French nation, we knew scarcely anything twenty years ago beyond what Julius Cæsar and some other Latin authors told us. Our knowledge is much increased through this learned body, who have disinterred a rich collection of Gallic remains, and notably of inscriptions.

The most ancient document in the Exhibition is the stone tabulet of Claudius Cæsar, discovered in digging the foundations of a house at Lyons, giving the speech in which that Emperor demanded of the Roman Senate the admission of some Gallic chiefs among them. Roman patricians fetched their cooks and hairdressers from Gaul. The culinary utensils, the combs, and the rude portraits carved on weapons and stone slabs, show from which side of the house the French derive their culinary genius and skill in capillary adornment.

Wordsworth's profound saying, "The child is father of the man," is borne out in this group of curiosities. The Gaul loved war, the fair sex, the refinements of the table, and liked to shut his eyes to disagreeable truths. His sympathy with the gladsome kid and

gentle lamb induced him to mask their flesh (which the Frank did not recoil from eating in its crude state) in ragout. The bronze stewpan was invented by him at a very early stage of his progress from the savage to the barbarous condition. The Gallic race in its very infancy renounced anthropophagy. Its veneration for the dead, as shown in the coffins and the treasures placed in them, indicates a delicacy of sentiment rarely found among savages. MM. Littré and Henri Martin are assiduous visitors of this interesting section of the Exhibition, in which they find evidence to corroborate some ethnological theories they advance in their works. The former is inimical to the Frank, "against whose pernicious influence" he deems the Revolution to have been a just revolt. A human skull mounted as a drinking cup, which is displayed elsewhere, shows how profoundly different from each other were the affinities of the two races. This utensil is Gothic, of the Pagan era, when warriors believed their souls went to the Walhalla. M. Henri Martin is a philo-Druid and rejoices to find unconscious witnesses to the public and private virtues which grew up under the shelter of the dolmen. "The Topographical Commission of Gaul" opens a vista on the Gallo-Roman civilisation which was splendidly brilliant up to the fifth century. A high tide of barbarism then came to submerge what classic Paganism and the Druids had constructed. While the flood lasted feeble tapers glimmered in the monasteries. But art and science led in these places of refuge an unnatural existence, like plants cooped up in a cellar, or, as an ancient geographer represented, the beasts which were confined in Noah's Ark. An old bachelor impress is stamped on the works of the monks, who caressed some very quaint geographical vagaries. The desert into which the mystical woman of the Revelations fled was a favourite subject of conventual topographers, some of whom placed it in Libya, others in Upper Egypt, others at the foot of Mount Sinah, and an Alsatian monk in Scythia. They also laboriously drew maps of the lands on which the Seven Vials will be poured, and plans of the New Jerusalem. Marginal illustrations helped to explain the idea uppermost in the mind of the topographer, whose charts were rich in images drawn in the Byzantine style.

And here let me notice the predominance of Byzantium in pictorial art during the dark ages. The Catholic Church took much more from the Greek of the Lower Empire than she is aware of. The section of the "Dépôt de la Guerre" or War Department has a superb collection of ancient maps and geographical instruments, a

great many of which were picked up in the "military promenades abroad" of the French kings and the First Napoleon. The sixteenth century *portulans* outrival the missals of that period in the beauty of their marginal illustrations. The breath of the Renaissance was then passing over Europe, and giving tone and colour to the flowers of the human soul which had lain for ten centuries in monastic cellars. The word Shakespearian will give English readers a fitting idea of the rich exuberance of fancy and at the same time the truthful observance of reality distinguishing these rare works. William le Testu's "Universal Geography" is perhaps the most remarkable of the *portulans* or atlases of his day.

Who was William le Testu? The prefix to his name shows he was of Gallic origin. The Gauls, making personal distinction the source of honour, adopted as their nobiliary prefix the "le" or "the" in contradistinction to the Frankish "de" or "von," or "of," which showed that greatness was derived from land. "Testu" is the Rabelaisian way of spelling *tétu*, or obstinate, so that William the Geographer probably derived his name from the tenacity of his character. In the dedicatory letter to Admiral de Coligny there are indications that he belonged to the faith which came in with the new learning, and to which the admiral's life did honour. By profession he was "a pilot in the Sea of Ponent, of the French town of Havre de Grâce, and he had travelled in many of the countries and sailed in many of the oceans he represented in his atlas, which by the Lord's permission he terminated on April 5, 1553, three days before the holy feast of Christ's Resurrection." An erudite man was the pilot Le Testu. "A portion of his cosmogony is according to the ancient and modern navigators, whose mistakes he carefully rectified."

The School of living Oriental Tongues, which has also erected a temporary domicile in the Salle des Etats, possesses and exhibits a series of maps, published in Turkey, China, and Japan, and a rich collection of Arab, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, and Turkish manuscripts. "The Acts of Buddha's Apostles," assisted by the beasts, the fowls, and the fishes, come within the geographical category. In the private museum of M. Cernuschi there is a series of very ancient bronzes taken out of a Japanese temple during the revolution at Yeddo in 1872, representing these missionaries and their humble auxiliaries setting out on their travels by land, by sea, and by air. A Chinese map of the Mahometan world deserves to be ranked among the curiosities of the Exhibition. The Chinese names have Arab duplicates. Mekke and the Kaaba are represented as occupying the centre of the globe, and the other holy cities and

sanctuaries are arbitrarily placed, like a necklace, round them. There is a picture, the perspective of which is racy of the Flowery Land, of the Kaaba or temple in which, according to the Moslem tradition, Abraham and Ishmael recited their prayers. The gate with the golden ornaments, the black stone Mahomet kissed, and the black silk awning on which verses of the Koran are embroidered, are minutely reproduced. Moltke learned the art of war in the Sultan's service. Remembering this, one should not be surprised to find with what perfection the Turkish Etat-Major mapped in the 1264th year of the Hegira (1849) and the ensuing decade, the territory between Bagdad and Mossoul, the Gulf of Bassorah, the Black Sea, Asia Minor, and the Danubian Provinces.

The city of Paris exhibits maps of France drawn by Germain Isayau in 1552, for the Hotel de Ville, and by François Quesnel in 1609. Curiosities are numerous in the department of Public Instruction. Catherine de Medici had a notable taste for astronomy and geography. There was a material link, she knew, between the terrestrial and the sidereal bodies, whose movements she studied to find out the more occult one which astrology assumes. She gave a strong impulsion to geographical studies. The charts of her time are set round with medallion portraits of "la Royne Mère Catherine," "la Royne Marie" (of Scotland), "la Royne Elizabeth" (Philip II.'s consort), "la Royne Margot" (of Navarre, Brantome's Queen of Beauty), and the puny but murderous-minded princes of the last generation of the House of Valois.

The hand of Richelieu is apparent in the seventeenth century maps. He found France a loosely hung together State, and he welded its provinces into a compact nation. Violence was not his only means of centralising power. Here is a map of the posting stages of France, as regulated by King Louis the Just, so called because he was born under the sign of Libra the Balance. The Cardinal had also maps drawn of the Parliamentary jurisdictions and ecclesiastical holdings of the kingdom. Had his life been prolonged, we may assume that he would have anticipated the fiscal reforms of 1789. It is more than probable that he directed topographers to show diligence and care in marking the territorial wealth of the clergy, as a preparatory step towards taxing them. Under Louis Quatorze topography was divorced from fine art. Marginal *conceits* disappear, save in the corner reserved for the dedication, where allegorical women in the Lebrun style are given a place and function. The chart was simply a chart in "Jock Law's" financial reign, under which a tremendous impulsion was given to colonial enterprise. During the Regency of

ke of Orleans, and the reign of Louis XV., the French showed
ring aptitudes which have since to all appearance died out.
missionaries explored and surveyed the St. Lawrence, the great
and the valley of the Mississippi down to the Gulf of Mexico.
established stations, marked the sites of towns, and headed
s of Norman and Breton colonists. About the time the battle of
enoy was fought, France was the foremost transatlantic Power,
stood between the thirteen Eastern States of British origin and
Far West. Simultaneously, the French East India Company
outed with the English for the empire of the Moguls. Their
guine hopes of success found a topographical expression in maps of
es and emporiums, the only one of which that ever became a reality
ing Lorient. Mahé de la Bourdonnais' maps of the Coromandel
ast, which he drew in the Bastille with coffee grounds and lamp-
ack on pocket handkerchiefs steeped in brandy, are the obverse of
he medal. That gallant officer in these maps demonstrated to the
King the difficulties he had to contend with, and the reasons of his
defeat.

Before quitting the Salle des Etats to enter the Galerie des Fastes,
or new ballroom of the Louvre, the visitor is arrested in his passage
by the unique collection of Malay art formed by M. F. Van-den-
Brœck in the Indian Archipelago. A series of strange, wonderful,
and fantastic divinities hard to describe—terms of comparison being
wanting—arrests his attention. If they came from Mars, or Mercury,
they could not be more foreign to all his previous notions. On
seeing them one instinctively doubts the unity of the human race.
Religion is the synthesis of the law, politics, art, and philosophy of a
nation. The brain of Malay legists, sages, artists, and politicians
must be constructed on a radically different plan from that of the
European. Those astonishing images present a lively ethnological
interest. They are the last vestiges of the Buddhist worship in the
Indian Archipelago.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century the priests of Buddha
fled from before the Arab invaders of Java to the Isle of Bâli, which
became the sanctuary of their religion. This island was conquered
by the Dutch in 1845, and the town of Beliling was sacked. A rich
Batavian, M. F. Van-den-Brœck, a direct descendant of Peter Van-
den-Brock, who defended from 1619 to 1628 Batavia against the
Sultan of Bantam, was allowed in the loot to carry off all the gods
found in the temples and the palaces. He subsequently devoted
twelve whole years to searching for ethnographic remains in Java, in
Bâli, and the Malacca Peninsula. Above the statues of the

divinities figure trophies charged with arms of curious shape and workmanship. We have here the whole arsenal of a warlike people refined in cruelty. These weapons, however, are of comparatively modern date and were not manufactured for the worshippers of the mild Buddha. Perhaps the most ancient thing in the Van-den-Broeck collection is the four-fold painting on cotton, corresponding to the quadruple or cruciform head of Buddha, which was found under an altar in an hermetically closed jade vessel. They are intensely animated pictures illustrative of the metamorphoses, the Hindoo divinities, and of the two great heroes of the Buddhist mythology—Brahta-Jouda and Paujisno-Herta-Patti. The most noteworthy of these illustrations is the one representing Vishnou disguised as a warrior and pierced with darts which, impotent to wound his immortal principle, recoil upon his infuriated enemies.

Boselli exhibits in the Salle des Fastes a map of the world, painted by order of Henri II. of France, on parchment; another by Gerard Mercator, dated 1569, the chart of Sebastian Cabot, "Pilot Major of Charles V.;" and the portrait of Columbus, found at Vicenza by M. Jomard. Pinto's log-book is in another collection, if the word log-book can be applied to the irregular jottings of that navigator, in which he as often describes the condition of his mind, his hopes, fears, and pious aspirations, as the state of the Atlantic. From the Salle des Fastes let us pass into the Austro-Hungarian department, whose statistical side is very remarkable. Here is a mine of antiquarian wealth. An atlas of fourteen pages is the work of Philip II., one of the most learned geographers of the sixteenth century. He had for his master the Portuguese navigator Santa Cruz Bordone, in his portrait of Philip at the age of twelve, represents him as being absorbed in the study of a terrestrial globe, which he grasps in his right hand. The atlas which he drew is adorned with exquisite miniature paintings, some of which are of capital interest. On the first page the royal geographer is represented receiving from the hands of God a globe on which he is to trace the continents and oceans. The third page has a likeness of the Emperor Charles V. holding the thunderbolts of Jupiter, which he is going to hurl down upon France.

Herr Spitzer of Vienna furnishes a collection of ancient clocks, dials, compasses, moveable calendars, and astronomical instruments of priceless value. One of the clocks was made for the Moorish Prince who built the Alhambra. Marvellous is the workmanship of these objects. The most modern is a timepiece ordered of Nicolet and Ollivier of Paris, by Joseph II., for the University of

Weimar. A pedometer made for Ferdinand, brother of Charles V., shows this instrument not to be of modern invention.

The Belgians were the first to carry out, in 1871, the idea of an international geographical congress and exhibition. Their saloon is well stored with geographical curiosities. The Royal Library of Brussels has entrusted some of its rarest maps and manuscripts to the French Government. I have only time to mention the autograph report made by Godinho de Heredia to Philip III., in 1613, informing him of the discovery he made in 1601 of the Southern Indies, now thought to be the New Zealand isles. Appended to this report is a vigorous sketch, which fixes itself upon the memory, of St. Francis Xavier, the great Indian missionary of the Jesuits.

Colonel Versteegs, a noted traveller and antiquarian, organised the Dutch department. I greatly regret the narrow limits of this article will not admit of a detailed notice of his researches in the Indian and Malay Archipelagoes, and of his photographs of the ruined Buddhist temples there. The colonel exhibits a set of marionettes of painted and gilded leather, of fantastic aspect and quaint workmanship. They were employed in the ancient theatres of Java to represent the mysteries of the Brahminical religion, and sent to Europe to be presented to "Mary Stuart, Princess of Orange." Which of the Marys was the recipient I cannot precisely make out. But as some masks of similar fabrication were brought from Batavia to Amsterdam in 1688, for presentation to the gentle consort of William III., the puppets were presumably intended for her. The King Charles dog was first imported to the Hague from Japan, for her mother-in-law, another princess of England. We owe many things to Holland. Cleanliness might not have been a national virtue had our metropolis arisen on the banks of the Severn, instead of on the Thames, which empties itself into the German Ocean, opposite the Dutch coast. The cavaliers and their merry leader picked up a taste for science when exiles in Dykedom, where engineering and geography were more advanced in the beginning of the seventeenth century than in any other part of Europe. The germ of the Royal Society was laid at the Hague, at the time when Swammerdam was studying the marvels of the world laid open by the microscope. Cornelius Meyer, a Dutchman, in 1678 anticipated Garibaldi's plan for draining the Pontine marshes by a navigable canal from the Tiber, near Rome, to the sea at Ostia. A *memoir of his* with thirteen explanatory maps, "*Sul modo di render il Tevere navigabile e paludi Pontine,*" is exhibited in the Louvre. The sixteenth and seventeenth century atlases of Holland

have a quaintly "Knickerbocker" physiognomy. Rolling Dutch ships plough every sea. The Low Countries sent out at that epoch their mariners in search of condiments for warming drinks, to the farthest points of the globe. Not being then much addicted to emigrate, the American continent did not fascinate them. Oronius Finæus in 1532 represented it in his maps to be a land of ferocious savages armed with clubs and poisoned darts, infested with griffins and homicidally disposed elephants. South America is a strip of land not bigger than the Californian peninsula, and the Bermooths a haunt of dangerous sirens.

The Dutch paradise was Cathay, where the "peper" shrub stood in the place of the familiar ivy, and in the *intra* and *extra Gangem* Indies, the first of which they confounded with Siam. The courses of winds were carefully studied by them. Stars representing the compass are broadcast upon the surface of the ocean in the queer old charts of which Colonel Versteegs is the guardian, and with young Eoluses, whose cheeks are inflated to bursting point. The geographer Antoni Zoon proclaimed, in 1544, Amsterdam, the first city of Holland, to be "the emporium *totius Europæ*, and the Queen of the New World, the discovery of which was delayed by Providence until the Dutch had peopled Holland and begun to feel the want of ague-killing spices." But his patriotism does not prevent him from rendering justice to "*Lutetia Parisiorum urbs*, capital of the French kingdom, and in the whole world most celebrated and renowned" in a kind of bird's-eye map of Paris and its environs. The streets and public buildings of the French capital and the numerous villages, now among the busiest quarters of Paris, are numbered. Three hundred duplicates of the numbers with names corresponding are at the foot of the map, and eight figures representing the King, Queen, and three estates, namely: the noble and his wife, the burgher and his wife, and the serf, or *manant*, and his female—who was only a woman in the eyes of the Church. Though neatly dressed she is bowed to earth with the faggot she bears strapped on her shoulder, and the pails of water she carries in her hands. Not less remarkable is a plan of Hamburg, dated the year in which Charles I. was beheaded, and set round with seventy-four armorial bearings of senators and town councillors. Two female figures, which Rubens might have painted, representing Peace and Concord, unite to pour plenty into the barge-crowded water-ways of the Hanseatic town. In a pleasure-ground without the city walls, fat burghers and *burgesses* promenade with staid gravity among sheep and cows. A four-horse vehicle, unmistakably an omnibus, takes up passengers. In

central avenue. Adrian Gerritz, the celebrated "pilot-instructor of Amsterdam," shows in a pictorial chart dedicated to Prince Maurice of Nassau the dangerous passes of the sea from east to west. Lucas Jantz composed for the same prince his "Mirror of Navigation in the Western Seas." It was the first maritime atlas ever published, and contains twenty-three maps engraved by Jan Deutour, who also engraved Claetz's bird's-eye views of the isles, dykes, and coasts of Holland. I have no doubt the legend of "the Flying Dutchman" originated in the seventeenth century Amsterdam charts, which are studded with tub-shaped three-masters scudding before the wind in pursuit of warming spices.

Russia does not exhibit many curiosities. But the few she shows are worth taking a journey to see. The Khivan regalia admit of a comparison with the jewelled horse-furniture of the Shah of Persia. They are barbarously splendid. The Russian gentleman charged with explaining to the French public the resources of Central Asia calls attention to the heavy nose rings they comprise as being evidence of an almost savage state of society. A jewel stuck in the nasal cartilage implies indifference to speech—that noblest instrument of the mind and of social progress.

The Czar has shown a marked desire for his vast empire to come out well at the Geographical Exhibition. The heads of nearly every branch of his Administration, the governors of provinces, and the learned societies of St. Petersburg were stimulated by him to aid in presenting advantageously the Muscovite Giant to the Western World. A ponderous volume might be easily filled about the Russian branch of the Geographical Exhibition, to patronise which the Grand Duke Constantine has been sent to Paris. There are thousands of photographic views of Lapland, Siberia, the banks of the Amour, the shores of the Caspian, and of Bokhara; water-colour sketches, herbariums, specimens of minerals, and almost an army of coloured statuettes in biscuit pottery, showing the immense variety of peoples over whom Alexander reigns. Bibliophiles and amateurs of curious manuscripts will find much to interest them in the Russian Ethnographic division. Amongst other things a plan of Moscow in 1606 occurs to me. It was drawn by a Muscovite boyard, and engraved by Isaac Mana, the geographer. The solemn entry of Marina Isinizeck, fiancée of the false Demetrius, is one of its pictorial features. The power that shapes the ends of peoples, rough hew them as politicians may, is startlingly apparent in the Russian section of the Exhibition. England and France, in their attempt to weaken Russia in the Black Sea, awoke her to a consciousness of her power,

and unintentionally aided in the Asiatic evolution of which the capture of the Khivan treasure and the annexation of the Sakhalian coal measures of Japan are incidents. She now aspires to be a great industrial as well as manufacturing Power. Expeditions are sent out in all directions to survey her mineral wealth.

"They have struck oil" in the Valley of the Oxus. That great manufacturing agent—coal—has extensively been laid up by nature in accessible places near sea coasts and along navigable rivers. The centripetal force holding together this huge empire is strong. The Czars, whatever their faults may be, have been, since the accession of Peter the Great, zealous promoters of the national greatness. The four Czarinas—Catherine I., Elizabeth, Anne, and Catherine II.—who succeeded each other, were animated by a noble passion for the public weal, which, in the eyes of their subjects, redeemed their coarse lusts and cruelty. Anne, of Ice Palace celebrity, had soundings of the Baltic taken. She was the especial patroness of marine hydrography. The last Catherine brought her empire into direct communication with the West, and pushed its boundaries down to the Crimean Khanat.

Will her grandson still further push them southward both in Europe and Asia? Curious indications are given in the Geographical Exhibition that Russia instinctively gravitates towards the Bosphorus and the Himalayas. The recoiling wave eastward of the Slavonic people, which bears on its crest the Romanoff double-headed eagle, has not yet reached its climax. A natural break-water is silently, perhaps, arising in Europe to stop its course south, in the vigorous and intelligent Greek people, which diplomacy so unwisely penned up in Athens. The future obstacle in Asia has yet to show itself. It may be found in the England of the East—merry Japan. That curiously original country is represented at the Geographical Congress by a young *savant* versed in all the science of the Europeans, and two sets of maps, one of which stood in lieu of a Doomsday Book, and established the limits of the Mikado's estates. The other set is modern, and was drawn under the supervision of a German topographer, who emigrated to Yokohama from America.

WALTON'S RIVER.

BY "RED SPINNER."

ISAIAH WALTON, we may venture an easy guess, was a good fellow at business. Out of his man-millinery and linen-draperies establishments he contrived to secure a competency that enabled him—lucky individual!—to retire from trade at the age of fifty and exchange the yard measure for the fishing-rod. In his business habits, it may have been noticed by readers of his life, he carried with him into his recreations. All his fishing is methodically. When he sets out upon an expedition, meaning an expedition towards Ware, he is not tempted—as some of us, and generally at our cost, weak-mindedly persuade ourselves to do—to dally by the bank and waste time in purposeless fishing. Up Tottenham Hill he goes, delivering that wonderful lecture upon all manner of subjects to his chance companions, nor sounds a halt until Venator, the otter-tracker, in pursuance of a fell resolution made at starting to quaff his morning liquor at Hoddesdon, suggests a call at the Thatched House at the quaint Hertfordshire town.

The conversation of that memorable trio was, you may remember, in the style of the lights of the period, very learned, very moral, and very pleasing of gentleness and peace. Beginning with the subject of the day, the discourse turned upon Montaigne, on cats; the habits of the cat upon which Auceps, the hawker, held forth energetically and earnestly, but, as modern ornithologists teach us, erroneously; upon the earth as a feeding ground for beasts, as portrayed by Venator in the fable of hunting *versus* angling; upon water, "the eldest daughter of the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly,"—for so said Piscator in his eloquent harangue upon the subject of fish from the days of Moses downwards; upon Florence, the tomb of Virgil, and the humble house in which St. Francis was content to dwell; and never forgetting Walton's triumphant declaration, "I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have made a man to a fish, but never to a beast: that He hath made a whale a man to carry, and set His prophet Jonah safe on the appointed day." Then came the bold suggestion that if Belus, "the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations," was not the discoverer of angling, it was Seth, the son of Adam, who taught the delights of

rod and line to his children, and the equally daring hint that the patriarch Job and the prophet Amos were, if I may without irreverence put it so, the crack anglers of their day; the poetical contemplations of Du Bartas, upon whose authority we have it that a certain fish called the sargus was wont, after playing "Don Giovanni" amongst his own kind, to flirt wickedly with the "she-goats on the grassy shore"; and many passing remarks about Thracian women and turtle-doves, the fish-pools of Heshbon and the piscatorial adventures of Mark Antony and Cleopatra. Having this inexhaustible conversation before me, I should say, were I allowed the privilege of a private opinion, that these pleasant wayfarers were quite ready for their cup of drink when they at last reached the village hostel. We smile almost as a matter of course at these Waltonian dialogues, for we are appallingly smart in these days. Yet it is an appetising picture—these three men going to their respective amusements along the high road "on a bright May morning long ago," and with zest enjoying each other's company, the scenery, the anticipations of sport, and exchanging notes upon men and things with a beautiful old-fashioned simplicity and courtesy. Let us accept it, at any rate, as a picture of the Lea angler and his method in that middle period of the seventeenth century.

The Lea angler of the present day takes a return ticket at the Bishopsgate Railway Station, and is rarely to be seen marching along the high road. Walton's river represents the East End angler's paradise, and special privileges are granted to him by the Great Eastern Railway Company. The Sabbatarian who is at all sensitive respecting the observance of the Lord's Day had better not take his Sunday walk upon the banks of the Lea when the East End clubs are out on the war-path. The style in which these humble brethren of the angle charge the ticket-office at Bishopsgate Station is a sight never to be forgotten. Tired with a week's toil, and many of them with honest workshop stains still tinting their noble brows, 'prentice lads and adult journeymen by the hundred rush in, laden with rods and baskets, so eager for the fray that they forego their night's rest in order to catch the midnight train that takes them to Lea-side. When the grey mists of early morning are hanging over the meadows you might possibly observe a few couples plodding towards Tottenham from some Bethnal Green bye-lane, where overnight they had carefully boiled the rice or wheat which now forms part of the pack which they bear. Literally they are too poor to spare sixpence upon railway travelling; but it cannot in any wise be said of them that

Chill penury repressed their angling rage
And froze the roaching current of their soul.

The "residuum" of the Lea anglers are, it must be meekly confessed, a trifle rough in language and in demeanour. They employ figurative speech. Even in Walton's time there were swearers on the Lea; the breed has been perpetuated, wherefore let me recall yet another reminiscence of that May-day ramble. "At Trout Hall," says Walton, "not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company; and let me tell you good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue: but for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others. The very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host and another of the company that shall be nameless." At Tottenham I have seen a score of patient fishermen occupying as many yards of the river bank,—the old barge river,—and if they had taken roach every time they swore an oath there would not have been many fish left to catch. Milkmaid Maudlin's mother paid Piscator the compliment of admiring him and the angling fraternity at large. She promised him a syllabub of new verjuice "in a new-made haycock for it," and one of the daughter's best ballads, should he come that way a couple of months later, "For," said the sensible creature, "she and I both love all anglers, *they be such honest, civil, quiet men.*" Maudlin and her mother spoke no doubt as they found. The Lea milkmaid of to-day does the same; the conclusions differ. "I'll 'ev yer milk ken, carrots," I heard a Lea angler remark, in this year of grace 1875, to a golden-haired maiden who carried the milk-pail. "There's no abidin' these imperent reskels; I wish they was drowned," replied the nymph—without a hint of syllabub of new verjuice should the "imperent reskels" happen to pass that way on a future occasion. But these criticisms apply only to the rough-and-ready division of the class—the men who overrun the bits of open water nearest London. They are not the class of person who will trouble the innkeepers; the rush basket slung over the shoulder contains, with the ground-bait and worms, the frugal fare that will suffice until the cupboard in Bethnal Green or Shoreditch is once more at hand. They do not believe in begging or buying permission to fish. Not only are they acquainted with every inch of free water: they have intimate knowledge of every piece of half-watched or wholly neglected subscription fishery, and are not backward in turning it to account.

Fortunately for the bulk of the Lea fishermen, who are as keen sportsmen as any, the river is being most sensibly conserved by a board which protects it from the Ishmaelites who preyed upon it, so that after all this lapse of time and constant fishing the Lea certainly

retains its old Waltonian character for excellence. In the first volume of that most useful guide for anglers "The Rail and the Rod," Mr. Greville Fennell, by his thorough treatment of the Lea country, simply leaves nothing to be said of the angling capacities of this river. Of the fish, fishermen, their habits and peculiarities, he speaks with unquestionable authority, beginning at Old Ford and pausing at every station until the Lea and all its tributaries have been described with a minuteness that omits scarcely a roach swim or jack reach of any importance. As a set off against my picture of "the residuum," I will put Mr. Greville Fennell into the witness box. I call him as to character, and this is his evidence: "Nine-tenths of the Lea anglers are men of sedentary habits, and they bring these habits out with them. The walk from the rail to the river, and when there to seat themselves before some six or seven feet of water is the extent of their ambition, and whether they take from fifteen pounds to forty pounds weight of white fish home or not, they appear ever contented and thankful for the opportunity of getting out into the fields and inhaling the sweet air of heaven. As a body they are remarkable for their sober industry when at their various trade avocations, and when following their darling pursuits by the stream for their unobtrusive manners and almost taciturn disposition."

Should any reader wish for practical information respecting Lea angling he will obtain it in No. 1 of "The Rail and the Rod," and should any prefer a more general description of the country through which the river flows its gentle course, I can recommend him nothing better than the pages devoted to the subject in one of that river-loving author James Thorne's "Rambles." The fact of the Lea being so distinctly Walton's river will probably account for the extensive literature which it may call its own; and the stream, though possessing no such romantic and diversified scenery as the Thames, passes through so many centres of historical interest that the literary taskmaster, taking up the subject, has been provided with an abundance of very excellent straw for his brick-making. The hills are very gentle in their undulations, the uplands are a charming specimen of pastoral England, the river is fringed everywhere with rushes, flags, and with willows that whiten, and aspens that quiver while to pursue Tennyson's imagery

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye
That clothe the wold and meet the sky.

A quiet day by Walton's river seemed to me a heaven-sent inspiration when in a restless mood I put back the books that would

my attention and took down the fly-rod that has so often tempted and bidden me come forth. Yes, a quiet day on the Lea the recipe for cobwebs on the brain. The day was favourable—cloudy, warm, breezy—in a word, the very day for a saunter by a stream which might be easily whipped. Rye House suggested itself; Rye House, therefore, should it be. At Bishopsgate Street Station, after I had taken my seat in the train, I remembered that it was Saint Monday. The carriages were crammed with excursionists, in which women and babies at the breast largely preponderated. Accordions squeaked and fiddles brayed in, as it seemed, every compartment. There were negro melodists by the dozen. A fat young woman, a thin old woman, and two children who were regaling themselves on saveloy primitively conveyed to the mouth, were thrust at the last moment into our carriage, which had already received its regulation number of inmates. The children pelted each other with morsels of their dainty food, hit a High Church clergyman in the eye with a piece of yellow fat, were cuffed by their protectors, howled like jackals on the prowl, and finally went from passenger to passenger examining their garments, buttons, and watchchains, and asking the company generally for toffy. The old woman insisted upon having the window up; the young woman drank gin from a flat bottle. Then the young woman insisted upon having the window down, and her elder took a turn at the flask. The train rattled along famously, but the uproar from engine to brake was heard above all. Children squalled, discords from the musical instruments prevailed, break-downs on the carriage floors were heard. As I observed at the opening of this paragraph, a quiet day by Walton's river seemed to be a heaven-sent inspiration.

This lively freight was of course destined for Rye House, whose grounds were already thickly peopled with excursionists who had preceded us. Whether the men adorned with sashes were members of some society I was not informed; whether the women who accompanied them were wives or daughters I did not inquire; whether they had travelled by rail or come down in the collection of vans drawn up in position in the meadow is not of much importance, but a larger number of fairly dressed men, apparently mechanics, and women of the same class, overseen in drink before two o'clock in the day, I had never before seen and would faintly hope shall never see again. These people threw a sinister shade over an otherwise bright picture. There were hundreds of children present enjoying the many attractions of the place with

the light-heartedness common to scholars on their annual outing; there were families of respectable working folks quietly examining the curiosities to be seen, and strolling through the prettily laid out gardens; but these hundred or two of club men of some kind, dancing and whooping, obtruded themselves in the arbours, fields, and recreation-ground, giving the place, which is extremely interesting, and the rest of the company which was numerous and well-behaved, a character which neither deserved.

Another time I should have explored the Retainers' Hall, examined the Great Bed of Ware, descended to the dungeon depths, and read the true history of the Rye House Plot. But I had timed my visit inopportunately if a quiet day on the Lea was my object. Rye House is evidently a most popular resort, and on any other day than Saint Monday, when the place is in a chronic state of miscellaneous merriment, any one who has not previously visited it may spend a profitable and agreeable hour or two in the old hall and Conspirators' Room, where there is a collection of ancient paintings, tapestry, and antique carvings. The tavern and the old hall have a really rare picturesqueness, and the grounds are most enjoyable—only not on the festival of Saint Monday, unless you can enter heart and soul into Saint Monday humours. An hour or two's boating or angling in the Lea, a quiet dinner in the waterside tavern, a cigar in the rose-covered summer-house in the cool of the evening, have here afforded peaceful content to many a citizen temporarily released from the cares of business. During the summer months the visitors to this place are numbered by thousands, and on extraordinary occasions by tens of thousands. It is noted for its bean-feasts. The *City Press* doubtless honestly represented the estimate commonly held of Rye House, by City readers, in the observation "Far away on the other river which runs its silver thread through the green pastures and glowing acres of Hertfordshire, is the good old Rye House, where we have art, science, history, romance, boating, horticulture, fishing, a lovely English landscape, and jolly English cheer, all in one short holiday."

The Rye House water is beloved by anglers, for the proprietor like the proprietor of the Broxbourne fishery lower down, takes personal interest in their wants. Roach, chub, jack, perch, and occasional trout are to be found in the Lea, and all the fisheries are well stocked. I strolled away down Lea side by the tow-path, and soon left the music and singing in the rear. It was possible, therefore after all to get my quiet day, and I appreciated it perhaps all the more after the experiences of the railway carriage and the sash-wear-

boozers. There were four or five solitary anglers quietly ensconced on the sedgy margin, admirable examples of the Lea style of fishing. Upon this river no punt is necessary. The holes are well known, and each swim has its name, often that of an angler who has at some time or other performed heroic feats worthy of commemoration in a substantial form. The jack season had not begun, and the solitary anglers were looking after roach and chub. They used single hair foot-lines, no running tackle, and fine quill floats, carefully plumbing the depth, and using ground-bait with much more discretion than is usual amongst Thames anglers. One man used a rod two-and-twenty feet in length, and a tight line only long enough to give a clear eighteen inches between point and float. It must have been extremely tiring to wield the lengthy bamboo and take the joints apart at the capture of every fish. The men angled with consummate patience and skill. He of the twenty-two feet implement caught a chub of more than a pound weight soon after I had sat down to watch him. To my perception the porcupine float did not betray a bite or a nibble, but the angler saw a movement, to which his ready wrist responded by a quick outward action, the effect of which doubtless astonished the hooked fish. The chub, chub-like, at first made a dangerous run for it, but the point of the rod dexterously followed his movements, and he soon came up on his side; two joints of the bamboo rod were unshipped, and the cheven was basketed, with a couple of dozen of roach that had previously been taken. Another man was using the blow-line with some success. This is a favourite Lea fashion in chub-fishing, and on windy days not at all a bad notion. It is a well-known mode of dealing with the May-fly on the West Meath lakes, but it is not much practised in England, except upon this river. The Lea blow-line fisher uses the "daddy long legs," grasshopper, blue-bottle, or housefly, and in very hot weather takes large roach as well as chub by his long floss-silk line. My Rye House friend had a bunch of "daddy long legs," of the size total of a walnut, and he had the mortification of hooking and losing a heavy chub that rushed half way across the river before it seized the mystic object flitting so naturally on the rippled surface. The fish was struck too sharply, and the floss silk gave way. With the blow-line unusual delicacy of striking is required, because of the length and stiffness of the rod and the slackness and a certain waywardness in the behaviour of the line.

A roach fisher is nothing if not Job-like in the matter of patience. And very pretty amusement roach fishing is—when the fish bite:

otherwise I must say the occupation is a dull one. It is monotonous to hold the long rod in one position, to make it follow the float to the end of the swim, to lift the bait out of the water and drop it in the same spot as before, and to repeat a thousand times over that uneventful journey of the quill to the end of its tether. Perhaps once in fifty times the float disappears. It is a doubtful motion. The slender tell-tale to be sure has gone under the water, but it is in so faint-hearted a manner that you are quite disposed to believe it is caused by the bait touching some obtrusive hillock on the bottom of the river. You must, however, strike, and a tiny fragment of weed, like a bit of hair, is all that the bait has added to itself. When the fish are feeding it is a merry sport indeed. The sharp stab of the float when the roach is in earnest leaves you no room to doubt; the quick, firm strike is made with a heart full of confidence and a wrist that knows the correct trick. Thus with care you may go on catching silver-sided fish throughout the livelong day, never once moving from the little armchair you have made for yourself out of the bank of rushes and sedge. The Lea roach fishers pride themselves upon being the most skilful in the kingdom "bar none"; it is true they consider the Thames anglers decent, after a fashion, but object to a certain coarseness in their style, consequent upon the enforced use of the punt; they are willing to do all justice to the Nottinghamites, yet give them an inferior place. In sooth, if the Lea men are not first-rate roach masters they ought to be. Their river swarms with that description of fish, and the stream, by comparison with Thames, Trent, or even Ouse, is small. Moreover it abounds with oft-recurring holes, with a firm bed, a steep bank, and a placid flow of water.

A plethoric Lea roach fisherman, sitting on his square basket, which answered the treble purpose of seat, game-bag, and locker after the sport was over, assured me that all you require for roach is a stock of patience. His idea of a "stock" of that article was sublime. He had been sitting three hours on a muggy, damp November day without a bite, smiling sweetly as swim after swim was effected without a break in the ill-luck. He relieved the monotony to some extent by an occasional affixture of ground bait to the shot of his foot line. Even I, so great was the monotony, in half an hour could regard this artful dodge as a piece of positive excitement. The float, as every roach angler would expect, was shotted to within a quarter of an inch of the water, and the additional lump of bran and bread naturally sank it completely under like an overloaded ship. Then came the agitating moments. How long would the float remain under water? Would the artful dodge entice a fish? At last

slowly emerging from the depths issued the glittering porcupine, nodding, as it were, confidentially to its owner, before it resumed its silent glide over the tranquil swim. But there was no captive on the hook, and the angler, I verily believe, would have felt a little aggrieved if sport came so soon. It was one o'clock in the day, and the wildest expectations in which he could indulge were that the fish would "come on" in the cool of the evening.

It is a pleasant walk from Rye House to Broxbourne, where the cream (nay, the very Devonshire cream) of Lea fishing is to be had. Of course everybody knows Benningfield's House and beautiful gardens. Everybody has known it from time immemorial, for the father of the present proprietor was an enthusiastic angler, who paid strict attention to the water he rented. Carthagea Weir is a really fine pool, and, as may be supposed, it is in great request amongst the *habitues* of the fishery. There are not many bream in the Ouse, but a few are generally taken from this weir, and also a few large trout. For trout, however, you must go higher up the stream in the most rigidly protected waters. Of these there is a length of the river at Amwell in highest repute both as a trout and perch water. Amwell Hill is, to my thinking, the centre of the Lea's best scenery. Scott, the Quaker poet, laid on his colours rather heavily when he spoke of overhanging grey castles and romantic farms; he came much nearer nature in these lines:—

The pleased eye, which o'er the prospect wide
Has wandered round, and various objects mark'd,
On Amwell rests at last, its favourite scene.
How picturesque the view! Where up the side
Of that steep bank her roofs of russet thatch
Rise mix'd with trees, above whose swelling tops
Ascends the tall church tower, and loftier still
The hill's extended ridge.

Walton's river runs through various scenes of history as interesting as its physical landscapes. King Alfred is said to have diverted the waters of the Lea with the benevolent intention of bringing the Danish fleet, which had proceeded in triumph as far as Ware, hard aground in the tideway, and at Temple Mills certain channels are pointed out as the artificial courses formed by the Saxon King. The Lea has associations also with Luton Hoo, Whethamstead, Brocket Hall, Hatfield Park, Panshanger, Hertford, famous from early Saxon times; Chadswell Springs, where an unpretending stone commemorates the opening of the New River Scheme in 1608; Ware, Cheshunt, *Waltham Cross and Abbey*, Enfield, Edmonton, and Tottenham.

Thorne tells an amusing story of Charles Lamb's tombstone, prefacing it with the remark that Lamb himself would have enjoyed it. Lamb was buried in Edmonton Churchyard, in a spot which, only a fortnight before his death, he had pointed out to his sister as that which he would desire as his place of burial. Dr. Carey wrote the following epitaph on the stone :—

Farewell, dear friend ! That smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth ;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words, no more assuage our woe ;
That hand outstretched from small but well-earned store
Yield succour to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost ; through many an age
With sterling sense and humour shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth : and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

Thorne, in his tour of the Lea, was copying this inscription, when a couple of working men walked across the churchyard and read the lines with grave deliberation. "A very fair bit of poetry that," said one of them. "Yes," the other answered, "I'm blest if it isn't as good a bit as any in the churchyard—rather too long though."

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

JUSTIN McCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FAREWELL TO NEW PADUA.

FOR some days after the walk by the river the Clintons saw nothing of Nathaniel Cramp. At the departure of the Challoners eastward they were accompanied to the railway station by a large concourse of friends—the president of the university and his wife, the professors and their wives, the various officials, the ministers of religion, the editors; but Nathaniel Cramp was not there. Clinton's womankind soon began to urge him to go and see whether Mr. Cramp was not sick, or whether something strange had not befallen him.

Professor Clinton was superficially something of a martinet and a puritan with his womankind, but in the end it was found that he generally had their way. They looked up to him as intellectually the ablest man in all the world, and submitted meekly to his dicta—as regarded their general opinions, their reading, and their style of speech. In the latter respect obedience sometimes brought its own reward with it. For Professor Clinton was rather a purist as to the use of good Saxon English, and he rigorously forbade his wife and sister-in-law to use any of the euphemisms with which the half-educated classes of persons in the United States, women especially, are fond of disguising their ideas. If Jessie or her sister had any occasion to speak of the lower limbs of herself or of any other woman, or if she was compelled to say "legs" plumply out: and if she were proposed to go to bed she had to say she was going to bed, not "retiring"; she had to speak of "undressing," not of "disrobing," and so on with many other phrases which seemed very shocking indeed to the ears of the ladies of New Padua. Likewise they were forbidden to speak of any of their acquaintances as "a very lovely lady," or "a pretty lady," but were told by Professor Clinton that at all events when the person under discussion had to be described by any *single adjective*, complimentary or otherwise, she must consent to

be spoken of as a "woman." In all these matters of discipline Professor Clinton's wife and sister-in-law were obedient at any peril of misconstruction. But in many or most other matters they generally contrived to shape their ends, and where questions of feeling were concerned the professor was found at last a not unwilling subject of petticoat government. The two simple-hearted and kindly women were just copies of each other; an elder and a younger sister, no more; and Clinton was one of the men who like to have out with men all their intellectual and masculine talk, their arguments, dissertations, and speculations, and to have only sweet, familiar, easy conversation at home.

Gradually, therefore, the feminine influence had been working more and more on Clinton in favour of Nat Cramp. The women did not see anything ridiculous about him, and could not have understood how Clinton could laugh at him and yet like him at the same time. Clinton therefore of late ceased to invite their attention to any of what he considered Nat's absurdities, and only amused himself with them. In obedience partly to domestic urgency and partly to his own concern for Nat, he set out one evening for the Franklin House. He was told Nat was in his room, and he went upstairs and knocked. There was no answer, and he opened the door and looked in. There, to be sure, was Nat, bending over an opened trunk. He looked round in a startled way when he heard the sound of the opening door.

"Why, Cramp, my boy, what have you been doing with yourself? We have missed you all this time; and my wife and Minnie have been so much alarmed that I thought I had better come over and see about you; I called at the office; and of course you were not there."

Nat came forward, looking yellow and ghastly. He was in his shirt sleeves, and had clothes, books, and properties of various kinds heaped about him. He seemed as if he had not slept for a long time.

"You are looking very bad," said Clinton—"and what are you doing?"

"I—I'm going to Europe. I've had bad news from England. My mother's dead." And Nat began to toss things rather wildly from one trunk to another.

"Come, come," the kindly professor said, taking him by the arm—"You are hardly in a condition for this kind of work just now; and you are not going to Europe to-day anyhow. Let these things alone and put on your coat and come out with me for a quiet walk by the river. We are safe not to meet anybody at this hour, and you shall

talk or be silent just as you like. I'm an older man than you; and yet it's not long since I lost my mother; and I felt like a child, I tell you."

"It isn't that," Nat stammered; "but I feel as if I was so ungrateful. And I was; I was ungrateful!"

Nat was indeed looking white and scared like a man thoroughly conscience-stricken.

"Well, I dare say we were none of us as grateful as we ought to have been either to our mothers or to the Power that gave us them and life," said the professor soothingly. "But you don't seem a lad likely to have been any worse than the rest of us, Cramp. Come, walk out with me and tell me all about it; or as much about it as you feel like talking of just now."

But Nat drew back, and seemed like a frightened bat that could not bear the light.

"I haven't been out ever since," he stammered.

"Ever since?"

"Since I heard the news."

"Well, but look here—the mails from Europe only came in last night, and you appear to have been out of our sight for nearly a week. Why, I never saw you since the day we were out with the Challoners and Benjamin."

Nat looked confused and scared worse than ever, and he rubbed up his hair wildly, perhaps to hide his confusion. Professor Clinton had touched unwittingly the raw place of his remorse. It was not grief for his mother which had kept him hidden from the light of day. He had, indeed, only heard of her death the night before. He had been crushed by the weight of humbled self-love and of bitter disappointment. When after his abasement before Marie Challoner he had crept back to his lodgings he flung himself on his bed and lay there grovelling like a trampled worm. He hated the outer air. He believed that every one must be laughing at him and despising him. The whole story, he felt sure, would be all over New Padua. Sir John Challoner must hear of it, and in his anger he would be sure to tell that it was a hairdresser's apprentice who had made love to his daughter. Nat was not one bit a coward so far as physical courage went, and yet for two days and more he trembled and started at every sound upon the stairs. He had vague terrors of Sir John's anger and of Sir John's vengeance.

The shock of the news which told him of his poor mother's death came in positively like a strengthening relief to the pitiful tortures of his disappointment and his seared self-love. Much of his present

agency of remorse was owing to his consciousness that his grief for his mother was swallowed up in mere selfish regrets and pang. He tried to chastise himself into a more fitting mood of sorrow by thinking of her and of all she had done for him and suffered. And she was dead now—and long before this the grave had closed over her coffin. He remembered how she had nursed his childhood, and how fond he was of her and delighted to be with her once. He thought of the glad holidays when he used to hurry to Durewoods from London, and she used to do all she could to make him happy, and have her little sweets and preserves for him; and how he used to rejoice in making her his confidante, and telling her every small hope and trouble and pleasure; and how, then, he began to think that she didn't quite understand him, and was not up to his mark intellectually; and how proud she was always of his uniform and of himself—proud of him whom everybody now despised! and how ungrateful he was. And now he should never see her any more! Thus at last he wrought himself up to the boiling point of emotion, and his feelings broke into the steam of tears, and, disregarding all Clinton's efforts at consolation, he flung himself down upon his half-packed trunk and cried like a child.

The professor let him have his way. In truth, he thought all the better of Nat for his irrepressible burst of grief, not knowing by what mental process of irritating the feelings this wholesome relief had been brought about. Grief for a mother is the emotion with which an American, like a Frenchman, finds his heart most readily sympathise. In the sentimental and pathetic song-writing of the country the mother's name is the special Open Sesame of the feelings. Even the songs of the war were most often laments for or by absent mothers. Professor Clinton looked on sympathetically, and resolved to tell his wife and Minnie what a good heart young Cramp had, and how he was not by any means the merely egotistic and feather-headed young fellow he, the professor, had sometimes suspected. "The women are generally right in these things," Clinton mentally acknowledged, remembering how his wife and Minnie had always stood up for young Cramp.

The tears did poor Natty great good. They relieved his feelings and his conscience both. How could he any longer accuse himself of being ungrateful to his mother, or failing in profundity of sorrow for her, when he had felt his own hot tears run down his cheeks at the thought of her? The tears came again and again, until at last *he rosc*, relieved, and told Clinton he was going to be a man once more.

"A man's never more of a man," the professor said, "than when he is lamenting for his mother. But it's as well to rouse yourself, Cramp, if you can, and think of what you have to do. Come, we'll go out into the open air. Put up all these things for the moment, and when you will tell me why you are going to Europe, and when, and all about it."

Nat allowed himself to be persuaded to dress and to shut up the contents of his trunks for the moment, and the professor and he walked out together. They made a little circuit to avoid the town and the grounds of the university; and, to use the language of the place, they "struck" the river a little higher up. They walked on by the bank of the stream in silence for a while. Evening was coming on and was growing a little chilly. The skies were very clear, and the sun, sinking on the one horizon, was beginning to be reflected in saffron, violet, and purple on the verge of the other. When Nathaniel was yet new to the place and fresh from the more misty and less luminous skies of England, the Clintons used to "chaff" him mildly because he often mistook the glowing mirage of the sunset that showed itself in the east for the genuine pageant that was burning like a superb sacrifice in the west.

Clinton put his hand gently upon his companion's arm, and they stopped for a moment. Clinton looked along the path of the river, sunlit between its quiet hills.

"And are you really going back to Europe?" he asked gently, turning Nathaniel to look upon the peaceful and lonely beauty of the scene, as if in remonstrance against the thought of his deserting all that so soon for the noise and smoke of London.

"I must go back," said Nathaniel in a tone of melancholy dignity. "My poor mother has—has left me some money in fact, and there are things to look after. I must go back at once."

"But only *en congé*, I hope? You will come back to us? You can easily arrange things with the paper so as to have your place kept open for you. They'll do that for me, I know; and if you like I'll arrange it all."

"I—I really don't know—I haven't thought of it—taken so suddenly you see—and all that. I can't tell, Professor Clinton, what may happen to me. I don't see what I want here or anywhere—in life at all."

"You think so now, and that's natural enough. But you'll soon live that down. I hope we shan't lose you, Cramp."

"You're very kind," Nat answered gloomily, "but I am well as you see, and I don't think that I ain't much—that I am not much of a loss anywhere."

"At your elbow, can't be too modest. I assure you that you are well liked here. At wife and Minnie had he gave a curious look at it as she was at Nat. Like you ever so much, and would be sorry to lose you and so should I. That seem to have taken hold here as we say, *unwillingly well*."

Truth to say the professor and his kind little wife had lately begun to suspect that in Minnie's quiet bosom there was growing up a sort of resistance for the tall and fair young Englishman who sometimes asked so eloquently and frequently. Simon himself even when he amused himself with Nat's little vanities and nonsense liked the young man, and that Nat all the more because he had so served and benefited Nat. Simon assumed that nothing ever would or could come of Nat's passion for Miss Chaloner; and he thought little Minnie, who would always if she were allowed the chance look up to Nat as a great man, would be a far more suitable partner for him than the brilliant young English heiress—even if there were the remotest possibility of such a partnership as the latter ever being accomplished. So he gave a quick experimental glance at Nat when he mentioned his wife—and Minnie.

"I've been very happy here," Nat said, "but I suppose a man must follow his destiny."

"Eh—eh—I fancy we are all generally make our destiny for ourselves, or for—barring accidents, at least. Are you ambitious of trying your fortune in the great city,—in London,—again? Do you think that the only stage worth playing to?"

"No," said Nat with some hesitation, "it isn't that exactly."

"Well, I once thought no stage in life was worth playing to but that of some great city. I tried in Cramp—in New York when I was much younger—and in London not so long ago. I might have settled in London: I had strong inducements. Your great scientific men are just too kind for anything; and they nearly turned my head with their friendliness and their attentions—which I never expected, you know—and they told me if I remained in London I should be a sort of little great man. I had made one or two hits, you know—stumbled on an odd asteroid or two—watching and calculating here of nights in the observatory yonder, and they made much more of me and my doings than I deserved. But I came back here."

"I think I'd have stayed," said Nat.

"If I had been a younger man perhaps: and yet I don't know. I should always miss those quiet bluffs and the sound of that river; and I like our pleasant peaceful ways

ere. I tell you what, Cramp—I have made a moderate access in my own way—more than ever I dreamed of when first I came a poor lad out West thus far; and I have had some little triumphs—such as I told you. But the sweetest memory I have is just the memory of the evening walks that Jessie and I used to have among the trees and along the bank here before we were married. And we'll have many evening walks here yet, please God! And she is not a very brilliant woman—my Jessie—she doesn't know quite as much about astronomy as your Mrs. Somerville, and she couldn't write like your Mrs. George Eliot, but she's made me so happy."

"That's all very well," said Nat, with a wan smile; "but there's no one to make me happy."

"You don't know, my boy—you don't know yet. Come, let's get on a bit: I want to show you our new lot."

They walked on a little farther, drawing at every step nearer to a spot surcharged with recollections peculiarly painful to poor Nat. The "new lot" which Professor Clinton wished him to see was a piece of ground which Clinton had lately bought, and on which he was going to build a new house. He was very proud of the spot he had chosen, and had often spoken to Nat about it, and told him that when he first came to New Padua he had fixed upon that particular spot as the place where he should like to have a house if ever he could afford to buy land and build. Now he was at last about to gratify his ambition.

"Our house is all right enough at present," Clinton explained, as they walked along, "and it suits us quite well; but it hasn't such a view as this new one will have; and besides, this has been a dream of mine so long that I may as well gratify it. You see we haven't any children, and so we may as well indulge our whims, Jessie and I. We shan't sell the old house, though."

"No?" said Nat, interrogatively, and trying to seem as if he were listening with interest.

"Well, no. We feel more like keeping it among us. Very likely we'll give it to Minnie as a wedding present when she marries. She'll be marrying, one of these days. She's a dear good girl, Minnie."

Professor Clinton glanced again at Nathaniel; but the young man was only becoming more and more depressed and embarrassed. Clinton said no more on that subject. Suddenly he touched Nat's arm, and said—

"Stay, Cramp, my boy. This is the place"—

"Come on!" Nat said, hurriedly.

"No, no. This is the place."

"Do you think I don't know it? Do you think I forget it?"

"Well, I didn't think you knew it. Anyhow, take a look at it and tell me what you think of it."

"I don't want to look at it—I won't look at it; I've seen enough of it!" Nat exclaimed, wildly. "Come on—what did we come here for?"

"Well, this is my new lot you know, that I've been telling you about. I'm afraid you were not listening to all my gossip, my poor boy."

"Oh," said Nat, coming to himself and sinking at once from excited nervousness into deep depression—"This is your new place? Yes, yes, to be sure. It's very nice."

But he only looked at the spot and its surroundings in a furtive, timid, unwilling way, as a murderer in some old story might try to look with seeming indifference and ease at the hollow in the wood beneath the mossy earth of which he has buried his victim. For this was the very spot where he had broken out with his fatal love declaration to Miss Challoner—Clinton's new homestead was to rise on the very ground where Nat had grovelled in his shame and agony. He wondered how Clinton could have forgotten that it was just near this he helped him, Nathaniel, up the steep and clayey bank. But that incident was not fastened into Clinton's mind as into Nat's by the spearhead of a painful memory, and Clinton just now remembered nothing about it.

"Well," the professor said, believing that Nathaniel's grief for his mother was too heavy on him yet to allow him to withdraw his thoughts for a moment to the concerns of others—"we'll come and have a look at this place another day. Anyhow, you'll carry the place in your mind, Cramp, if you do go away; and you'll remember what it looks like—and that some of your friends are living there."

"Aye," Nat said, gloomily; "I'll remember. I shan't forget this spot."

"And you'll go back to the old country?—there's no way of inducing you to stay?"

"No; Professor Clinton—I must go back."

"Tempted by the big stage and the world for an audience, eh? Well, Cramp—still you know the big stage requires a great strong actor, my boy! You haven't got the big buskins of rank and wealth to raise you up and add to your size, remember. I don't want to discourage you—far from it; but it takes great lungs to fill that theatre!"

“But it isn't that, Professor Clinton. It isn't that, I do assure you. I haven't any ambition in me any more. I may have had aspirations once—I don't say I didn't have them. I may have thought there was something in me,” and Nat smote his breast energetically; “and I may have hoped to make the world hear, not without respect, the name of—my name, you know,” he added, somewhat hastily, for it suddenly struck him that “the name of Cramp” would not close a period with dignity. “But all such ideas are dead within me now—dead; I am crushed!”

“Oh, no; nothing of the kind.”

“I am crushed!” Nat repeated, solemnly. “I only ask now for one thing, and that, Professor Clinton, is Death!”

Nat was theatric, and so far was a sham in his way of expressing his emotions. But there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that sham expression always denotes sham emotion. Nat's feelings were well nigh those of despair. He was scorched by love and hate, by the bitter agonies of mortified self-conceit, by grief and shame. He was just in the mood when the old stories would have made a man sell his soul for the promise of satisfaction to vanity and vengeance. If the false and baffled suitors could have presented themselves with their perfidious device for taking in the proud beauty now, this Claude Melnotte would probably have jumped at it no matter how preposterous.

Professor Clinton might have chaffed Nat openly about his tragedy airs at another time, and he might have smiled even now, but for the young man's miserable expression, haggard cheeks, and twitching lips. “This is not merely the grief for a mother,” he thought. “I suppose the poor young fellow really is in love with that handsome English girl. What a hopeless look-out!”

“Well, Cramp,” he said quietly, “if you only want Death, I guess you might as well wait here and spare yourself the trouble of going to Europe. He'll come and find you here, you may be sure, if you only wait long enough. Seriously, my boy, I doubt whether you will do any good in any way, Cramp—in any way,” he repeated, with emphasis, “by going to Europe. I know something of England, and what the differences are of money and position there; and take the advice of a friend, Cramp, and think no more of *that*. You know what I mean.”

“Professor Clinton,” Nathaniel said, solemnly, “if you think I'm going to thrust myself on people that don't want me, you are mistaken. If you think I don't know what British purse-pride is, and what the barriers of class—of money, that is—are in a country

like mine, you are mistaken! But a sacred duty calls me to cross the ocean, and perhaps a Fate! You may chance to hear something of me. I don't know. But think well of me, if you can. Think the best of me you can."

Despite all the grandiose inflation of Nat's language (a style to which Clinton had indeed grown somewhat accustomed of late) there was certain earnestness, a sort of desperation, in his manner, which impressed the professor and made him think of it long after. They walked home presently, and almost in silence. It had grown quite dark by the time they reached New Padua. Nat hurriedly declined an invitation to step in and see Clinton's "folks," and went to the Franklin House alone.

The next evening, when Clinton and his wife and sister-in-law were sitting down to their modest supper (the final meal of the day was called supper there, and took place at least three hours earlier than an ordinary London dinner), a letter was brought to him from the Franklin House, accompanied by a parcel.

"This is from Cramp," he said to his wife, and both glanced ominously at Minnie.

The letter told in a few confused lines, written evidently under the influence of some excitement, that the writer would, "before this reaches you," have left New Padua. It thanked Clinton for all his kindness, and declared that he was Nathaniel Cramp's best and only friend. It conveyed the writer's kind and grateful regards to Mrs. Clinton and to Minnie, and finally begged that Clinton would accept the copy of the Girondists, by Lamartine (Bohn's translation), sent herewith, that Mrs. Clinton would accept the photographic album, and Minnie the copy of Miss Jean Ingelow's poems, also sent in memory of their devoted friend Nathaniel Cramp.

There were soft tears in the eyes of both the kindly young women. It was like Nat Cramp's luck, or, as he would have preferred to call it, his Destiny. A sweet and pretty girl might have loved him and looked up to him always, and he never knew it.

"Poor fellow!" Clinton said, "he has taken his mother's death greatly to heart."

After his supper Professor Clinton went to the Franklin House to find out something about Nathaniel. He could only learn, in addition to what he knew already, that Nathaniel had gone eastward on "the cars," and had had his baggage "checked" for New York. He had not said anything about the probable time of his return. The people at the Franklin House assumed that he was only going to be absent for a few days.

So Professor Clinton went home and told his womankind.

"He'll come back soon, I dare say," he added, cheerily, although somehow he did not expect to see Nat return.

The misgivings were prophetic. When the train plunged into the deep cutting just outside the town, and Nat instinctively ran to the end of the carriage to get a glimpse at parting of the university buildings on the bluff above the river, he saw New Padua for the last time.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WHY WEEP YE BY THE TIDE, LADYE?"

WILD and whimsical were the purposes which filled Nat Cramp's mind as he journeyed back to New York—his career all over, he said to himself; the star of his fate declined. It may be questioned whether to youthful self-conceit there is any pleasure of sense or soul more exquisite than that of despair.

"Is it even so?"—says Romeo—"then I defy ye, stars!" Nat Cramp felt all the way as one who could defy the stars. The petty annoyances, discontents, disappointments of life troubled him no more. He was released from all responsibilities. He hugged to his breast with all the satisfaction of mortified self-conceit seeking redress the thought of an early death and of the sensation it must cause and the tragic dignity it must shed over him. "They won't laugh at that" he said to himself.

But death will not come by mere asking; and Nathaniel was not quite clear as yet how it was to come to him. He had always been fascinated by the manner in which the hapless hero of Victor Hugo's "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" contrives to finish his career—standing on a rock which the rising tide must cover so that just as the ship bearing his beloved away, the wife of another, sinks below the horizon the water—the same water which bears her—closes over him. If he could do that! If he could stand upon some rock near Durewoods—far from help and yet within her sight—and thus be submerged! But it would be hard to bring about all the conjunction of favouring circumstances which alone could render possible so effective a catastrophe. Nat felt even some painful misgivings that he might not at such a moment have control enough over his nerves and instincts to enable him to cling to his rock and not to make unseemly struggles for dear life—the dear life that he detested. He had therefore at present some vague idea of finding out the steamer in which the Challoners were to sail from New York, taking a passage on board it, suddenly when in *mid-ocean* presenting himself before Marie, once more declaring

his love, and then plunging into the sea beneath her eyes. Something, he felt assured, must happen, or be brought about. The career must close dramatically; the curtain must fall at the right time. Thus alone could ridicule be changed into respect and failure be converted by the glamour of tragedy into something as fascinating as success.

His poor mother had, as he told Professor Clinton, left him some money. He had put it rather vaguely and grandly to Clinton as if it were a sort of property. It was really a good deal to Nat—two hundred and fifty pounds in money, and the little house in which she had been living. A day or two before her death she had sent him an order on a New York house for fifty pounds. She had only then learned that he was in New Padua, and she feared he was not doing well, and she therefore sent him that money and begged that he would come back, as she feared she was growing weak and ill. The same steamer brought him the news of her death and of the fact that she had left him what little she had managed to save and scrape together. Long before he reached England the grave, he knew, must have covered her. He had been attached to her in his way, and he thought now with many a pang that lately he had been ashamed of her. Now somehow he laid the blame of her death on the same blighting influences of adverse fortune and caste and class, and Destiny, and all the rest of the cruel agencies which had marred his own career. He had now no consolation left on earth but the despair which was only self-conceit driven to bay.

Mingling up with all his misery was a curious sense of satisfaction in having for the first time in his life money which he could freely spend. The fifty pounds which had been sent by his mother would pay for a first-class passage to Europe in one of the Cunard steamers in which he assumed that the Challoners would travel, and would keep him in New York at some first-class hotel until the time of his departure. Then when he got to England—if he did ever reach England—he should find money there—"quite enough to last my time" he grimly and complacently thought. He had some idea of having a marble monument erected out of his mother's savings over his mother's grave, with the inscription "By her unworthy but penitent son, Nathaniel Cramp." But for all that there was yet time enough. Meanwhile he could do as he pleased with what money he had; and he would at least be a gentleman, in whatever despair, for the remainder of his time.

How much of this was nonsense and idle self-delusion, and how much was the set, unconquerable purpose of despair which makes dignified even frivolity itself when it comes to that with frivolity, the cours-

of this story does not allow us to know for certain. It is true that no emotion by which men's hearts are swollen—not love, not patriotism, not thirst of money, not craving for revenge—has ever inspired more desperate and dogged deeds than mortified self-conceit. It may be that Nat would have held firmly to some suicidal purpose none the less because he felt a pride in ordering a hack when he reached New York and driving at once to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and in dressing rather carefully when he got there, and then in descending to stand with air of lordly Briton among the group who lounged in the hall and at the entrance.

He stood there for some time and looked vacantly enough over the bustling and varied scene—a scene which now, when evening had refined whatever of the commonplace and the colourless was in it, showed singularly bright and picturesque. Through the broad stretches of Madison Square the many lamps glittered like fireflies among the dark trees. At one side, as he stood at the entrance of the hotel, extended the monotonous stately length of Fifth Avenue, its solemn gentility scarcely disturbed by even the passing of a street omnibus, its rows of brown stone houses making a line of contrast with the animation, rattle, and flashing lights of Broadway (which here suddenly slants across it) and of Madison Square, not unlike that which a dark and silent canal might make between populous quays and glittering windows. An unceasing rattling, bell-ringing, stamping procession of heavy street-cars, and of little staggering, restless omnibuses or “stages,” was in motion before the doors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel; passengers were always jumping off and jumping on the cars; the whole population of New York seemed to stream up and down that one great channel of Broadway. The hall and entrance and the steps of the hotel were alive with New York loungers; with solemn, sallow Southerners, always seeming to be oppressed somehow with a sense of offended dignity; with dark-skinned Cuban swells, tremendous for shirt-fronts and diamond studs; with Irish porters and negro barbers, and “helps” of all kinds. Noise, chatter, light, bustle, were everywhere. No street-scene in London gives the same idea of restless and exuberant vitality. It impressed Nat Cramp rather sadly. He thought of the time when he first looked on Broadway and believed he had come there to conquer fortune and fame. He could not endure the crowd and the noise and the glare. He knew New York well enough to know what a city of sudden contrasts it is. He walked down through the solemn silent dignity of Fifth Avenue, then dining grandly inside its brown-stone fronts, until it declined mournfully into the vast,

gaunt, and desolate expanse of Washington Square; and there he sat on a bench under a dismal tree and looked at the stars burning in fullest lustre from the deep purple of the evening sky, and he was as lonely to all intent as if he had been in some midnight mountain pass. Nat never knew how long he remained in that drear enclosure; but when he returned to his hotel the doors were all closed and he had to ring for admittance.

Next day he was astir early, and set himself to work to find out something of the Challoners. This was an easy business in a city like New York, where everybody's movements are in the papers, and where the registers in the hotel-offices are open to all eyes at any moment. He found that they were in the city, that they were to remain there or in the neighbourhood for a few days more, and that that very evening they were to leave the city for the purpose of paying a visit to a distinguished scholar and author who had a home in one of the islands. He also learned the name of the steamer by which the Challoners were to return to Europe, and he hastened to the office and endeavoured to secure a passage on board her. His attempt was hopeless. Every berth had been taken long since. That mad whim, at least, was not to be gratified.

Then another whim seized him. He would accompany the Challoners unseen on their visit to their friend in the island, and he would look on her again. This whim, at least, was easily gratified. He had simply to ask at any of the ferries (it may be well for the instruction of English readers to remark that New York is girt with water almost as completely as Venice itself, and is therefore ringed with ferries—walk straight on in any direction and you come to a ferry-gate and a steamer just on the point of starting), and it was easy to learn what steamer went to the island, and to that part of it where the Challoners were to be entertained. It was one of the longer trips, and the steamer only went a few times in the day. Nat spent the rest of that day watching the departure of the boats.

Evening was coming. It was still the Indian summer. Except that the air grew chilly after sunset, there was scarcely yet a hint that such a season as winter could be expected. Soon over the New Jersey shores the sun would begin to go down. Even the rough, prosaic, unadorned, grimly-unpicturesque piers and wharves around the river-front of New York were glorified into something poetic and beautiful by the magic of that atmosphere and those skies. Even Natty, as the soft sunlight fell upon him, began almost to think that life ought to be worth something. Evening is coming, and there is the last steamer, and people are already going on

Should he go and risk being disappointed? Perhaps it is a mistake; and she is not coming? The sun will soon sink, but long before he sinks that steamer will have run out into the broad Sound. Ah!—and see there is fair Inez when the sun goes down!

At that moment a carriage drove up to the ferry-gate, and Sir Challoner got out, calm, portly, and dignified. Then a tall man with a long grey beard and a snowy head gave his hand to Marie Challoner as she dropped lightly down. There was the scene of Durewoods again—there on these rugged, dusty paving-stones, amid those bustling, hustling crowds, amid baggage and carts and porters and hackmen and negroes! How beautiful she looked in her hat and feather, and with that all unconscious expression of love in her eyes and on her lips which poor Nat but too well knew was ready to give place at a word to the bright, fresh look of kindly sweetness. She took the arm of the grey-haired man, and they hurried on board. The skirt of Marie's dress almost touched Nat as he passed him in the crowd, for he had not a moment's time to withdraw from the spot where he had been standing and hide himself. But he had not been seen—she would never have expected to see him there. Nat paid his fare and went on board; and stationed himself for the present behind a huge pile of baggage, where he could easily see without much chance of being seen by those whom he was watching.

The steamer soon left the ill-paved, dusty, noisy wharves, and struck out straight for the sunset. Then she turned her side to the sun and glided swiftly along among small islands and large, by shores which were very low and soft under young trees from amid which every now and then a spire looked up, past great ocean steamers and vessels lying at anchor, and tiny tug-boats puffing with supernatural impatience and hurry. Nat saw from his retreat that Marie Challoner was walking up and down the deck leaning on the arm of her stately grey-haired host. Sometimes they passed quite near him—close to him, even—and he could hear them speak. Once he heard the grey-haired gentleman ask Miss Challoner if she had ever read Cooper's "Water Witch," and when she answered that she had read it long ago, and used to be very fond of it, he stopped in their promenade and pointed to one of the islands and told her that there was the spot where the *Water Witch* was supposed to be lying when the story opened. Nat looked out from his lurking-place that he might see the island and the whole scene for himself. For one moment he almost forgot his love, his name, his wretched failure, in the memories that came back upon

him. Oh, the days when he read the "Water Witch" and delighted in it, and longed for a world of adventure like that world of story! Oh for the happy boyish days when illusion could still seem to be the soft-creeping shadow of the reality coming on, and the romantic dream might be interpreted as the faint saffron light heralding the early dawn!

An Irishman, a labourer, apparently, of some kind, but well-dressed and independent-looking, was standing near Nat talking to a companion. Doubtless they were going over some recollections of old days at home, for the first man, looking out across the purpling waters, said, in a low tone and in words common in his country, and thrilling with all the half-poetic, half-devotional fervour of the Celt:—

"Well, God be with the old times!"

Nat only faintly caught the meaning, perhaps, but his soul sadly echoed what it did receive. Oh, God be with those old times when he was yet only reading romances, and his poor mother lived!

The sun was gone, and there was no twilight and a faint moon arose. The skies were wan and chilly. Most of the passengers had entered the great saloon, which, with its sides all window, covered a large part of the deck, and within which lights were burning and stoves were glowing. Nat could see that Sir John Challoner was there reading letters and newspapers. But Marie and her companion remained on deck and walked up and down, and looked on the skies, and the shores, and the water, and talked. It was so dark now that Nat could emerge from his hiding-place, and, with his hat over his forehead, look boldly around him, having little fear of being observed. It was strange to be so near her! Never before had he such a time to feed his senses in gazing on her and thinking of her. Whenever she turned he saw her face looking pale in the faintly rising moonlight. Sometimes he could not see the outlines of her stately figure, but only the pale face and the dark hair against the deepening shade of the evening. A beautiful face it seemed to poor Nat, and melancholy, divinely melancholy, he thought. He could hardly feel angry with her any more, although he had abased himself through her and she had been so cruelly kind to him, and his life had been so ruined and made hateful because of her. He felt a kind of ignoble satisfaction as she looked so pale and melancholy, for he sprang to the conclusion that she did not care about the man she was going to marry—and then suddenly another conviction pierced him like the puncture of a dart, and he had almost screamed out with rage at the thought. It remained with him and tormented him, and he began to hate her again.

“That’s why she’s so pale—that’s why she’s unhappy!” he repeated of himself. “She’s got to marry somebody else, and she’s in love with that fellow from Japan!”

The steamer now drew near to a long, low, softly-outlined shore fringed with young trees almost to the edge of the water, and sparkled here and there with the lights in homesteads and little villages. Close by the shore the steamer held her way, and Nat could hear from the woods the shrill double-throb of the Katy-did, which seemed to him to have a doleful and boding sound, congenial with the darkling hour and his own condition. The shore was indented with many little bays and creeks, and sometimes the steamer ran into one of these and landed some passengers. Each time Nat shivered with excitement, he knew not why, believing that they had come to the end of their voyage. What he proposed to do when they did come to an end of it he had not yet asked himself.

At length the steamer splashed into a bay or inlet, running apparently rather far inland. The moon had now risen in stronger light, and Nat could see that they were narrowed in by shores on both sides so that for a time there was nothing but trees and water and sky; the white gleam of the moon above, and the yellow glow from the saloon windows below.

Marie Challoner and her companion stood close to him now.

“We are near the end of our voyage,” her companion said.

“I don’t know whether I ought to be glad or sorry,” she answered.

“It has been such a delicious little voyage among those islands, but this place is most beautiful of all. I love this place.”

“I am so glad you like it,” her companion said, smiling at her enthusiasm—“for this is my home.”

“Is it wrong of me,” Nat heard outspoken Lady Disdain answer, “if I say that I love it already because it is so like *my* home?”

And now a pier was seen, a rude, somewhat rickety wooden pier, with twinkling lights, and sound of bustling men and stamping horses. Sir John Challoner came out from the saloon, and Nat drew back again to escape observation. The boat panted, puffed, stopped, backed, went on again, and finally settled at the pier, and planks were run out. Two negro servants leaped on board and bustled up to Miss Challoner’s companion, and took some orders from him. Then he and she and Sir John went ashore. Nat followed them with a little crowd of other passengers. He saw them get into a carriage with flashing lights and drive away.

Natty’s first impulse was to run after the carriage. He thought of *himself, however, before he had ventured on this ridiculous proceeding,*

and was content to walk leisurely in the direction it had taken. There was only one road that he could see, and therefore there could be no going wrong. When he had mounted the road, which ascended gently, far enough to be clear of the little crowd around the pier—he came to a stand for a moment and endeavoured to get his thoughts into order. What did he mean to do—what did he want to do?

All his ideas resolved themselves into a vague purpose to see her again. He strode on without thinking any more about the matter—doggedly, and with his head down. He crushed the fallen leaves under his feet, and looked neither to right nor to left. The sound of feet coming towards him soon caused him to look up, and he saw in the moonlight a little boy and girl trotting hand-in-hand down the hilly road. He asked them where the host of the Challoners lived. Everybody in that region knew him by name, and the children both in one breath told Nat to go “right on,” and that he would see the gate in a few minutes. Nat went right on and came to the gate, opened it, and went in.

He followed the path of an avenue, dark between young trees. He heard no sound but that of the Katy-dids and the murmur of the woods. The moonlight hardly made its way to the path he trod. He was ready, if he heard a step anywhere, to plunge into the plantation at either side, but no footfall sounded except his own. Suddenly the path ended, and a scene opened before Nat the beauty of which even at that moment he could not fail to see.

A broad expanse of lawn, valley, and water lay before him. An amphitheatre opened among the trees; its sides made of grassy lawn, its basin filled with a beautiful lakelet fed by a stream that descended under a pretty bridge from amid the trees on the side opposite to where Nat was now standing. On the lawn stood a long, low, wooden house with windows all round, and a great verandah or “stoop” on which were seats, and which was reached by a broad flight of steps. The house and the verandah were almost embowered in plants and shrubs and fruit trees. Grapeclusters hung in huge masses along its sides. The tulip tree, and the hemlock, and the enormous willow—so unlike, in dimensions, the willow which Nat associated in memory chiefly with burial-grounds at home—were planted here and there near the house. The lake glittered, pure and cold, in the now chilly moonlight. The yellow lights streaming from the windows of the house filled Nat with a wild yearning for shelter and friends and welcome, and a bitter sense of his own desolation. The whole scene made up fitly the home of a poet—even Nat was conscious of a sense of its beauty borne in upon him with a rush of thought that

e world was full of such homes and scenes, and of happiness, and
ccess and brilliancy—and love; and that he was out in the cold
om everything.

He wandered round and round the house, and even ventured to
ect in through a window here and there, but the blinds inside were
ll drawn down, and he could see nothing. He could hear many
voices, however, and animated talk, and after a while he heard
music. Then some of the windows on the verandah, which opened
level to its floor, were raised, and people came out on the verandah
and the steps. Nat hid himself behind a little clump of trees in the
shadow.

Marie Challoner came out with her host and stood on the steps.
She had a white "cloud" round her head and shoulders. Nat could
hear her voice, though he did not catch the words she spoke, and
she seemed to be animated with a sort of reckless good spirits. She
brought her host down to the verge of the little lake, and several of
the company followed them there; and she insisted, apparently, on
getting into the boat. Nat could see that Sir John Challoner and
their host appeared to remonstrate with her good-humouredly, but
that she would not be persuaded out of her enterprise, and so she
got into the boat, and another girl with her—a slight, fragile
American, looking like the ghost of a girl beside the full, noble
figure of Lady Disdain. Lady Disdain took the oars and practised
the craft she had learned of old Merlin in Durewoods waters when
she was a little girl, and with a few light, strong strokes sent the boat
shooting across the little lake and under the bridge and up to where
the water grew narrow in its basin, and where the feeding stream
poured in. So the boat disappeared out of the moonlight, and was
lost among trees and shadow, but when it had gone Nat could hear
that Marie was singing in her full, deep contralto voice. How happy
she is—how happy they are all! poor Nat thought, and he almost
hated her for being happy, because she had scorned him.

Again he heard the splash of the oars, and he saw several of the
company run round the edge of the lake and station themselves on
the bridge to see the English girl shoot her boat beneath. Nat
emerged boldly and stood upon the lawn. There were several stray
spectators lounging about, and there were gardeners and "helps,"
and Nat had no fear of being noticed by any one except Sir John
Challoner, whom he would take good care to avoid, and Nat had
eyes like a lynx. Straight under the bridge and into the moonlight
shot the boat, swift and black, across the water. Marie as the rower
had her back turned to Nat. Her "cloud" had fallen round her

shoulders, and her thick hair was seen. Then as the boat darted in towards the bank the rower suddenly rested upon her oars, and turned quickly round to see whither she was impelling herself, and Nat saw her face full in the moonlight, with the pale forehead and the careless hair coming low on it, and the sparkling eyes and the lips firmly set with the eagerness of her exercise and her responsibility as a rower. Then the boat touched the shore, and before any one could come to her help Marie had leaped out and taken her fragile companion under the arms and landed her lightly on the bank.

Nat drew back to the shelter of his clump of trees, and he heard laughing and talking and moving feet, and in a few moments the lawn and the verandah were lonely and silent again.

He hung about the house, about the plantation, and on the lawn for hours. He heard music now and then, and some men occasionally came on the verandah and smoked and talked. Nat saw Sir John Challoner among the rest. Then all these disappeared, and the sounds from within the house grew less and less, and at last the lights in the room where the company had been were put out, and Nat saw negro helps bustling about here and there, and he crouched on the ground among the trees to escape discovery. All was quiet at length. Lights twinkled in rooms on the verandah level and above, which Nat assumed to be bedrooms. He felt very miserable, and wished now that he had not come on this idle expedition. What was the good of seeing her for a few moments? Where was he to go now? Suppose he should be found lurking like a robber near the house, and treated as a robber, or turned from the grounds with ridicule and disgrace?

At that moment a window on the verandah opened and Marie Challoner herself came out and stood in the moonlight. She leaned on the railing and looked over the scene. Dear Lady Disdain was not inclined to sleep. She had forced herself into spirits all the evening, and now the reaction had come. Perhaps it was merely the physical reaction which affected her. Perhaps it was the resemblance which she fancied that she saw between the whole place and that Durewoods home from which and from all its sweet associations she now began to regard herself as parted. She was very melancholy—depressed almost beyond endurance, and she had panted to be alone for a moment, and in the open air—the cold, clear night air.

Nat Cramp was quite near to her—so near that if he had emerged for one moment from behind his trees into the moonlight of the

awn she might have seen him—perhaps must have seen him. He was so near that he could hear every rustle of her dress as she moved, so near that he held his breath lest she should hear him breathe and take alarm. Sometimes an insane desire seized him to come boldly forward and speak to her, and then he thought of her anger, her scorn, the certain exposure and ridicule. More than once he thought of going down into the little lake and lying there; and it fascinated him to picture the sensation which would be created when next morning his body should be found, and she at least must then know that his feelings were deep, and that he hated life, and knew how to die.

She bent her head down upon the railing of the verandah, and he suddenly knew that she had burst into tears. He heard her sobbing. He gave a cry of rage and despair which startled her very quickly from her hysterical mood, and made her stand up ashamed, affrighted, with wonder and excitement. But he heeded nothing. He had lost even all sense of dread at the possibility of discovery. He ran through the plantation crashing among the trees in his blind wild flight. He reached the avenue and tore furiously along it until he actually ran against the gate. He scrambled over somehow, and gained the open road, and threw himself down there, panting, exhausted, indifferent for the moment whether he were pursued or not, discovered or not.

But he was not pursued. Nobody thought of him. When Marie's first alarm was over, and she could see nothing, and only heard a crash among the trees, she thought it must have been some dog or other animal loose in the plantation. She retreated very quickly to her room, however, and waited for a while with beating heart; but as she heard no further sound outside the house, and heard within the house the subdued, reassuring tread and voices of servants, she thought little more of the occurrence which had startled her. So when he had lain long on the road outside the gate poor Nat got up and slowly dragged himself to the steamer pier. He would hang about anywhere until the morning, he thought, and then go back to New York by the first steamer, and return to England to see his mother's grave. Even his death now, he believed, would hardly interest Miss Challoner, for he told himself with agony that she was sobbing because of "that fellow from Japan."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE SAME BOAT.

THREE or three weeks after the time of the last chapter Christmas Pembroke was in London one streaming night of rain and wind. He had been leading a strange sort of life lately. He had severed himself from all association with acquaintances, and passed a moody, lonely, semi-hermitic existence. He had not for some time even written to Edna Lyde, and for aught she knew he might have been on his way to Japan. He had deliberately abstained from writing to her because he feared that she would try to prevail on him to leave England before the Challoners should return, and he had not the courage to confess to her the hope and the purpose which kept him in London and upheld him in life. He felt himself for the present a sinner of injury to the human race, so bitter had he grown in his exasperated sense of the treachery of Sir John Challoner.

This particular night he turned into a colonial club, of which he was a member, to see something about the mail steamer next expected from New York. As he was passing out again through the hall he suddenly ran against Mr. Ronald Vidal. Of all men he, Christmas, would have avoided him. They ought to be enemies, Christmas thought; it would be a relief to him if they were; and yet they were not.

On the contrary, Mr. Vidal was more friendly than usual, for instead of passing on with the genial "how do?" and graceful nod which constitute our warm-hearted English way of acknowledging an acquaintance, he came to a stand, and had evidently something to say to Christmas. It ought perhaps to have been a mortal defiance in order to fall in with Christmas's mood; but it was not.

"Seen the Challoners yet? They've come, don't you know?" Vidal added, observing that Christmas looked as if he did not quite understand.

"Have they come? I didn't know—you didn't expect them this week I thought."

"No; Challoner had to cut things a little shorter than he intended. They came by Havre."

"Oh! Are they in London?"

"No; they have gone to Durewoods—only passed through town. Challoner will be here to-morrow or next day. Miss Challoner won't come to town—just for the present."

Christmas thought he knew what that meant, and his heart beat fiercely.

"I hear you are going back to Japan—is that so?" Vidal asked.

"Yes; I am going back."

"You don't like us here—can't stand our winter fogs I suppose? Well, such beastly weather as this would make one glad to get out of England anywhere. We shall see you before you go I hope?" Mr. Vidal added with a faint consciousness now growing up within him that Christmas being considered as a stranger in London he really ought to have been more attentive to him and to have had him to dinner at his club or Greenwich or somewhere.

Christmas said something civil in reply, and they went their ways. Short as their conversation was, it was about the longest they had ever carried on together. They never had seemed to approach each other in the least. From the first our young hero had felt a dislike to Vidal, not unnaturally, although perhaps very unreasonably. He disliked him first because he was a young man of position whom Sir John Challoner would evidently like to have as a husband for his daughter; and more lately because Vidal was apparently destined to hold that place. On this substantial basis of antipathy it was easy to construct many little separate objections and dislikes, and Christmas found great fault with a man who cared about lace and old china. Mr. Vidal had not the slightest ill-feeling to Christmas, about whom indeed he hardly ever thought at all. Like most persons who are quick in observing externals and noticing little weaknesses Vidal had scarcely any perception of character or faculty of arriving at the real feelings of others, and he had never supposed that his approaching marriage with Marie Challoner could concern Pembroke in any way.

Christmas felt his heart beating so quickly as to be painful and almost unbearable when he left Vidal. They had come then, and she was in Durewoods again, and evidently she was soon to be married—and meantime what was he to do? How hopeless, how insane now seemed that purpose which had kept him alive while yet the ocean was between them and the purpose was only a vision! What a romantic madman he must prove himself to be! People would pity him, or laugh at him. She would blame him perhaps, and he should have to leave England with her words of blame and the knowledge that he had offended her for his farewell!

No matter. Blame or contempt, anger or laughter might fall on him—what did it matter to him now? After all, what he was going to do was very simple. It was only to ask a girl who had always been *kind and friendly beyond measure* to let him see her for a few moments *and say good-bye to her in person before he left England for ever,*

and then while they were together just to tell her in plain, simple words that he was not in love with any other girl, that he had never dreamed of marrying any other girl—and even if he should be carried a little further and should say he had loved and did still only love her—what harm would that do to her? What kindly-hearted woman would think the worse of him for that? He would leave her in a moment, and she would be troubled with him no more. Why should she be angry with him for his tribute of a hopeless love that asked not even a word of kindness in return?

Christmas hurried to his lodgings, and packed up a few things and wrote a few letters and put his affairs, such as they were, as much as possible in order. For he was determined that his leaving London—when he had seen her for the last time—should be rapid as a flight. He would go to Durewoods to-morrow by the earliest train, he would endeavour to see her at once, and that interview over he would hasten to Miss Lyle's, say a few words of good-bye, then back to London, and fly thence across the Continent to take passage for the East in the first steamer that would receive him on board. Dione Lyle knew nothing of his rush to Durewoods or its purpose. When it was over she might guess it if she would, but there would be little time for guessing anything then.

He smoked many cigars and walked up and down his room and thought a great deal and burst out every now and then into wild fragments of song and felt very much as a man might do on the eve of a battle or a duel. He did not go to sleep until very late, and he had to be up early. He anticipated his hour of rising several times, fearing he had overslept himself, and sprang out of bed and turned his gas full on and looked at his watch only to find that there were hours yet between him and the time for starting.

At last he got up and found that it was six o'clock. His train was to leave at half-past seven. The station was but a few minutes' walk from his chambers. He tried to look out of his windows, but there was a driving rain plashing against the panes, and a fierce wind was shaking the trees and rattling the window-frames, and there was outside a denser than midnight darkness. It suited his mood of mind, this furious winter weather, this wind and this fog; he was grimly glad it was not summer or even a bright winter's day. He wondered to himself how the hollow among the trees at Durewoods—where he and she had stood alone that first day—would look on such a day as this. He determined that after he had seen *her* for the last time he would go and stand there—and so bear with him into his exile a memory of the place not gladdened by summer and soft blue skies

and her sweet companionship, but lonely, wintry, scourged with rain and tossed with cruel wind.

"It's a pity I can't see her there to-day for the last time," he said half aloud in his excitement, and bitterly, "That would be something like what they call the irony of fate indeed!"

Then to be prepared for everything and make sure that no time should be lost he sat down and wrote a few lines to Miss Challoner, saying he particularly wished to speak to her before he left England, and asking if he might see her. He made his request as simple and friendly as possible, avoiding all appearance of high-tragedy airs. He put the note into an envelope, and wrote on the envelope her name and address. Then he tore off that envelope and burned it at the gas; and he wrote on another only the words "Miss Challoner," without any address. For he thought that in the remote possibility of his losing the letter on the way—the most unlikely, surely, of all imaginable contingencies—or of the train breaking down, or anything whatever happening to prevent him from presenting the letter at the Durewoods Hall himself, it would be much better that it should not be found and sent on by any other person. Then he put the letter into the breast pocket of his overcoat, and opened his door and went out.

Such a morning for a trip to the sea-shore! The streets were deserted, although it was past seven; the wind blew the rain in sheets along them; the jets of gas in the lamps winked and blinked every now and then as if they shrank and cowered before the gusts. The great railway station looked utterly forlorn; it seemed hardly possible to believe that there could be any evidence of such life and activity as the starting of a train on such a morning. Christmas really had an absurd misgiving as he entered the station that the officials would tell him there was no train for Durewoods that day. This misgiving, however, was not realised. The train was to go its way independently of wind, darkness, and the pains of wild young lovers. Christmas got into a carriage and tortured himself with wishing that the moment was come for the train to start. It wanted not quite ten minutes of the half-hour; but Christmas chafed about these ten minutes as if the train was doing him some personal injustice by not starting before its time, or as if it mattered in the least to him even though it were an hour behind it.

The ten minutes did at last pass away, and the train left the station. All was blackness outside except where a flash of gas now and then streamed across the windows and allowed a glimpse of rain-beaten roofs and chimney tops. There were two or three other

passengers in Christmas's carriage, but he spoke to nobody. Could it be that through this wind, rain, and darkness it was possible to arrive at Durewoods, and its memories of the sun and the bright water and Marie Challoner? Could it be that Marie Challoner herself was now there? Could anything in life ever be bright again?

The livid spectral morning at last crept over the fields. The rain gradually abated, and towards noon a dismal glint of ghostly sunlight broke through the clouds. Then this again was lost in masses of heaped-up cloud which the wind drove together. The rain and wind seemed to be contending which should put down the other. At present the wind appeared in a fair way to succeed, although every now and then a reinforcing gush of rain occupied the landscape to show that the contest was not yet over.

The train reached the junction where Christmas had to leave the main track and take the little branch line which led to the sea. Only one other passenger besides himself got out here. Christmas did not look at the other, but the other looked at him curiously, wonderingly, and then came up to him, and Christmas, to his amazement, recognised the face and figure of Nathaniel Cramp.

"Why, Cramp! What on earth brings you here? I thought you were four or five thousand miles away."

"I have come back, Mr. Pembroke—as you see. But I thought you had left England before this."

"Take your places, gentlemen," cried the railway guard. "Train for Baymouth!" the little port from which they were to cross to Durewoods.

"Are you going to Durewoods?" Christmas asked as they took their places, with a faint hope that Cramp was perhaps not going there, and very reluctant to be troubled with his or any other society just then.

"Yes, I'm going to Durewoods," Nathaniel answered, grimly. "Are you?" And he chafed at the notion of Christmas going there.

"I am going there—yes. But what on earth has brought you back from the States, Cramp? I thought you were getting on famously there."

"So I was. My way was open there. But a sacred call has brought me back; and I am going to Durewoods to perform a sacred duty."

Christmas looked up surprised.

"I am going to see my mother's grave, and to raise a monument to her."

Christmas's heart was touched in a moment. He had not heard of the death of Nat's mother—indeed he had for some time been engrossed solely with his own affairs and disappointments. Now he felt repentant for having wished to be rid of poor Nat, seeing that Nat had lost his mother. Therefore he did his very best to show that he could feel for the poor fellow's loss.

"I am very unfortunate, Mr. Pembroke."

"Never mind the 'Mr.,' Cramp. We are brothers in misfortune, I think—in many ways."

"I believe we are," Nat interposed, with an emphasis which even then struck Christmas as a little odd. But almost everything about Nat was odd, and Christmas thought the loss of his mother had made his manner particularly wild now. Even grief somehow failed to render poor Cramp quite tragic or heroic. There was always a dash of the ludicrous about him.

Christmas drew him into talk about his mother, and his prospects and plans. Nat spoke with vague and awful foreboding about some mysterious fate, which he seemed to regard as certainly impending over him. All that did not much impress our hero, however. He remembered with mingled pain and humour his meeting with Nat on the Durewoods pier, when Nat talked so grandly and tragically, and they both presently fell into the sea.

As the train neared Baymouth they ceased to talk. Christmas found his anxiety and impatience become almost intolerable, and Nat remained buried in gloom. The sea came in sight. It was tossing in sharp broken waves, and was a livid greenish grey under a grey sky, from which even the wind that still blew fiercely could not pack the clouds away.

"Looks wild, don't it?" said Nat.

"Very wild indeed. I wish we were across," Christmas said, in an impatient and vexed tone, not thinking about any danger in crossing, but only of any possible difficulty or delay.

"Perhaps we may not get across ever," said Nat, tragically.

"Why not? Of course we shall get across."

"These waves are deep and wild," the prophet of evil gloomily remarked.

"Why, Cramp"—and Christmas laughed an impatient laugh—"you've crossed the ocean twice, and you must have seen rougher seas than that. You ought not to be alarmed."

"Oh, I ain't alarmed!—I am not alarmed, I mean. No, not in the least. The waves don't matter to me."

"Baymouth!" called the guard, as the train ran up to the little

station. Christmas leaped out and made for the pier, not waiting to see whether Nat followed him. Pembroke's mind misgave him, and he tormented himself by conjuring up obstacles and difficulties to prevent him from getting on. The first sight of the pier confirmed his forebodings. No *Saucy Lass* or other steamer was there. But that was nothing, he thought. She was delayed in her trip from Durewoods by the wind and weather. She would be here presently. The delay was vexatious, however.

But Nathaniel, who had not hastened so wildly from the station, had time to get some news there, which he brought to Christmas now with the morose satisfaction of one who is rather pleased by anything that crosses the mood of any one else. The *Saucy Lass* had received a severe injury to her machinery that morning owing to the weather. She had been rescued from utter destruction by a chance steamer of much larger size, which had towed her into a little port near, and there she was helpless for the present. There would be no steamer to Durewoods that day, and possibly not even the next day.

Christmas assailed the railway-guard and station-master, who were, however, utterly indifferent, and who blandly explained that their company and their line had no more to do with the steamer traffic than he, Christmas, had. Were there no people about who had anything to do with the steamer? No, the officials thought not; they had probably gone round to the port where she was now laid up. Moreover, the station-master calmly expressed a doubt whether "anything much" would come of their being near at hand, seeing that they certainly had no other steamer ready. Further, he informed Christmas that the *Saucy Lass* often did not move from the pier for days in winter, when the weather was bad, "like now"; there were so few people who wanted to cross to Durewoods in such a season.

"But if people want to go, and have to go—what then?"

Then he supposed the *Saucy Lass* could take them. But she couldn't take any one to-day, anyhow.

"Surely you don't mean to say there is no way of getting to Durewoods to-day?"

There was the road; but that went all round the bay—a matter of thirty miles and more.

"Come, that can be accomplished. Is there any sort of carriage or conveyance to be had in this confounded place?"

The answer was decisive. There was none whatever.

"Great heavens, what a place; what a country; what a people!"

think of this, Cramp—you who have been in the States!" Christmas exclaimed. Thereupon the station-master set them down as two fankees disparaging the institutions of Old England, and he withdrew from the consultation.

"A boat," said Christmas, "can't we have a boat?" But he thought of the hours it would take to cross to Durewoods with such a sea running, and such a wind blowing; and he began to despair.

A friendly porter offered a suggestion. The bay took an immense stretch inland—just there. If they could get a boat—if any one would give his boat in such weather, they could run across that stretch of sea to Portstone pier—a matter of five miles of water, and that would cut off more than twenty miles of road. They then would be less than ten miles from Durewoods, and they might get a carriage at Portstone. Besides, if they only ran in for Portstone pier they would have the wind right behind them all the way.

Christmas was delighted with the suggestion, and thrust a crown-piece into the hand of the man who had made it. Filled with gratitude for this generosity the porter set to work to help him to get a boat. This was hard work. The fishers were all at sea—had been out some days. There was only one small boat available anyhow, and only a couple of boys to row it, and their mother seemed a good deal alarmed at the thought of their venturing out in such weather, although the lads themselves were eager for the enterprise and the pay.

Christmas and the railway porter and the boys declared that there was not the slightest danger. The wind was falling, and anyhow it would be with them for Portstone that far.

"You don't want to go to-day particularly, Cramp," said Pembroke, turning to him. "You needn't come if you think there is any risk. I have a special reason for going to-day."

"Have you, Mr. Pembroke?" Nat said, with deepened emphasis. "Then so have I. I'm going in that boat." And he wildly waved all objection away.

"Well, then, look here; if you will go"—

"I will go. I have said it."

"Very well—can you pull an oar?"

"I used to pull an oar often—on the lake in St. James's Park."

Christmas shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, no matter. I don't think it will be much a matter of rowing at all. With any scrap of a sail—I'll manage it—we'll run across as quickly as a bird; and we needn't take these lads at all. We'll leave the boat at Portstone, and have it sent back to-morrow."

"That's the best thing to do," said the railway porter, with an approving nod.

The proposal was a great relief to the mother and a corresponding disappointment to the boys. Christmas gave the lads a shilling a-piece and that reconciled them to safety on shore. He paid what the woman asked for the hire of the boat, which was not very much, for she was an honest creature who declined even to consider the possibility of her boat being lost or injured.

"Do you really think that there is danger?" Nat asked in a low tone, and with a tremor of the lip which Christmas set down to fear.

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Not taking the boys, you know."

"I don't think there's any danger. I have told you that I particularly want to get to Durewoods to-day—and being drowned would not bring me there. But if you think there is any danger, Cramp, why on earth do you go? It will be all a case of a straight run under a sail; and if the boat doesn't turn bottom upwards she can't help getting over to Portstone, and I don't want anybody."

"I am not afraid of the danger," Nat replied, with a sickly smile. "It isn't that, Mr. Pembroke; you are quite wrong. Never were more out of your reckoning in all your life."

"Come along, then! Now, boys, to launch her." A little crowd of boys and girls had got round. "You had better get in, Cramp, and sit in the stern. I'll jump in after."

"Watch your time," the railway porter recommended, "watch your time. There's a stiff wave coming." He, too, prepared to lend a hand. The oars were put in, and the little mast shipped, and the sail—a small square thing—reefed up for the moment, and Nat scrambled into the boat and sat in the stern.

"Take my coat, Cramp," Christmas called out, as he pulled off and handed to Nat his thick Ulster overcoat, which threatened to be in his way during the rough work of launching the boat. "Now then, lads, all together."

Christmas and the railway porter and the two boys with various young amateur assistants ran the boat down to the very edge of the surf.

"Lie down, Cramp," Christmas called, "it's the best thing you can do for the moment;" and Nat threw himself down.

Then with a rush they sent the boat sliding on the back of a receding wave, and when Christmas had given a final push he sprang upon its bow, and got lightly in and seized an oar, ready to push off from the shore if needs were. But the wave took them fairly out

and tossed them all dancing and whirling round to another wave ; and wind, sea, and all were making for them, so that when Nat Cramp crouched into a sitting posture they were already a long way from the sight of little figures still gazing after them.

“ Are our things in, Cramp ? ”

“ The two portmanteaus ? Oh yes ; and your coat, Mr. Pembroke ? ”

“ I shan't put it on. Holding this sheet and managing the sail will keep me warm enough. I think, Cramp, I had better steer unless you are quite sure of yourself.”

“ It's so very rough—it tosses one so.”

“ Well, it isn't like St. James's Park. No matter ; I can manage it all. In fact there's nothing to do but to keep her head up and run right for Portstone with such a wind and sea as this.”

The wind had abated somewhat, but it was still strong, and the sea was very rough. Christmas now had got his little sail all right and was seated in the stern holding the sheet and managing the rudder at once. Cramp sat in the bow. The stout little boat tumbled about a good deal, and Nat, despite his longing for death, sometimes started a little when the bow was deep down in a greyish green valley and some great wave seemed about to fall upon it. Christmas felt his spirits rise immensely. There was something exhilarating in this battle with the sea and the knowledge that so much depended upon his eye and hand. For there was enough of wind and sea to make a small boat with a square sail a dangerous vessel for a clumsy hand or an uncertain eye.

The two companions did not speak much at first ; it needed something like a shout to be heard through wind and waves.

“ It's very cold ! ” cried Nat.

“ What do you say ? ” his fellow-voyager shouted.

“ It's very cold ! ”

“ Put on my coat, Cramp ; I don't want it—I couldn't wear it—I am very warm ; put it on.”

Nat managed to put it on, not without greatly shaking their little ark.

“ But I say, don't jump about in that way, Cramp, or you'll capsize us ! It wouldn't take much to do it.”

Nat crawled along the seats until he had got his head under the sail and within easier speaking distance of Christmas. He looked particularly livid and ghastly, and Christmas assumed that he was terribly frightened.

“ I wish you would keep quiet, Cramp,” he said. “ There isn't the remotest danger as long as you keep quiet and don't capsize us.”

The sky was all grey and dark, and the dull green of the sea, brightened by no ray or relief from above, had something funereal and boding in it.

"Wouldn't it be an odd thing," Nat said, "if you and me—I mean to say you and I—were to be drowned here to-day?"

"It wouldn't be at all odd if you keep moving about in that way."

Nat laughed defiantly.

"You saved me once off Durewoods pier, Mr. Pembroke. You couldn't save me in that sea now."

"No, Cramp—nor myself."

"Not much chance for us there?"

"Not any, I should say."

"I saw a sail—far off yonder. She couldn't save us?"

Christmas shook his head.

"Even if she saw us we should be down among the dead men long before she could bear down upon us, I fancy. For which reason, my good fellow, keep quiet."

"But, Mr. Pembroke, I don't know why I should want to live. I'm sick of life—I hate it all."

"Well, Cramp, I don't know that I have any great motive in living. But I want to live for this day anyhow. Wait till to-morrow or next day, and then perhaps I should care as little about living and be just as heroic as you."

Christmas spoke with a kind of contempt for Nat, whom he believed to be only in one of his familiar mock-heroic moods, a little swollen by the excitement of the situation.

"To-morrow?" Nat screamed, like one frenzied with sudden passion and despair. "To-morrow? I know what that means! No, no! To-day's our time! We'll never see Durewoods again, you and I. You will never see *her!*" And he jumped up in the boat and gesticulated like a madman, as he shouted "Hurrah, hurrah!"

"By the Lord, Cramp, you've done it now!" Christmas cried. He flung himself to the other side of the boat, tried in one terrible moment to keep her steady, to keep her head up; was conscious of a bewildering sensation, as if the whole world were overturning, and the sky and sea crashing down upon him together, and in another instant the boat turned over and the two young men were in the waves.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

Two years ago we were never tired of boasting of our material progress. We were constantly measuring up what had been done to the limits of a generation or two, and plunging into speculations to what unimaginably wonderful state of things might be attained in another half century or so. But of late there seems to be a tendency to take these things more quietly, and it is not clear that some of us are not a little disappointed. When we come to think of it there is some ground for reaction and the suspension of boasting. It is not for us to blow the trumpet for what was done when we were quite young, or when our fathers were in their prime; it may be that we have not quite proved ourselves worthy of our inheritance. What, I am prompted to ask, are the mighty inventions, the gigantic improvements, the astonishing discoveries of the last half-century years? Really they have been few and unimportant in comparison with the works of the previous quarter of a century. Looking back along the lines of about fifty years, we have indeed no reason to be ashamed of our own half of the period. I am not that we are trading upon the deeds of our predecessors, and are doing what has been expected of us. I have a vivid recollection of writing, the lecturing, the preaching, the moralising, the stock-jobbing, and the forecasting, in which the Anglo-Saxon indulged at the time when the nineteenth century had run out half its course. I remember then that we lost Sir Robert Peel, who had finished off a good stroke of political work, and it was a few months later that we opened the first International Industrial Exhibition. That was the rounding off of a great epoch. From the Battle of Waterloo to the present civilisation displayed an amount of vigour unexampled in any similar period in history. It sounds trite even to mention the fact; but, thanks to our self-love and complaisance, it is not so easy to speak of the succeeding five-and-twenty years as an era of diminished importance, during which science has seemed to stagnate, and invention and discovery have rested a good deal on their heels, and almost the only great men in any branch of distinction have been those whose fame was made or making before the century closed upon its second half.

There is an event set down for the present month which has suggested a depreciation of the current period. On the 27th of September, 1825, the Stockton and Darlington Railroad was opened for traffic. This was the very beginning of railway travelling in the world, and it is a project for celebrating the jubilee. I have no doubt that it will be a very interesting affair, and that many pretty things will be

said, but I would suggest to the trumpeters to beware of laying over much stress upon the wonders that have been achieved, remembering that in all history the greatest snare of the Present has been the worship of the Past. Possibly one reason why we have done a little during the last twenty or thirty years has been the temptation to boast and crow over our achievements. Railway travelling begun and developed between 1825 and 1850, the electric telegraph system, the extensive substitution of steam power for manual labour—all these are things the honour of which mainly belongs to the time before the half century was turned. Self-congratulation upon those achievements was natural five-and-twenty years ago, and perhaps it is pardonable now; but self-congratulation in such matters may degenerate into a sort of superstition of the kind that arrests progress. It may be as well now to remind ourselves that the world is still all before us, and that the past is dead.

I HAVE been made the medium of an amusing little friendly passage of arms between two of my contributors personally unknown to each other. The author of "Al Lyn Sahib" asks of Mr. Francillon, What constitutes "virgin brains"? The question arises upon a passage in the third chapter of "A Dog and his Shadow," in which the author, describing the curious studies of the little untought and unguided Abel Herrick running free of the Manor House bookshelves, observes:—

Anything, so long as it is incomprehensible, will serve to fascinate virgin brains: they read unintended human faces, full of character, in the meaningless zigzags of a carpet pattern, vague romances in the fireplace, and wonderful new landscapes in the cross-threads of a blank window-blind.

Frank Percival's contention would seem to be that these mental phenomena are not confined to "virgin brains." "Mine," he says, "have been spun into cobwebs, dulled by opiates (in sickness), tortured to solve impossible problems, rarely allowed a wholesome rest: and yet it must be a bare tract indeed that does not furnish them with material for 'unintended human faces'; and not only are these full of character, but their owners live and influence my life. On the old marble of my fireplace dwell Imogen, Barnes Newcome, and D'Israeli. Three green leaves in a bedroom are the abode of an Italian bandit, Mrs. Caudle, and a Chinese female asleep, according as I elect to look for them. To the frayed bell-rope cling Pio Nono and a brace of cardinals; while, as you say, the cross-threads of a blank window-blind will suffice to portray whole groups of figures. Then what are 'virgin brains,' and why this perpetual phantasmagoria of images? Is it a foretaste of that future abode where authors are bound to provide their creations with souls?" Mr. Francillon in reply says: "As prose is often wanted to explain verse, perhaps verse may be able to explain prose," and so he transmits to Mr. Percival, through me, the following commentary upon my friend's letter:—

'Tis not alone the "Virgin Mind"
Sees pictures where the dull are blind
And hears the spheric quire:

But, oftener far, 'tis Childhood's eye
Finds Whales and Camels in the sky,
And Faces in the Fire.

The Plough, at times, will daisies spare,
And furrowed brains will, here and there,
Be fresh as new-born souls :
Yet most, between the polished bars,
Read, for the gold that falls from stars,
The gold that's paid for Coals.

Thrice blest are they that undefiled
Preserve the fancies of the Child
From taint of later lore !
" A Bell-rope, wheresoe'er it be,
A common Bell-rope is to me,
And it is nothing more."

Frank Percival.

R. E. F.

OOD paper, I think, might be written in defence of fashion as an
of intellectual progress and a safeguard against error and
tition. The shafts of ridicule have never ceased to be aimed
nges of fashion, but I have always regarded the wits who have
powder and shot on this subject as the advocates of a moral
much more detrimental than that of the wildest vagaries of
e. A new fashion is a work of emancipation. Ten thousand
mistakes about men and things have been exploded by a
alteration of dress, of form, of ceremony, of habit. I have
only to touch upon one branch of a very large question.
is among men a strong tendency towards the superstition
oman's beauty is dependent to a very large extent upon her
nd adornment ; but whoso studies for awhile the changes of
t knows that this is a blunder, and learns that the beauty of the
wholly superior to the influences of adornment or disfigure-

In long skirts or short, in spare skirts or hoops, in bonnets
or imperceptible in size, mountainous or absolutely flat, the
is always the same : the native grace and charm make beautiful
hion. The satirist is always prophecying that woman has spoilt
at last, but presently she overmasters the change and is more
than before.

ATH," said Hans Christian Andersen, in characteristically
homely, cheerful literary figure-making—"Death is the omni-
nductor, and he is the passport writer ; and he countersigns
vice book, and he is director of the Savings Bank of Life. Do
nderstand me? All the deeds of our life, the great and the
like, he puts into this Savings Bank, and when Death calls
s omnibus and we have to step in and drive with him to the
f Eternity, there on the frontier he gives us our service book
ss. As a provision for the journey he takes this or that good
ve have done and lets it accompany us, and this may be very
or very terrific." The simple figures of speech grow quite
when we think of them now, in connection with our

feeling for the good and gentle spirit who has gone with the inevitable omnibus conductor and passed the frontier of Eternity. The sweet Danish improvisatore had, every reader of his must feel, a good account of fair deeds in the Savings Bank, and his way was surely pleasant and not terrific.

A PLAYGOER, reviewing the discussion of the season touching the Italian version of "Othello" played by Signor Salvini and his company, is severe upon the manner in which that version was presented in the "books of the words" placed in the hands of the visitors to Drury Lane. Mr. Mapleton, he says, did not favour the public with any history of the Italian version nor of the English adaptation which accompanied it on the opposite page. The latter, he imagines, was the work of an Englishman who possessed some little knowledge of Italian but did not think it incumbent upon him to adhere very closely either to the Italian on the opposite page or to the text of any particular edition of the poet. In the matter of stage direction words were sometimes given on the English page without any equivalent on the Italian page, and in very many instances there were Italian stage directions which did not appear on the English page: while in some cases part was translated and part omitted. In Scene 1, Act ii., for example, "Isola di Cipro—Porto di Maré" is represented by "Island of Cyprus." Occasionally the scenes began and ended in different places in the two versions. Cassio's exclamation "You rogue! you rascal!" began a new scene on the English page, but ended the previous scene on the Italian side. These discrepancies did not, however, arise from any respect for the original, although in one or two cases it happened that when the English version differed from the Italian it agreed with some edition of Shakespeare. One example is enough to clear the compiler from any imputation of an undue regard for the integrity of the author's work. In Act 2, scene i., the Second Officer enters with the exclamation, "News, lads" (or, in some editions, "News, lords"). This was sufficiently well rendered in the Italian by "Où, novelle, amici!" and it comes back into English thus: "News, friends"! The compiler showed little regard for Shakespeare's reputation as a poet when he printed Iago's conversation with Roderigo (Act 1, Scene ix.) as verse instead of prose, making the Bard of Avon the author of very blank verse indeed. But the most extraordinary blunder, which ought to rank among the Curiosities of Literature, is at the opening of the play, described thus: *Venice.—A street: on one side the Palace of Brabantio, with Verona on the other.* So that Venice and Verona are on opposite sides of the same street! The rising of the curtain explained the mystery; the English translator had mistaken *Verone*, a bay window, for Verona, the city!

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A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

CHAPTER X.

There was a maze within an hundred gates.
Over the first was broadly written, "Here
Doth lie the road to Love :'" and o'er the next
"Here lies the road to Love :'" and o'er the third
The self-same legend, and o'er all the same,
Save o'er the last, and naught was written there.
Yet one gate only led within the maze,
And he who found it knew not how to read.
Read, ye who can, and name the gate of Love.

BREAKFAST being over, the question arose as to what
should be done with the morning.

"I suppose Tom may be left out of the question
now," said Beatrice. "Of course he will be with Mr.
Herrick now, all day and every day."

"Well," said Tom, who having rashly burdened himself with a
tutor was beginning to wonder what he should do with him, "First
days at home never count for anything. We'll lay our plans to-
morrow, Herrick. I must take a look round the place, and see what's
been done, for the first thing. Burnett, I dare say, will take you
girls for a canter, if he's got nothing better to do."

"But I have something better—I mean something else," Beatrice
interrupted herself, feeling that Captain Burnett must be safe from
her quiver for evermore, in spite of the contempt she felt for a man
who, even when he talked of making himself energetic, put before

him the pitiful prize of a girl's hand as the whole aim of his energy. The Captain did not seem to notice, however, but finished his coffee sleepily.

"Why, Bee, you don't mean to say you go on with your eternal grind down here? Burnett, you must drag her out, whether she will or no."

"Miss Deane knows I am always at her service," said the Captain. "But I've got something better to do to-day."

"Dick!" said his mother, "Is that the politeness of now-a-days? I've not the least doubt young men sometimes thought it what you call a bore to dance attendance on young women when I was a girl, but they had the manners not to say so. What a singular difference there is between a snuff-box and a pipe, Mrs. Deane! I have no liking for either, but it is a fact that real manners went out with snuff-boxes."

"Well, mother," said the Captain good-humouredly, "that's because you used to allow snuff in drawing-rooms, and drive tobacco into the smoking-room, though it's the cleaner of the two."

Even Beatrice felt piqued at the cool way in which one who had, but an hour ago, professed to have received the death-blow to his hopes, bore his refusal. She would not marry him for the world, but still it was not as gratifying as it ought to have been to find her rejected lover so easily cured. He might as well have been broken-hearted for a day. Perhaps had he taken snuff he might have been. "Fancy a girl being consoled by a pipe for the loss of a thimble!" she thought scornfully. "Well—I shall know what to think if such a thing ever happens again."

"I'm going to have a cigar, any way," said Tom, "and if nobody else knows what they're going to do, they must find out for themselves. You'd better come too, Burnett—perhaps in half an hour they'll have made up their minds. Do you think you can manage to amuse yourself this morning, Herrick, without being looked after?"

"I dare say Mr. Herrick would like to see the library," said Beatrice, who had fully made up her mind to take possession of the tutor, and, while she looked up to him, felt he was one whom she could patronise.

"Well—*chacun à son goût*," said Tom, quoting, in an accent of his own invention, the only scrap of French that he knew. And so the party broke up at last, and Abel Herrick, after a while, found himself alone once more with Beatrice Deane. He, like Captain Burnett, ought to have found some better way of spending the morning seeing that his letters to Milly were frightfully in arrear, and

did not even know where to write to him. But that was now an story, though of course, as a true knight of romance, he was and to love her still.

The library at Longworth was very different from the worm-eaten shelves at Winbury, or even from the vicar's dreary-looking collection of divinity and law. It was large, light and luxurious, as well fitted for sleep as to work in, and used for the former purpose by all the family but one. Beatrice saw Abel's look of wonder and admiration, and felt pleased and proud.

"Of course this is nothing to you," she said, "who know the great libraries in Cambridge and London, but you see I have had to make my own. My uncle is very good, and always lets me have my way."

At that moment it suddenly struck the young man that she was very beautiful. His only standard—as a lover's should be—was Milly: and Beatrice Deane was beyond all question a prettier girl than Milly Barnes. And then there was a great deal about her, in comparison with Milly, that the blindest of lovers could not fail to receive. There were differences of manner, of dress, of birth perhaps, and certainly of breeding. He had taken Milly for his muse—a raw school-girl muse from Miss Baxter's academy: but here was a real muse rounded by her world of books as a student's muse should be, and trying therein. He admired her for having refused Captain Brett, towards whom he felt as a *sans-culotte* towards a duke and earl, and he admired her still more for the brightness given her by the sun that streamed through the window. Abel was still poet enough to see a little more than was to be seen. And this was the girl who had been told that he was no gentleman—the word remained sticking in his throat after his shame for the weakness that had almost justified the accusation had passed away. If she really knew that he was a peasant, and an intellectual impostor, what would she say then? He knew what she would have said—your birth is your honour, and it defeats your misfortune. But, as he stood before her, he felt amazed. It was hard, he thought: for he felt convinced that he must have been born a real gentleman if the truth were known.

"You should have seen this house before it was built, as they used to say of Marshal Wade's roads," said Beatrice. "It was a wretched old place then, half tumbling to the ground. It used to belong to a very famous old family named Vane—when the last of them died, it came to my grandmother, Mrs. Deane, who was his sister. That was her portrait that you saw in the dining-room. We rather a complicated family, what with Deanes, Eliots, and Vanes

—you see my uncle and my cousin have different names, though they're father and son."

Even this had now become galling to the herald and genealogist who did not himself own so much as a father, and who knew nothing about his own name except that it was not his own.

"That picture," she went on, "is our father—mine and Annie's—who was killed in the battle of Balaklava, when we were both little girls. I hardly remember him, though, for he was always away, and my uncle has always been our real father. And that—let me see—oh, that is the last of the real Vanes—my grandmother's brother, from whom we got Longworth."

Abel glanced at the picture of the last of the Vanes—a girlish looking young man in hussar uniform. He had no eye for pictures, considered as works of art, but he seemed to see in this something more than the portrait of a stranger. The round, beardless, girlish face, with the pink cheeks, light brown hair and grey eyes smote his conscience—perhaps it was because the features were so commonplace that they somehow suggested Milly. And then there was another reason—the name of Vane naturally suggested Winbury to Winbury ears, however far from home it might be heard.

So far Beatrice had done all the talking. Abel's silence, added to his reputation, still helped to distinguish him from the herd of young men—he had not paid her a single compliment, and that alone was a great deal. So she could not help condescending to feel curious about the antecedents of her new friend. Curiosity, when rebaptised into interest, is permitted all over the world.

"Yours is rather an unusual name," she said. "I never met with it except in this very book-room. If you are descended from a really great man, I am afraid I have been only making you laugh at our family history. I never heard of a Vane or a Deane being distinguished for anything yet—I have all the ambition, and I am not a man."

"I never heard that my family was connected with the poet's," said Abel. "But of course it might be." He was thinking that if the Vanes and the Deanes had built up a house like this they had given their descendant small cause to complain of them for having done no more. After all, if life was a thing to be lived and enjoyed, as it seemed to be, he began to think that a house might dispense with a book-room.

"Even Mrs. Burnett does not seem to understand what difficulties she herself has conquered," Beatrice went on, encouraged by her listener's silence. "I suppose they would say I have not had

genius to begin with—but want of genius is never supposed to stand in a man's way. Nobody says to a man, you have no genius, so you must fold your hands and sit still. They say you must work to make up for it, and so I say it to myself, as nobody says it to me. You must help me, Mr. Herrick, please, whatever they say. I hope there will be nothing to prevent your staying here a long time."

A stupid man would have thought she was challenging him to a flirtation: a sensible man that she was so much in earnest about her own wants and wishes as to be thinking of him very little or not at all. But Abel was neither stupid nor sensible. His mystical reading had introduced him to the science of affinities and sympathies between souls. There was a revival of his own dying enthusiasm in her words and in the tone in which she spoke them, and he thought sadly how long it might have been before he heard himself flattered by a housekeeper's niece as the daughter of the Vanes, Deanes, and Eliots was unintentionally flattering him now. She saw his face light up for the first time since his defeat at Cambridge, and took it for the sympathetic enthusiasm that she had failed to find elsewhere.

"I don't know how long I may stay," he said. "If you knew everything—well, I have my way to make in the world. But if I can do anything to help you, I will."

"That is a bargain, then. I suppose you will amuse yourself well enough here till lunch time? I am going to make a long list of everything I want you to help me in."

"You have been all this while with Tom's tutor?" said Annie, as Beatrice joined her in their own morning room. "Mind, Bee—I like 'sleepy Dick' much the better of the two: and if you go turning the tutor's head"—

"Can't a girl speak three words to any man without hearing that eternal word, flirtation, that always interferes to spoil everything? And if I wanted to flirt—why I hope I should have better taste than to choose Mr. Herrick, indeed. And don't say anything about Captain Burnett any more, there's a good girl."

"Bee—you don't mean it has really come at last? Why when would it have been—what did he say? He wasn't down till we'd had done breakfast, and ever since then"—

"It was before breakfast."

"Oh, Bee—how could you have had the heart to say no!

"Well—you may say you never flirt, and they say I do: but all the

same, if I wanted to do it well, I should come to you to take lessons."

"Don't tease me now, Annie, there's a dear girl. I've got ever so much to do. I've got to get ready thousands of questions for Mr. Herrick—one doesn't get hold of a senior wrangler every day, and I must make hay while the sun shines."

"Very good, Bee. The next time they accuse me of flirting, I shall say—Not at all: I'm only 'making hay while the sun shines.'"

CHAPTER XI.

We love? What else? Hath not the language told it
Of words, and looks and touches—more than words?
Whence but from Love is this our life unfolded
That blooms with Spring and carols with the birds?

'Tis Spring? Naught else, and bird to bird is calling:
'Tis May, and all the whole year through 'tis May:
Love, like the leaf, hath naught to do with falling—
Love, like the swallow, never flies away.

MEANWHILE, Winbury still slept on, though its schoolmaster was literally "abroad," in the sense of being away from home. It is surprising what little difference the absence of a great man made to a little world. Tuesday repeated Monday like a parrot, and Wednesday Tuesday. Even Sunday was but a slumber within a slumber. The one event was that a score or so of little boys and girls were condemned to a holiday out of season: but of that the sufferers themselves were the last to complain. Lucky was it for the birds that they had not yet begun to set up housekeeping.

Mrs. Tallis at the Manor House was busily engaged in preparing for the great Spring Cleaning by daily rehearsals. Milly, though a finished pupil of Miss Baxter's establishment, was a willing and helpful girl, with a soul not above easing older hands of the mop and duster: but, with all her ready good-will, she might as well have tried to wrest the broom from the hands of the scavenger of the Augean stables as from those of her Aunt Anne. Mrs. Tallis hugged her martyrdom of hard work, and indulged in hourly sarcasm at the expense of girls who sat with their hands before them: and yet she would scarcely allow her niece to indulge in so much as a needle. At last it gave her aunt so much pain to relieve her of even a moment's trouble over a grain of dust that Milly gave up trying to help her in despair, and took to idleness out of a spirit of self-sacrifice, though she had to put up with many unjust reproaches for not doing what she was not allowed to do.

"Well—I must have up Mrs. Herrick again, I suppose," said Mrs. Tallis one morning. "A house like this is really too much, properly speaking, for one single pair of hands, with nobody but me in it who knows how to do a thing. No, Milly—I know what you're going to say: but I don't care about things being done so that I have to do them all over again."

"Why won't you teach me how to do things, aunt?"

"Oh, I can't waste my time over teaching. I know my place and my duty, and what's proper for me isn't proper for you," she added, guarding her complaint from being taken practically. "I haven't been at Miss Baxter's—I hope they taught you something different from house-work there, or my expense has been sadly thrown away."

"Well, aunt—I suppose the use of the globes wouldn't help one very far in scrubbing a floor, though calisthenics might help one to scrub prettily. Do, please, let me try!"

"No, Milly. I don't want things done prettily: I want them done well. If you must do something, you can put the books in order, for fear Mr. Smith should come and see they have not got put back in their proper places. That's a thing I can't be expected to waste my time over, and that boy Abel never could be trusted to put a thing just wherever he took it from."

"Thank you, aunt! And when I've done the books?"

"Gracious me! There'll be time enough to think about that when the books are done. I dare say by that time they'll have got out of order again—that's the way with things: as soon as ever I get to the bottom of the house I'm wanted at the top again. But I shall never get on if I stand talking here. I'm going to Mrs. Herrick's—I shan't be five minutes, if anybody calls."

"Couldn't I run there for you, aunt?"

"No, Milly—don't bother so. I've got my work to do, and I shall never get it done if I'm hindered doing it my own way."

Milly sighed, half vexed, half amused: for she pretty well guessed that a secret liking for a bit of gossip, such as may without loss of dignity be indulged in by a great lady with her humble dependents, lay somewhere at the bottom of her aunt's occasional excursions into the village. Mrs. Tallis, with the air of a martyr, put on her coal-scuttle bonnet and long blue cloak, and went to make arrangements with her favourite charwoman.

She generally found Mrs. Herrick up to the elbows in soap-suds, for the clique of village matrons that ruled the vicar's household had lately elected her to the office of his washerwoman in ordinary—no bad appointment for the mother of eight children who never seemed

to get any older, but by no means agreeable to Mrs. Tallis, who liked her *protégies*, as she liked her merits as a housekeeper, to be wholly and solely her own. But on this occasion not only Mrs. Herrick, but her husband the hurdle-maker and four of her eight children were gathered together in the kitchen round a girl in whom Mrs. Tallis, rather scornfully and jealously, recognised the vicar's housemaid.

"If you're not too busy now to do my work, Mrs. Herrick," she began with biting severity, "I would request you"—

"Oh, Mrs. Tallis—oh, ma'am!" interrupted Mrs. Herrick, forgetting the humble curtesy due to her patroness, "Oh, ma'am! whatever is this that's hopped to our Abel?"

"Happened to Abel?"

"Aye, ma'am—do tell Mrs. Tallis, Jane—you're a better scholar than me. It does beat me, ma'am, aye, and Thomas too—but 'tis something fine and wonderful, sure!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the housemaid, with a gossip's pride in a rare specimen of original information. "Master had a letter from the schoolmaster this very morning, and I—oh, he was that mad about it you never did see!"

"But what was it?"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am! I never knew him in such a way—there'll have to be a new schoolmaster. Mrs. Brown at the Post Office says he's been and made Master of London, ma'am, at ever so much—she wouldn't wonder if 'twere as much as a hundred pound a quarter. Mercy on us! We shall have to call him Squire Herrick now."

"Gracious me! Master of London—whatever can that be?"

"Don't you know, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Herrick. "We thought you'd be sure to know."

"They can't mean Lord Mayor? Why he's never been apprenticed. How did Mrs. Brown know?"

"Oh, ma'am," said Jane, "the posts have their way of knowing what goes on. Why when our John 'listed for a soldier, Mrs. Brown knew it hours before father."

Mrs. Tallis was as much impressed by the news as Jane could have wished, but she was not the person to betray ignorance, far less surprise.

"Well, Mrs. Herrick," she said, with extra severity, "all I can say is I'm very glad to hear it indeed. I suppose he'll do something for you now he's got so high. He'll hardly let you take in washing—so you'll be free, I hope, to help me in my Spring Cleaning."

"Then, ma'am, you think all's surely true?"

But the housekeeper was not going to be driven into a direct admittal of herself to an opinion. She, like the Vicar, could stand hard of hearing if she pleased, and left the cottage, rejecting the undignified temptation to pay a visit to the all-sorts shop, where Mrs. Brown took charge of the limited correspondence at Winbury.

Near the lodge gate she was met by her friend Mr. Pottinger.

"Hulloa, Mrs. Tallis!" said the constable, "what's our schoolmaster been doing now?"

"Ah!—what have you heard?" asked Mrs. Tallis, with eager, but cautious curiosity.

"They've found his father, that's some great lord, and has owned up to him and left him his name and his title and all his money, like a man—that's what they say. Do you think such a thing can be true?"

"Gracious goodness! Abel Herrick turned out to be a lord—you don't say so!"

"What—hav'n't you heard?"—

"All in good time, Mr. Pottinger—all in good time!" she answered evasively, and hurried on.

"Why, whatever is all this about Abel, Milly?" she asked in her turn, as she went straight into the room where Milly was puzzling over the order in which the old books could possibly be supposed to stand with any pretence to symmetry.

"About Abel?" exclaimed Milly, suddenly letting a heavy folio fall from her hands and turning first pink and then pale.

"Yes—some say he's been made Lord Mayor, and some say he's turned out to be a duke's eldest son. What in the name of gracious heaven they mean?"

"A Lord Mayor—a duke's son!" Milly felt not only herself but the whole room turning round and round with amaze. "I'll run to the Post Office—there'll be a letter for me—for us!"—

"Why, Milly! A man who's going to be a duke isn't very likely to write to you or me, I suppose, till he sends me back that ten pounds I lent him the other day."

"Perhaps he's done it, aunt—perhaps it's waiting for you now. I'll run at once!"—

"No, Milly," said Mrs. Tallis, severely restraining her own burning curiosity. "We must wait and have our letters brought to us properly. We must not have it supposed we are so eager for news that we cannot wait a few minutes, and indeed it would not be surprising in you to be seen careering about the village for tidings of

any young man—all the less if it's true what they say—and I hope it is so, I'm sure. Now don't be so flighty, but listen to me about something else before I get to work again. Come, Milly, listen to me, and don't look out of the window."

"Yes, aunt, I'm listening," said Milly with a sigh of impatient resignation. Though always being scolded in words and always spoiled in deeds, she did not pout: so that either Miss Baxter, or Madam Nature, deserved considerable credit for what they had turned out between them.

"Mr. Adams is coming over from Eastington."

"Is he?"

"Yes, he is now a real lawyer, you know, and is out of his articles. I have every reason to think him an honest and a clever young man."

"Yes, aunt. If he is not the cleverest young man in all Eastington, all I can say is that he is very much mistaken."

"Exactly so, Milly, and he is a gentlemanly young man besides. So—listen to me attentively, Milly—so, as you are now very nearly twenty-one, I am going at once to carry out the scheme"—

"Aunt!—Please don't say you want me to be Mrs. Adams!"

"Good gracious, child, what could have made you think of such a thing? Mrs. Adams, indeed!"

"You don't know how you frightened me."

"The idea of such a thing! I wish you would attend, and not put me out with such ludicrous imaginations. Where was I?"

But Milly was unable to help her. Her thoughts were in Mrs. Brown's shop, and there, in spite of her, they seemed resolved to remain.

"Ah!—I remember," said her aunt. "The scheme for which I have been putting by every penny I could scrape together, Milly, ever since you used to roll about on that hearthrug—for which I incurred the expense of sending you to the best establishment in Eastington. Well I know, my dear, the money that will have to be spent before—Milly—Milly! Can't you—where *are* you off to now!"

"A letter, aunt—a letter! There's Mrs. Brown coming through the garden—wait one moment"—and she was out of the room and down the stairs, three at a time, before Mrs. Tallis could say another word.

"Milly!—Milly!" she called after the girl in vain. "Well—of all the madcap hussies!" she said to herself, with cross fondness and admiring vexation.

"Here it is—didn't I say so!" exclaimed Milly as she returned, waving an open letter triumphantly in the air. "He's not a duke—he's not a Lord Mayor—but he's just what I knew he'd be—he's got the thing at Cambridge"—

"Oh!—that's all, is it? But how does he come to have written to you?"

Milly said nothing, but placed the letter in her aunt's hand. We, who sat at Abel's elbow while he penned it, may not be perfectly satisfied with her ready display of what was, despite its stiffness of phrase, nothing more or less than a love letter. But it was at any rate frank, and perhaps the best way of saving long and difficult explanations that could be devised on the spur of the moment. She was far too proud to be shy. Abel had climbed from the bottom to the top of the ladder for her sake, and she was indeed a lucky girl. While her dearest school-friend, with all the advantages of the best professional society in Eastington, had not yet been able to report the ghost of an offer, she, with all the disadvantages of solitude in Winbury, was engaged, before she had left school a year, to a great man, whose humble origin need not be included in the advertisement of the marriage.

Mrs. Tallis spread open the letter with provoking deliberation, settled her spectacles, and read the letter slowly right through.

"I don't understand," she said at last. "I suppose he has done something very wonderful—and he a boy that never did anything but grub over those dusty books that I never could keep clean, or get clean, and could hardly tell his right hand from his left—moon-struck I used to think him. But what does he mean by daring to write to you like that? A regular offer I should call it, if my spectacles did not deceive me?"

"That's why I gave it you, aunt," said Milly, blushing like a rose. "He wouldn't let me speak to you till he knew if all was right—oh, dear aunt, I am so glad that I may speak now!" She threw her arms round the old lady's neck. "Aren't you glad too? Won't the wedding be fun!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Tallis after a long pause of blank dismay. "Oh dear—Here's a pretty kett—here is a melancholy dilemma! Oh Milly, Milly! And just when I was going to—whatever is to be done now!"

Milly lifted up her blushing face in wonder. What possible dilemma could there be? Abel had proposed to her, they were engaged, they were to be married—means had been wanting and now they were supplied; position had been wanting on the part of the

bridegroom, and now he was above the bride. Surely the whole matter ought to be as good as done? What could Mrs. Tallis mean? She looked at her aunt, and could hardly swallow her disappointment. Not a doubt had entered her mind that she was going to give the old lady a glorious surprise by startling her with the news that her Milly was the chosen of the hero of the hour.

"Oh!" she said at last, "I never, never thought you'd have taken it so!"

Mrs. Tallis was not young: it is doubtful if she had ever been young. If so, she had forgotten it, and was incapable of continuing the story of her own youth in that of others. She saw with her spectacles, not with her eyes, and did not observe the little signs of colour and accent that called for sympathy, even if indulgence was out of the question.

"And how did you think I should have taken it, pray? Why I was a grown woman when Mr. Tallis first asked me the question, and he was a grown man. For goodness sake, put such idle nonsense out of your head, and never let me hear of your doing it again."

After the first disappointment, however, Milly had recovered her courage and her smile. That had been her aunt's way as long as she could remember—to spoil her to the utmost, and to reconcile unlimited indulgence with the severest theories of education by trying to hide it under a barren scolding. Whenever Mrs. Tallis was crosser and sternest Milly knew from experience that she was nearest giving way.

"I promise you that, aunt, faithfully—never, as long as I live, to do it again. So you'll let me marry Abel just this once, won't you? Especially as it can't be helped now. You see we shall get older and older every day—and indeed there is no need to marry to-morrow. It will keep very well, and I'll wait till I'm as old as you were, if you please. To be engaged is the great thing."

"Milly! Don't you know you're a young lady—from Miss Baxter's? Young ladies don't marry hurdlers that are picked up under hedges—or they live to repent of it whenever they do. I don't say but what Abel Herrick is a good young man, and he may be clever though nothing like Mr. Adams, to my mind—and being as I say responsible for his existence, it was my duty to help him to be in his situation, and very pleased I am that he has laid out the pounds I lent him so well. But all the same he is not a fit proper person to admit into the family."

"Good gracious, aunt! What family? Why what was father's?"

“Honour your father and your mother, Milly, that your days may be long in the land that’s been given you,” said Mrs. Tallis severely.

“I was only going to say father was but a carpenter and joiner. And then I have no land.”

“Ah! But you don’t know what mayn’t happen one of these days. If instead of running off to the post you had only listened to me—but there, it’s no manner of use talking business to such a child. I’ve brought you up to adorn *any* station, Milly—think of that! And now you would throw yourself away on the first parish foundling that asks you. What would Mr. Adams say! Oh Milly, if I could have seen this day, I’d have thrown every penny I had into the canal.”

So that was it, then—Mr. Adams was coming over to make her aunt’s will, and her aunt had been earning the character of a half miser to bring her up like a lady, and to leave her enough to make her one. At least so she interpreted the hints to which she had listened so badly. A hard lump seemed to rise in her throat and her eyes filled with tears. Talk of death pains youthful ears not unpleasantly, but a word about preparing for it is like the thought of the packing-up that spoils the anticipation of the most welcome journey—as the departure of a good woman ought to be. How could her aunt, whom she loved, be so cruel as to speak of such things? How could Mrs. Tallis even dream that she would listen, in cold and sordid patience, to talk of what she would gain by the funeral of her more than mother?

“Please—please don’t tell me how good you’ve been to me,” she said with all her heart in her voice. “I know all that—I’d do anything to show I do, anything—but”——

“But the only thing you must not think of doing,” said Mrs. Tallis, sadly and coldly.

There was no mistaking her meaning this time. Milly had looked for a good round scolding, or at least for a pretence of it, and she was met by firmness instead of anger, and by the insultingly unjust supposition, as it seemed, that the threat of losing her aunt’s money would make her false to Abel. It was too bad. Her aunt had admitted Abel’s good qualities, and only objected to him on the score of its being below the dignity of a working carpenter’s daughter to marry a gentleman and a scholar because he had once made hurdles. Had Mrs. Tallis been really the lady of the manor and Abel an actual hurdle-maker still the reason offended every generous instinct on the part of one who had studied the whole art of love as taught by the circulating library of Eastington.

It was the sting of injustice far more than of disappointment that made the gathering tears brim over. She was longing to say, "I want nothing—only to let you feel how unkind and unjust you have been. I cannot be false to a man who has done all this for my sake, but I am your loving child, however you may punish me for doing right. Punish me if you like—only not by thinking that I think of gaining anything by losing you." But that same sense of injustice, when first roused, deadens the heart into silence, and Milly had never been unjustly treated in her life before.

She turned away her head and dried her eyes without being able to say a word.

"Come, Milly. Don't be so contrary. You must submit to be thought for by your elders and wisers. Just think what Mr. Adams would say"—

"Mr. Adams!" exclaimed Milly, in what sounded like, but was not, a tone of rebellious temper. So it sounded even to herself: and no sooner was it out, than she repented. "Oh aunt, can't you understand? As if I'd do for Mr. Adams or anybody what I cannot do for you! What is Mr. Adams? He's no more to me than that chair—less indeed."

"Then I'm to consider myself considerably sat upon, I suppose?" said a well-known voice from the door. "Well—I won't mind a bit so long as you use me for a *arm*-chair. Rather like it, Miss Milly, and make you as comfortable as I can. Good morning, Mrs. Tallis. Little domestic rumpus, eh?"

Since Mr. Adams had emerged from the chrysalis state of his articles and developed into a full practising butterfly he had slightly modified the gorgeousness of his apparel. He had endeavoured to combine the attributes of a dashing young fellow with an air of professional dignity, and had, as usual, succeeded in giving much satisfaction to his own eyes. Instead of adopting the rainbow for his fashion-book he had harmonised himself into what is now termed a symphony in blacks and whites, only relieved from monotony by a scarlet silk neck-tie and a large yellow crocus in his button hole.

"I don't comprehend legal expressions," said Mrs. Tallis, stiffly—"Milly is a little obstinate this morning—that's all."

"Perhaps as *amicus curiæ*"—*ammycus*, he called it—"as friend of the family that is, ladies—I might bring things round? Thought 'twould be a crying shame, on my word of honour, to make Miss Milly smile when she looks so well with the fountains playing. If I *was a poet*, like our friend the schoolmaster, I'd dash off a *ode*, or a *epic*, or a *idle*, to the weeping Venus—and I would, too, only in a

profession, you see, one has to think of Pluto first and Cupid after. Ah, Miss Milly?"

Milly turned her back upon him and went to the window, for the art of warming up the cold shoulder was unknown in Winbury. But Mrs. Tallis had taken the young man at his own valuation. As a strait-laced elderly spinster she had a natural affinity with a young man who rattled on without regard to her laces: his scholarship impressed her, as belonging to the unknown regions above her, and his unrecognised slang no less, as belonging to regions which, though not above her, were equally unknown. To her mind he was the brilliant wit, the fine gentleman, the great lawyer, and the experienced man of the world that he was to his own.

"Never mind what Milly thinks," she said. "Milly is not in the humour to be talked to. Would you believe it, Mr. Adams?"

"Anything *you* say, ma'am. *Credat Judæus Apollo*, as the ancients used to say."

"The child has actually got herself engaged!"

"Engaged—to be married? No—don't say that, Mrs. Tallis!"

"There, Milly"——

"It's true, then? Then you see before you a broken-hearted torney! Yes, ma'am—we have hearts in our profession, though you mightn't think it: we have indeed. As soon as we've got through our bit of business and I've had a mouthful of bread and cheese I'll go and drown myself in the canal. I had hoped—but no matter. Who is the happy man?"

"There you see, Milly. It doesn't enter Mr. Adams's head that you could have lowered yourself so far. He would not joke about it like that if"——

"No joke, I assure you, ma'am! What's jest to another is death to me."

"Like that, if he did not think you had made a choice of which our friends could approve."

"Aunt!" cried out Milly, losing her temper at last, "How can you talk so before a stranger? It's nothing to Mr. Adams—it's nothing to anybody at all."

"Good gracious! Is that how you have learned to speak to me? It is everything to Mr. Adams, as you would have known by this time if you had shown yourself fit to have things explained to you."

"I can't help it—I can't help feeling when—not that I mind about Mr. Adams, I'm sure. But first you treat me as if I was ungrateful, and then as if I was sullen, and you don't understand"——

It was terribly unfortunate that Mr. Adams should have chosen

such a moment for his call. In his presence Mrs. Tallis was bound to keep up her dignity and assert her authority, while Milly was tongue-tied. Her aunt, she knew well enough, knew nothing about feelings and sentiments, but to drag her heart's confidence, with all its freshness still upon it, into the flaring light of Mr. Adams's vulgar and flippant ridicule looked almost like deliberate cruelty. Of course it was nothing of the sort—Mrs. Tallis was only following the example of many wiser people in treating what she considered a child's folly by a short course of shame and sharp words. Her only mistake was that Milly did not consider her first love folly nor herself a child, nor Mr. Adams as entitled to be made the means of her humiliation. Understanding as little as she was understood and feeling herself on the verge of open rebellion, she went towards the door. But Mr. Adams placed himself before her.

"Come, Miss Milly," he said. "Don't be so hard on a fellow. I'm your legal adviser, you know."

She let her arms drop by her sides in despair.

"Aunt may say what she likes," she said. "I'll ask your advice when I want it. Will you let me go by?"

"Oh, certainly, Miss Milly—certainly: by all means," and he threw open the door with a flourish and a bow. "Dear me—I didn't think it was in her. I hope the happy man keeps a bit of a temper, ma'am, somewhere about him? But it don't matter—if he runs short in the article there'll be enough in the house for two. It's a pity though: a sad pity. Love might muddle things sadly. Who is the happy man? Or the unhappy man, as the case may be? You hav'n't dropped such a thing as a hint anywhere about, have you, ma'am? There's such a lot of adventuring fellows about that would be down on Miss Milly like wasps about a treacle tub"—

Milly heard his tongue still running on till she reached her bedroom and bolted out the sound.

What could her aunt mean? She only succeeded in realising the situation to find it pass her powers of guessing. The unexplained hints let drop by Mrs. Tallis that there were special reasons against her engagement to Abel had fallen idly upon a mind preoccupied with the romantic aspect of the question. Like every girl that ever was born, she prided herself upon understanding her elderly relations better than they understood her. But she had to own herself fairly at fault this time.

She felt like a tragedy queen in a novel: and, in spite of her natural sincerity, the sensation was not altogether disagreeable. The parts were all duly laid out. There was herself for the heroine

out of that chapter of deception which
the book of love, as it is read in

blushing. Then a sudden
arms round the old lady's
the letter, if you like—

with the extra
most moved.

Do you mean
tell him so. That's

voice. "That can't be.
ord."

"I will' into 'I won't' even when
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at—it would make me so unhappy too! Don't you
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That's always the ending—and then, when it's too
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I promise to wait for him twenty years."

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ion than of Abel's being killed. There's no war:
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t her threat of going into a decline on the spot had
no desire to press her advantage unduly, but she
adding, with a sigh,

—I'll do my very best, but one can't be expected to
when somebody is breaking his heart for one. There
n't here now. So I'll beg your pardon for being

er has come to the girl now? Of course you were

her old school-fellows to see. How did that famous letter begin that her friend had written to the doctor's assistant on the other side of the street? Milly and half a dozen other girls had been allowed to read that letter under the seal of the strictest confidence, and it had thrilled them with its romantic eloquence. Somehow, however, its phrases had passed out of her mind: she could only remember that the doctor's assistant was somewhere in the course of it called an "angel," and the term, which she then thought elegant, now struck her as a little absurd. She could not bring herself to call Abel an angel: indeed she was not quite sure that she thought him one. "I wonder," she asked herself, desperately, "if Julia really thought the doctor's boy an angel, or if it's only the right thing to say? I wish she was here."

Ashamed of her failure to rise to the occasion she sat biting her pen when she heard a hand upon the handle of her bolted door.

"Milly?" asked her aunt, "Are you there? What are you doing? Mr. Adams wants some beer."

"I'm writing to Abel, aunt," said Milly, boldly.

"Then let me in, if you please. Whoever you're writing to you needn't shut yourself up. There—now show me the letter."

"Aunt!"

"Good gracious! Whatever has come to the girl! You were ready enough to show me young Herrick's letter to you. How long have girls taken to writing to young men without showing their aunts, I should like to know? It usedn't to be so in my time. Come—let me see it instantly."

Milly, in spite of her agitation, could not refrain from a smile as her aunt slowly adjusted her spectacles and brought all her attention to bear upon a large round blot in the middle of a blank sheet of paper.

CHAPTER XII.

First Sentinel.—Holla! Who goes there?

Andreas, A Friend.

First Sentinel.—Stand, friend, and give the word.

A Voice.—Sleep!

From the dream-land by the sea

Rise a mist 'twixt him and thee!

Be he friend or be he foe,

Dream, and sleep, and let him go.

First Sentinel.—Pass, friend—All's well.

"WHY, what in heaven is this?" asked Mrs. Tallis looking from the unwritten letter to Milly. She had never heard of Rosina and *Don Bartolo*, so it did not strike her that her straightforward Milly

might have been taking a leaf out of that chapter of deception which forms so large a portion of the book of love, as it is read in Milly's school.

"That's the letter, aunt," said Milly, blushing. Then a sudden impulse came upon her, and she threw her arms round the old lady's neck once more. "Yes, and that shall be all the letter, if you like—now Mr. Adams isn't by."

"That's all very fine, Milly," said Mrs. Tallis with the extra stiffness that she always put on when she was the most moved. "But fine words butter no—I mean, it's easy talking. Do you mean to give up the young man? If you do, you must tell him so. That's not fair."

"No, aunt," answered Milly in a low voice. "That can't be. You can't ask me to go back from my word."

"Nonsense. It's lawful to change 'I will' into 'I won't' even when the parson asks you."

"It would make him so unhappy!"

"Stuff. We've all got things to put up with, and who's he, to be thought of more than others that deserve better, may be? Nobody ever thought of being so tender with me, and I'm none the worse for it."

"But me, aunt—it would make me so unhappy too! Don't you know what always happens when people mustn't marry? They pine away into a slow consumption, and the man goes off to the wars and gets killed. That's always the ending—and then, when it's too late, their friends are sorry for what they've done," said Milly, mournfully revelling in the desolate picture she had drawn. "Abel once talked of going for a soldier—please, aunt, let us be engaged properly, and I'll promise to wait for him twenty years."

"Stuff and nonsense. There's no more chance of your going into a consumption than of Abel's being killed. There's no war: and I shall see that you eat your meals properly while there's a butcher in Winbury." But she looked anxiously at Milly all the same.

Milly felt that her threat of going into a decline on the spot had held. She had no desire to press her advantage unduly, but she could not help adding, with a sigh,

"Well, aunt—I'll do my very best, but one can't be expected to wait very much when somebody is breaking his heart for one. There—Mr. Adams isn't here now. So I'll beg your pardon for being cross, only"—

"Why, whatever has come to the girl now? Of course you were

cross—and of course I was angry. It was my place to be. But there. Come down now and draw Mr. Adams his beer."

Milly put up her desk with the air of a martyr, all the more marked, it may be, to compensate for the immediate relief from her task that had proved so disgracefully difficult. Like a martyr also she tapped the beer-barrel, and then sat down with Mr. Adams and her aunt before cold meat in the housekeeper's room. The young lawyer showed no recollection of having been snubbed—indeed it was unlikely that he had noticed it even at the time, so little was the possibility of being snubbed included in his imperturbable philosophy. Had Milly gone so far as to box his ears, as she had been strongly inclined to do, he would have borne no malice for what he would have regarded as a compliment in disguise. He helped himself liberally to beef and pickles, and nodded at Milly with aggravating good humour as she filled his glass, perversely pouring low so that his draught might be as flat as possible.

Mrs. Tallis piled Milly's plate, as if beef were the recognised remedy for heart sickness. Nor was the supply unwelcome, for Milly had a very constant and healthy appetite, which the excitement of the morning had by no means taken away. But alas! *noblesse oblige*. She was an ill-used heroine of romance. She felt her aunt's eyes upon her fork, and who ever heard of the heroine of a love story eating slices of cold beef and drinking beer?

While she fasted in the midst of plenty, Mr. Adams, with his mouth full, rattled out all the gossip of Eastington. She was interested, as one familiar name after another became the peg for some piece of good-humoured back-biting: but the same spirit of the occasion compelled her to force her face into an expression of the saddest inattention. Who, again, ever heard of a heroine smiling at the jokes of the wittiest of young men, or showing interest in anything outside the circle of her own sorrows? She rose from the table hungry, but on the whole not dissatisfied with the way in which she had behaved. Without any pretence, she was now as thoroughly uncomfortable as a love-lorn maid ought to be. But, as soon as Mr. Adams had driven off in his gig, Mrs. Tallis, while clearing the table, said in a sharp tone of despair,

"Go and finish your letter, Milly. Anything's better than your *not eating your meals*."

It was the same tone to a shade in which she had said, "My spectacles? There they are then, if you must have something," so

twenty years ago, when Abel for the first time drew upon himself the attention of Winbury. The words were not gracious in themselves, but the spoiled girl knew her spoiler well enough to know by this time that the fullness of her aunt's indulgence was invariably to be measured by the coldness with which it was given: her summer-weather showed itself in frowns and cold shades. The cloud melted from Milly's face under the influence of a ray of sunshine that tried to pass for the East wind, and for the third time she threw her arms round her aunt's neck.

"Oh, aunt," she began, "do you really mean"—

"There—do what you like. Only if anything goes wrong, don't blame me."

"Nothing shall ever go wrong—you shall be as happy as I am, and I will always do what you like as long as I live."

"Ah, that's easy to promise, when young people marry and old people die. I only want one piece of obedience now, Milly—that you won't marry till—till—how's one to tell till when? I don't want to leave you without knowing what's going to become of you"—

She stopped and considered. Why, thought Milly, would she keep harping on the hateful subject of her own death, which, in spite of her years, looked as far off as Milly's own? No doubt Mr. Adams had been there to make her will, and no doubt a will is a sort of self-signed death-warrant to nine minds out of ten. But that was no reason for mixing up the tolling of a funeral-knell with wedding-chimes.

"I won't marry for twenty years, aunt," said Milly impulsively, and not then if you won't give me away." And she was in earnest, for all that she was in love to fasting-point, and that twenty years is a long test for the most patient lover.

"Promise me you won't marry for three whole years without my leave, or without Mr. Adams's if anything happens to me."

"Mr. Adams!" exclaimed Milly, astonished out of every other thought, as well she might be.

"Mr. Adams. You would have known why if you had listened to me this morning, but I'm glad you didn't now. Mr. Adams is a sensible young man, and who understands all the circumstances. You've promised, mind—whatever happens you won't think of marrying Mr. Herrick, or anybody else, without leave for three years."

Not even Milly's ignorance of business and revolt against the melancholy vein that her aunt persisted in indulging could prevent seeing the grotesque aspect of such a choice of a guardian for a

girl. If humour lies in incongruity of ideas, Mrs. Tallis had unconsciously invented a joke of the very first order. Being unable to laugh, however, she could only repeat "Mr. Adams!" and stare at the vista of indefinite absurdities that might arise from making the marriage of a man like Abel Herrick depend even for a day upon the will of one who would be pretty sure to turn such a guardianship into a machine for the manufacture of fun. The library of Eastington had supplied her with pictures of guardians as well as of heroines, and they in no way resembled Mr. Adams. It was somehow easier to imagine a heroine at dinner than her guardian with a scarlet necktie and a snub nose. Abel himself was hardly more bewildered by the difference between the real world and its pen-and-ink sketches than she.

However, the promise was ratified by the assent of silence, and her relations with her aunt were restored to their natural conditions of inner warmth and outward coldness. Mrs. Tallis, when she saw the loaf lessen at tea-time, almost lost her last shadow of objection to what she chose to consider a *mésalliance* between a scholar of St. Kit's and a joiner's daughter in her relief from the worse fear that had been suggested by Milly's threat of atrophy.

"Have you written that letter yet, Milly?" she asked suddenly and without preface, in her very sharpest and therefore very kindest tone.

"Well—not yet, aunt. It isn't so easy to know exactly what to say. One can't write just an every-day sort of letter, and it does seem such nonsense somehow when I try to write as one ought to a clever man."

"Nonsense, Milly—and you fresh from Miss Baxter's! Why I'm sure you write a hand fit for any young lady in the land. Much better than the young man, with all his cleverness—in that letter you showed me he made his up-strokes just like mop-handles, and he a schoolmaster."

"But you see letters have to be made of something more than pot-hooks and hangers"—

"Have they? They usen't to when I was a girl. However, as you haven't written, you may as well see that his things are sent all to him by the carrier. That will never occur to Mrs. Herrick, just may be sure. And you needn't say anything about the money I lent him."

This reduction of the whole question to a question of thoughtless housewifery was a pledge of perfect reconciliation, and as such Milly accepted it. She did begin her letter at last, and by the time she

box was packed and the carrier called it was ready to be sent to Cambridge. How and when it was received is now a matter of history.

But of that Milly, happily for herself, knew nothing. Her sole misgiving was that it fell short of what the poet and scholar would expect from his future wife: that it would read laboured, cold, and tame. But for the rest she drew a pleasant picture of its interrupting Abel's work with a note of encouragement from his old home and from the heart that he had left there. If she could only have seen how it was actually received in the very moment of failure by the man who had failed, and who had not the courage to exchange her note of praise for the sweeter and deeper note of comfort at its close! No doubt she was carried away by the triumph of her lover, and believed she loved him the better because she was proud of his success, and prouder still that he had ascribed it all to her. But the truest word in all her letter was that wherewith she had told him how warm would have been his welcome had he failed. That, almost alone, had run without effort from her pen. For although her notions of love and marriage were childish enough, she herself was a woman in all things—it was only her knowledge, and not her heart, that needed time to grow. Had Abel only answered her letter frankly he need have had no fear for her reply.

But that is nothing but another chapter of the book of *If*, which teaches the somewhat barren lesson that things would be different if they were not as they are. And so things fell back quietly into their old groove once more. Winbury had but just turned round like the sluggard and gone to sleep again. Mr. Adams's business remained unexplained. Mrs. Tallis never alluded to it afterwards, nor, after seeing the box properly packed and corded, did she mention Abel's name. Milly estimated this silence at its probable value of nothing, and spent some days in the conscious pride of not only being an engaged young lady, but of having experienced the roughness of true love upon which the zest and savour of its course are supposed to depend by people who are still young enough to enjoy being unhappy. Abel, though he had lost his scholarship, ought to have been the happiest of men: though, on the whole, it might have been more satisfactory to fill the thoughts of a girl who had something better than nothing wherewith to fill her time.

Only one thing was wanting to content her—the honour and glory to which every girl has a recognised right when she is first engaged. It was a thousand pities that Winbury was so small a world, and

the Eastington was so far every—nearly a dozen miles. There was nobody, not even her school-friend Julia, to wonder what any young man would have seen in such a girl. Envy passed her by for want of interest; and without being a little envied, what was the good of being engaged? Perhaps this solitary note in the system had something to do with it; but by-and-by she began to discover that to be an engaged young lady is not everything in the world. Nobody can feel the emotion, whether it be love or hate, at an equal intensity for every moment of every day—there must have been some easy moments in the year when even Mr. Adams thought less of himself than during the remaining seconds, minutes, and hours. And so Milly, though she did her best to keep herself strung to a proper pitch of elevation, discovered for herself and by herself the great original truth that the lessons of the Eastington library were a rather one-sided affair. I do not mean that she was afflicted with any of the wild and burning desires for a life beyond that of mere womanhood that tormented her unknown sister-woman, Miss Beatrice Temple. Her longing for something to do was equally hindered by circumstances from development, but then it was strictly bounded by a desire to help her aunt in scrubbing the floors. It was simply that the days turned into weeks, and Abel's first still remained his only love-letter.

At first she was enough. Then when she had read it for the hundredth time she began to make excuses—her lover had no time to write, or was waiting till he could tell her of the attainment of some yet loftier pinnacle of glory. But such an excuse was necessarily put out of court by a ten days' silence. Yet some good reason, consistent with the attributes of true love, there must surely be. Some girls would have leapt to the conclusion that Abel was ill; some that he was faithless; some that absence had made him cold; some that the last letter had offended him. From the fact that Milly thought none of these things, but persisted in trusting implicitly to his health and constancy, I am unable to draw any conclusion. Perhaps she unconsciously judged the hearts and bodies of others by her own; she, at any rate, was never ill, and not even the occasional visits of Mr. Adams to the Manor House made a single thought for one moment swerve.

Nevertheless the days began to drag heavily. She began to dream at night, and her appetite began really to fail her—not that Mrs. Tallis noticed it, for she was now as careful to hide the absence as she had before been careful to cover the presence of hunger. Since her aunt had given up a prejudice to please her, she c

surely manage to get through her breakfast bravely in order to gratify her aunt in return. The great difficulty was to know what to do with herself and her hands and her thoughts between breakfast and bed-time. The man from Mrs. Brown's Post Office was at best but a sinecurist, but he seemed to avoid the Manor House as if he owed it a grudge, and Milly felt like an injured person towards Mrs. Brown—she wanted to lay the blame of Abel's silence upon any but the right shoulders. She had been shy of writing twice in answer to his once, but she summoned up courage at last to plunge into a letter, though it gave her ten times as much trouble as the first, and though she had no definite intention of posting it even if she ever succeeded in bringing it to an end.

"My dear Abel," she began, not being yet practised in the use of the superlative degree. And then how was she to continue? She might ignore his silence and content herself with telling the news of Winbury—but alas, Winbury had no news to tell: at least, none that would serve as an excuse for writing so suddenly after so long a silence. The days had followed one another so monotonously that even she was not aware till to-day how long that silence had been. Where there is no change, there is no such thing as time. Since she had last written, the weeks had been one immensely long to-day. The weeks, indeed! When she had last written the trees were bare of leaves, and still they were almost bare. But even I, thinking of Milly Barnes, and not of what was happening out of doors, have failed to notice that they were bare then because the leaves had not yet come, but were bare now because the leaves had almost gone away again. March, April, May, June, July, August, and September were the events that had happened in Winbury while Milly was waiting to hear from Abel. Milly in the Manor House was rivalling Mariana. Had she passed all these months in a town, if only in Eastington, had she been able to compare her passive vegetation with the simplest form of changing life, it must have been borne in upon her long ago that something had changed in the life of Abel. As it was, she argued, though without knowing it, "Nothing has changed with anybody, because nothing has changed with me." Nevertheless, while she wrote "My dear Abel," for the second time with the same pen—for with that also time had stood still—the long, monotonous to-day suddenly resolved itself before her into a gulf of time. She was dismayed to realise at last that she had waited for the postman from March till October.

"I suppose," she went on, "you are very hard at work, and that

is why you have not written to us. I am not hard at work, so perhaps the time seems rather long to me. Aunt thinks you write, I know, though she does not say so, and I have been tempted sometimes to tell a story and say you do, just to prevent her thinking that I am acting one in saying nothing. There—don't think I am a worry and a scold, but I should like one line to tell me you don't, and if you would like me to write sometimes, for really I have nothing else to do. But I suppose I ought not to wonder at your having no time to write to me when Mrs. Herrick has heard from you just as little. 'Ah, miss,' she said to me only the other day, 'our Abel isn't our Abel no more now—'t isn't likely a grand gentleman would want to saddle himself with an old washerwoman and her eight children, and I'm not going to ask him to, not I.' Please don't let her think that, Abel—I don't think it, of course, but then she doesn't know you as well as I. Would you like to do something to please me very much indeed? More than if you write to my own self? Write a nice letter to aunt, and tell her all you are doing, and ask her right out for me. She is just as if she was my own mother, you know, and oughtn't to be put in the background, and she has been so good—I can't tell you how good till I see you again. I should be so happy if you would do that, and you need not say a word more than what I have told you. Mrs. Herrick and all are very well—I go there most days when she doesn't come here. Of course I have not anything to tell you. I spend all my time in sewing, walking, and dusting the books, which are the only things aunt will ever let me do. What a dreadfully stupid letter I am writing—not a bit what I wanted to. I should like to write something that would make you feel happier than you would be without it, and I am doing nothing but complain. Of course I am really quite happy: I only want to know that you are too, and not to let aunt think that I am hiding things from her when there is nothing to hide. Is your great poem nearly finished yet? For I suppose that is what takes up all your time, and of course I know that poets can't be expected to be always writing letters to girls. I wonder what made you care for such a stupid one as me. Perhaps if you would write I should know better what to say, and how to say it. I suppose there is no chance of your being able to come to Winbury yet awhile? Well, I can wait for that, but never writing doesn't seem like our being engaged at all. Good-bye now, dear Abel.

"Your ever affectionate MILLY."

This is probably the coldest love-letter on record, considering that

represented the result of a nine months' engagement, unclouded by shadow of doubt or misunderstanding. Possibly its emptiness was a mark of its honesty, for Milly, while painfully conscious of its coldness, was obliged to admit with shame that she had written everything that she had to say. She could hardly bring herself to post it, but as something had to be done, and as she had done her very best, she hurried on her bonnet and shawl before timidity could quite overcome her and set off to put her letter into the box at once, steeling herself against repentance by the way. She had directed the letter "A. Herrick, Esq., St. Christopher's College, Cambridge," so that on the whole she might have spared herself the pains.

Having despatched it to the cemetery of dead letters, without even a date that might guide its ghost back to her, she, instead of going back to the old Manor House, fell into an aimless walk along the flowing path that ran by the canal. It was not a pleasant afternoon for her, but it seemed to be in accord with her mood. Winbury is always blank and sad, even in summer: but it is in the lists of an autumn sunset that it shows how blank and sad a place it may be. Its dykes and canals breathe out a grey vapour that feels like wet wool, and induces moral ague. Elsewhere, the season of the fall of the leaf is Nature's pathos: at Winbury, it is Nature's *nu*. When Milly began her walk the well-known blur of fog was just rising, and helping her to feel, in spite of her youth and health, that life, in its blankness and sadness, was very like Winbury. Nature is sympathetic, they say: but they mean that we are sympathetic with her. She did not ask herself, but she felt, What was the use of Milly Barnes? If she had actually put the question to herself she would have answered it easily, and in the words of the Church Catechism that relate to duty. But she was not catechising herself—she was only taking an aimless walk in a fog along a canal. What was the use of oneself, or of anything, was the very atmosphere that she was breathing. The use of the leaves that are born only to wither, of rooms that are swept only to become dusty again, of love that comes only to leave the heart empty, was all contained in the question that the fog asked and that she could not answer. The doubts and dreams are dim that come at such a time, but fighting with phantoms is proverbially a losing game. She was not given to flings of despondency or to any other morbid moods, but then she is not in the habit of taking her walks in such a season at such an hour, and the *mist* seemed to surround her with a presage of coming evil. *And what ought to be evil to her that was not connected with*

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Had she been wise, she would have walked briskly back and warmed her thoughts by the fire, whose glow, by force of contrast, turns every out-of-door evil into a direct source of comfort. But some new spirit had come to disturb her in her dreary peace, and drove her away from the home comforts that had grown so stale. There are times and seasons in life, as in its type the year, when—it is hard to express how—the whole atmosphere seems to stand at zero. Everything that is past seems to be blotted out, the present is a blank, and no change seems to be possible.

But it is precisely at such seasons that the great changes come; and then the empty space before the change is called a presentiment—the recoil before the wave, the lull before the storm. Milly's canvas was now so empty that it seemed impossible for any sort of picture to be ever written thereon. But suddenly, through the mist in front, she was aware of a presence that made one portion of the air seem blacker and thicker; and in another minute she found the narrow towing-path blocked up by the substance of the advancing shadow. It came into sight piece-meal; for the mist was now so thick as to form what looked like a solid grey wall a few yards before her. But, alas for the credit of presentiments, it was not much when it came. First came the rough head that had some pretensions to be that of a mastiff. Then the body of a lurcher; then the stump of a tail—three parts of three separate dogs that together made up but one. But the animal did not approach her with the gait of a dog who runs along a canal by the side of a barge. His legs moved as if running, but made little way, and he panted and rolled out his tongue as if it were the height of the dog-days instead of the depth of autumn. Gradually his efforts were accounted for by the appearance of a truck, to which he was harnessed by straps in defiance of the law that exempts his race from being degraded into beasts of burden. And then it appeared that the dog had a shadow thrown behind him on the wall of mist, but of a different shape from his own; and this singularity was not yet accounted for.

“Hold hard, there—don't run down my shop, if *you* please.—There's room in this here world for us all, so long as one don't mind going to the wall. Hulloo, miss—I beg your pardon—I thought 'twas a barge coming. They're a rough lot of customers are the bargees, and would think nothing of roping a tradesman and all his stock into the canal sooner than they'd get out of his way. But that's the way of the world, miss, and it's no use to grumble. Live and let live, say I.”

It was the dog's shadow that spoke: and it suddenly occurred to

Milly that the towing-path on a dark afternoon contained other perils than a fit of blue devils, and the chance of catching cold. If she did not admire the dog, still less did she admire the sound of the shadow. The words were not threatening, but their tone was unpleasantly familiar, and she drew herself to the side of the path in order to allow the speaker to pass without further conversation. She did not recognise the voice, and a half year's unbroken residence in Winbury had given her the local distrust of strangers.

But the man did not seem inclined to let her escape without the benefit of a few more scraps of his wisdom. He stopped the truck, and allowed the dog to rest himself by lying down to pant at ease in the pathway. "It's a dark, damp, raw, woolly-feeling sort of an evening, miss," he said thoughtfully. "And this is a lonesome sort of place, too. If you'd take an honest man's advice, miss, you'd keep to the main road. This aren't no manner of place for an unprotected female."

"Thank you," said Milly a little nervously, "I am quite safe, and know the way. Will you kindly let me pass by?"

"There now—if I didn't know you was a real lady! How time does change—I mind when there was no such thing as a lady in all Winbury. But as for safe—pr'aps you could tell me what's o'clock, miss, if you'd be so kind? My gold repeating chronometer hasn't come from the maker's yet, miss, or I wouldn't trouble you."

Certainly the place was lonely, and Milly was in no courageous mood. She tried to pass on, affecting not to hear; but she was practically surrounded. She stood between the canal and the hedge, with the man in front and the dog behind. So she could do nothing but pull out the gold watch that her aunt had given her as a birthday present that she might not be behind the other young ladies at Miss Baxter's, and thus found to her dismay that she had walked not only beyond the limits of prudence, but beyond tea-time also.

"A pretty watch that, miss. If I was you I wouldn't be so bold to show it out on a lonesome tow-path to the first stranger that might ask the time of day. I'm a honest tradesman, I am; but it's because I haven't got my diamonds with me I venture on a short cut like this one here. They're a rough lot, those bargees, and I wouldn't wonder if you'd find a many young women that once had watches if you'd amuse a odd hour or so by dragging that canal. Ah, I could make your flesh crawl on your bones if I was to tell you some of the things I've known about dark days and lonesome ways. You see, miss, if I wasn't a honest sort of a chap I could have you stripped as clean as a whistle, and under water as safe as the Bank

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Edward before you knew where you were. But lord, miss, don't be so kind of me. I only want to drink your health, miss, when I get to Vauxhall and thankye kindly. There aren't so much as many drink that it should be let go thirsty."

Milly's heart began to beat, and she was not altogether inclined to leave the company of the honest tradesman to that of the barges. She knew perfectly well that if she ever told her adventure afterwards she would be laughed at for a coward: but the fog, the water, the big and wild invisible man, and the depression of her own spirits, made a disagreeable combination. "Good evening," she said, as if any as she could, and made another attempt to pass on.

"What now—blowed if that isn't what I call gratitude!" exclaimed the tinker in a sad and injured tone. "I go for to protect a young female from a lot of barges, and she don't say so much as thankye. I think the least thing a real lady could do for a chap that don't take her gold watch when he has the chance would be to give him a half-crown. But if half-crowns are scarce I'm not above shillings, not so. But there I'll never trouble myself to behave like a gentleman again."

Milly looked timidly up and down the path, but nobody was to be seen within the circle that the fog left visible. She felt in her purse with trembling fingers, and managed to find the smallest sum that would content this philosopher of the highway. "There, then," she said, hurriedly letting a shilling drop into his out-stretched hand. "Let me by, please. I've got nothing more."

"Thankye, ma'am. I thought you wouldn't turn out a bad sort after all. But hold! What's this here? Here's a do! No, ma'am, you won't pass till we've settled this here. And this here's a bad 'un—and that I call a shame, to try and do a poor man."

"I'm very sorry," stammered Milly. "I didn't mean"—

"Passing bad money's again the law," he said, shaking his head sternly. "There's some that wouldn't let you off so easy. No, miss: I won't give you back the bad 'un, or you'll be trying to do some other poor tradesman that don't join sharpness to honesty. What'd you say if somebody gave you a thousand pound note, and went to put things right by begging your pardon? I'll bore a hole in the rim for a keepsake, and you'll let me help myself this time—I want to do what's fair."

He advanced as if to lay hands on her: she shrank back into the hedge, that she might take out her watch and purse and give them up to him without feeling the touch of his hands. A wave of mist was blown between them by the rising wind, and the tinker c

nearer to prevent her taking advantage of the increasing darkness by running away. He reached out his arm. But, instead of meeting with the touch of gold or silver, he found his wrist grasped what felt like an iron vice. Milly looked up at his exclamation, and suddenly the wave of mist had turned into the figure of a tall young man, who stood between her and the tinker.

Abel at last! Her presentiment was indeed fulfilled.

"I'm very glad to hear that," said the embodiment of the mist in strong, frank voice—which was not Abel's. "Fair play's a jewel. What's all this about, eh?"

"What's all this about?" growled the tinker: "I'm a martyr to the rheumatics—that's what it's about: and your fingers grip, sir."

"A martyr, are you? Then you must be a martyr a little longer," said the stranger. "And to what were you going to help yourself?"

"To a luxury, sir—a luxury: of giving a young lady a blessing for going to be charitable to a rheumatical old tradesman. May-be your honour would like to earn a blessing too? I've been a parish clerk in my time, sir, so I can do it well."

"What did she give you?"

"A very bad bob, sir. But she was going to give me a good 'un, bless her, for saving her watch from those brutes of bargees. Fore-armed is forearmed, as no doubt your honour knows."

"Very well. Then now you'll give it to me, for saving from you that you saved from the bargees. Out with it"—

"Oh, never mind that, sir," said Milly, thinking of nothing but of how to escape from both of them. "I only want to get home"—

"Out with it!" said the young man, not attending to her. "I thought so—as good a shilling as can be. And now what shall I give you? Let me see—you look as if you want washing, and there's the canal handy. But then I might have to help you out again—so on the whole I think I'll give you a kick and let you go."

"Thankye, sir—thankye! I should very much prefer the kick, if you please."

His choice was made in such humble good faith, and with such freedom from the smallest shade of impudence, that the young man could not help a burst of good-humoured laughter that seemed to break the unwholesome fog as the tinker placed himself in a convenient attitude for receiving a kick, so that the donor might have the smallest possible amount of trouble. "There, then, be off with you," said the young man, without performing his promise, while the tinker whistled *his dog and slouched away*. "And now," he said to Milly, "the sooner you leave this for the road the better. Are you going far?"

"Only back to Winbury," said Milly, seized with a shy fit. "Oh, sir, I am so sorry"——

"That I didn't kick that fellow? Never mind—somebody else will, never fear."

"That you should have had so much trouble—it was so good and brave of you"——

"Not a bit. Why the fellow positively asked me to kick him. Who is he?"

Milly was wondering who her rescuer could possibly be. Not only was he that unknown creature in Winbury, a stranger, but he seemed to have been produced from the fog solely for her protection from what she now magnified into probable murder. He saw two things in the darkness—that she was dressed like a lady, and was trembling all over. "Then I'll see you to Winbury," he said, "if you don't mind. I'm going there too. You needn't be afraid of me, anyhow. If you live at Winbury of course you know my uncle—the Vicar?"

"Yes," said Milly, still more shyly, for to be related to the Vicar was in itself a proof that the stranger belonged to another and an unknown world. What the other was like in face, neither as yet could tell.

"Then," said the very substantial phantom who was walking by her side, proud of his adventure, slight as it had been, and himself a little shy, "as we shall be sure to become acquainted so soon, hadn't we better get the introduction over? My name's Eliot."

"And mine is Milly Barnes."

(To be continued.)

BACK O' WHIDDY.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

WHIDDY is the largest of the cluster of islets that dot the upper part of Bantry Bay. As compared with Hog Island, Horse Island, and the greater and lesser Chapel Islands, it is a Triton among the snows. It is large enough to supply small farms for half a dozen people, among the more prominent of its natural products being a crop of boys and girls, of ages varying from three to thirteen, who earn the delights of shoes and stockings, and live laborious days engaged in the enterprises of chasing each other round the parapets of the dismantled fort that crowns the hill, and playing hide-and-seek in the empty barrack-rooms. There are two forts on Whiddy, one at each end of the island, and looking at them [one calls to mind an exquisite verse by an Irish poet who deserves to be better known in England. The poem is written on the ruins of Dunboy Castle, down the mouth of the bay yonder—

a wreck that crowns
A bright green bank, whose rocky base
The blue tide circles half-way round,
As if 'twould clasp in fond embrace.

"Tread where we may," Mr. T. D. Sullivan sings,

— on Irish ground,
From Antrim's coast to wild Cape Clear,
From east to west, no view is found
Without some ruin, rath, or mound
To tell of times that were ;
Some lone round tower, yet strong and tall,
Though swept by many a wasting age ;
Some wayside cross, or abbey wall,
With marks of man's unholy rage ;
Some graven slab or giant stone,
Notched with old signs and legends dim ;
Some hallowed nook, with green o'ergrown,
Or mouldering castle, bare and grim ;
Initial letters, all and each,
*Of many a wild and curious story—
Mute tongues that silent ever preach
Of Ireland's past, of grief and glory.*

These old forts on Whiddy, initial letters in a more modern handwriting than that the poet had in his mind, speak eloquently of times that were exceedingly critical in English history. Nearly eighty years have passed since the formidable but luckless expedition from France, commanded by Hoche and piloted by Wolfe Tone, anchored in Bantry Bay, with the disinterested mission of delivering Ireland from the Saxon yoke. As far as cannon goes the invaders found anchorage safe enough, for as no one had ever dreamed of the integrity of the British Empire being impinged at this remote estuary, the approach was wholly undefended. But, as happened to earlier and more threatening invaders, a great storm suddenly sprang up as the fleet neared the Irish coast, and so beat about the French ships that such as could sail at all were more immediately concerned to get out of the bay. After they were gone the English Government, in a manner not altogether unfamiliar in these later days, vigorously set to work to barricade Bantry Bay. Forts were thrown up on various headlands up and down the long stretch of water, whilst Whiddy and several of its sister islands were seized upon as points evidently designed at the Creation for the erection of batteries wherefrom hostile ships might be blown out of the water. Whiddy, offering a superficial area exceeded only by that of Bear Island at the mouth of the bay, was regularly garrisoned, and to this day one may read over the entrance to the low casemated rooms in the barracks the inscription: "10 M., 1 N. C. O.," which signified that here might be lodged ten men and one non-commissioned officer of the army of His Gracious Majesty George III.

Men and non-commissioned officers have long ago marched out into another world, and grass is growing among the stones of the courtyard in which they drilled and waited for the French who never came. The fort is now garrisoned by the mother of a large family, the father whereof is chiefly occupied in feebly warning off the flying and ragged squadron that is perpetually "taking" the fort. I can well imagine that—say thirty years ago—when life was yet new to him, Patsey must have dashed at the boys and girls of the day with real earnestness of purpose and high hope of success. But years of daily and hourly defeat have broken his spirit and dimmed his eye, and it is in a transparently perfunctory manner that he now chivies the invaders from the north or east end of the fort, conscious that they will immediately afterwards turn up again at the south or west and audaciously shake their ragged locks at him.

As far as Bantry is concerned this poor melancholy fort, with its rusty grate in which the shot was to be made red-hot before be

dropped on the deck of the invader's ship, is very little thought of. From the Bantry point of view the chief end of Whiddy clearly was to form a natural breakwater for Bantry, and to give smooth anchorage to the fishing-boats, the few coasters, and the fewer sea-going ships that enter the harbour. Whiddy lies lengthways in the bay, but being closer up to the mainland on the Bantry side it there breaks the force of the Atlantic. Sailing about between Bantry and Whiddy you may find the sea as smooth as a lake, or at worst rippled by the force of "a sailing breeze." The voyager bound for Glengariff would observe at the east end of the island an unexpected phenomenon in the shape of white crested waves running inward and spreading themselves out on the comparatively calm bosom of the harbour. Steering through these he will find himself on a sea which, at the best of times, makes lively sailing for small boats, and will know what it is to be "back o' Whiddy."

It is rather a large party which, meeting in Dublin to assist at the O'Connell Centenary Festival and halting at Cork to pick up fresh recruits, have come down to the remote south-west and daily dare the dangers that lurk "back o' Whiddy." First and foremost in everything is an hon. Member who, after a busy Session at Westminster, is renewing his youth among his native wilds and waters. The hon. Member knows every rock and shoal in the bay, and whilst the newspapers on the other side of the Channel are gravely discussing the part played by him in the past Session, he, rigged out in a pair of truculent sea-boots, a far-reaching mackintosh, and a cap whose nondescript cut is the despair of the family circle, is joyously steering the *Hirondelle* through the spray at the back o' Whiddy. The *Hirondelle* is not a very large craft, but she carries her own surgeon—two in fact, though one not yet having gone into practice, and his enjoyment of the recess is not tempered by remorse. The other has run away for a short time from his patients in Dublin in quest, as he explains, of ozone and the Gulf Stream. He finds his opportunities of research considerably curtailed by the circumstance that news of his visit has in some unaccountable manner got abroad through the country side, the population of which has developed in an alarming manner a sudden access of miscellaneous diseases. The arrival in Bantry of "the great Dublin doctor" is regarded by the poor people for miles round as a direct interposition of Providence, and it appears to be generally felt that extraordinary exertions are necessary in order that Bantry may show itself worthy of the special mark of favour. Accordingly any of the natives who, at any period of their life, have suffered from

recognised sickness, begin to feel "touches" of it again, whilst such as cannot lay claim to having "been down" in times past now sink with a vigour and completeness only compatible with virgin strength. The halt, the lame, and the blind have encamped themselves before the door of the house where the doctor is staying, whilst the less favoured and more robust lay in wait for him in remote parts of the district. At the outset the doctor gallantly set himself to work to cope with this unexpected demonstration of popular confidence, and gave up long morning hours to seeing his enthusiastic but unremunerative patients. But at the end of a week the task proved too much, and he himself falling ill and perforce discontinuing his *levées*, the Square resumed its wonted aspect, and the health of the population miraculously improved.

There are the two hosts, Uncle William, who owns the *Hirondelle* and knows how to sail her; and Uncle John, who makes no secret of his indisposition to put his foot on board the best boat ever built, if there is anything more than the softest zephyr moving on the face of the waters. *Item*, there is Uncle George from Cork, brimming over with geniality and fun of a certain grave and well-preserved order. All these have their wives with them and, in fact, there is only one bachelor in the company—"Lone Gougane Barra," he has come to be called—who has opened the long vacation in Bantry, and in whose mind is slowly crystallising the resolution of concluding it in London. Gougane Barra is a young man, with a small moustache and a ready smile, and, to speak plainly, is the most deliciously indolent youth that ever smoked a pipe. Some people are lazy in a determinate manner, and make a visible effort to avoid exertion. G. B. is lazy in a perfectly natural way, and has a habit of sinking down, whether in the boat or ashore, in an attitude of composed rest that precludes the very notion of exertion. He even eschews general conversation as being an exercise unduly exhausting for a man out on a holiday. But he listens well, smiles cheerily, and smokes from morning till night. Sometimes, in rare lulls of conversation, he will suddenly tell an anecdote, the peculiarity of which is that it is *à propos* of nothing that has been said or has happened on the current day. Somebody has said or done something, say on Monday, and on Tuesday afternoon, or peradventure on Wednesday morning the incident having meanwhile matured in G. B.'s mind, it will suggest an anecdote, more or less pertinent. He never mentions what it is *à propos* of, and no one has the heart to disturb him by asking for the clue; but it is odd to have the stories suddenly coming in on the day's chat like fossils in a stratum of familiar sandstone.

Last of our company, but least only in stature, are Douglas, Denis, and Sis. Sis is in her third summer; Denis is *etat* five; and Douglas is comparatively aged, being in his eighth year. Moreover, like Ulysses and Mr. Mundella, he "has travelled much," and is altogether in a position to assume airs of superiority over the lesser two. Sis looks up to him and accepts his dictum in preference to that of Denis, to that young gentleman's ill-disguised chagrin. Denis so far acknowledges the force of accidental circumstances of earlier birth and wider travels as to yield to Douglas the position which Sis is inclined to assign to him. But at the same time he keeps a sharp look out, and is swiftly down upon the Elder when he trips—as he did, for example, in the matter of the genesis of Uncle John's horse and car. It was Sis who on this occasion opened conversation, wanting to know who made Bantry Bay and all the big mountains.

"God," answered Douglas promptly.

"Can God make everything?" Sis further inquired.

"Yes," answered Douglas, who, loftily conscious of a pair of twinkling eyes bent upon him from under Denis's cap, adopts a severely laconic style when thus consulted.

"Did he make the Square?"

"Yes."

Here comes a brief pause, while Sis takes in this new fact.

"Did he make Uncle John's house?"

"Yes."

Sis's blue eyes grow wider and bigger at this accumulated testimony of Divine omnipotence. After another and longer pause she asks, "Did he make Uncle John's horse and car?"

"Yes."

This is Denis's opportunity, and with sparkling eyes and eager face he interposes with the correction—

"Sure he didn't. God made the horse, but Con. O'Shay made the car."

Even Sis is obliged to admit that Denis is on this occasion right and Douglas in error, for there is Mr. Cornelius O'Shea's workshop in the street off the Square, and whatever may be the truth about the origin of the horse, it is a familiar household fact that the car came direct from Mr. O'Shea's establishment, and there are even persons living who saw it in process of manufacture. This is a serious blow to Douglas's authority, and Denis is jubilant, till a fresh question arises as to how the sea was made salt, when the Elder's superior knowledge stands him in good stead, and he again resumes his natural position of superiority.

The gifted writer of "Black's Guide to Ireland" crushes Bantry in a single sentence. "As a town," he writes, "this place deserves little notice." My recollections of the neighbourhood are so pleasant that I wish it were possible to dispute this dictum. But unhappily it is not. Bantry is one of the towns which suffered most sorely at the time of the famine, and it has never recovered the blow it then received. Its public buildings consist chiefly of a Court House—where one evening we had an amateur concert, the piano being dexterously attached to the magistrate's seat and the audience impartially disposed over the remaining area, excepting the dock, which, in addition to unpleasant associations necessarily lingering around it, was too jealously enclosed to make it a convenient seat—a police barrack, a bank unexpectedly situated round the corner near a large water-wheel, a Roman Catholic Chapel, a Dissenting Chapel, and an Episcopalian Church. This last carries away the palm of structural beauty, with its miniature square tower and bright green ivy clinging around the grey walls. The design is of no particular order of architecture, but the effect is quaintly pretty, and moreover the building boasts a site which the proudest cathedral might envy, having before it the long vista of bay, and behind a girdle of green hills. The sermons preached inside perhaps lack the originality of the architectural design of the church itself, and are not quite so bright as the ivy: whilst the singing is rattled through in a curiously hurried manner that suggests to the unaccustomed ear the explanation that a fire has broken out in the building, and that we had better all be prepared to clear out as soon as this hymn or chant is over. But the intention alike of the preacher and the choir is good, and Bantry is not critical. For the rest, the town is approached from the coach highway by a lane flanked on one side by a row of tumble-down houses, and consists chiefly of business streets, displaying many more shops than the urban population would appear able to support. The fact is that Bantry is the market town for a large tract of the surrounding country, and once a week wakens up to a state of commercial liveliness of quite an exhilarating character. From an early hour on Saturday mornings the country-people throng in to buy or to sell, mostly riding in couples on horseback, the man in front and the woman behind. Some come by boat from far off fishing villages back o' Whiddy, and many walk long distances, the women enveloped in the heavy black cloak which they never dispense with from January to December, holding that it keeps off the cold in winter and forms an impregnable defence against the heats of summer.

Bantry lays no claim to admiration on the score of pictures

ness, being content with its characteristic of sober business quality and sufficient prosperity. But there is beauty enough in the bay outside to cast a glow over far more squalor than offends the eye in the little town.

The sea either back or front of Whiddy forms a shifting panorama of endless beauty. It is the Atlantic itself that rolls up the broad deep furrow between the mountains, and brings with it its own freshness and vigour. I do not believe there is a straight line in the bay from Bantry to Bear Island. All the outlines are rounded, from the level of the shore to the summit of the mountains that bound the horizon. Sailing down back o' Whiddy in the early morning before the sun and the clouds have quite settled their customary struggle for pre-eminence, the picture is one which makes us desire to sit or lie quietly in the boat and rather think about it than talk of it. It is the perfection of rest, with the cool fresh breeze and white crested waves over which the *Hirondelle* lightly bounds, and away there to the right the blue and purple mountains with patches of green nestling in their slopes where the sun is shining on the fields, whilst the crest of the lofty Slievnaoill is wreathed in snow-white mist.

This is one of the occasions when Lone Gougane Barra lazily strikes in with one of his apt illustrations of the passing theme, and the day being in highest summer dress, he is naturally reminded of a tale of winter shipwreck.

"They were coming down from the north shore, near Castletown, Bear Island, two days before last Christmas," G. B. grunts between the puffs of his pipe, and foregoing formal introduction of "They." "There was a good boat-load of them—men, women, and two lads. They live down there on the north coast in a generally comfortless style, working terribly hard all day long, and not getting too much to eat when they turn in. They mostly fish, not in a quiet, pleasant style, with a line overboard which you may look at now or an hour hence without putting yourself about; but trawling, which means taking your coat off, hauling at ropes, and that sort of thing. Well, these people were coming up to Bantry to make their Christmas market, meaning to treat themselves to some fearful dissipation in the way of beef and pudding. They bowled along to Bantry with a fine westerly breeze, made their purchases, loaded their boat, and put back for Castletown just before dusk. The westerly breeze was still blowing, and was indeed fast increasing to a gale. There was nothing for it but to row, and so they set out, men and women tugging at the oars. They got on tolerably well as long as they kept inside of Whiddy, but when they came to face the sea at the

west point things began to look bad. The Gerauns were showing their white teeth in an uncommonly spiteful way; and, to make a long story short, when they came to turn the point they were drawn in by the breakers, and the boat was dashed to pieces on the rock. You may well suppose that there was soon an end of them, but somehow or other they managed to scramble on the rock out of reach of the breakers. Night had come on, and there was not a star in the heavens or a gleam on the sea, except just where the breakers were flashing at the foot of the rocks. That was light enough, however, for a woman to see how to do one of the pluckiest things I have heard of for a long time. I told you that there were two lads among the party. One was the son of a woman who was blest with nine children, and the other was an orphan lad whom these poor people at Castletown managed to keep in potatoes and porridge. Just as the boat was putting off from Castletown the two lads had come down and implored to be taken out to see the great town across the bay. They had heard wild and improbable stories of its resplendent aspect, its streets full of shops, its great Square, its populous locality around the pump, and its dazzling appearance when towards dusk all the paraffine lamps were trimmed and Bantry was bathed in a flood of light. Of course there was a prospect that, it being Christmas time, these gorgeous effects, which they had heard with incredulity were of nightly production, would perchance be intensified, and they begged so hard to be allowed to go that consent was given and room made for them in the boat. When the wreck came the son of the woman I am speaking of scrambled on to the rock with the rest, and was hauled up to a safe place. But the little orphan, having none to give him their first thoughts, was left struggling in the water, and was being carried down by the swish of the breakers when the woman saw him.

"What was her name?" said the hon. Member at the tiller.

"I don't know; but if you want to ask the Board of Trade or the Humane Society whether they have heard of the case I daresay I could get all necessary particulars. Well, when she saw the lad struggling in the surf, she, without any hesitation, jumped in and seized hold of him brought him to the rock, where she and he were hauled up. That was one kind of heroism, but it was not all this poor and nameless fisherman's wife achieved. The wind continued to blow a gale, and when the morning broke the sea was so rough that communication between the rock and land was impossible, even if the shivering starving group on the rock could have been seen from under the dark sky and across the mountainous waves. They

nothing to eat, their little stores with the fragment of the wreck having been washed out of sight, and when the second night of their captivity approached their wretchedness was increased by the setting in of a hard frost. Thus, half frozen, nearly starved, and altogether wearied with the effort of maintaining their position on the narrow and rocky foothold over which the drenching spray momentarily dashed, they huddled together and waited for the deliverance which some were willing to accept even from the hands of Death. The only one who bore up against the deepening horrors of their position was the woman who had jumped in to save the orphan lad. She had a cheery word for each, never gave up the certainty that a boat would be sighted 'just now,' and in the meanwhile kept one of the lads tightly clasped round her neck to save him from the fatal collapse with which he was threatened from cold and hunger. She was as pious as she was brave, and led the never-ceasing prayer with which the poor people cried aloud for aid from Heaven. It was late on the next day when a fishing boat passing down the bay sighted them, and having got them all on board brought them back to Bantry, where all the doors were open for them, and larders and wardrobes freely ransacked to minister to their pressing wants. When they had slept and rested a few hours, they were sent down to Castletown, and arrived just in time to interrupt the celebration of their own wake, which was being vigorously carried on by a full muster of the population."

Bantry Bay is charming from any point of view, but with all its wealth of beauty it is not difficult to decide upon the precise locality of its fairest aspect or its choicest spot. Most people, I fancy, have heard of Glengariff, and the marvel of it is that it is, comparatively, so little visited. It lies on the high road to the lakes, and forms a halting place where tourists stay for a night, get up in the morning, look out from the window of Eccles Hotel, say "How pretty!" eat their breakfasts, and go off to Killarney—the Mecca of Saxon tourists in Ireland. It is the correct thing to go to Killarney when touring in Ireland, and the usual thing to go right through without wasting your stock of appreciation by lapsing into admiration at miscellaneous patches of beauty on the road. Gougane Barra has a story about two American ladies with whom he journeyed from Macroom to Glengariff the other day. He told it us one afternoon when we were talking about Mr. Cavendish Bentinck's lucid and convincing explanation to his constituents of the reasons for the abandonment of the Merchant Shipping Bill. The two ladies had travelled from Paris *via* London and Holyhead, intent upon the performance of the dut

of seeing Killarney. G. B. met them at Maccroom, where, with his natural politeness, he engaged a porter to secure good seats on the car for them. He sat opposite to them, and enjoyed their society with unusual zest, for there was no effort necessary in the way of conversation. They were "going to Killarney," they said in reply to a casual observation, and were setting about their task in a resolute, unemotional manner that did credit to their self-devotion. As the coach went on they gazed about blankly, regarding the scenery as if it were a white sheet of paper. Not one word did they utter till the narrowest gorge of the Pass of Kamaneigh was reached. Then, one turning to the other said—

"Two cars couldn't pass each other here."

"Yes?"

That was all, and they went on to "see Killarney."

When Mr. Thackeray was here thirty-two years ago he noted the special beauty of Glengariff, whilst not unmindful of that of Killarney. "What," he asks in one of the pages of his "Sketch Book," "sends picturesque tourists to the Rhine and Saxon Switzerland? Within five miles of the pretty inn of Glengariff there is a country of the magnificence of which no pen can give an idea. I would like to be a great prince, and bring a train of painters over to make, if they could, and according to their several capabilities, a set of pictures of the place. Mr. Creswick would find such rivulets and waterfalls surrounded by a luxuriance of foliage and verdure, that only his pencil can imitate. As for Mr. Cattermole, a red-shanked Irishman should carry his sketching books to all sorts of wild noble heights and vast rocky valleys, where he might please himself by piling crag upon crag, and by introducing, if he had a mind, some of the wild figures which peopled this country in old days." Some one quite different from Mr. Thackeray—Lord John Manners, to wit, who made the Irish tour six years later than the author of the "Sketch Book"—was also smitten with the beauties of Glengariff. It was just towards the close of the troublesome times of '48 that Lord John visited Ireland, and living then, as everybody knows, in close companionship with certain famous literary men, he indited and published his "Notes of a Tour in Ireland." "The twenty miles from Kenmare to Glengariff," wrote his lordship in a passage which, as a specimen of Young England prose-writing, has an interest apart from its connection with Glengariff, "form the grandest road, barring the Alpine passes, that I know. An ascent of four English miles brings you to a tunnel six hundred feet long, on emerging from which the head of Glengariff opens upon you. Thence, at even

As you descend, the scenery becomes more and more beautiful, every turn of the road revealing some hitherto unseen charm, with Bantry Bay and the Atlantic ever bounding the view. The debateable land lying between the bay and the wooded glen is, perhaps, even more striking than the glen itself, for here avenues of rock with a tessellated pavement of bogmyrtle, long grass, maiden's-hair, heather, gorse, reeds, &c., a winding river below, and glimpses of the blue bay beyond, impressed one with an idea of fairyland, while the more inland recesses of the glen are pictured in Scott's 'Description of the Trosachs.' Bantry Bay fully merits all that has been said in its praise. A glorious sunset was lighting up that noble arm of the sea and its swelling mountains as I crossed its broad surface to the desolate collection of houses, which, from its situation and natural advantages, ought to rival Brest or Plymouth."

Charles Lever, as the reader of "Davenport Dunn" will remember, imagined for Glengariff a future that was to rival the reality of the most celebrated and most popular watering place in the world. "The Grand Glengariff Villa Allotment and Marine Residence Company" was one of Davenport Dunn's largest projects, and the shares were sought for at a high premium. The novelist quotes from the London newspapers contemporary with the floating of the scheme various paragraphs illustrating the keen interest taken in Glengariff by the public. "We are happy to learn," said the *Morning Post*, "that the Marquis of Duckington has entrusted the construction of his marine villa at Glengariff to the exquisite skill and taste of Sir Jeffrey Blocksley, who is at present engaged in preparing Noodleton Hall for his Grace the Duke of Bowood at the same charming locality." From the *Morning Herald* Mr. Lever quotes a paragraph to the effect that "the Earl of Hanaper is said to have paid no less than twelve thousand guineas for the small plot of land on which his bathing lodge at Glengariff is to stand. It is only right to mention that the view from his windows will include the entire bay from the Davenport Obelisk to the Dunn Lighthouse—a prospect unequalled, we venture to assert, in Europe." And, lastly, there is the *Morning Chronicle* announcing the arrival at Glengariff "on Monday last" of a Treasury Lord, accompanied by the Chairman of the Board of Works, charged with the furtherance of "the gracious intention of Her Majesty to honour this favoured spot by selecting it for a future residence."

Unhappily, or perchance happily, this magnificent scheme melted into thin air with the downfall of Davenport Dunn, and Glengariff remains the same sweet, quiet, and yet grand spot it was when Mr.

Thackeray beheld it, and when Lord John Manners was dreaming of a future destiny for England greater even than that which was commenced to be worked out by the last appointment to the office of Postmaster-General. Nestling close down to the water, with mountains at the rear and on either side, Glengariff possesses every advantage to be desired by a man in search of a quiet and healthful resting place. It dwells in a climate that makes summer a joy to all and winter bearable by the most delicate. The mountains shelter it from the ruder winds, whilst the sea, always murmuring at its feet, brings in cool salty draughts of air fresh from the Atlantic. For flowers and shrubs it is a very garden of Paradise. Here the myrtle flourishes like a green bay-tree; the rare arbutus abounds; the fuchsia, growing wild to a great height, serves as a hedgerow for the lanes; azaleas and even camellias stand out through the winter, and in due season grow the date, the pomegranate, the magnolia, and the lyriodendron. As for ferns, their abundance is immeasurable, and their beauty indescribable. They grow in every crevice of the mossy walls, and carpet all the glades in the many woods. A distinguished botanist who was here a few weeks ago counted thirty-three varied specimens, including many of the choicest.

"Did I ever tell you the story about little Tim O'Brien and the Bishop of Kilkenny?" said G. B. one day, when we were packing up some of these fern roots, hoping successfully to transplant them to Saxon soil. It was two days after the conversation reported above between Denis, Douglas, and Sis, and the connection was unusually obvious. "The bishop being in Dublin," G. B. continued, making a pillow of a bundle of shawls, "thought he would call on the O'Briens, who were old friends of his when he was only a curate. It happened that all the family were out except Tim, who ran to the door when he heard the bishop's voice.

"'Walk in, me lord,' said Tim, who, I should tell you, is about the age of Douglas.

"'No, thank you, Tim,' said the bishop; 'I'll call some other day when they are all at home.'

"'Maybe your lordship would like to look over the house,' says Tim, feeling cast upon him the responsibility of doing credit to the absent head of the family, and not quite knowing how to begin.

"'Well, indeed I would, Tim,' says the bishop, entering into the spirit of the joke, and determining to humour the little fellow.

"So Tim led the way, first into the dining-room, and in due order through all the apartments of the house, not excepting the bedrooms pointing out with grave courtesy what appeared to him to be

res most worthy of a visitor's attention. The bishop followed, by astonished at all he saw, and finally the journey ended where it had begun, in the dining-room. Here Tim was in a difficulty. In his experience he had never known a visitor leave the O'Brien mansion without being pressed to take a glass of wine or a tumbler of ch. But the decanters were locked up, the keys inaccessible, and the only thing in the way of refreshment visible was a plate of apples stood on the sideboard.

'Take an apple, me lord,' said Tim, handing the plate.

'No; thank you, Tim,' said the bishop; 'I could not eat one just now.'

'Then,' said Tim, the experience of what appeared to him to be the perfection of anxious hospitality flashing upon him, '*put a tle in your pocket, me lord!*'

The bishop was grave to the last. He thanked Tim heartily, and carefully took the proffered fruit, and with an apple bobbing in each of his right reverend skirt-pockets was graciously bowed out of the door.

Our headquarters are, as already indicated, fixed at Bantry, and our nearer acquaintance with Glengariff as a place of residence was made under rather disastrous circumstances. We had sailed across the Bay on a glorious summer day to picnic at Glengariff on the bridge which crosses the turbulent stream of crystal water that tosses itself from rock to rock till it reaches the glen and becomes a river.

Our company were an unconscionably long time in dining, and when dinner was over and the walk through the wood by Lord Bantry's bridge made an end of night had commenced to fall. Worse still, clouds came hurrying up, and presently descended in small thick rain. Worse than all, the wind dropped, and there was not a capful to push

Hirondelle across the Bay to Bantry. The waggonette and uncle John's car," which had come round by land, would carry the ladies, and for the men there was no alternative but to walk the eleven miles or to row across the Bay. Either course might have been cheerfully adopted but for the darkness which, growing deeper and deeper every moment, finally enveloped land and sea in an impenetrable veil. To attempt to feel the way in a rowing boat was not only dangerous but was, after consultation, abandoned as impracticable, and it was decided to spend the night at "Eccles's" inn. The way thither was made with comparative ease; but on returning, it was found that the utmost extent of available accommodation consisted of three beds, clearly not enough for nineteen persons. *This left nothing but the road, and borrowing a stock of*

candles we started on the way to Bantry. The darkness was thicker than I ever saw it, and the rain was falling in a ceaseless cloud of fine soft drizzle. But with one man at the head of each horse and another holding a candle under sunshades of green silk we made a fair and perhaps not altogether an unimposing start. All went well for a quarter of an hour, during which time we had advanced a quarter of a mile. Then the candle of the lamp-bearer to the waggonette went out, and in the confusion of the moment consequent upon the attempt to light a fresh one at the candle which piloted Uncle John's car that also was extinguished, and the party was left in darkness so dense that it was impossible to distinguish one's neighbour's face or figure even though he were so close that you might touch him.

In this dilemma Uncle John gallantly offered to go back to the hotel and procure assistance. He got a favourable start down the road, and after vainly trying to strike matches in the rain we sat or stood patiently awaiting the issue. Half an hour passed and there was no sign of Uncle John. The two doctors then volunteered to follow in his wake and were presently heard wildly hallooing. They had not got many paces, and were without much difficulty extricated from the ditch into which they had incontinently walked. There was no more talk of following Uncle John after this, and tears were beginning to drop in the waggonette when some one, striking the last match, succeeded in lighting the spluttering candle. Then it was that the genius of the hon. Member triumphantly manifested itself. He fortuitously found a newspaper in his pocket, and of this in conjunction with the candle he ingeniously contrived to make a Chinese lantern. With much difficulty the horses were turned round towards Glengariff, and, the honourable Member leading the way with the precious but not too effulgent light nervously held in his right hand, we slowly struggled down the hill again in the direction of Glengariff. At the end of ten minutes' walk a familiar voice came out of the darkness ahead.

"Is that you, Uncle John?" the hon. Member called out.

"Yes," answered the voice.

"What do they say at 'Eccles's'?"

"I haven't got there yet," said the voice as the owner emerged within the circle of the radiance of the Chinese lantern, and disclosed the face and figure of Uncle John, pale, perspiring, bedraggled with the rain, and bespattered with the mud. It was too true; he had been wandering up and down and across the lane for the last half hour, unable to go on and vainly endeavouring to get back, and

now with grateful heart he fell into the line of the procession behind the tallow candle.

We got to "Eccles's" at last, and met with a reception that could not have been warmer had we too been waifs and strays from the Gerauns. Beds were generously vacated or mysteriously made up, and in the billiard room, in the sitting room, or on comfortable bedsteads, the belated travellers slept the sleep of the tired out. The morning light showed that we had found shelter in what all agreed was the prettiest, the most comfortable, and the best appointed hotel within the aggregate of recollection. Such cosy, clean bedrooms looking out on the bay, with its clusters of islands, its belts of wood, and its vistas of purple mountains. Such a bright dining room with sideboards loaded with plate and table decked with flowers and ferns. Such ready attendance, such a cheery dinner, and over all such a welcome air of home life. We stayed all day at "Eccles's," voted it worthy of the place in which it is pitched, and sailed home at night with a starless, moonless sky overhead, but with a brisk breeze filling out the sails, and all the sea back o' Whiddy aglow with a phosphorescent light that gleamed far and near as the waves broke, and spread out like a flash of torchlight in the trail of the moving rudder.

AUTUMN.

BY THE HON. RODEN NOEL,

AUTHOR OF "LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA," "THE RED FLAG AND
OTHER POEMS," &c.

I.—ALONE.

EEAVES from lofty elms on high
In pale air swim shadowy ;
Fall,
Till, level with a weathered wall,
Glow their autumn colours all ;
Faintly rustle, touching earth ;
Where, in mimicry of mirth,
With a crisper rustle dance,
When the viewless winds advance,
Driven leaves, decayed and brown,
Eddying as they are blown.
Dear illusions perish so,
Summer nurselings, ere the snow ;
Loosen from a fading youth,
Leave us barren to the truth.
Nay, they blossom forth again !
Spring from winter, joy from pain,
Again !

How yon leaflet floats, returning
To the tree where leaves are burning !
Or is it a small dark bird
Nestling in the boughs unheard ?
Lo ! a latticed height of planes,
Green athwart blue skyey lanes,
Laving continents of cloud,
Violet vapour thunder-browed :
Yellowing foliage is fair,
Gold-green as an evening air,
Thronged upon a deep dove-grey ;
Higher up the halls of day,
Light-uncoloured boughs consume,
Wind-waved in a fiery tomb,
In a gash of brazen fire,
Early sunset's ruddy pyre.

II.—LOVERS ON THE RIVER.

Floating on a slender river,
 A pale violet flame,
 Windless air, a violet flame,
 Clear reflections only quiver,
 Flickering with margin blurred !
 Whisper, bird !
 A word !
 Through a mossy arch impearled,
 Rounded in the water-world,
 Love ! behold a little boat,
 With a white sail, stilly float
 Far off, even
 In Heaven :
 [For the river-reach appears
 To mount a violet air :]
 A spirit's wings in violet air,
 Free from human woes and fears,
 In our dreams
 It seems !
 While yon kine upon the marge,
 On the meadowy marge,
 Greenly-glowing pasture large,
 Send their gleam of coloured shadow
 Beyond a green bank from the meadow,
 Where rushes are
 Afar !
 Perished all sweet summer posies ;
 Yet a radiant air
 Lavishes more fair
 Roseflush from windwoven roses,
 Rich and rare.
 Now we float in orchard closes,
 Darkly, magically green,
 Ne'er an apple seen :
 Till the water winds between
 Beechen hills,
 And rills,
 Whose rich furnace, chestnut-gold,
 Dowers the wave with wealth untold ;
 Flakes of burning gold

Lying on the vivid grass,
 Gorgeous, while we softly pass.
 Lo ! slim aspens yellow-pale,
 Inlaying far mist while we sail :
 Whisper, bird !
 A word !
 Whisper, murmur, never move
 From thy pillow, love !
 From my bosom, tender dove !
 Lying quiet, hand in hand,
 We will dream we need not land
 Upon the shore,
 Where evermore
 Love, a rainbow, dear illusion,
 Melts into the world's confusion !
 We will dream no chance may sever
 Two fond hearts upon the river
 Of their own felicity !
 We will dream Love need not die ;
 Only fly,
 In the even,
 To Heaven !

III.—IN THE GLENS.

Upon the huge rock-rooted elm we stood,
 That hangs and murmurs o'er a shadowy deep,
 Where a dim glen lies silently in sleep.
 There one tall ash, crowned queen of all the wood,
 Rises above a labyrinthine brood,
 Verdurous underglooms, adown the steep
 Riverward falling : nightdews well and weep
 In their rich bowers of odorous solitude.
 Boulders block leafy cataracts, that brave
 With rebel surge the crag's commanding wall.
 Beeches burn brilliant against a grave
 Mist-sombred russet foliage, that all
 Seems, like a surf, to mount the steep, nor fall ;
 Climbs the high cliffs, a never-refluent wave.

We swung beneath the rugged antlered form ;
 Clambering, plunged into a green profound,
 Ash-pale rent vapours gathering around
 Those vast elm-arms upwriten to the storm ;

Till we beheld a cliff's grey bulk enorm,
Crimson beyond the woodland where we wound,
Whose boughs half veiled the grandeur sunset-warm ;
High cliff that doth the tidal Avon bound.
Here, where steep rocks are riven abrupt and gory,
Where leans, weird Thyrsus, a thin branchless tree,
Ivied, discrowned, athwart their promontory,
Midmost all rank and fleshy growths that be,
Nightshade, worn tumbled stones, and trunks mist-hoary,
Satyrs and fauns may hold strange revelry !

Then we emerged upon a slumbering tide,
Where sounding fire-ships to the populous port
Draw vessels laden ; there white birds resort,
Whom light discovers, or hill-shadows hide,
While slowly in aerial maze they glide.
Gorgeous Autumn holds her stately court,
A solemn queen, like Tragedy ; gold wrought,
Her train fills all the glens : she is Death's bride ;
For soon she shall be robed in a white shroud.
But we, fond friends, we dared to breathe aloud
Vows of a love undying ; though a cloud
Gathered, passed over, melted in the blue ;
Though withering worlds, like leaves, around us flew ;
And all the abysses yawned upon us two.

All awful Forces of the Universe,
Within, beneath, around us, and above,
Dark armoured Phantoms frowned upon our love,
Breathing cold scorn thereover, for a curse.
Behold ! how blind wild hurricanes disperse
A foam flake, inland blown from a sea-cove ;
So man's fair hopes inviolable prove.
Cling, hearts, a moment ere the gulfs immerse !
For Self, and Sin, with all that sundereth,
Mad Chance and Change, faint Absence, and dim Death,
A ghostly army, leagued against love's breath,
Have sworn to annihilate : life's shadows close :
But Love, whose blossom fleeteth as it blows,
Rests in the heart of a Divine repose.

MODERN JUDAISM.

BY AN ENGLISH JEW.



ASSIMILATION is beginning to tell upon us at last. What centuries of wandering among alien races, what ages of bitter and implacable persecution have failed to effect, is getting itself accomplished in the first few years of peace and tolerance.

We are sometimes referred to as if we had no right to the title of Englishmen. But a Jew born in Germany, is a German; a Jew born in France, is a Frenchman; and a Jew born in England, is an Englishman. And in times when it shall be necessary for Britons to demonstrate their patriotism, it will be found that a Jew is an Englishman first, and an Israelite afterwards.

Yet in social circles the old barriers are not wholly removed; and this is owing quite as much to the conservatism of the Israelites as to any religious scruples or unfriendly spirit on the part of Christians.

The Jew is a singular admixture of conservatism and reform; and the one element is in a state of perpetual warfare with the other. The ancestral and traditional peculiarities and sacred associations with which the precepts of his creed are invested prompt him to adhere to them with the tenacity and firmness exhibited by those who preceded him; but on the other hand, his love of self, his vanity, his taste for the refined and his ambition draw him into the vortex of reform; and so he adopts a mode of religion most convenient to himself, and is anxious to be known as a Jew—to his co-religionists only.

It is a popular fallacy that Judaism has been alike and stable throughout all ages. The Judaism of the present day is as unlike the Jewish religion of the Mosaic period as is the Christianity of to-day unlike that of the time of Augustus. The Mosaic institutions, indeed, form but the groundwork of Judaism and the essence of the Jewish creed. They do not wholly constitute the laws and observances by which Israelites are guided. Judaism is hemmed in by hundreds of precepts framed in a post-biblical era, and many of them are the works of the rabbis of the middle ages. While Moses legislated for the whole of futurity, the rabbis framed institutions to meet temporary exigencies. They founded the Jewish ritual, and imported into it vindictive expressions directed against those who

oppressed their people. They established thousands of observances which every Jew was expected to maintain rigorously and regularly.

Those who have slightly and superficially dipped into the study of Jewish affairs have wondered at the great length of Jewish prayers, intolerance which pervades them, and the superfluous imagery with which many of them are invested. Indeed, an institution has been projected in London by influential and talented Israelites, having for its object the modification of their ritual, which they declare possesses characteristics not in accordance with the civilisation of the age. Those who accredit the Jew with stolid conservatism, and deem his religious opinions steered against the influence of time, make a great mistake. I have no hesitation in saying that any reform introduced by the recognised ecclesiastical authorities would be received with acclamation. I do not mean that there exists an inclination to submit to wholesale and extravagant innovations on their observances, or to any lopping off of the branches of the traditional tree which would seriously affect the root of their belief; but were moderate reforms suggested with the connivance and authority of the Chief Rabbi and his coadjutors there would be but few Jews in this country who would say Nay to his proclamation.

And this is not a matter of great surprise when it is considered that the Jews owe the greater part of their prayers and rites and ceremonies to men who were not competent to legislate for futurity, but merely for the exigencies of the times in which they flourished.

The Jews of Poland and Russia, it may be observed, who comprise two-thirds of the whole Hebrew nation, look upon a co-religionist who does not respect all the prayers, rites, and ceremonies, as no Jew at all, and indeed vote him an apostate. The Polish Jew in his native land is the best example of an orthodox Israelite. He is bigoted and intolerant. His mind is closed against progress and common sense. He will fast twice or thrice every week; he will walk about in fringes and phylacteries; and conversation which does not smack of the Talmud he deems irreverent. He is an ascetic and an enthusiast. Presently he migrates to England—and lo! the fanatical Jew undergoes a speedy alteration: the fringes are discarded and the phylacteries put aside; the ledger takes the place of the Talmud, and he settles down, in most cases, into a respectable member of society, indifferent to his religion, though without a *penchant* for any other.

The phenomenon is easily explained. The Jewish observances

are mostly the work of rabbis who lived in days when the Israelites groaned under a burden of abject oppression. There was no mercy then for the Hebrews. In the public streets they were maltreated, and it was dangerous to venture outside the wretched ghettos in which they dragged out their miserable lives. Shut out from all intercourse with Christian society, they assembled in the synagogues day after day, invoked vengeance and retribution on their enemies, supplicated for redemption from their miseries, and thanked their Maker for any little escape from persecution. In this way a mass of prayers were accumulated which became by-and-by recognised and established forms; and from father to son, from generation to generation, this form of service has been handed down, with all its practices and prescriptions, and is held sacred even to the present time among those communities which have lived isolated lives and have not fallen under modern influences. Among such as these there has been no abatement of the old rigour, and any interference with the ancient observances and practices has been regarded as little less than sacrilege. But when a member of one of these benighted communities mingles with English, Austrian, French, or German co-religionists his ardour diminishes, his mind becomes opened, and many Polish Jews are now more advanced in their ideas than their liberal brethren in this country.

That modern Jews look upon their creed as in some degree elastic, is shown in various ways which, though slight when taken individually, form a by no means insignificant whole. The fact that a Reformed Jews' congregation flourishes in London proves that the members, who number about six or seven hundred, have found the Judaism of the rabbis an institution admitting of improvement. The Reformers almost totally disregard rabbinical prescriptions, and base their religious observances on the five books of Moses only. Most of them are extremely liberal in their views, and very strict Jews are to be found amongst them. The Reform congregation has two or three branch synagogues in England, and hundreds following its ritual in all parts of Germany and America.

The Jews are proud of Moses, and of Abraham; but they are not anxious to continue to bear the names of the patriarch or the law-giver. According to their dietary laws they can only partake of food prepared according to certain immovable rites, but their journals do not hesitate to chronicle the incident when an Israelite dines with the *Prince of Wales* or the *Lord Mayor*. That Judaism as practised by the orthodox is too restrictive for the present age is allowed by the most learned rabbis, who urge that their religion is adapted

would itself to existing circumstances. That some alteration will have to be made by those who hold in their hands the destinies of Judaism is very evident. Christians—good Christians—Jews will never become; but unless a mighty effort is exerted to effect some salutary—yet not too subversive—reform, the rising generation will come to look with sympathising eyes on what is popularly known as materialism, or lapse into a state which may justify the application to them of the term “nothingarians.”

A brief glance at the ordinary mode of life of the English Jews of to-day will indicate to some extent the changes that have come over the practice of their religion. Undoubtedly there are many who maintain with unflagging ardour the Mosaic principles and the rabbinical laws; but amongst us these are regarded in this country rather as bigots than as models for imitation. Around us are numerous synagogues raised and maintained by Hebrew wealth. On the Sabbath they are filled with worshippers who take much pride in the structures they have raised. But though work of every kind is forbidden on the Jewish Sabbath, great numbers of those who attend the synagogue keep open their places of business during the day. Conspicuous members of the Anglo-Jewish community, who are sometimes cited as specimens of what a good Israelite should be, are frequently among the most lax in spiritual observances. Their offices are open on Saturday; they may be seen driving in the park (riding being forbidden); they are found shopping in the City, or dining at restaurants where the food is not prepared in accordance with the dietary laws. Half a dozen decades ago a Jew who ate of an animal which had not been slaughtered in Jewish fashion would have been regarded as an utter heathen; now he thinks nothing of joining a friend at dinner at a fashionable hotel. In trains, in steamboats, in carriages, in all places of popular resort, are Jews to be met on the Sabbath Day, smoking, eating, drinking, and enjoying themselves in the freest and most unrestricted manner. Yet, in the face of all this, it is frequently contended that the Jew of to-day continues to hold sacred the precepts of his forefathers.

It must be remembered that while Christianity is essentially dogmatic, Judaism is peculiarly ceremonial; and when the Israelite disregards its ceremonies the question arises whether he does not cease to be a Jew. To this question I answer No; but I contend that the religious duties of the modern Jew require to be defined *afresh*. *As the matter stands it is hard to say to what he must conform in order to retain his title to be regarded as a member of the ancient communion. I do not hesitate to declare that in thousands of Jewish*

families modern Judaism begins with circumcision and ends there. What is needed is the careful and judicious elimination of all such non-essential elements as would prevent the scrupulous Jew from performing his part in that modern social life to which he belongs. To do this he must discard many things once held sacred and remove what was heretofore deemed irremovable.

Look for a moment at the relations of wealthy Jewish families to higher English education. The universities are open to the sons of the Israelite, and being of an imitative nature he must needs send them to Oxford or Cambridge. There young Jews imbibe the thoughts and assume the manners of those around them. They never lean towards Christianity, but they pay no heed to those signs which render their religion distinct from any other. The rabbis insist on regular prayers, matutinal, afternoon and evening. These are long, and, indeed, characterised by much that is superfluous. The Jewish University man seldom looks into his prayer-book. His food is the food of his Christian fellows and his ways are their ways. When he at length departs for home he is a Jew by birth only, and it is found that the influences of school or college are never capable of being removed.

Yet withal there is apparently a universal desire on the part of this people to maintain the ancient faith, so far as it can be done without detriment to their material welfare and their conformity to the mode of secular life of the people among whom they live. It is impossible to deny the inconsistency of the position. The great fact, which is not, perhaps, patent to all the world, is that while in mixing with the general community the Jews avoid any declaration of their religious faith, they are always anxious to display their religious earnestness when they are among their own people.

On the Continent, in Germany and France more particularly, the Jews pay no especial regard to the principles of their religion, as far as the ceremonial portion is concerned, nor do they trouble themselves to act in a manner which shall lead Christians to believe that they are aught but Israelites. Germany indeed is the hotbed of Judaic reform, and the synagogue, from a liturgical point of view, is hardly to be distinguished from the church. In orthodox Jewish houses of worship the services are of solemn and almost morose character: the women are seated in a gallery by themselves, there is no organ nor any kind of musical accompaniment to the singing of the choir, and the major portion of the prayers is recited by the *minister* in a dull and inharmonious strain. The Reform Jews of Germany have introduced numerous innovations into the synagogue

services, and in many of their temples men and women are seated together in pews, an organ inspires the feelings of the worshippers, and the services, instead of occupying six or seven hours as they frequently do in orthodox synagogues, take up an hour or two hours at the utmost. In Berlin, indeed, it is stated that but very few Jews close their banks, shops, and warehouses on Saturday, and the synagogues are comparatively deserted. They disregard nearly all the practices which distinguish Judaism from Christianity, and it is notorious that German Hebrews are the most indifferent religionists in the world. They are little more than Deists, and were it not for the exertions of the rabbis there is no doubt that the reform already instituted would be carried to an extreme point.

Turning from Germany to Roumania a vast contrast presents itself. Here the very exclusiveness of the Israelites, their rigid adherence to ultra-orthodoxy, and the difficulty of reconciling them to the civilisation of the day, have stood in the way of their political emancipation. In many parts of Roumania Jews may be seen walking through the streets attired in long coats bordered with fringes, their hair uncut, their faces unwashed, their beards overgrown and grizzly, and speaking in an incomprehensible jargon. They take no measures to conform to the habits and language of their Christian fellow-countrymen, and it is no great wonder that they are still persecuted, and are the victims of oppressive and exceptional legislation. The eagerness which Israelites have displayed in other countries to adapt themselves to the customs of the people around them has served to raise them to the enviable position they now occupy, and their Roumanian co-religionists will experience no material modification of their hard lot till they overcome existing prejudices and bend to the rule of education. While the Roumanian Legislative Assembly should do all in its power to improve the condition of the general population, every effort should be made by the people themselves to become worthy of the consideration of their rulers. The Jews of Roumania are deprived of all electoral privileges, they are not allowed to purchase landed property, they are compelled to serve in the army but are denied any sort of promotion, and several trades and professions are barred against them. This is hard enough, but they must recognise the fact that before the Legislature will accept them as Roumans they must discard the objectionable features which have made them a distinct community, dress as others dress, speak as others speak, in fact—while not conceding any vital religious principle—act as all other Roumans. Then will their emancipation be sure and speedy.

The conversion of the Jews to Christianity will never be effected,

and I am persuaded that educated and practical Englishmen would disdain to lend themselves to so chimerical an undertaking. There is a number of societies established for propagating Christianity among the Jews: one gained a few converts, but these, it has been proved, have in every case eventually returned to the bosom of their former faith. Jewish renegades are without exception wretched wretched souls who are attracted by golden promises to abandon their creed. The missionaries take a poor Polish Israelite in hand, feed him, clothe him, teach him the English language and a few other tricks, turn him to business, and then insist upon his conversion, and the writer of these lines denies any of the societies to produce a single genuine convert. I do not deem it desirable to enter into a detailed description of the *modus operandi* resorted to by missionaries, my object being rather to assert that never—and this is a bold statement—have the missionaries manufactured a real consistent Christian out of the worst and least conforming son of Israel. It has been computed that before a Jew can be said to have thoroughly completed the education necessary for his conversion above two thousand pounds must be expended, and this while thousands of Christians starve in the streets, and breathe their last in fever-stricken houses. Would it not be far more in accord with the enlightenment of this age to leave off attempting the subversion of a religion the professors of which have not, and never can have, the slightest sympathy with Christianity? The thousands of pounds annually devoted to this object could be much more profitably expended. The Jews are sober, industrious, and law-abiding; the conversionists should leave them alone, and if they feel inspired by a benevolent wish to benefit humanity, let them set out to reclaim drunkards and wife-beaters, whereof they will find no examples among the Israelites. It is to be hoped that Christians who contribute to the maintenance of institutions having for their aim the conversion of the Jewish nation will not be long before they become sensible of the wanton waste of money to which they lend themselves.

The writer—who has no hesitation in stating that he is a member of the house of Israel—has had not the slightest thought of casting ridicule on the Jewish community. Too long have mistaken notions gained currency, and he has thought it his duty to give the general public an idea of the state, spiritual and social, in which the Jews of the present day exist. Whether he has succeeded or not he leaves to his discriminating readers to decide for themselves. That the Jews are a great and thriving nation cannot be denied, but that their occupancy of their present position will remain without a materi-

modification of the ceremonial part of their religion is a matter of no doubt, and a question of this nature can be solved by time only. Very sure am I that the Jewish mind will not remain where it is; and in the course of years the ecclesiastical authorities will be compelled to sanction some reform, in order to prevent a split in the camp. The philosophy of the moderns is not lost upon the rising generation of Jews, many of whom are now bound together by racial ties; but when time shall effect the loosening of these ties—and the progress of education must inevitably affect the racial feeling—it will be found necessary to institute a reformation in Judaic practices for the sake of concord.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART III.

IN a lecture upon Shakespeare's "Tempest" Coleridge kept his audience in a roar of laughter by drawing a ludicrous comparison between the monster Caliban and a modern Radical. It was infinitely droll and clever; but like a true sophist, there was one point of the argument which he failed to illustrate—and, indeed, never alluded to—viz.: that Caliban, the Radical, was inheritor of the soil by birth-right; and Prospero, the aristocrat, was the aggressor and self-constituted legislator. The tables thus easily turned upon Mr. Coleridge, would have involved him in an edifying dilemma. The fact is, that Coleridge had been a Jacobin, and was one of the marked men in the early period of the French Revolution. It was at this period of his life that he served as a private in a regiment, and used to preach Liberalism to his brethren; and I believe he quickly had his discharge. He had also been a professor of Unitarianism, and delivered sermons. He once asked Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach; who replied that he "never heard him do anything else." All these opinions he afterwards ostensibly abjured; and doubtless he had good reason for making manifest his conversion from what he conceived to have been error. Like the chameleon, he would frequently adopt and reflect the hue of his converser's prejudices, where neither opinions (religious or political) were positively offensive to him; and thus, from a tranquillity—perhaps I might say, an indolence—of disposition, he would fashion his discourse and frame his arguments, for the time being, to suit the known predilections of his companion. It is therefore idle to represent him as a partisan at all; unless it be for kindness and freedom of thought; and I know no other party-principle worth a button.

The upper part of Coleridge's face was excessively fine. His eyes were large, light grey, prominent, and of liquid brilliancy, which some eyes of fine character may be observed to possess, as though the orb itself retreated to the innermost recesses of the brain. The lower part of his face was somewhat dragged, indicating the presence of habitual pain; but his forehead was prodigious, and like a smooth

slab of alabaster. A grander head than his has not been seen in the grove at Highgate since his neighbour Lord Bacon lived there. From his physical conformation Coleridge ought to have attained an extreme old age, and he probably would have done so but for the fatal habit he had encouraged of resorting to the stimulus of opium. Not many months before his death, when alluding to his general health, he told me that he never in his life knew the sensation of head-ache; adding in his own peculiarly vivid manner of illustration, that he had no more internal consciousness of possessing a head, than he had of having an eye.

My married sister having gone to reside with her husband and their young family in the West of England, my mother and my unmarried sister went to live near them; while I returned to London and to delightful friendships already formed there. In renewing my old pleasant relations with men previously named I had the good fortune to come into contact with others of literary reputation and social attraction. Jefferson Hogg, author of "A Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent," with his dry humour, caustic sarcasm, and peculiar views of men and things, I met at Lamb's house; who, one night when Jefferson Hogg sat opposite to him, fastened his eyes on his throat and suddenly asked; "Did you put on your own cravat this morning?" And receiving an answer in the affirmative, rejoined:—"Ay, I thought it was a *hogstye!*" There I also met Henry Crabbe Robinson; that agreeable diarist and universal keeper-up of acquaintance. I suppose never man had a larger circle of friends whom he constantly visited and constantly received than he had; or one who was more generally welcome as a diner-out, and better liked as a giver of snug dinners, than himself. Now too, I saw Bryan Waller Procter, whom I had known and admired in his poetry, in his "Dramatic Scenes," and "Sicilian Story," published under his pen-name of "Barry Cornwall," and subsequently knew in his poetically beautiful tragedy of "Mirandola" and his collection of lovely "Songs." He had a modest—nay, shy—manner in company; heightened by a singular nervous affection, a kind of sudden twitch or contraction, that spasmodically flitted athwart his face as he conversed upon any lofty theme, or argued on some high-thoughted topic. I again also occasionally met Godwin. His bald head, singularly wanting in the organ of veneration (for the spot where phrenologists state that "bump" to be, was on Godwin's head an indentation instead of a protuberance), betokened of itself a remarkable man and individual thinker; and his laugh—with its abrupt, short, monosound—more like a sharp gasp or snort than a laugh—seemed alone sufficient to

proclaim the cynical, satirical, hard-judging, deep-sighted, yet strongly-feeling and strangely-imaginative author of "Political Justice," "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," and "Fleetwood." His snarling tone of voice exacerbated the effect of his sneering speeches and cutting retorts. On one occasion, meeting Leigh Hunt, who complained of the shortness of his sight and generally wore attached to a black ribbon a small single eye-glass to aid him in desecrating objects, Godwin answered his complaints by saying sharply:—"You should wear spectacles." Leigh Hunt playfully admitted that he hardly liked yet to take to so old-gentlemanly-looking and disfiguring an apparatus; when Godwin retorted, with his snapping laugh: "Ha! What a coxcomb you must be!"

The Novellos, after leaving Oxford Street, and residing for a few years at 8, Percy Street, had taken a large old-fashioned house and garden on Shacklewell Green; and it was here that they made welcome Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Williams on their return from Italy, two young and beautiful widows, wooing them by gentle degrees into peacefuller and hopefuller mood of mind after their storm of bereavement abroad. By quiet meetings for home-music; by calmly cheerful and gradually sprightlier converse; by affectionate familiarity and reception into their own family circle of children and friends, Vincent and Mary Sabilla Novello sought to draw these two fair women into reconciliation with life and its still surviving blessings. Very, very fair, both ladies were: Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin Shelley, with her well-shaped golden-haired head almost always a little bent and drooping; her marble-white shoulders and arms statuesquely visible in the perfectly plain black velvet dress, which the customs of that time allowed to be cut low, and which her own taste adopted (for neither she nor her sister-in-sorrow ever wore the conventional "widow's weeds" and "widow's cap"); her thoughtful, earnest eyes; her short upper lip and intellectually curved mouth, with a certain close-compressed and decisive expression while she listened, and a relaxation into fuller redness and mobility when speaking; her exquisitely-formed, white, dimpled, small hands, with rosy palms, and plumply commencing fingers, that tapered into tips as slender and delicate as those in a Vandyk portrait—all remain palpably present to memory. Another peculiarity in Mrs. Shelley's hand was its singular flexibility, which permitted her bending the fingers back so as almost to approach the portion of her arm above her wrist. She once did this smilingly and repeatedly, to amuse the girl who was noting its whiteness and pliancy, and who now, as an *old* woman, records its remarkable beauty. Very sweet and very

encouraging was Mary Shelley to her young namesake, Mary Victoria, making her proud and happy by giving her a presentation copy of her wonderful book "Frankenstein" (still in treasured preservation, with its autograph gift-words), and pleasing her girlish fancy by the gift of a string of cut-coral graduated beads from Italy. On such pleasant terms of kindly intimacy was Mrs. Shelley at this period with the Novellos that she and Mrs. Novello interchanged with one another their sweet familiar name of "Mary"; and she gave the Italianised form of his name to Mr. Novello, calling him "Vincenzo" in her most caressing tones, when she wished to win him into indulging her with some of her especially favourite strains of music. Even his brother, Mr. Francis Novello, she would address as "Francesco," as loving to speak the soft Italian syllables. Her mode of uttering the word "Lerici" dwells upon our memory with peculiarly subdued and lingering intonation, associated as it was with all that was most mournful in connection with that picturesque spot where she learned she had lost her beloved "Shelley" for ever from this fair earth. She was never tired of asking "Francesco" to sing, in his rich mellow bass voice, Mozart's "Qui sdegno," "Pos senti Numi," "Mentre ti lascio," "Tuba mirum," "La Vendetta," "Non piu andrai," or "Madamina"; so fond was she of his singing her favourite composer. Greatly she grew to enjoy the "concerted pieces" from "Così fan tutte," that used to be got up "round the piano." Henry Robertson's dramatic spirit and vivacity and his capacity and readiness in taking *anything*, tenor or counter-tenor—nay, soprano if need were—that might chance to be most required, more than made up for the smallness of his voice. His fame for singing Fernando's part in the opening trio, "La mia Dorabella," with the true chivalrous zest and fire of his phrase, "*fuore la spada!*" accompanied by appropriate action, lasted through a long course of years. Henry Robertson was one of the very best amateur singers conceivable: indefatigable, yet never anxious to sing if better tenors than himself chanced to be present; an almost faultless "reader at sight," always in tune, invariably in good temper, and never failingly "in the humour for music," qualities that will at once be appreciated by those who know what the majority of amateur singers generally are. Edward Holmes was among the enthusiastic party of enjoyers so often assembling at Shacklewell in those days. His rapturous love of music, his promptly kindled admiration of feminine beauty, caused him to be in a perpetual ecstasy with the Mozart evenings and the charming young-lady widows. He used to be unmercifully rallied about his enamoured fantasies with regard to both; and he took to rallying his old school-mate, "Charles Clarke," in sheer self

defence, on the same score. But the latter was comparatively heart-whole, while "Ned Holmes" was riddled through and through by "the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft." Charles Clarke admired, Ned Holmes adored; Charles Clarke fluttered like a moth round the brilliant attractions, while Ned Holmes plunged madly into the scorching flames and recked not possible destruction. We used often and through a long train of years to laugh at Edward Holmes for his susceptible heart, lost a dozen times in a dozen months to some fair "Cynthia of the minute," some prima-donna who sang entrancingly, some sparkler who laughed bewitchingly, or some tragedy-beauty who wept with truth and passion. He confided these ephemeral captivations with amusing candour to the first hearer among his favourite associates, often choosing for his confidante the eldest daughter of his friend and master-in-music, Vincent Novello, when he shared his opera ticket or his playhouse order with her (in turn with one of her brothers or sisters) by her parents' leave.

By the time I (C. C. C.) renewed my visits to her father and mother's house, when Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Williams were first welcomed there, this "eldest daughter" was growing into young girlhood and I (M. C. C.) had changed from the "little girl" allowed to "sit up to supper as a great treat"—when Leigh Hunt, "the Lambs," and other distinguished friends met at 240, Oxford Street, in the times of the Parmesan there, or of the "ripe Stilton" at the Vale of Health, or of the "old crumbly Cheshire" at the Lambs' lodgings—into a damsel approaching towards the age of "sweet sixteen," privileged to consider herself one of the grown-up people. Whereas formerly I had been "one of the children," I now spoke of my younger brothers and sisters as "the children"; and whereas at the Vale of Health I used to join the Hunt children in their games of play on the Heath, I now knew of the family being in Italy and was permitted to hear the charming letters received from there; and whereas it was not so very long ago when I had been sent with Emma Isola by Mary Lamb into her own room at Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, to have a girlish chat together by ourselves unrestrained by the presence of the graver and cleverest talkers, I was now wont to sit by preference with my elders and enjoy their music and their conversation, their mutual banter, their mutual and several predilections among each other. Always somewhat observant as a child, I had now become a greater observer than ever; and large and varied was the pleasure I derived from my observation of the interesting men and women around me at this time of my life. Certainly Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin Shelley was

the central figure of attraction then to my young-girl sight ; and I looked upon her with ceaseless admiration—for her personal graces, as well as for her literary distinction. The daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin, the wife of Shelley, the authoress of "Frankenstein," had for me a concentration of charm and interest that perpetually excited and engrossed me while she continued a visitor at my parents' house. My father held her in especial regard ; and she evinced equally affectionate esteem for him. A note of hers, dated a few years after the Shacklewel days, sending him the priceless treasure of a lock of her illustrious mother's hair, and written in the melodious tongue so dear to both writer and receiver, shall be here transcribed ; for the reader to share the pleasure of its perusal with her who has both note and hair carefully enshrined beneath a crystal covering :—

"Tempo fà, mio caro Vincenzo, vi promisi questa treccia dei capelli della mia Madre—non mi son scordata della mia promessa e voi non vi siète scordato di me—sono sicurissima. Il regalo presente adunque vi farà rammentare piacevolmente lei chi ama per sempre i suoi amici—fra di quali crederà di sempre trovarvi quantunque le circostanze ci dividono.

"State felice—e conservatemi almeno la vostra stima, vi prega
la vostra amica vera

" 11 March, 1828."

" MARY SHELLEY.

To my thinking, two other women only, among those I have seen who were distinguished for personal beauty as well as for literary eminence, ever equalled in these respects Mary Shelley ; one of them was the Honourable Mrs. Norton, the other the Countess of Blessington ; but these two latter-named stars I never beheld in a familiar sphere, I merely beheld them in their box at the Opera, or at the Theatre. Mrs. Norton was the realisation of what one might imagine a Muse of Poesy would look like,—dark-haired, dark-eyed, classic-browed, and delicate-featured in the extreme, with a bearing of mingled feminine grace and regal graciousness. Lady Blessington, fair, florid-complexioned, with sparkling eyes and white high forehead, above which her bright brown hair was smoothly braided beneath a light and simple blonde cap, in which were a few touches of sky-blue satin ribbon that singularly well became her, setting off her buxom face and its vivid colouring.

(To be continued.)

ARE GOOD RECRUITS WORTH PAYING FOR?

BY McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.



URS is the richest country in the world, and consequently the country that most requires an adequate guard. Adequacy, however, is not to be measured by comparison of muster-rolls and batteries of field-guns with those of other States. In proportion to our wealth we have the smallest space to defend, and in proportion to the array of invaders we can ever have to encounter we have the most numerous, best fed, and well-conditioned community in the world. There is something more than this to be considered. Beyond and above the rare accumulations of treasure and all that it can buy, we are trustees by inheritance of the oldest and the noblest system of rule in which the enjoyment of individual freedom is combined with the supremacy of order and obedience to law. Hitherto the stability of our Government has been able to maintain itself against all comers; but in the day that it fails to do so, should that day ever come, its moral power will be wounded unto death, its star will fall from the heaven of men's hope and faith in good; and not we alone but every people striving to be free will be disenchanted and disheartened ineffably. Interest, pride, and duty all conspire, therefore, to bid us as a nation see to it that the army enrolled for the defence of the realm is not only as efficient as it can be made, but that it is sufficient in every respect for its purpose. If it be, it is well worth the millions annually expended upon it: if it be not, its cost is worse than waste of money, because it tends to fool us into perilous self-deception as regards our relative position in the world, and furnishes a temptation to rash and heady men in high places to provoke collision with neighbours we are unprepared to withstand. The time has gone by for careless or lazy talk about civilians leaving the matter to soldiers, or the public devolving the trouble of thinking about it on the Minister for War. Whoever he may happen to be he will never more in England have the power to raise or organise an army other than that which Parliament from year to year thinks fit to have: and *Parliament*, chosen by household suffrage, will never vote less money

fewer men for the defence of the country than public opinion demands. The school of politicians that once seemed likely to prevail by means of parsimonious pleading against the paramount duty of rendering the country invulnerable, has fallen too low in general estimation to need confutation by argument.

But another class of obstructives in the way of what is needful has taken their place; and it is with these that the friends of reform in the army have chiefly to deal. Bureaucracy has of late gained influence and power of a certain kind amongst us which it never had before. Its strength emphatically is to sit still. Its learning is the pedantry of formalism. Its chief purpose is a ramification of what it is pleased to call "control" over every active impulse and local action and spontaneous association for mutual or general good.

It seeks to cast its network of inspection and interposition over everything that is valuable or vigorous in social or industrial life, offering with presumptuous airs of superior wisdom its advice and guardianship, and seeking in each fresh intrusion or usurpation an excuse for further expansion of its multitudinous staff of clerks, inspectors, and commissioners. The amount expended annually upon the Civil Service is three times greater than it was fifty-two years ago; and the number of persons of various grades employed to decant and re-bottle useless information in the various departments is increasing every year. The habit and practice of gumlocution has spread to the military and naval branches of the public service. The War Office is now a little town with its hierarchy, functionaries, and interminable references and transmissions, reports and memorandums, revisions and reconsiderations; the ostensible head of the department is smothered in a cloud of details out of which he has seldom the strength of character to escape. The inveterate instinct of the unsympathetic sect of officials is to look back to what has been done before, instead of looking ahead to what is desired by the public at large in future. Every healthy or worthy suggestion regarding recruits or pensioners, rank and file or officers, canteens or accoutrements, better weapons or fairer pay, boards of inquiry with their whispered evidence and secret reports, and courts martial with their impartial hearings and public judgments—each a drop have to percolate through a mass of departmental obstruction before a drop of practical reform or redress can be recognised by those who wait and watch expectingly. The machinery has grown so cumbrous and lumbrous along with such an amount of friction that the time of a War Minister is taken up in keeping it together, and every complaint is ear-marked as groundless, red-inked for reproof,

and noted as a thing to be put down, before it reaches the eye of the Parliamentary debater whom Brooks's or the Carlton has chucked into the place of Secretary of State for War. He wishes to do right and to say what will be popular; but he knows and can know nothing of the complexities of a great service scattered over every clime and zone; and if he never took leisure to eat, drink, or sleep he could not master one-tenth of them. It is nevertheless his fate to have to decide, or affect to decide, questions without number of all descriptions, relying upon the suggestions of subordinates whose motives and prejudices he cannot possibly fathom.

Take the primary question how the supply of effective recruits is to be secured for the army. At any time such a consideration, one would suppose, must be deemed paramount to all others; but under existing circumstances its importance is momentous. Never in the world's history has Europe seen so many men under arms; never in the annals of Christendom has the direction of monster armies been concentrated in so few hands. Never was the tendency to territorial absorption so manifest and irresistible; and never had England so few independent allies of the second class to rely on in case of need.

For the moment her fleet, it is true, is without a rival; but all the changes in naval architecture and gunnery render it comparatively easy for other nations to acquire rapidly a formidable war-marine. Calls for help from distant dependencies may suddenly draw from our coasts detachments of our fleet which we could not safely spare. The lottery of winds and tides is over; and the incalculable elements are for the future confined to accidents to machinery and caprices of despotism. If our first line of defence be broken or eluded, what have we to meet invasion? Or, if by the turn of events the struggle for national independence is to be fought as it was sixty years ago on the plains of Belgium, what force have we to rely upon? It was stated again and again in debate last Session by Lord Eldon and other able critics that under the estimates for the current year the infantry of the line in the United Kingdom amounted in all, including brigade depôts of regiments serving abroad, and old soldiers engaged in the training of recruits but past active work in the field, to be 50,830 men. Deducting 12,991 for half-drilled recruits under twenty years of age, deducting further 10 per cent. for casualties by sickness and desertion—the reliable strength of infantry available for sudden defence against a disciplined foe would not exceed 34,000. That was just half the number under Marshal MacMahon caught and crushed by the Bavarian wing of the

man army in the first week of the war which ended in the overthrow of the Second Empire. The French were fighting on their own soil, with all the confidence derived from recent memories of the Malakoff and Solferino, untired by marches or watchings, and contented with adversaries unaccustomed to act together in the field and ostensibly led by the inexperienced Crown Prince. No one has ever said that the French did not fight well; and we know that they fought till the going down of the sun. But they were beaten; and at first defeat, which every imperial official up to the day before would have sworn and betted to be impossible, struck upon the heart of France as a death-knell whose echoes day and night kept sounding until all resistance ceased at the gates of Sedan. Weighing calmly at St. Helena the odds of victory and the hazards of defeat, the worth of endurance and the ultimate chances of a campaign, Napoleon said: "The difference between the first battle gained and the first battle lost is immense." But Napoleon had created armies as well as used them. One of his well-known military maxims was that, "The first quality of a soldier is the ability to support fatigue and privation; physical courage is only the second." The great warrior knew *intus et in cute* what real soldiers are made of and what they are worth,—what sham soldiers cost, and what they are not worth: a knowledge apparently not possessed by officials in and out of uniform under the Second Empire.

Throughout his great campaigns the Duke of Wellington, like his illustrious rival, never ceased to deprecate the cruelty, extravagance, and folly of sending him, instead of bearded and full-grown men, immature youths who, as Napoleon said, could only choke the hospitals and strew the roads with dead. Writing home confidentially, in 1811, to Sir Henry Torrens, then Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke bitterly complained that "Government have never taken a comprehensive view of the subject of recruiting." And this was said with reference equally to financial and military considerations: for the great soldier was in his own way a great economist, and it should not be forgotten that he was Minister when the army estimates were brought down to the lowest point they ever touched during the present century. But then he was for realities, not shams; and whether the rank and file were numerous or limited he thought the nation had a right to get the worth of their money. In this he differed from certain officials of his own and from the majority of our day.

In the period of uninterrupted peace in Europe which lasted during the residue of his lifetime higher tests of enlistment were easily

maintained. For the separate army of India there was often a competition of able-bodied, well-conditioned, and in every way eligible men; the pay was double that of the line, and the Company understood the wisdom of keeping their promise of liberal pensions in old age to those who served them faithfully. They, too, differed in theory and practice from the bureaucrats who eventually supplanted them in the rule of the East. In the blind desire for factitious and fictitious uniformity the two armies have been confused together; six years' service has been substituted for twenty; and capricious doles for brief periods in exceptional cases have been put in place of the regular pensions formerly relied on as a main inducement to the better sort of men to enlist. From 1815 to 1855, however, no difficulty was felt in recruiting for the line. In most parts of England and Scotland agricultural wages were hardly above the means of bare subsistence; in two-thirds of Ireland an increasing population, restless, unsatisfied, and venturesome, furnished an inexhaustible supply from which the recruiting-sergeant could pick and choose. But when tidings came of the first disasters in the Crimea the War Office woke as from a dream to a sense of helplessness that no official affectation could conceal. Lord Hardinge, as Commander-in-Chief, confessed to the Committee of Inquiry into the condition of the troops in the Crimea that "Our peace establishments had been allowed to run so low that, after making the first effort and sending out 25,000 men, we could do nothing more than forward young recruits. We made them pretty perfect in drill in a couple of months; but instead of bone and muscle, they were, he might say, only gristle. When we came, in November and December, in the face of the winter, to send out these raw recruits, it was impossible to expect them to resist hard work and the inclemency of the weather so well as other and more seasoned men." The generals called for reinforcements, and reserves there were none to send. Volunteer draughts from the militia were better than nothing. Batches of recruits under age, hastily got together in the slums, and forwarded after a few weeks' feeding and drilling at vast expense, were found to be worse than nothing.

When the Duke of Newcastle offered to send 2,000 more, Lord Raglan, in despair, replied: "Those last sent were so young and unformed that they fell victims to disease and were swept away like flies." Sir de Lacy Evans bore like testimony, stating that the draughts sent him were composed of men quite too young to bear the strain of the winter encampment and the work of the trenches.

What befell those wretched boys when ordered to the front 400

recently described by an eye-witness in terms of pity and of blame too graphic to be yet forgotten.* The unlucky Minister who happened to hold the seals of the department when the discovery of its incompetency occurred paid the forfeit of a failure for which he was held responsible, but to which he individually contributed less, perhaps, than any of the civil and military staff around him. The public waxed wroth, Parliamentary rhetoric waxed loud, and minute guns kept firing from a panic-feeding press, until the Minister who had not wanted the war was driven from office, and the Minister that insisted on the war was brought in with popular acclamation. Vigour, more vigour, victory at any price, was then the order of the day. Recruiting was ordered to proceed without stint as to money and gin, and without being too particular about age, height, or chest measurement. It was not a time to be nice, and in a hurry-scurry fashion several thousand additional troops were raised, some abroad and some at home; but altogether insufficient to have enabled the army to remain another winter at Balaclava. The fall of Sebastopol relieved us from a perilous dilemma, and ever since Select Committees have been inquiring and Royal Commissions deliberating how a like break-down of the army for want of reserves and for want of recruits may be obviated in future. Various plausible devices have been resorted to for surmounting the difficulty, but, confessedly, the difficulty remains.

The royal army and the Indian army have been made one; the practice of billeting has been exchanged for a costly establishment of barracks; flogging and branding have been abolished; reading rooms have been provided for the rank and file; clothing and bedding have been improved, and a term of six years' service and as many more of liability to be called out in the reserve has been substituted for the long service of former times. Other supposed inducements have from time to time been added, but in vain. Recruiting goes on more slowly than ever—that is to say, the enlistment of real recruits; for no one that is not paid for saying it will gravely declare, after the late exposures and explanations explaining nothing, that the beardless dupes of the crimp who are thrust for appearance sake into soldiers' clothes and coaxed to limp till they fall out from fatigue or are sent to hospital ought to be reckoned as effective men on whom the country can depend in time of need. Able-bodied men will not take fifteen pence a day from the hand

* Speech of Lieutenant-Colonel Mure, M.P., on Army Estimates, 20th April, 1875.

of a stranger, with nearly a shilling stopped out of it for food and kit, and bind themselves to go they know not whither, when they can get two shillings or half-a-crown a day from a neighbour whose work they may quit if it does not suit them. Un-able-bodied striplings are therefore sought for still as being under market price ; and still the evil practice is continued of sending them before they are soldiers, and before they are men, on foreign service.

When the Army Regulation Bill of 1871 was passing through Committee, an amendment was proposed forbidding absolutely the sending out of the realm any soldier who had not attained the age of twenty years. It was not suggested that well-grown youths of eighteen and nineteen might not be admitted to military apprenticeship at home, and that they should not in any case be allowed to learn their drill, and to acquire habits of discipline, before being placed on the effective list. Sir John Burgoyne, who had been consulted on the matter, and who, of all men then living, was regarded as the most faithful depository and deponent of the views of the Duke of Wellington, had thus written :—"There is no doubt much value in your proposition to establish the propriety of restraining the employment of soldiers on foreign service before they are twenty-one years of age ; my suggestion was that it could be done without interfering with their enlistment before that period, and that you will effect by your modification." But with the caution habitual to him the venerable Field-Marshal added, with reference to the proposed form of inhibition : "There is, however, always some danger, I think, in the peremptory character of legislation on principles interfering too much with details that may require occasional exceptions admitting of discretion. For instance, there may be many distinct cases where those enlisted at eighteen might be sent abroad with their regiments without evil, such as drummers, bandsmen, officers' servants, clerks, and others, who would not be subject to the particular duties which alone make it objectionable. In establishing a principle, if you could leave an opening for discretionary exceptions it would be, perhaps, advantageous."*

The advice thus given was readily assented to by Colonel Anson, Lord Eustace Cecil, and generally by all on both sides of the House by whom the cause of the younger soldiery was sustained. The occasion was felt to be fitting for making terms on their behalf. A complete revolution was about to be wrought in the command of the land forces of the Crown. The property

* Letter from Sir J. F. Burgoyne to W. M. TORRES, 14th June, 1871.

qualification for officers was to be abolished, and the neutral authority of a Commander-in-Chief established by Pitt, with the approval of Fox, for securing impartial promotion, was to make way for the unqualified and unconditional exercise in future of the power of selection by the Secretary of State. The command of the militia and the nomination of the officers, which Pim and Hampden, Somers and Walpole, Pultney and Chatham, had jealously held to belong to the lords lieutenant of counties, was to be taken from them and likewise conferred on the Minister. Seven or eight millions of money were to be placed in his hands wherewith to buy up, as he knew best, the officers' commissions; and he was to be invested with plenary jurisdiction to make regulations respecting pensions and half-pay, hitherto practically left to the judgment and discretion of the Horse Guards; finally, the great trusteeship for the nation of Commandership-in-Chief was to cease and determine; and the successor to what remained of that once independent function was to be held subordinate thenceforth to the member of the Cabinet who might happen to preside at the War Office. Such a transfer of power and such an augmentation of patronage and influence by the Executive Government had not been proposed within the memory of man. It seemed natural, therefore, and indeed only decorous and just, to stipulate that the sons of the people whose industry was to be heavily burthened for the price of this vast change should be secured against a system of oppression and injury without parallel in its way in the armies of Christendom. The ground on which the Army Transformation Bill was brought forward was the expediency of consolidating all the disposable forces of the kingdom by means of such a reorganisation as would secure permanently an army for defence of 200,000 men. If the price to be paid was politically and pecuniarily high let us at all events have an assurance that for so much money we should really get so many *men*. The weight of authorities, military and medical, against the employment of immature youths in the trying toil and stern work of soldiership, was almost without counterpoise.

Sir Anthony Stransham, Inspector-General of Marines, gave as his opinion that in point of economy it was a blunder to resort to enlistment under age. Where wear and tear had to be considered the best article was the cheapest. "The boy soldier is not the useful article. Twenty is the earliest age when the *physique* of the man is fully developed; therefore take the recruit at a more mature age, and so avoid the break-down now inevitable. It will be found better and cheaper to bid high for a sounder article." But if the rule which

humanity and policy alike dictated could not be absolutely observed, at least the prohibition of foreign service ought to be enforced; and he thought that drawing the line at the age of twenty was a reasonable and fair proposal. A letter of Major-General Sir C. Daubeny was equally unqualified. "I have had thirty consecutive years of regimental experience in all climates, and I am undoubtedly of opinion that no soldier is properly efficient until he is twenty years of age, and that he should not be taken away from his training establishment until he has attained that age and is fit to take his place in the ranks as a fighting soldier—that is to say, is able to march fifteen or twenty miles a day, carrying full equipment which every soldier must carry during a campaign, and fight a battle afterwards if necessary, and do this for weeks consecutively in all weathers, and frequently on short rations, without knocking up. Boys of eighteen or nineteen cannot do it. It is gross cruelty to require them to attempt it, and it is a fraud on the public to call them soldiers and lead the nation to believe they have an efficient army. Such boys soon break down under trial, they choke the hospitals, ruin their half-formed constitutions, and endanger the safety of an army in the field, not only by becoming non-effective at the moment when their services are most urgently wanted, but by hampering the resources of a general at a time when all his energies ought to be concentrated on some particular movement of the enemy. It costs more to feed, carry, and take care of one sick soldier than it does to maintain three healthy ones in the best possible fighting condition." It was well known, indeed, that General Scharnhorst and Count Moltke were of this mind. They thought and studied how their oft-threatened country could be made invincible, and from a distrustful kingdom they made it a victorious empire. They looked around and saw the regiments of Austria crippled with old men, and the battalions of France and England full of boys. They made up their minds to have neither. The age of martial efficiency being from twenty to thirty-two, middle-aged patriots might serve the fatherland in the Landsturm, and promising youths go through part of their military apprenticeship if they would before their time. But in one year prior to the war with France "222,000 out of 227,000 youths who as completing their twentieth year were liable to military service, were actually put back for one year as temporarily unfit."*

The late Mr. Guthrie, whose reputation as a surgeon was second to none, used to say that he had never lost an opportunity of urging

* "Military Forces of Great Britain." By Sir Lindsay Simmons. Page 17.

upon Government the fatuity and inhumanity of premature enlistment, and that he felt chagrined at the inattention shown to his advice, which was obviously disinterested and demonstrably sound. Upon his numerous pupils he impressed the duty of reiterating his admonition until the error should be extirpated. By many the humane protest has since been faithfully maintained, though hitherto in vain : for administrative weeds take long in rooting out. The works of Sir G. Ballinghall and Professor Parkes explain anatomically why the youthful frame in which the epiphyses of the bones were incomplete cannot bear the strain of warfare or even of severe duty in time of peace without liability to disease and death, especially in unaccustomed climates ; and experimentally the painful fact has been amply tested by Sir W. Muir and Dr. Mowat, from long observation of the camps and prisons of India. No wonder that the Royal Commission of 1863, of which Lord Derby was chairman, and of which Sir Ranald Martin and Dr. Farr were members, had strongly deprecated the sending of recruits to the tropics before they had fully completed their drill and had attained to legal manhood. Another Commission, to inquire specially into the subject of recruiting, of which Lord Dalhousie was chairman, reported with approval the evidence of Sir James Gibson, branding with reproach the system by which ignorant and thoughtless youths were inveigled into contracting an engagement of whose worst dangers they had neither warning nor suspicion. A return showed that in 1864 more than twenty-two per cent. of the entire army were under age ; there was too much reason for believing that the proportion had since risen scandalously higher. In the 54th Regiment, recently ordered to India, it was said to be actually one-half ; and more than one commanding officer abroad had been known to complain that the draughts sent from home caused him to despair of bringing his regiment up to the true standard of efficiency.

Mr. Cardwell objected to embodying a positive interdict as a clause in the Army Regulation Bill, but consented to an address to the Crown praying that the practice might be discontinued of sending recruits under twenty years of age on foreign service, and he undertook to advise that a favourable reply should be given by the Queen to the prayer of the Commons. With this it was thought wise to be content, and a message was returned from Her Majesty stating that in accordance with the desire thus expressed, directions had been given to *discontinue the practice* thereafter.

Yet the evil practice has not been discontinued. The vote of the Commons and the pledge of the Crown have both been disregarded

At first it was said that a change so great could not be suddenly made without disorganising many corps and leaving regiments on foreign stations without reliefs; but it was hoped and believed that the department meant gradually, if not promptly, to carry into effect the wise and humane decision of Parliament. Time rolled by, however, and no indication of compliance could be observed. In 1873 murmurs became audible, and in 1874 impatience was justifiably betrayed. Questions were asked only to be answered evasively, and returns moved for from which nothing satisfactory was to be gathered. It grew apparent that the promise had been set at nought of giving the nation an adult army. Lord Sandhurst, in a speech of great ability, called the attention of the Peers to the insufficient method still persisted in of recruiting for the line. "There were considerations connected with the supply of our army with men which could not fail to cause apprehension, he would not say alarm, in the mind of every person who had to deal with the military establishments of the country. What was the case? At what age did recruits now reach our army? At an age so youthful that they could not be called men. They were not able to do duty as soldiers. It required two years to give them the substance of soldiers. Yet during that time they were drawing full pay. In the days of long service we might afford to have very young men in the ranks because their number was very few. It was a very different thing to have them now. The consequence was that we had one-third of our ranks made up of youths who were not fit for service. Since his return home from India, and his lot had been cast in the executive administration of the army, the danger to which the country was exposed from this state of things had constantly presented itself to him in a concrete form, and he thought an endeavour ought to be made to direct the attention of the country to the fact that, while it believed it rested on a system which had a solid basis, that system was weak in the point which he had just brought under the notice of their lordships." Lord Cardwell defended the course he had pursued while in office and quoted the report of the Inspector-General for Recruiting for the year to show that the seventeen thousand required for the year had been obtained, that their "general appearance was good," and that very few candidates had been rejected. But he did not deny the fact that they were unfit boys, not fit men. The Duke of Cambridge said: "The subject was one of difficulty; and each time it was discussed it seemed to him to grow more difficult. It was indeed quite true the physical strength of our regiments was less than in former times; but then we had fewer veterans past their prime, which was something by way

of set off to the credit of short service." No better answers than these being forthcoming, their lordships went to dinner and the General commanding in Ireland went his way.

This year the discussion was revived on more than one occasion in the Lower House. Lord Elcho examined with elaborate care what had been done since 1871; and cited the recommendations unanimously agreed to at an influential meeting of the Royal United Service Institution to the effect that the present recruiting system was unsatisfactory, and that the period of probationary discipline ought not to be reckoned or relied on as one of effective strength. In the debates which followed the cost and cruelty of the existing practice were illustrated by reference to the dying and the dead in Netley Hospital. The records of that establishment revealed that every year upwards of 5,000 victims were brought back from India, most of them suffering from disease of the heart or lungs caused in the greater number of instances by their immaturity when sent thither. Dr. Aitkin, whose work on Military Medicine has obtained a wider circulation probably than any text-book of its kind, concurred with his colleague Dr. Parkes in deprecating earnestly the loss of health and life which notoriously is thus occasioned. The invalids as they arrive are placed under the care of these and other eminent men, and all the help that good air, good food, and good nursing can afford is rendered them. But after a short time fresh cargoes of the doomed arrive, and they are forced to give place to them. Pronounced incurable, they are sent home to their native town or village to die. It is part of the duty of the orderlies to take care of these unfortunates from the hospital on their melancholy way. Frequently the assistance of more than one attendant is required: and the performance of this sad duty is kept up all the year round. Still more ghastly witnesses are to be found in the Anatomical Museum at Netley. The accusing eloquence of death is there, and speaks without a voice from the skeletons of soldiers of every age whose sufferings have ended in the hospital. The terrible fact is thus disclosed, to all who choose to see, that the joints of the limbs and the connecting ends of the ribs are, even at twenty, imperfectly ossified, at nineteen are frequently not fully grown, and at eighteen actually crumble away on slight pressure. And yet the Inspector of Recruiting probably obeyed instructions by reporting the "general appearance" of these recruits as satisfactory. What a system to be maintained, under pretence of economy, by the richest country in the world! Confutations of the charges thus substantiated being impossible, an intimation was unofficially given to the gallant

officers who had patriotically spoken their minds at the United Service Institution that they had better confine their attention to scientific investigations ; a quieting hint which they forthwith resolved that they would not regard. More searching returns were moved for, sharper things were said in debate even than before, and towards the end of the Session the Duke of Cambridge declared at a public dinner that "efficiency was incompatible with economy," by which he must fairly have been presumed to mean that if the nation would have a really effective army suited in numbers, age, and discipline to sustain the traditions of the past, and to meet the possible exigencies of the future, we must make up our minds to pay for it.

What, then, is to be done? What practically can be done? What will do? The time for paltering with the scandal and the danger is gone by. "Less than thorough will not do it."

Cromwell knew this as well as Strafford, and he paid his troops better than the King's had ever been paid aforesaid. There are worthy folk amongst us who would cut down the army to a lower figure ; some who would disband it altogether. This is not the place to enter upon that controversy ; but so long as we continue to maintain a standing army the least we should insist upon is that we should have troops that can stand. Youths in the disguise of veterans, and deserters in the disguise of recruits, are the worst value we can have for our money. Why not do the only manly, honest, and consistent thing that can be done ; namely, pay the fair price for what we want? Why not put an end, once and for all, to the uncertainty of stoppages which fills the rank and file with ever-recurring distrust, and keeps alive a perpetual source of discontent? The men who are to fight for the country they protect must be clothed, and fed, and nursed when sick, come else what may. Why should not the cost be a fixed charge uniformly deducted from the soldiers' pay? The debit and credit account kept up between the Control Department and each private soldier is an unmitigated source of mischief. The general has as deep an interest in the good food of the gunner and the good clothing of the grenadier, as in the good sabre of the dragoon. The price of all these things varies continually ; but the military chest enables them to be bought to advantage if proper vigilance be used. Arithmetically it is not true that the soldier's dinner always costs the same, and always costs the fourpence halfpenny he is charged, and no more. Why then tempt him daily to question whether the extraction from his pay is a good bargain for him? The State is not *the better* for the doubt thus raised, and he is frequently the worse.

er armies food, clothing, and even tobacco, are served out like ration, or fodder for the horses, without troubling the men to about the nominal cost for each of them, and no one can give intelligible reason why a contrary practice should be maintained

ead of fifteenpence a day with variable and unexplained stop- for kit, let one shilling and sixpence a day be offered to every of twenty years of age ; and let a printed notice be put into nd the day before he is asked to sign the attestation of enlist- setting forth simply, and without ambiguous or juggling phrases, e Quartermaster will buy for him every portion of his food and a uniform charge of twelve pence a day, so that for every day not in hospital or in arrest he shall receive *in cash* sixpence a ithout deduction of any kind. The net additional cost to the would be less than half a million a year.

he United States the ordinary number of the standing force is but, as we have seen, capable of rapid and extraordinary sion. Notwithstanding the variety of lucrative employments, ility of obtaining land, and the prevailing rates of high wages, has never been any lack of adults willing to take military e. And why? Because the private soldier receives his pay at stoppages of any kind ; and is fed and clothed and cared for ately by the State. The pay is not, of course, equal to the gs of skilled labour : that would be simply absurd. Most of alities essential for the rank and file are possessed by multi- who have no particular inventive or constructive ingenuity, refer active to sedentary life, who do not repine at physical ut who dislike mechanical pursuits. These are the *matériel* of excellent battalions have everywhere been formed, either by rption, as in Prussia, or by the offer of keep and clothing and nce a day for pocket-money, as in Ireland, when agricultural were not to be had ; or by paying the fair market price, as in ica, for unskilled labour. We will not endure a conscription, he rural classes hovering on the verge of starvation have disap- d. Able-bodied and well-conditioned recruits can no longer be ithout paying for them the price which even rough labour is become worth. Failing to secure it, there are but two alter- es—the ragamuffins of the town, or the foolish lads of the e.

or as these resources always were, the ill effects of relying on were less apparent, and to some extent were less aggravated, *the old state of things*. If boys were sent out before their time

on board the transport ship, they had a long and healthful voyage to Canada, Corfu, Australia, or the Cape; and on their arrival they underwent no suffering from mere change of climate. Those who were sent to India as Queen's troops were not half as many as are annually sent now; and those who survived the period of probation usually remained eight or ten years instead of giving place just when they had become acclimatised to raw levies from home. Short service may be an improvement on the whole, or it may have become unavoidable; but that it multiplies the risk of premature decay and death if boys are to be sent to the tropics instead of men, is too painfully clear. Under the system of long service, the scapegrace, the fugitive, the runagate found it more difficult to desert and impossible to re-enlist under a false name. He stayed at all events long enough in his regiment to forget his vagabond companions and to acquire habits of discipline. Gradually he began to think of good conduct pay and to look forward to full pay for life when he had served his term. Many a ne'er-do-well was thus redeemed; and many a one might be so still if adequate inducement were held out to him to re-enlist at the end of six years. But without waiting for the expiry of the first six years' term we already see the painful proofs that there are no sufficient motives in the minds of the short-service men generally to re-enlist. Desertions are still upon the increase. When Lord Strathnairn stated the fact broadly in the Upper House last Session he was reproved by the late Under Secretary of War for not being well up in official statistics; and a return was relied on to show the contrary of what the veteran commander had alleged. But the illusion was speedily dispelled. In a letter to the *Times* Colonel Anson turned Lord Lansdowne's calculation inside out and made it plain to the humblest comprehension that as a greater number of recruits than formerly were now required, the real proportion to be ascertained was that of desertions to the whole strength of the year. The actual ratio has indeed become painfully and perilously great, being double what it used to be.

It is surely time to grapple manfully with an evil such as this.

HER ANSWER.

BY EDWARD SEVERN.

HE:



WHAT music that lingers,
What shadows that stay,
What flowers have thy fingers
To give me to-day?

Soft moon-beams of silver,
To bless with their light
The foam of the river
That pours through the night?

Light leaves to spread over
The torrent beneath,
And the black stream to cover
As a sword in its sheath?

SHE:

I give thee no silver
That moon-beams may hold—
For life is like silver,
But love is like gold.

No swift-flowing river
I pour unto thee—
For life is a river,
But love is the sea.

I plant thee no forest
To hide what is heard—
For life is the forest,
But love is the bird.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

No flower-jewelled scabbard
My hand may afford,
For life is the scabbard,
But love is the sword.

I bless not with midnight
Though morning be far—
For life is like midnight,
But love is its star.

Each touch and each word, song
And soul, are for thee :
Gold, Falchion, and Bird-song—
The Stars, and the Sea.

IN THE PEAK COUNTRY.

BY RED SPINNER.

TWO hours ago, smoke, crowded thoroughfares, groaning machinery, and the very heart of a prosperous industrial community of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants; now purple heather, far-reaching hills, shooting-boxes, grouse, snipe, and here and there a blackcock. Two hours ago the landscape was one of chimneys—a forest of them; now it is a warmly tinted picture of mountainous moorland in Nature's own matchless perspective. Two hours ago the air was heavy and dim, and your temples throbbed in unison with those wonderful machines that were pressing out massive armour plates and drawing steel rails from the roller as if they were bits of thread; now the atmosphere is, by comparison, preternaturally clear, and exhilarating to a degree which is best measured by the long-drawn gulp asked for by the greedy lungs. Two hours ago the ear was assailed by the shrieks, wails, sobs, groans, and bellows that proceeded from some of the most famous metal works in the kingdom; here

All the air a solemn stillness holds,

save where the honey-laden bee softly hums herself a homely tune as she crosses the road which separates the moors. Verily, money-making men of Hallamshire, you may thank your lucky stars that the lines have fallen to you in such pleasant places. There are no other citizens in this proud empire who can in so short a space of time escape from depressing confinement into beautiful freedom; who can close their office doors at four o'clock, and by six be handling a newly-shot grouse instead of a banker's pass-book. Hard-working and grimy toilers, into whose philosophy neither pass-book nor grouse enters so much as in the dream of an idle hour, you, too, may be thankful that so near your grinding implements you have the flowery dells and ravines that give so much charm to the five streams which "one of your own poets," Ebenezer Elliott, knew so well, loved so much, and celebrated in such sweet song. If it so please you, the opportunity is especially yours to prove that though man made the town, God made the country.

On the high-road between Manchester and Sheffield, in a hollow

under the finest hills, there is a solid stone bridge. A grand coaching business used to be done between the metropolis of cotton and the metropolis of steel, and the Lancashire lads and Yorkshire tykes always found in the wild grandeur of the surrounding scenery some sort of compensation for the journey. Are any of those old coach travellers living now, I wonder? Not many, perhaps, for this was one of the earliest stud-farms for the iron horse. But there must be some who remember the half-way resting-place in the hamlet of Ashopton, nestling close under the bold peaks of Win Hill and Lose Hill; the loneliness of the situation, the grandeur of the prospects far and near; the river rippling under the bridge over which the coaches used to pass, and below which the Derwent receives the smaller stream that for some distance had appeared running parallel with the coach road; and the substantial larder of the hostelry. Sportsmen also know the spot—sportsmen, that is to say, who hire their shooting from a distance, and sojourn in the district only so long as there is sport to be had—sportsmen, very often, who here, and here alone during the year, renew their bygone experiences of country life. At Ashopton and at Lady Bower, further up in the direction of Sheffield, you may always reckon upon finding a goodly selection of setters, pointers, retrievers, and spaniels, and a very miscellaneous collection of dog-owners, hanging about the inn-doorways of an autumn evening, when the day's work is done, and when the sun scatters about the valleys and hill-tops shadows so mystical and weird that you may gaze at them, forming and re-forming, until, in the belief that a new order of spirits have come down from the rocks and caves to take temporary possession of the Peak country, you see visions of cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces rising out of the shroud-grey of the twilight. Should pleasure or business call you forth next morning before the sun has re-appeared over the east-lying landmarks, you may look down the valley from Lady Bower and watch the stately pageant dissolve like a scroll, and the old familiar outlines of tor and moorland gradually steal back again, real as the duties which daily life brings to responsible humanity.

To this district come tourists, but not in dreaded shoals. The country is a little too inaccessible for the common-footed variety of the modern excursionist, who loves to have his "special" run right into the novelty he has come out to see. A good walking or riding man with leisure at his command always loves the Peak, but it may be said that, as a general rule, the tourist, pure and simple, either stops short of Chatsworth and that part of Derbyshire which lies south of the line which you may draw from that noble Dukery

straight across to Buxton, or pursues the railway from Buxton over the elevated permanent way above Chapel-en-le-Frith to Stockport. I have known travellers compassing this route declare afterwards the glories of the Peak country in the language of venerable experience. Now, if our friends can prove to you by affidavit that they have halted at Chapel-en-le-Frith, and pushed up into the high country thereabouts, you may grant them a certificate of knowledge on the subject, though you should withhold a medal in addition, unless they know something of Castleton and the country on the Ashopton side. "Chapel"—the topographical designation is too long for frequent use—is not incorrectly described as "a market town of some considerable importance in the High Peak." If not "in," it is not far from the Peak. At Hayfield, a few miles north, begins the range of hills of which Kinder Scout is the chief summit, and Kinder Scout must be honestly climbed by your own feet if you would gain that splendid look-out which they say sometimes includes the sea beyond Liverpool. Castleton is pretty well known to tourists, since it monopolises the most wonderful of the wonders of Derbyshire, such as the Ebbing and Flowing Well, the castle of which Sir Walter Scott had somewhat to observe in his "Peveril of the Peak" (the flower, as many think, of the Waverley flock), and the mines and caves where the Bengal lights reveal stalactite and crystal spar, and less showy illuminations intensify the gloom of awe-inspiring cavernous recesses. These are the show places of the district, and naturally they attract all the tourists who pass that way. Still the traveller who stops short of Mam Tor has but an imperfect acquaintance with the High Peak.

Let us traverse the mountain through the lovely vale of Edale until we stand once more upon that bridge which spans the Derwent near its confluence with the Ashop. Shall I not do well to admit at once that I have brought you into the Peak country chiefly to take you by the button-hole and gossip of the streams that lave its lower levels? And is there not a cause? The rodster and the gunster coming with a purpose are the men who know most about the Peak scenery, for they have an incentive to spur them beyond the point where others retrace their steps; the further their explorations are forced the more successful are they likely to be in their pursuits. Yet the field is so vast that I cannot pretend to exhaust it; the best that can be done within the limits of a single paper is to skim the surface with a light hand.

The Little Ashop to which I have above made reference is the tributary of a tributary, for the Derwent is, spite of its goodly size a

its junction with the Trent, but a feeder of that magnificent midland river. The Ashop rises on the northern face of the High Peak, and is formed by a number of rivulets springing from Glossop and Alport moors. It is, however, too small a stream to be mentioned in ordinary guide books, or to be treated to more than a passing reference in the abundant angling literature which the Peak country can claim as its own. Yet it is a noted haunt of merry, if small, moorland trout, and is strictly preserved by a few gentlemen of the district. In most of the Derbyshire streams grayling abound; none, however, are to be found so far up as this. The water is too shallow for those lovers of deep, swift currents, and there are besides weirs which would, if they attempted to act upon the "Excelsior" motto, effectually check their advance.

Watching an angler is to one who understands the science almost as exciting and interesting as angling oneself. It brings out your critical faculties; it gives you a good opinion of yourself, though at the expense of your friend; it teaches you something. This is why the old schoolboys on the great summer field days at Lord's cricket ground assume such airs of wisdom, and wax so vigorous in their praise and blame as they follow with kindling eyes the movements of the youngsters in the field. Suppose, then, we become spectators of the two gentlemen who are making ready for descent into the Ashop. The dogs leaping around them and sniffing at their heels as they cross the bridge are evidently jealous of the fishing-rods; they consider themselves defrauded of a day's work and glory on the moors, though, if they were gifted with reflective memories, they must remember that the last week proved a dreadful blank, and that, eager as they were to point and retrieve, all the chances were against them. Therefore, faithful animals, you need not whine and look up so eagerly with those great loving eyes of yours; your masters are quite justified in looking after fish when fowl are scarce. Hie back again, then, to the stable yard and enjoy a day's romp and rest.

Our anglers have gone into the village smithy to don their wading stockings and brogues, without which nothing can be done; bushes, thick and overhanging, fringe each side of the stream, and if the gentlemen in the smithy know their business they will wade stealthily upwards, working with a short line. Up-stream fishing should always be adopted when possible; that may be taken as an infallible rule. It is pedantry, however, to insist upon the method under all conditions, inasmuch as there are rapid "torrential" rivers where any angler who values his time and temper, and cares for a basket of fish, will never attempt aught but down-stream long line fishing.

Who ever knew a village smithy door without its brace or so of lers lounging against its lintels? Here are three young men, probably keepers taking holiday with the dogs; young men whose faces are the colour of a ripe hazel nut, and whose velveteen jackets are, like the garments of poor easily cheated Esau, savoury of the hunting grounds. They watch Messieurs the Anglers pull on their waterproof coverings, thick woollen socks, and clumsy shoes, and converse of angling news. No daily newspapers come to Ashopton till they are a few days old; there are no hourly telegrams affixed to club screen or hotel passage. Such news as the morning brings them is of the woods, fields, and streams. Number one has heard of a four-pound trout taken yesterday in the Derwent. The trio at once move with slow step across to the bridge, and lean over, gazing into the peat brown flood as it races under the arch. This movement will not help them probably in their comprehension of the story, but it seems the natural thing to do, just as when Micawber contemplated entering into the coal trade he went out and looked at the Medway with the eye of a connoisseur. So our velveteen jacket brigade involuntarily survey the Derwent as the story-teller proceeds. It seems that the four-pound trout had been a notorious character for several seasons. Everybody had made serious attempts upon its honour. Everybody had failed. Live fly, dead fly, ants' eggs, maggot, wasp-grub, worm, minnow, had been used in ringing the piscatorial changes, but the trout had kept his corner under the jutting rock, and had ordered his life aright, pursuing the even tenour of his way, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. At length there had been treason and stratagem, and, alas! spoil. Nefarious prowlers had netted the fish in the dead of night, and sold him in Castelton at a shilling per pound. Number two caps this story with another while our *trois frères* dawdle back to the smithy, the dogs following gravely in a listening attitude. A gentleman on the previous afternoon down at Hathersage was angling with gentles, and caught a small grayling, which he had pulled nearly out of the milltail when a great trout ferociously rushed at and gobbled it, taking the point of the hook also into the bargain. There was a dash of pathos in this narrative; the gentleman played the trout for half an hour, and then permitted it to break away from him.

It is very pleasant, sitting upon a newly-made wheelbarrow outside the smithy, to hear all this conversation, and look up and around at the many tinted hills and village flower-gardens, to smell the woodfires, and hear the forge, the rustling branches, and the flowing stream combining in a sleepy kind of chorus. But our anglers are ready, and

we have engaged to look on as umpires. One of these fishermen might not untruly be termed a, if not the, judicious hooker. The first reach of the Ashop is between a garden hedge on the one side and a wall rising sheer out of the stream on the other. The water is low and clear; there is not a scrap of cover in its bed, except stones, lying for the most part flat on the bottom. The current is therefore tolerably even, and the course free for the up-stream angler. Wisely he uses a couple of flies and half a dozen yards of line. Wisely he moves warily, never splashing as he brings one foot before the other, pausing always for a minute or two on arriving at a new position. Standing above him we, the spectators, can see every pebble in the river's bed, but not a fish within range of our vision. Yet stop. The eye kept steadily upon the river becomes attuned to the colour of the stony bed—a light brown, and soon it detects a long, thin, light-brown form where none could at first be seen. It is a trout, so like in hue to the river's bed that only the practised eye can detect it. A hand lifted into the air scares it away, frightened out of its wits. The judicious hooker says it is precisely what he expected; the only chance is to fish under the wall, and under the bushes on the opposite side. Lightly, and apparently without any exertion, he drops the tiny artificial bumble in the direction he announced, and has his reward—a four-ounce brook trout in admirable condition. The J. D. cannot now expect to catch his four dozen as he did in the lucky June days, but he thins out the stock occasionally, and fishes the Ashop like a master, wind and water all the while dead against him.

The second angler is a superb illustration of how not to do it. From his talk, as we lingered about the smithy, you would have fancied him an incomparable fly-fisherman; the advice he volunteered to the J. D. was sound, and delivered in a tone of easy confidence that suggested a limitless reserve of knowledge that might be used did not modesty forbid; the playful flourishes he indulged in, whipping at the scarlet berries of the mountain ash and flicking his cast across the road, as we proceeded towards the gate of the first meadow, were gracefulness itself. "Here," we might have remarked without making absolute fools of ourselves: "here is a finished sportsman who may be backed to pitch a fly into a teacup at thirty yards distance." His aspect when he looked leisurely towards the clouds, and up and down the stream, was that of profound wisdom. Perhaps his theory was quite regularly hall-marked; his practice was "Brummagem." Not to put too fine a point upon it, he was (in a Pickwickianly-Waltonian sense) an *armat impostor*. Every movement was a false one. He floundered about in the water, partly through too much haste, partly through careles-

his feet, the result being to drive away the fish and to treble exertions. Wherefore, while his friend was cool in body and spirit, he was perspiring and irritable, suffering, no doubt, and physically from intense prickly heat. It was astounding how heavily his flies pitched into the water; you could not fall. He tested every kind of shrub on the bank apart with a view of determining which would most effectually tangle and loss of tackle; on the whole the common seemed best adapted for this purpose, though for a purpose of the question how it is possible for a line to become so inextinguished up there is nothing like gorse. Need it be said that the man caught no fish, lost much tackle, and came out of the end in a vile humour, which the sight of his friend's catch of trout did not affect on the side of sweetness and

Sir Geoffrey Peveril, in the flush of hope, suggested to Bridgnorth the possibilities of the King investing him with the reward of his loyalty he remarked that "Earl of the Peak would sound well. That earldom has never been bestowed, but is a modern Waltonian lord of the Peak who is known to men on Derwent, or Dove, as "Old Butcher." This "character" has been thus charmingly described by Mr. John Hall, a gentleman, who has written much of the Derbyshire rivers and who can angle as well as he can write:—

Old Butcher is young: though he's nigh fourscore
He can tramp twelve miles across a moor;
He can fish all day and wade up stream,
And at night as fresh as the morning seem.

Old Butcher is young: he can make a fly
With as steady a hand and as sure an eye
As though he were still in manhood's prime,
And never had known the ravage of time.

He will drink his glass and despoil a dish
With an appetite keen as any fish
That ever took grub from baited hook
When hunger its victim overtook.

He can spin a yarn, or a sermon preach,
Or on special occasions spout a speech:
He can fast or feast, like a monk of old,
Though he likes the latter much best I'm told.

He knows each pool of the streams about,
And every stone that conceals a trout ;
Some say that he knows all the fish as well,
Both where they were born and where they dwell.

To those who have wander'd in Baslow's vale,
Through Chatsworth's meadows and Darley Dale,
Or skirted the banks of the silvery Wye,
Where Haddon's grey towers rise steep and high;

Or straying westward by Calver's weir,
To Hathersage, Hope, or Edale fair,
Where the Noe and the Derwent wind at will,
Beneath the shadow of great Win Hill ;

His form and garb will familiar seem
As the guardian deity of the stream,
With his oval face and his grizzly locks,
And his smile like that of a sly old fox.

His vocation is, to instruct the young
Novitiates how the fly is flung :
To rig their tackle and range their flies,
And show them where to obtain a rise.

Long may he live to pursue his art,
For few are there left to succeed his part :

iving little more than ten days to turn me in and rub up
y . . . I was forced upon the instant to scribble what
sent to you." The styles, however, are different; there could
Piscators. Between the two dialogues there is as much
as between a brick building of the Dutchman's era and a
ained farmhouse thatched, gabled, and slashed athwart
oaken beams. Nevertheless Cotton is an excellent authority
shire fishing, and requires very little editing from the
pert. The streams which he lauds as the finest in
r angling have deteriorated, though they are still amongst
at remain for trout, if not for grayling. At Bakewell and
he wandering angler may purchase his daily ticket, but the
ons of all the streams are rented by associations or small
gentlemen who carefully watch their fish.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER." &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOME AGAIN.

THE Challoners were home again in Durewoods. They had crossed the Atlantic in winter, and were lucky enough to have some calm seas; and Sir John observed with pleasure that on more than one clear and cold day, when the waters were quiet enough to allow of pleasant walks on deck, Marie showed unusually good spirits and seemed to enter a little into the enjoyment of existence again. He had watched her with some uneasiness as she sat on deck the day they were leaving New York. The steamer was crowded with friends taking leave of friends whom the vessel was to bear away, and there was a great deal of kissing and embracing, and there were many tearful eyes. Sir John observed with wonder and anxiety that his daughter sat there cold, apathetic, and silent, looking on the emotional crowd out of eyes that seemed hardly to take an interest in anything. His mind misgave him. Was she really unhappy, or was her once magnificent physical health giving way?

Therefore, when they were fairly on the ocean, and she brightened up, and talked to people, and seemed like her old self—perhaps a little exaggerated at times—he was greatly cheered. There was a handsome vivacious young French naval officer on board who seemed to lose his heart at once to Lady Disdain, and with whom Lady Disdain was pleased to talk a great deal—and if it were not Lady Disdain one might perhaps even say to flirt a great deal—and her spirits sometimes seemed to rise almost too high. But Sir John was reassured and delighted. "It's all right," he said to himself. "She will be perfectly happy yet. When she is married and settled in London life and moving in society she will be as happy as a queen." He felt little fear thenceforward even when her bursts of high spirits were followed occasionally by hours of gloom and

apathy; even when he observed that the first sight of the shores of her own country made her start as if in repugnance or dismay.

Ronald Vidal met them at Southampton. He looked very handsome, and blushed in almost a boyish way when he saw Marie. She held her hand out to him, and said "How are you, Ronald?" and Ronald took her hand, but seemed somehow a little dashed by this reception, and he did not kiss her.

Ronald went off presently to see about having their trunks quickly through the Custom-house, and Sir John was left alone for a few moments with his daughter.

"I think you frightened our young squire, Marie."

"How so, dear?"

"Well, I don't know. You were not very warm in your reception of him, I thought."

"Was I not? I meant to be very friendly."

"He didn't venture to kiss you," Sir John said, with a smile.

"Would it have been the right thing to do?"

"Well, I don't know whether there is much either right or wrong about it under the circumstances. But I should think he might have ventured."

"Oh, yes; if it is the right thing to do. But I really didn't know. I suppose he hardly expected me to kiss him. I confess I am not equal to *that*."

"He seemed a little discouraged, I thought," Sir John said.

"Some people are so easily discouraged," his daughter replied.

"Here he comes," her father said hastily in an undertone, rather glad that the conversation was brought to a close.

They got through the Custom-house, and Ronald had engaged a carriage for them in the express to London.

"Marie looks pale, I think," Ronald said when they were in motion.

"Everybody tells me I am looking pale," she said, with a touch of petulance in her voice. "I am perfectly well. I am in rude and vulgar health. But it is so cold and wet here—how could any one help looking pale? Has it been raining all the time, Ronald?"

"A good deal. It's been a very dreary time to me, Marie."

"Indeed? I didn't think you cared about the weather."

"You know I don't; and you know it wasn't that."

"What have you been doing all the time? I saw that you have been speaking: we got the papers—and I read the speeches, and liked them very much." A burst of kindness dictated her words, for she thought he did seem dashed, and she asked herself what earthly right she had to find fault with him and make him uncomfortable.

"And you are quite a public man now! Leading articles in the papers about you! The *Times* insists that what you said was entirely inappropriate and unseasonable, and I don't know what else; and the *Daily News* declares that you said just the right thing at the right time. I agree with the *Daily News*."

Ronald was perfectly happy now. He started off with a full account of all that he had done and said, and why he did it and said it, and what everybody said to him about it: how his father told him that if he kept on that way and dropped his confounded play-houses ("And settled myself down in life," Ronald added, with a glance at Marie) he might come to something; and how Gladstone complimented him; and Dizzy was wonderfully civil in his reply; and how Bright came up to him in the smoking-room and told him he had made a fine speech, but recommended him to use shorter words, and to study the early English poets, and not to quote too much Latin—"And he's right, by Jove!" Mr. Vidal exclaimed, "and Bright's the only great—really great—artist in oratory that we have, Marie." He streamed away with a good deal more of political talk, and he was very much delighted with Marie and himself and everything else.

Marie's cheek brightened a little now and then. This did seem a fairer prospect than a life spent with financiers and the magnates of the railway and men whose talk was not of oxen, but of bulls and bears. She did think that it would be something to move in a society made up of great political chiefs and their followers. She had even across the Atlantic read with a certain kindling pride of the speeches made by her lover just towards the close of the Session, and of the comments and criticisms they called forth; and she felt convinced that there was in Ronald Vidal a capacity to rise in politics, and in herself a capacity to understand them. She told him in a few warm words how glad she was that he had made such a success.

"I owe it all to you," he said in a low tone.

Ronald Vidal should then, if he only could have known, and the fates and the railway had allowed, have taken her hand in his and kissed her boldly, perhaps twice, and gone instantly away and left her to think of him all the rest of the day and the evening, with a favourable recollection and with something like the sense of having willingly given up her life to make part of his. But Mr. Vidal did not know this, and did not think about it; and in any case the express was rushing along at full speed for London, and he could not possibly get out except with the result of making a corpse of himself. Therefore he remained by Marie's side and talked to her while Sir John read the newspaper.

Mr. Vidal was now made so happy that he became quite himself again, and fearing lest Marie should be bored with too much politics he passed on to personal news. He told her about various persons whom she knew, and ever so many more whom she did not know. He told her of the new actors and singers, and the winter exhibitions of pictures, and all the latest fashions, whimsies, and fads of society. He had no end of descriptions of this, that, and the other lady; and her dress, and her drawing-room, and her china. He talked of marriages which were coming off, and once or twice he began some story of private life in this or that family, and suddenly broke off in the middle and seemed a little confused; and altogether he did not show to so much advantage as when they were talking of politics.

Marie wondered how so clever a young man just entering on so interesting and noble a career could care for all the things he was now talking about. She wondered he did not ask her about anything she had seen in all the travels that seemed to her so marvellous and delightful: and she even asked him why he didn't ask her anything of the kind. So he had then to express a polite desire to hear everything: but he did not listen to anything long. Mr. Vidal was not good as a listener, and he did not care a straw for travel, except as a means of meeting new men and women. There was hardly anything Marie had to tell him about people he cared to hear of, and he was always begging pardon and breaking in upon her description of something just to tell her about the absurd house that Lady Jervis was having built, lest he should forget, "and everybody is talking about it—old Lady Jervis, you know"—or some recital of equal interest. Marie thought of the day when she walked with him up the Durewoods hill, and tried to get him to look at the scenery and talk about it, and could not succeed. She gave up any further attempt to interest him now in what she had seen, and she listened with all the attention she could give to everything he had to tell, and Mr. Vidal became happy again.

When they reached London, Marie saw a lady get out of the train whom she knew to have been a fellow passenger of hers from New York, and in whom she had taken a great interest, although she saw her but once or twice. The lady had been very sick nearly all the way, and was seldom visible. She was very handsome, Marie thought, although she looked a little wasted. There was a shade of darkness round her eyes which gave her a melancholy and romantic aspect. She had a superb mass of golden hair, and a very stately presence. Now as she got out at the station she was giving directions to her two maids and a man in livery, and two or three friends were in waiting

for her, and she seemed to Marie like some foreign princess or other such distinguished person. In the little bustle about Sir John Challoner's carriage, and servants and luggage, Marie saw that the handsome lady saluted Ronald Vidal, who went up and shook hands with her and spoke a few friendly words.

"Who is that?" Marie asked, when they were in the carriage and driving away—"that lady with the beautiful face? I do so want to know who she is."

Vidal laughed.

"That's Rosamunda Shirley—Mrs. Mattocks is her real name now. So she's been your fellow-passenger? She's been starrng it in the States—making a lot of money, she tells me. She'll want it all, I dare say—Mattocks plays like anything—can't stop—always loses."

"But who is Rosamunda Shirley?"

"Oh, she's an actress, you know. We had her for a season at the Mayfair—I mean the people who owned the Mayfair then engaged her. She married a man named Mattocks, who used to be in a cavalry regiment: he had to sell out—a regular black sheep—he lives upon her now. But he wouldn't go to the States with her all the same."

"She looks very unhappy," said Marie. "I knew she had some melancholy history. Is she a great actress, Ronald—does she play in tragedy?"

"Tragedy! oh dear no. Burlesque—tights—that sort of thing. No, she isn't much of an actress, but she can sing a little and dance a little, and she has a fine figure, and looks very well on the stage. That hair isn't her own, you know," the candid youth continued.

"Oh! I thought I should like to know her so much: but if she is not really an artist, I don't think"—

Vidal looked amazed.

"Oh, *you* couldn't know her," he said. "She's all right enough—I never heard anything much said against her, but they are a queer lot, husband and all."

"In any case," Sir John remarked coldly, "I don't suppose ladies usually make the acquaintance of burlesque actresses."

Sir John was rather displeased that this incident had occurred, and Ronald now began to see for the first time that it had probably been an unlucky affair. Vidal hardly ever made account of any point of view different from his own, and it had not occurred to him as possible that Marie could be displeased at his knowing a burlesque actress whom she, of course, was not to know. "There never was any harm in poor Rosie," he thought: and his mother and sisters

knew perfectly well that he had lots of acquaintances in Rosie's world, and they never cared.

"I haven't seen her—Mrs. Mattocks—this long time," he hastened to say. "Our acquaintance was very slight. I always thought him a black sheep."

Nobody said anything more on the subject, and Ronald talked of something else. The rain streamed down, and Marie thought London looked unspeakably dismal. She looked from the carriage windows, and wondered once or twice whether there was any possibility of her seeing Christmas Pembroke in the streets as they drove along. She was more than once on the point of asking Mr. Vidal if he knew anything about Pembroke, but some reason which she could hardly have explained to herself kept her from putting the question. Vidal never said a word about Pembroke because, as it has been remarked already, he rarely remembered that young man's existence.

At last the drive came to an end, and Marie was at home in Kensington. Not long, however, did she remain there. Her father hurried her off to Durewoods, and she was glad to go—perhaps all the more glad because Ronald Vidal was not to accompany them. He was to follow them soon: "when things had been arranged." He took leave of Marie again with a pressure of the hand she held out to him, and he did not venture to kiss her.

The Challoners went by train to Baymouth, and thence went all the way round by carriage, avoiding the sea passage, although the *Saucy Lass* had not yet met with her accident. Sir John was unwilling to subject his daughter to the rough wind, the tossing sea, and either the drenching rain on deck or the stifling cabin of the *Saucy Lass*. They had a very dreary drive of it with the windows closed and the rain beating against the glass. They could see nothing of the country, and they talked but little. They approached Durewoods, it might be said, by the back way, and Marie had nearly reached her own gate before she knew where she was.

"Can this be Durewoods really?" she asked, trying to peer through the mist and rain; "this frightful place, so drenched and desolate?"

"This is Durewoods indeed, Marie. Welcome home, dear!"

"It seems a strange welcome home! Can it be that the hill I loved so is hidden somewhere under that sky, and that dear Dione Lyle's balcony and her roses can be within sight? Well—perhaps it is all the better."

"Why, Marie?"

"It will be the easier to part from Durewoods, dear."

"You talk of parting from Durewoods as if you were going into exile, Marie. Durewoods will be here all the same—for you and Ronald always."

"Yes, it will be here," said Marie, and she stopped: and presently the carriage drove in through their own gate and along the avenue and up to the door.

"I shall be glad to see good old Sarah Cramp," said Marie. "If she knows that we are coming she will be here to meet me, I am sure."

But Sarah Cramp did not know that they were coming; and one of the first pieces of news given to Marie when she entered the hall was that poor old Mrs. Cramp was dead and buried. Marie could not restrain her tears for her faithful old friend who was gone: and such was the condition of her welcome home to Durewoods.

But there were a great many things to do, and persons to see, and instructions to give, and questions to ask, after so long an absence. Marie, as we know, had always liked to be her own housekeeper, and there was an understanding that after her marriage she was still to be housekeeper of Durewoods whenever she and her husband had to be in the country. In town, too, she was to look after her father's house a good deal, and was to sit at the head of his table when he had to give dinner parties with ladies. Therefore let us do justice to dear Lady Disdain and admit that she did not waste much of the active time of the day in mere regrets. In the country—or at all events in a place like Durewoods, where servants are still a little primitive and simple in their ways, and keep their eyes fixed rather wearisomely on the hand of the mistress—Marie had really a great deal of ordering, instructing, and marshalling to do. She sometimes compared herself to Squire Hardcastle drilling his domestics: and sometimes, when she was inclined for a more heroic similitude, to Alexander Farnese, who used to say that for ever so many years, the exact number of which she had forgotten, he had never passed an uninterrupted hour of day. Our heroine's sitting up late of nights became a fashion with her chiefly because of this daily occupation.

Marie was greatly pleased to hear her father say that they must at once have the carriage out and pay a visit to Miss Lyle. "That must be done before dinner, Marie," he said. "She would take it ill if we did not go at once."

This seemed very thoughtful and kind of Sir John, who of late had not often time to indulge in thoughts of mere kindness. His other feelings than those of old friendship were inspiring Marie's

ther. He had been haunted by a dread of Christmas Pembroke
ing up in some inconvenient way, and by the fear of the young
nan having perhaps told his whole story to Dione Lyle. Sir John
did not know whether the young man was still in England or not,
and he longed to know. If he had fairly left the country Sir John
would have been happy, and if he could have known this for certain
while he was in London he would not have hurried his daughter
down to Durewoods and thus brought her within the reach of Dione
Lyle. But he had not a chance of speaking to Ronald Vidal alone,
and even if he had it is doubtful whether he would have asked Vidal
a question about Christmas Pembroke. Sir John's exaggerated
caution made him dread to say anything about Pembroke to any-
body, lest that person should suspect something or say out something
which would set other people suspecting. Sir John's knowledge of
human nature and the springs of human action was of a very simple
kind, which yet passes off generally for piercing sagacity. He came
to his conclusions on the assumption that everybody else was in-
fluenced by the same motives and interests that influenced him, and
in the same way.

Therefore Sir John was anxious to see Miss Lyle as soon as possible, and was determined that the first meeting of his daughter and her should be in his presence. He had great faith in his own power of averting the worst consequences in the way of awkward disclosure or question by some personal intervention if needs were, and by preventing things from being talked out to any clear understanding. A timely muddying of the waters is often a great advantage in such cases, and Challoner had great faith in the muddying of waters.

They visited Miss Lyle in a semi-formal sort of way, the formality, however, being a little disturbed by Merlin's enthusiastic joy at the sight of Marie, and by his first kissing her hand and then shaking it several times vehemently from left to right. The brave Merlin was especially proud of his knowledge of English customs, and he always shook hands in this lusty fashion with Miss Lyle's more favoured personal friends. Sometimes, indeed, when a strange visitor came for the first time, if Merlin happened to be in a very gracious humour he shook hands with the stranger even before he allowed the latter an opportunity of inquiring if Miss Lyle were at home.

Miss Lyle, of course, was at home, and she was delighted to welcome Marie. These two women were really very fond of each other, and faithful to each other. It seemed odd to John Challoner, but there was no mistake about it, and he was glad of it, because he

suspected that Dione Lyle disliked him, and distrusted him, and owed him a grudge, and as a sensible man knows that you can never tell when, where, or how some enemy may injure you, he was pleased that Dione should be fond of his daughter, for that would secure her to him—except, perhaps, in some romantic and absurd love affair such as that of young Pembroke.

The visit was friendly and agreeable, and there was no bringing up of unpleasant associations. The hostess was not this time in her balcony room.

"I hardly know you, Miss Lyle, out of your balcony room," said Marie. "May I go there and look out?"

"But the balcony is closed, dear, and it's so wet and miserable."

"Still I should like to look out. I have not yet seen the sea."

"I should have thought you had enough of sea, but, my dear, do go and make the balcony look bright a moment by standing there if you will."

"Take care not to catch cold, Marie," her father added.

When she had gone Dione turned to Sir John and said suddenly and sharply—

"John—do you know anything of Christmas Pembroke?"

"Nothing, Dione; I haven't heard anything of him since my return; haven't had much time, you know. Has he left England?"

"I presume he has, but I don't know. I have heard nothing from him. He has not come near me or written to me—not a line to say good-bye even. I think that rather strange—ungrateful, perhaps. He is a good boy and there must be some cause. I thought somebody, perhaps, had been putting him against me."

"I know nothing of it. He wrote to me long since to say that he was going to Japan at once: I suppose he has gone."

"I suppose so: but—Well, Marie, how do you like the view under these skies?"

Sir John went home with his daughter greatly reassured. Christmas had evidently gone, and Dione was not in league with him, and she was not inclined to talk to Marie about him. Sir John began to think that things were going very well.

CHAPTER XXX.

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT.

THE rain fell heavily upon Durewoods next day, turning the roads into mere mud-channels, and shutting out sea and sky alike from the sight. Dione Lyle was sitting in the room which had the balcony: but

The balcony itself had long ceased to be an endurable station. Miss Lyle was alone and was seated near a little table on which she leaned her elbow. It was evening, and the wind screamed among the trees like a screech-owl. Dione felt very much depressed. Suddenly she heard a sound, and looking towards the door of the room, which was open, saw Marie Challoner standing there.

"You looked so picturesque, Miss Lyle, that I could not help stopping for a moment to study you."

"I am so glad you have come, Marie. I was beginning to feel very lonely. I suppose we feel that sort of sensation more and more as we grow old—I used to like it once."

"But you never grow old; you are always the same age—like a picture. When you come to die, Miss Lyle, I feel certain that you will not die in the way that is appointed for us common people—you will simply change into a picture and ornament this house for ever."

"That is rather a pretty idea, Marie. Will you have a cup of tea?"

"Yes, please. I came for some tea—and to see you again. I was growing very lonely, too."

"Come near me, dear, and let me see how you are looking. Stay, I will ring for the lamps, it is so grey and dark."

"No, Miss Lyle: please don't examine me by the light. The dusk suits me much better: I couldn't stand an inspection by lamplight to-day."

"You don't look well, Marie. Why are you so pale and thin, girl? Your long travelling has done you no good but only harm, I think. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Miss Lyle: I am very well; but it is such miserable weather. Nothing looks like itself now."

"You don't look like yourself, Marie. You look unhappy. Are you sorry to be back among us all again?"

"Well, Durewoods isn't the same. Do you remember telling me once that Durewoods would never be the same to me again when once I had left it for London life? I think you were right. It never has been the same to me since. When we were in America we went of course to see Niagara. Oh, what a lovely place! I don't mean the Falls merely, but the woods—Goat Island and its delightful woods—no, I'm not going to describe—don't be afraid! It was such beautiful weather—early autumn! Well, when we were returning to New York in the winter somebody persuaded us that we ought to see Niagara in that season too. How I wish we hadn't gone! The trees were naked: the air was cold: the woods were

like grave-yards : the skies were black with the promise of snow : the whole place was dreary, gaunt, and wretched. It was the same place and not the same. It was Niagara under crape : Niagara's corpse lying in its shroud. It was a Niagara of the under world—it was *schauderhaft*."

"You are growing quite eloquent, Marie," Miss Lyle said, with a smile.

"Because I felt it so much ! Very well : to me now Durewoods is just the same. It is the melancholy ghost of my Durewoods."

"You ought to be pretty well used to Durewoods in winter, Marie."

"But I don't call this winter merely : this is Durewoods in decrepit old age, just about to die. Everything seems to tell me of Death here. I feel like the hero of 'Maud.'"

"I think the lamps would make us a little livelier."

"Let us just wait a little yet. To tell you the truth, Miss Lyle, I don't want you to examine me under the lamps just yet, until I have had some hot tea and plucked up my spirits a little. I don't want to be told that I am looking pale and wretched. Merlin has just kindly informed me that I am looking bad, bad—none—good."

"Well, I suppose you are a little anxious just now," Dione said, gravely, "on the threshold of a great event, dear."

"Oh, no : it isn't that. I have had that before me long enough to get used to it, I should think. Do you know it was a great shock to me the very moment I reached home here in Durewoods to be met with the news that my poor old friend Sarah Cramp was dead and buried. She was such a dear, kind, good old creature, and I have such happy memories associated with her name. And I met her son—that absurd, foolish creature—in America, and altogether it seemed so miserable."

Marie felt her colour come as she remembered unfortunate Natty Cramp and the exhibition he had made of himself when last she saw him. It made her doubly sorry for his poor old mother.

"Is he likely to do any good, that creature?" Dione asked.

"Oh, I don't know—I'm afraid not, but I hope so," Marie said, not very coherently, "but the news of poor Mrs. Cramp's death was a great shock. The whole place seems like death."

"You ought to have other thoughts surely, Marie !"

"I suppose so. Well, I will try. Let us be merry."

"I should like to see you a little brighter, dear, I confess. If I were—some one—I should feel rather shocked at the thought of your seeming so miserable—at such a time."

"Nobody knows anything about it but you, Miss Lyle. I pour out all my dolefulness on you. I don't treat papa to it—or anybody. Men would not understand such unreasonable ways, I suppose."

"I am not a man, dear: and I confess I don't quite understand just now. You are not really unhappy, Marie? Certainly I don't see why you should be—if you have always told me fairly."

"I ought to be the happiest of women, I suppose."

"You ought to be," said Dione, emphatically, "or else you ought to acknowledge that you are not, and"—

"Well, Miss Lyle—acknowledge that I am not, and what?"

"And act accordingly."

"Act as if I was not the happiest of women?"

"Yes. Don't go on doing that which you have no right to do, unless it makes you the happiest of women."

"But happiest of women is all nonsense—is it not? Why should I be happiest, or what right have I to expect to be happy at all? I am well enough. I am about as happy, I suppose, as anybody else, or as I desire to be. My wants are few, Miss Lyle. A house in Park Lane, I think: or Berkeley Square, perhaps: a box in both opera houses: unlimited credit with Madame Elise: an acquaintance with three or four duchesses: a handle such as 'Honourable' to my name: old china and lace: and my own way in everything."

Dione moved her shoulders impatiently.

"That isn't much, Miss Lyle, and—yes, there is one little thing more. I should like the name for which I surrender my own to be a pretty one, and composed of four syllables: two names, you understand, of two syllables each. I should not like to be simply Mrs. Briggs. Well, in this too I am to be gratified. Therefore, oh! am I not happy? 'I am, I am'—as the dear little Peri says who is being admitted, like me, into the best circles of Paradise."

"I don't care to hear you talk in this way," said Dione, almost angrily. "It isn't real, my dear: and it is thrown away on me. If you were just a cold-hearted and ambitious girl I should give myself very little trouble about you. You don't put your cynicism on well, Marie. You lay it on too thickly, child: we can all see the paint. You are not ambitious, and you are not cynical."

"Indeed, Miss Lyle, I think you are wrong. I think I am a little ambitious, and I rather believe I am developing a certain gift of cynicism which will look very pretty when it has been properly cultivated. Our American journey a little dashed my ambition, perhaps."

"Really? I was not aware that society in America was such a school of modest contentment."

"No, it was not in that way that my ambition became rebuked."

"How was it then?"

"One met with such hundreds of communities where they talked our language and read our books—and didn't comprehend our ambition."

"Yes?"

"What is a woman's ambition in London, Miss Lyle?"

"Really, my dear," Miss Lyle said, drawing her shawl around her and settling down in her chair with a less dissatisfied air, "you must tell me all about that. I have to be taught, and you say you understand the thing."

"Well, I take it that the ambition of a London girl means—putting it roughly, you know—living in Belgrave Square instead of Russell Square. These two extremes, I suppose, represent Victory and Defeat. I am speaking, of course, of people worth considering. You would hardly expect me to take Clapham or Hampstead into account at all."

"I have forgotten most of the landmarks of fashion, dear, but I'll take your definition if you like—on your authority. Well, what then?"

"Well, you see in America there are such millions of people who don't know the difference between Russell Square and Belgrave Square. It's discouraging. So many people asked me if I knew Herbert Spencer—and I didn't: and if I knew George Eliot—and I didn't. I felt rather ashamed: and it would not have helped me a bit to tell them—if I could have told them—that though I didn't know Herbert Spencer yet I lived in Belgrave Square."

"But," Miss Lyle said slowly, "they have their distinctions between their Belgrave Squares and their Russell Squares—or their friends and enemies sadly belie them."

"Oh yes, indeed they have. But there it is, you see. There is the rebuke to ambition conveyed in my satire—it is satire, you know. You don't understand the difference between Madison Avenue and Washington Place?"

"No indeed, dear."

"Yet look at the difference to a New York girl of my age and expectations! Well, there it is. What is the use of an ambition the symbols of whose triumphs are only understood in one's own parish?"

"But, my good girl, all your argument is against yourself, and ca

side. You tell me you see the folly of ambition, and all I said is that when you gave yourself out as ambitious you were only neglecting it."

"I may have my philosophic moods, may I not, without being a downright practical philosopher? I think I have heard of such a thing with men."

"My dear Marie, this is useless beating about the bush. I think you are not as happy as I should like you to be, and I think you are not satisfied with yourself—shall I go on?"

"If you please, Miss Lyle."

"I don't like to see you going into this marriage—in this sort of way."

"How should women go into a marriage?"

"I shouldn't mind an ordinary woman. I know she would be made happy by what people would call a brilliant match. She would have all she wanted: and I don't know that I should blame her for not stipulating for anything else any more than a woman who, not caring for a piano in her room, didn't stipulate for a piano. But you are different."

"You don't know. I suppose we are all much the same."

"Marie," said Dione, taking the girl's hand and looking into her eyes, "I have always seen in you something that young women don't have generally—something very rare among us altogether, I believe—a sort of thing that men call honour. Now if you will tell me on your honour—if you will for the moment suppose yourself a man—and tell me on your honour that you really are glad of this marriage because of the position you think it will give you, and that you are going into it willingly—I'll promise not to trouble you any more about it."

Marie gently withdrew her right hand and placed it on her breast.

"On my honour," she said gravely, "as a gentleman, I am going into this marriage with my eyes open and of my own free will."

Dione shook her head.

"Gentlemen, good Master Challoner, don't evade questions when on their honour. I asked you if you were marrying willingly for the sake of the position you expect to get in society?"

Marie's eyes turned downwards.

"Miss Lyle," she asked, "What provision does the code of gentlemanly honour make for one when a question is put which he cannot answer directly without the certainty of being misunderstood?"

"That's answer enough for me, Marie. I don't want any more."

"But you don't quite understand—you don't indeed! I mean this. I don't myself know or care a great deal about society and all that. But I must marry some one—papa says so and everybody—and one might as well have a name as not. I am not marrying for money. Mr. Vidal—I suppose I ought to call him Ronald—hasn't a great deal. He brings the name, and I suppose I am to bring the money. So it isn't such a pitiful bargain on my part."

"Bargain!"

"Well, it is a sort of bargain, you know: but most marriages are, I suppose. One thing I do wish, Miss Lyle, with all my heart."

"Yes, dear?"

"That my father had a son. Then he must have most of the money, and he would be the hope of the family, you know: and all the responsibility would rest upon him: and I should have so little money that people wouldn't trouble themselves about me: and I might perhaps be allowed to marry my brother's tutor if he was nice, or some poetical young curate, as the good girls do in the books."

Dione looked at her silently, pityingly.

"Or, Miss Lyle, failing that, I do sometimes wish—shall I confess it?"

"If you like, my dear."

"I do wish sometimes that as my father has not a son"—

"Yes—well?"

"That he had not a daughter either."

"I knew it," said Dione. "I knew that you were only a victim in all this."

"No, no," Marie said eagerly, and looking up so suddenly that she forgot how Miss Lyle must see the tears in her eyes, "Indeed, indeed, I am not a victim. Papa would not for anything in the world urge me or press me. He has told me again and again that he would rather sacrifice anything than allow me to marry if I was not quite satisfied. I *am* satisfied—as satisfied as I could be with anything—since my father has a daughter and she is expected to marry somebody. You know how good Ronald Vidal is, and clever, and he is young, and handsome, and everything."

"I never heard a word," Dione quietly observed, "said against the County Paris—did you? He was good and clever—I suppose—and young and handsome—and yet Juliet took poison rather than marry him."

"Ah, but then there was Romeo," Marie said quickly, and then she grew red and felt ashamed and wished she had not said it.

one saw the blush, and was more surprised than she would have admitted to admit. "Can there be any feeling in this girl that she is purposely keeping back from me?" she thought.

"And there is no Romeo in your case, my dear," she said rather quietly as a quiet statement of fact than an inquiry.

"None, Miss Lyle. Ronald himself is the nearest approach; so you see the cases are very different."

"Suppose the Romeo should come after?"

"After—what?"

"Should come too late. Suppose some one should come a year or two hence, who would have been just the Romeo if fate had sent him sooner. I am not jesting Marie, I am serious, and I want you to put the question to yourself very, very seriously. You are not a child, Marie, and mind, dear, I couldn't believe in any wrong thought in either Juliet or you—only would not your life then become miserable: and would ambition and the world content you if you found that there was a man who might have been—the one, the only one, you know? Just think of it, dear, and answer the question—to yourself, Marie, and not to me—I don't ask you for such a confidence as that. Don't be afraid—ask it boldly of yourself, and answer it—to yourself."

There was a moment's silence.

"Shall I ring for lamps now, Miss Lyle?" Marie asked, rising.

"If you please, dear."

"And I must go. I have kept the carriage waiting—papa wants me back very soon, but I would come and talk with you."

The little maid, Janet, entered the room with lamps. When she had gone Marie said—

"What a pretty girl Janet grows, Miss Lyle."

"Janet is going to be married soon."

"Oh, is she? I am so sorry! I mean I am so glad, of course—if she wishes it. But why does she get married?"

"What would you have her do?"

"Stay with you, of course, and be happy. I wish you would let me keep house for you, Miss Lyle. I think Janet ought to be the happiest girl in the world—I have often envied her of late. Now I don't envy her any more."

Marie presently took her leave. Miss Lyle remained filled with perplexity and much distressed. The thoughts and doubts brought up by her conversation with Marie did not alone distress her. Neither she nor Marie had in the course of their talk made any allusion to the name of Christmas Pembroke. Yet Dione, at least, was

thinking much about him all the time. For he had lately disappeared altogether from her knowledge, "dropped out of the tissue" of her life. He had not written: he had not come to see her: she did not know where he was, or what had become of him. She was sometimes alarmed and sometimes angry. She was well inclined to make every allowance for a disappointed lover, and his moods and sudden resolves and changes of purpose, but still she could not help saying to herself that he might have told her of anything he proposed to do, that he might have said good-bye, even by letter, before leaving England. Anyhow she was both perplexed and pained by his silence, and she would not even mention his name to Marie.

The evening was peculiarly dull and trying to Marie. Her father and she dined alone. At one time their having an evening together, all to themselves, was one of Marie's special joys. But now things had changed. He did not seem the same person: they were not companions now as they used to be. Sir John treated her with an almost deferential politeness which irritated her sometimes. He conducted himself a little too much as if he was entertaining the Honourable Mrs. Ronald Vidal, not dining alone with his daughter Marie. Sir John did this unconsciously, but it is certain that his mind was filled with a sense of the dignity which was now so soon to descend upon him. He thought Marie looked handsomer than ever. His mind fed itself on the satisfaction which fortune seemed to have in store for him. At one moment it occurred to him that after all such things have frequently happened—elder brothers often die young: and who knows—Marie *might* one day be the Countess Paladine. The thing was by no means impossible. He offered his daughter some grapes with a graceful deference that seemed almost like homage.

Then during the evening he talked a great deal about their future arrangements. The honeymoon was to be spent at Lord Paladine's country place. Lord Paladine himself was, at present, in Sicily. The newly married pair were not to return to town until the opening of Parliament. Sir John asked Marie a great many questions about the house that was to be taken for her in town—where she would like it to be, furnished in what way, and all that sort of thing, which rather distressed her just at present.

"I am very glad to leave all that to you and Ronald," she said. "He knows all about these things, and I don't. He has peculiar tastes too—very good tastes I dare say—and you know I never had any in particular. I am sure you and he will manage it all beautifully. I know I shall like whatever you do."

"Thank you, my dear. Still a woman's taste is often so good."

"Not mine, dear. I scarcely know one thing from another."

"You see, Marie, you'll only want a small house. Young people now all begin in nice little houses. Great establishments, even if people have the means to keep them up, only look well for middle-aged people. And then you know, my dear, you and Ronald will have to live rather modestly. You really haven't much to spend. He has something from his mother, but not a great deal—by no means a great deal—and then there will be the interest on your fortune. Well, I don't see that you can possibly have more—for the present I mean—than two thousand five hundred a year."

"Perhaps that isn't enough," Marie said, with a sudden little display of interest and even eagerness. "Perhaps we ought not to marry on so little—is it little? Does Ronald know? It might be well to wait, perhaps, until we grow rich."

"What nonsense!" her father said, smiling. "It's plenty of money for you two—you are not such a pair of spendthrifts."

"But is Ronald quite aware of all this, papa? He may not think it much, you know."

"Of course he knows all about it. He is not such a mercenary creature, Marie. It isn't money he wants, dear; it's *you*."

"Oh!"

Marie had been leaning forward: she now subsided back into the armchair, where she was rather languidly resting.

"Besides, look at the career he has before him: and then you know, of course, all that I have will come to you—to you both—some day."

"Perhaps you will outlive us, papa. I should not be at all surprised."

"My dear, what an absurd idea! But now let us just turn to this household business for a moment," and he branched off into a variety of details, to which his daughter hardly even tried to give much attention. At last he became a little impatient when he could not help seeing her indifference.

"Marie, I believe you take no interest at all in these arrangements."

"Well, dear, not much; I think I would rather leave it all to him and to you."

"But don't you think Ronald will expect you to show some little interest?"

"Oh no: I think not. I think he would rather be let alone—left to his own choice, I mean. He understands all that sort of thing so

well, and he likes it. I cannot do better than leave it all to him. I shall be sure to like whatever he likes."

Sir John almost sighed.

"Well, Marie, as you please. But I should have thought you would feel a little more curiosity even"—

"It will come in time, I suppose: but I don't think I much want to anticipate the time. I think until it does come I would rather keep it out of sight, and not think about it so very much."

There was a pause in the conversation then, and Sir John gave up all idea of getting the prospective Mrs. Ronald Vidal to take any concern in the arrangements for her entrance upon married life in town.

A gust of wind sent the rain streaming among the trees outside.

"What a melancholy time it is!" said Marie, "nothing but rain and wind since we returned to Durewoods. Such a welcome to give to wanderers returned!"

"This must be a bad night at sea," Sir John said. "I am glad we escaped this, Marie. This wouldn't be pleasant on the Atlantic."

"Yes: it must be terrible at sea now—everywhere I suppose. Will there be wrecks?"

"I fear so—off this coast perhaps in particular."

"I hope we have no friends at sea."

There was another pause. Marie sat thinking. Suddenly she looked up—

"Papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you know anything about Mr. Pembroke?"

Sir John did not show any of the irritation which he felt.

"No, Marie, I haven't seen him. When I go to town, probably"—

"But he is in England?"

"I suppose so; I presume so."

"It is rather strange, Miss Lyle never said anything about him since we have come home."

Sir John was glad to hear it, but made no remark, and that conversation also dropped.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THIS LOOKS NOT LIKE A NUPTIAL.

ANOTHER wet day Marie saw, as she looked next morning from her window over the tossing branches of the leafless trees. "begin to think now I shall be glad to leave Durewoods," she said.

ere was no use in thinking of going out in rain and wind among ng shrubs and plashy grass. Marie had the best of it up in arret, for whatever of the picturesque is in an English wet day, o be found among the trees that beat against her window panes, the grey clouds that seemed to rest like a canopy on the tree-tops.

height of her refuge did for the scene something like that h dim moonlight often does—it left the commonplace features the mere details out of sight, and only showed the more grand massive effects. Another time perhaps Marie would have ghted in looking through the rain-vexed branches and at the y grey curtain that hung around them ; but now it all seemed dreary to be endured. She had enough of melancholy within, could scarcely bear it when nature chose to 'strike the same al chord without.

he set herself to a task which she had for a long time contem- ed. This was the destruction of all her old letters—attempts oetry, unfinished diaries, trivial fond records, and such relics er desk contained, and which she thought—why she could tell—she ought to get rid of formally before entering upon her life. There was indeed no particular need of this holocaust. But othed and pained her to make it. It seemed a befitting cere- ial wherewith to take formal leave of her girlish life, and enter n a new existence. She opened her desk, drew her chair near to bright fire, and began her work of sacrifice.

hat trifles most of these scraps now seemed to her which once thought important or interesting ! There were ever so many gs she had begun and never finished. Like every bright clever girl has read a good deal and been a good deal alone, Marie had at time fancied herself a poetess : and there were many scraps of e here which then she had taken for the offspring of inspiration, which now seemed palpable, passionless, cold, imitation. There e the verses done under the impulses of the first fresh delight in yson ; and here were some, all plaintive with early springs and sand tears which came up when she was in love with the German or poets ; and here again were some heroine-like attempts to sound iron harpstring of " Men and Women." There were the beginnings ne or two tragedies ; and there were some hymns to " Marie, Star he Sea," written when our heroine was under the influence of a ng friend, a girl devotee from a French convent, who made Marie e to be a Roman Catholic, and be glad that her own name was : by which her friend invoked her celestial patroness. This girl *given herself formally up to the convent now, and Marie envied*

her. There were the opening passages, too, of essays in which Marie felt called upon to set right generally the warped order of things, but which she had not completed. There were diaries in which at one time she had proposed to record all her thoughts, and in which for a time she did record them, until it occurred to her that they must be rather too much like the thoughts of everybody else, and that not much advantage came of her setting them down.

Then there were the letters. These were chiefly from girl-friends, most of them now well-nigh forgotten. The letters of the young devotee were numerous, and were even now interesting with the strange, pure, passionate white-heat of their devotion. There were no love-letters in Marie's desk—no love-verses, unless, indeed, such name may be given to one or two early attempts at poetry by Nat Cramp, which that unfortunate amateur had been prevailed upon years ago to submit to Marie for her judgment, and in which she now for the first time began to perceive certain allusions to respectful adorers not daring to lift their eyes to the stars, and other similar flights, which she clearly had not taken in their right sense before. Marie laid them very hastily on the fire, but was sorry for the poor fellow too—and hoped he would do well yet, and marry some one who would be fond of him, and would even think him clever.

But there were no love-letters. This beautiful frank fearless girl had had, without even knowing it, admirers without end, and had been friendly with all of them, but never one of them had got the length of a letter with her. Many a man will love again and marry, and be fond of his wife, and have his heart in his home, his children, and his ambition, and yet never hear Marie Challoner's name without a little throb of reviving emotion and romance; and she remembered none of them. She had never yet been kissed by a man except her father—not even, as we have seen, by her accepted lover. So her desk contained no secrets. Nothing but the ashes of the papers she was burning so fast lay smouldering in her grate. Yet it was not without a strange little heart-throb that she came on one letter amid her collection. She read it twice over, and thought at first that, perhaps, she would save it from the general burning, and keep it as a memorial of a bright, sweet, passing time.

“Shall I keep it?”

It was a letter—a very short one—from Christmas Pembroke to her, written many months before.

Marie had often, of course, seen Pembroke's writing, but it so happened that she had only this one little scrap of it among her

ers. Their acquaintanceship or friendship had been for the most so close and so personal that there was hardly any need of a correspondence by letter between them. But she had received this note from him on some unimportant subject, and she had written a reply to it, and put the note in her desk, where it lay until now, and she found it.

"I had better burn every scrap that belongs to the old life in the woods," she thought, "and begin quite new, with nothing to remind me of the past days at all."

Still she held the little letter in her hand, and looked at the signature, "C. J. Pembroke," and wondered whether he was married yet, and whether he would be happy; and was holding the letter still, and looking at it thoughtfully, regretfully, when she heard a tap at the door, and, to her own surprise, she found herself starting and blushing, and in a moment her father entered the room. The sensation which Marie Challoner felt at that moment she had never felt in her life before. Never before had she known herself to start, and blush, and tremble at her father's coming, as if she were trying to conceal some guilty secret. The newness and wonder of the sensation added unspeakably to her confusion. It would have been impossible for Sir John Challoner not to notice her embarrassment. She held the letter crumpled in her hand; and the very action of so holding it only drew his attention all the more. His quiet look studied her.

"I hope I have not disturbed you, Marie," he said, very composedly.

Marie recovered herself and her fearless candour, and put the letter plainly out on her desk, but her colour was still glowing.

"No, dear; only I did not know who was coming; and I was looking over and destroying old papers—scraps of poetry—of verse, I mean—and letters."

"Shall I leave you to your work, Marie, and come in again?"

"Oh, no! I am very glad you came. You have come just in time. Papa, I have something to say to you."

Marie rose from her chair and went towards the fireplace and leaned her arm on the chimney-piece and looked into the fire. She had Christmas Pembroke's letter in her other hand. In the few moments or seconds since her father's coming disturbed her, and set her blushing and trembling, she had made up her mind.

Sir John waited. He had a vague foreboding that he was to hear something unpleasant. There was a painful silence for a moment. Marie dreaded the results of her resolve, but the resolve was made

when she found herself trembling at the sound of an opening door because she had a letter in her hand.

"Well, Marie, what is it?"

"Papa, I can't marry Mr. Vidal! I must not do it! I can't do it!"

Sir John stood up. This was what he had expected. This was what he knew was coming. He looked at his daughter for a moment with eyes of blazing anger. But he had long schooled himself into the knowledge that in our modern ways anger counts for little, especially with women, since one cannot very well beat them. So he moderated his looks and tried to speak with easy, half-bantering composure.

"My dear, what is the meaning—pray, may I ask—of this sudden change of mind?"

He was a good deal more stammering and less fluent than usual, and he tapped the palm of one hand with the back of the other nervously. He was afraid a trial of strength was in preparation, and he had never had such a trial with Marie; but there seemed something about her ways which told him that if the girl once rebelled she would not very easily be put down.

"It *is* sudden, and I know you will blame me; and *he* will think I have treated him so unfairly—if he cares."

"If he cares, Marie! You know how much he cares. It may be very foolish of him, no doubt; but you know how he cares, and I hope, Marie, you are not serious in this. You should remember that you are dealing with a man, and that you are not a child."

"I am very sorry and ashamed of myself," Marie said humbly; and she longed to burst into tears. "I know I ought to have found out my own mind long ago. But I have found it out now—and it is not too late"—

"Nonsense!" Sir John interrupted, deeply regretting that it was not too late. "What do you call finding out your mind? Be a little more distinct, Marie, if you please, and let us talk in the language of reasonable people, dear, and not the language of flowers or romances. What do you mean by finding out your mind?"

"I know now that I *never* could care enough about Mr. Vidal to marry him. I never could—if I say love him, you will call it the language of romance; but that is what I mean, and I can't express myself any better." There was now a little of the rebellious tone in her voice, and it admonished Sir John to be cautious in his tactics.

"But, my dear child," he said soothingly, "I don't know that you ever gave Ronald Vidal to understand that you had that kind of feeling for him. He knows quite well that you have not. Don't give yourself any trouble about that. Ronald Vidal hopes that that feeling—love—will come in time, and so it will."

"Oh no—it would never come."

"Well, he is willing to take his chance and do his best. He understands your feeling towards him perfectly, and he doesn't expect too much. He is a very sensible and modest young fellow, and he thinks himself very happy to get such a wife on such conditions, I can assure you."

"I don't think so. I am sure he has far too much spirit to take any girl on such conditions. I never could care about him—never in all my life! Papa, it is no use. I will never marry Mr. Vidal."

"But, Marie, this will be shameful—it will be a disgrace! Do you think you can deal with a grown man in that sort of way? Do please look at his side of the question—do try to be a reasonable creature for a moment, even though you are a girl. You accepted this young man's offer deliberately months ago, and on those very conditions. You never pretended to have any romantic love for him, and he never asked you for it. I told you over and over again not to engage yourself if you did not feel quite satisfied. Did I not, Marie?"

"You did, dear," Marie answered, feeling that with every word a wider gulf opened between her and her father.

"Well! Then—yet you accepted his proposal. Nothing has changed since that time, and yet we hear all this nonsense."

"Oh, yes, something has changed."

"What has changed?"

"I have changed," said poor Marie.

"But, good Heavens, that is not his fault, and he is not to be punished for that. Besides, you haven't changed. You never said you had any love for him, and how could you have changed?"

"It is so hard to explain," pleaded Marie, and she was very meek and humble, for she felt in many ways ashamed and conscious of unhappy weakness, "but I must try to explain it—if you like. I promised him because I believed then—that—that I had none of that sort of feeling in me, and that there was no reason why I might not marry him—as well as another—though I didn't want to marry any one. But now—it's different."

"In Heaven's name, Marie, how is it different? There is nothing different."

"Yes, dear, I know now that I was mistaken about myself. I know that I could have that feeling, but not for *him*. Now you know."

With what an effort that confession was made—with what slow, difficult, and formal words! It ought to have been sobbed out on a mother's breast. It was made by Marie standing at one side of the hearth to him standing at the other, both erect and cold and separated. Marie spoke rather as a woman who, under the impulse of over-mastering necessity, explains to a doctor the symptoms of some physical illness than as a motherless daughter confides her heart's secret to the father who is her only friend.

"Marie," said her father, "you cannot have been deceiving me all this time. I could not believe you capable of that." He spoke with as much of the severity of austere truthfulness as if he never had deceived her; and for the moment he felt all that stern virtue.

"I have not been deceiving any one—except myself," said Marie sadly; "and even that I did not mean to do. You see that I don't deceive even myself any more."

"Then how long have you known—that you didn't know your own mind?"

"I came to know it—for the first time"—

"Yes, go on, Marie. For the first time—when?"

"Just as you came into the room—now!"

"What nonsense! Why, Marie, I never before heard such nonsense as this. My dear, you really must not behave so like a child. How could I tell Ronald Vidal such a tale as that?—what would he say? To tell him that for months and months you thought you knew your own mind, and that one fine day all in a moment you found out that you didn't!"

"It is true—just the truth, and it will have to be told to him. I will tell him myself if you think I ought to bear my own shame."

"You speak too lightly of this, Marie."

"Do I? I don't feel lightly about it. I never knew what it was to feel such pain and shame before."

"You don't seem to have thought about the matter at all. Do you fancy that he has no feelings?"

"Indeed, indeed, I have thought about him. Oh, I am so sorry for him—if he does really care for me. I would pray to Heaven, if that were any use, that he didn't care for me. But how could I do him a greater wrong than to marry him when I"—

She stopped, and leaned both her elbows on the chimney-piece and made a hiding-place of the hollow of her hands, in which she buried her face.

"Yes, yes, we know all that," her father said. "We know that you don't particularly care about him—love him—whatever it is; but we knew all that before."

She raised her head and looked at him imploringly.

"Oh, it isn't that—there is more than that. Oh, can't you guess? It isn't only that I don't care for him; it is that I do care for somebody—not him."

Sir John flung himself from his place by the chimney-piece.

"Good God, Marie! what do you mean, and what are you talking about? It can't be."

"It is—it is."

"Where is that letter you had in your hand when I came in? What is it? Give it to me."

She had put it on the chimney-piece now. It had been in the hollow of her hands when she leant her forehead on them. She took it up and gave it to her father without a word, but with trembling hand and face all crimsoned by shame and resolve.

Sir John looked at the paper—the few lines of writing with the signature of "C. J. Pembroke," and something like an oath broke from his lips.

"When was this thing written?" he asked, with a tremendous effort not to lose his self-control.

"I don't know—I forget. Months ago—a year perhaps."

"Have you been corresponding with him?"

"No," poor Lady Disdain answered. "I don't think I ever had another letter from him."

"But you said you only found out all this—about your feelings and so on—a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, that is the truth."

Sir John was now puzzled as well as angry. Let us give him all the credit he deserves for his effort at self-control. He was a sleek, portly, polished gentleman now, who had society and its proprieties always before his mind to school and mould him. But it would have relieved him now if he could have beaten his daughter. He walked up and down the room once or twice, blowing off the steam of his anger.

"Marie," he said, suddenly stopping, "I wish you would just be good enough to explain all this to me in plain English—clear words to everything—and as little romance as may be. I want to understand, if I can. That letter—I don't see anything in it—is ever so many months old. Yet you never thought of this—this nonsense—until now. What is the meaning of that?"

"I don't know—indeed, indeed I don't. I never knew that I cared about him in that sort of way. I was very, very wretched lately; but I didn't know even then that *that* was the reason. It came on me now in a flash, the moment I took up that letter. I couldn't help it—I couldn't understand it—and then you came in, and I started so like one doing something wrong, and then I knew." Her voice broke down in a little sob.

"This is the greatest misfortune that ever fell on me," Sir John said, clenching his hands to keep down his anger.

"It is the greatest misfortune that ever fell on me," his daughter pleaded.

"But, good God, you might have known your own mind! What are we to do? Where is he—do you know?"

"I don't know."

"Has he left England?"

"Oh, indeed, I don't know."

"Tell me—has he ever guessed at anything of this?"

"Papa, how can you ask such a question?" Marie said, with some of her old vivacity and energy coming back to her under the influence of what seemed almost an insult. "I didn't know—how could he know? And if I did know—well, I would never have promised Mr. Vidal; but nobody then should ever have known. I would have kept that to myself. Oh I wish I had known, for that very reason."

"I don't understand—what do you mean, Marie?" her father asked sharply. In his confusion and anger he had forgotten his own fiction.

"You know *he* never cared about me," poor Lady Disdain pleaded piteously. "He told you himself that—oh, you know what he told you."

Sir John pulled himself together in time and remembered his pious fraud. He resolved to turn it to the best account he could.

"I am glad, Marie," he said coldly, "that you have common sense and—and—well, yes, propriety, let us say, left in you to keep you from letting all the world know that you have fallen over head and ears in love with a young man who—to say nothing of other considerations—happens to be in love with another girl. I am glad you have no idea of entering into the arena and competing for Mr. Pembroke."

"Oh!"

He saw that he had stung her, and he was glad. He began to have a reviving hope from her wounded pride.

“Still, you know, Marie, people will talk, and your affairs and mine can't claim special exemption. Everybody knows that you are engaged to Ronald Vidal—there was a paragraph in the papers the other day—and of course if the thing is to be broken off there will be a talk. He will have to get some explanation of your very sudden change—he has a right to that, you know, after having been placed in such a position—and of course the thing will get about. We shall have the pleasure of knowing that everybody says you would not marry Vidal because you were in love with another person—who didn't care three straws about you.”

Marie quivered as if she had received a stroke of a whip. But the words gave her renewed firmness. She now saw that she could look for no sympathy and even for no mercy from her father. She must act for herself and defend herself, alone.

“What would you have me to do?” she asked, coldly.

“Do? Do what every sensible girl—yes, every modest girl would do. Conquer this silly sentiment—this sudden feeling that began, you say yourself, ten minutes ago. Stamp it out. It will die in a few days or weeks. Don't insult and ill-treat the gentleman—the gentleman—whom you have engaged to marry by throwing him over, and making a fool of him, and all in obedience to some ridiculous, romantic, schoolgirl whim.”

“Papa, is that really your advice?”

“Of course it is. It would be the advice of every sensible person. What nonsense!”

Marie shook her head.

“Then I am glad I am not a sensible person, for I'll never do that. I'll never marry Mr. Vidal. Oh—well?”

For Marie's maid had entered the room. Sir John walked towards the window, afraid some of their words had been overheard. He looked out upon the dripping trees blown by the wind that still, on the third day, fought its course against the rain. He was trembling with disappointment and anger. All his little world seemed to have been shattered by an impetuous touch from the hand of a foolish, romantic, headstrong girl.

“Please, miss,” the maid began, “there's a person—a man—below who wants to speak to you particularly.”

Sir John turned sharply round.

“To me, Sophy? not to papa?”

“No, miss; to you. He said he must speak to you particularly.”

“What is his name?”

"He said his name it didn't matter; you wouldn't know his name, he said."

"Is he anybody from Durewoods—anybody I have ever seen?"

"I never saw him before, miss."

Marie looked inquiringly at her father.

"Send him up here," said Sir John; "I'll see what his business is." His mind misgave him: he was ready to suspect anything now.

"It must be somebody wanting money. A subscription, or charity, or something," Marie said, when the maid had left the room.

"I really cannot guess who it is," her father said, coldly, "but I shall soon know."

It took some time to bring the visitor from the hall up to Marie's turret-room. No word passed between her and her father in the interval.

"This is the gentleman, please miss," the maid said.

He did not look quite like a gentleman somehow, but he was a remarkably self-possessed, orderly sort of man, with formal whiskers and the air of one who declines in advance to consider himself an intruder anywhere.

"My respects to you, Sir John," he said, with half military decorum; "and I beg the young lady's pardon. My name is Sands."

"Yes, yes. I thought I knew your face. You are the police inspector from Portstone? Do you want to see me, Mr. Sands? The servant asked for my daughter."

"It *was* the young lady I wanted to see, but I am glad to find you here, Sir John; and glad to see you home again, sir. I hope it is not a painful duty, Sir John, but I am afraid I shall have to ask the young lady to assist us in a matter of identification."

Marie turned round surprised.

"Identification of whom, or what, Mr. Sands?" Sir John asked "My daughter is very much engaged at present, and if it isn't a very important matter"—

"Well, Sir John, it may be important in a manner." He had now taken out a pocket-book, from which he took carefully a discoloured letter; and then turning to Marie, he said—

"Perhaps, miss, you wouldn't mind telling me if you know that writing—and if you think it's meant for you."

Marie took the letter without a word. It was merely addressed to "Miss Challoner," but she knew the writing perfectly well.

"Where did you get this?" she asked.

"What is it, Marie? Do you know the writing? Say Yes or No." Sir John seemed even more disturbed than she.

"Oh, yes! I know it—it's Mr. Pembroke's."

Sir John gave her a warning look—a look of anger and caution. It seemed to say, "Recollect yourself now—no exposure, no scene. Remember it is you who have brought all this on us!"

"Then you think it is for you, miss?"

"I suppose so. Where did you get it?"

"Would you please to open and read it, miss?"

Marie opened it. It was wretchedly discoloured, and the ink had run; but it bore date the day but one before that day; and this was what it said:—

"MY DEAR MISS CHALLONER,—

"I cannot leave England without seeing you and saying good-bye. I have a strong reason for asking you to give me a few minutes of your time, and it shall not be more. You will not refuse me this, I know. I wish particularly to speak to you alone.

"Ever truly yours,

"C. J. PEMBROKE."

"But where is he? and where was this found?" she asked.

"Give me the letter, Marie. Didn't you know anything of this?"

"No, dear; how should I know? Where was this found? Papa, ask him where this was found?"

"Well, miss, that's the painful part of it; but we mustn't come to think the worst all at once. This gentleman was a friend of yours?"

"He *is* a friend of ours."

"Yes, miss—leastways, I'm sure I hope so. Is he a young gentleman twenty-four or five maybe—tall, fair complexion?"

"He is—he is!" Sir John said, impatiently. "But now tell us what this is all about, Mr. Sands."

"Well, Sir John, we've had bad weather here, and there must have been accidents round this coast, and a body's come ashore at Portstone"—

"Oh, God!" Marie cried.

Sir John put his hand firmly on her shoulder.

"And, of course, we tried for marks of identity, and found money, but no card-case nor letters—but *that* in one of the pockets. I knew Miss Challoner's name, and thought it best to come along. It may be all some mistake, you know, Sir John, and truly sorry I am if the young gentleman was a friend of yours."

"He was coming to see me," Marie said; "and he is drowned?"

"Well, miss," said the inspector, seeing with some pain the stony paleness of her face, "we never can be sure of these sort of things until we actually see, and that's what I was going to ask—whether you would mind coming to Portstone and just looking at the—I mean, seeing if it was the young gentleman. But as Sir John knows him too, perhaps we may spare you the trouble, miss."

"Oh, yes; Miss Challoner couldn't attempt it, Mr. Sands; nor is it necessary; I will go. My daughter feels this, as you see. It is a shock, of course. He was a very dear friend of ours."

"I'll go," said Marie; "I'll go with you, if you please, papa. I—I must see him again!"

"If you'll be kind enough to wait for us in the library, Mr. Sands, I'll come to you in a few moments and let you know what we think best to do." He was longing to have the man out of the room, for he feared that Marie's unnatural calmness must give way.

Mr. Sands bowed and backed himself out of the room. Sir John carefully closed the door after him, and then returned to his daughter. Marie was now leaning one arm on the chimney-piece and looking at the fire. There were no tears in her eyes, but her breast was heaving abruptly like to one in physical agony which she will not confess. When she spoke there was a dry sob in her voice.

"He was coming to see me!" she said, "and now he is dead!"

"Marie, my dear," her father said, "this is a terrible blow, and a very sad thing. But we can't help it, my—my love; and it's the will of Providence, you know."

Sir John was not cut out for a religious consoler. He had all through the successful part of his career gone in for strict morality and propriety, but he had not given himself any religious airs. Indeed he thought that sort of thing in an active modern financier savoured rather of hypocrisy and looked suspicious; or at all events had an unprepossessing aspect of Nonconformity or Wesleyanism about it and would be bad form. He was therefore a little constrained and awkward now in his recognition of Providence, and he feared that he was not very impressive; and made himself the less impressive by the fear.

"He was coming to see me," said Marie again. "Well, I'll go to see him! I'll go with you, papa."

"My dear, we must be very careful. The thing is beyond help now, and I'm very sorry for the poor young fellow—and of course, Marie, I am not so unfeeling as not to sympathise with you, after what you have told me to-day. But then, my dear child, you cannot

Want to make an exposure of your feelings, and have people talk. You know how they would talk, and then if you had been engaged to the poor young man it would be different; but you must remember that at this very moment you are engaged to Ronald Vidal; and that poor Pembroke was——

“Was in love with somebody else! Yes, you have told me that. It always seemed so strange to me. Now *she* has lost him. Ah, poor girl, how she must have loved him! What will she do? And he was coming to see me. I wonder why he cared to see me? I didn't deserve it.”

Sir John looked at her in wonder. He always regarded women as hysterical creatures with natures at once little and tempestuous, who were easily shocked and made angry and made glad: who cried at a word of contradiction, and hated all other women, and when any sad news arrived screamed and threw themselves about the floor or went to bed and drenched themselves in tears there. He was surprised and alarmed at the stony composure of his daughter. She was speaking in low monotone, and except for the quick movement of her chest, and the occasional short sob which now was hardly heard, there was no sign in her of any overwhelming emotion.

“This will be sure to break down,” he said to himself. “This will never last.”

“I really think you had better not come, Marie dear,” he said hurriedly. “We must think of others in this matter. We must think of Vidal you know. It's no use having things talked of now which can be avoided. For your sake and for Vidal's, we cannot have it said that you were in love with one young man while engaged to another.”

“Nobody shall know that. I don't care about myself—oh, not one single straw—what people say. I deserve anything for not knowing my own mind in time—well! well! But it is right on Mr. Vidal's account, I see *that*, and I owe him something. But I will go with you, please—and I will not make any scene. Nobody shall know—and I should only go mad if I were left alone here.”

Sir John felt that there was nothing for it but to give way. His sympathy with his daughter was not so great as he professed. He was much rather inclined to be angry with her, but he knew it would never do to show any anger towards a girl under such circumstances. The one uppermost feeling in his mind would have been best expressed, if it might be, in the angry question, “Why did she bring all this nuisance on me? What did she mean by being such a fool *as to fall in love with that young fellow?*” Never in his life did Sir

John admire his daughter so little as since her confession. Before that he had been not merely a loving, but an admiring father. He was proud of his superb daughter, with her self-sufficing intrepidity and her ambition, and her prospects. He saw her in his mind's eye the peer and the rival of peeresses. Now there seemed to him something mean in the love she had confessed. In his secret heart he was not sorry to hear that the waves had removed Christmas Pembroke out of the way. That matter was settled, at all events, and with good management he did not despair of being able to bring Marie to marry Ronald Vidal yet. His course for the present was clear, he thought. He must sympathise with this girl, humour her, give her her head in everything, try to induce her emotions, if possible, to flame and blaze themselves away unseen before Ronald came down; and perhaps, after a while, when the thing was over, she could be brought to listen to reason. On the whole, things were really looking better than they did an hour ago. There was no reason now why she should not marry Vidal; and Vidal was so sensible that he would wait another six months, if necessary; and even if Vidal suspected that she had had a little tenderness for Pembroke, he was so generous and so much a man of the world that he wouldn't think too much about it now that the poor fellow was dead. Sir John himself had a settled conviction that every woman had been profoundly in love with some other man before she accepted her husband, and he didn't see that they made any the worse wives for that.

It was well that the future seemed to him to open a little brighter than it did a few moments ago. He might not, with all his sleek self-control, have been quite able to conceal his anger from Marie if his plans were hopelessly spoiled. But now he showed himself very tender.

"Well, my dear," he said, gently, "I will not cross you in this. I know I can trust to your self-control and your sense of what you owe to your own dignity as a woman. You shall go with me. I'll order the carriage at once to take us over. We'll be there before it gets dark. This is indeed a terrible trial for you, and, of course, it is all the heavier because you cannot indulge your feelings openly. My poor Marie!"

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I SEE," says Miss Sabilla Novello, "that SYLVANUS URBAN de-
scribes himself an unmeasured admirer of Keats; I therefore enclose
for your acceptance the photograph of a sketch made of him on his
death-bed by his friend Joseph Severn; in whose diary at that epoch
written, under the sketch, these words: '28th January, 3 o'clock,
morning. Drawn to keep me awake. A deadly sweat was on him all
the night.'—I feel you will be interested by the drawing." The
sketch is indeed a most touching memento of the youth who, having
his lot cast in the golden age of modern English poetry, left us some
of the finest and purest and most perfect poetry in the language, and
died at twenty-five. So excellent a work is this little picture, and so
eloquently does it suggest the conditions under which it was drawn,
that I think the time will come when it will be regarded as the best
personal relic of the author of "Endymion." I have also a letter
from Mr. J. W. Dalby, who tells me that, in compliance with a
request from him, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke have pre-
sented him with a photograph of Mr. Severn's sketch. He adds:
"My thanks, conveyed to them through the *Gentleman's Magazine*,
will, I know, delight them,—I mean that the vehicle would give
them an additional value." And these are Mr. Dalby's thanks,
ascribed to Charles Cowden Clarke:—

KEATS ON HIS DEATH-BED.

I.

Dear friend! I cannot marvel at thy tears:

I, who look on it, scarce restrain mine own.

To thee it speaks of the beloved—the known—

Speaks with the weird voice of departed years—

Sad, stern, sepulchral! Yet the sound endears

Itself even to the soul it shakes! The tone

Endears, exalts! It issues from the throne

Of an Immortal crowned with his compeers!

And ye shall share it! Ye, the first and last,

Who hailed the dawn, and tended the decay

Of the great heart which clouds too soon o'ercast,

Thyself and Severn! Ye who see the day—

The better day denied to him—for past

All but the glory that will shine away.

II.

Life, Love, and Death—awfully blended three !
 The poet—passing from a world he blest—
 Closed lids and streaming hair his pangs attest—
 The painter—great-souled and true-hearted, he !
 Watching that sacred couch unweariedly,
 Struggling with Sleep, who woos him to her breast,
 Resists the balmy lure, and wakes to wrest
 From imminent death an immortality !

Yes, here he lives ! despite that deadly dew,
 Not yet shall life its dread departure take,
 Or leave the seraph face that friendship drew.
 Severn ! the pencil which kept thee awake
 Shall waken love in myriad hearts anew,
 For the dear poet's and the painter's sake.

Richmond, Surrey, August 19, 1875.

J. W. DALBY.

I HAVE just turned over a note made many years ago on reading a passage in one of the late Dean Alford's essays on "The Queen's English." It is one of the most curious of the Dean's blunders, and was overlooked by Mr. Washington Moon in his grammatical criticisms upon those essays. These are the Dean's words, with the Dean's own punctuation :—

I have some satisfaction in reflecting, that, in the course of editing the Greek text, I believe I have destroyed more than a thousand commas, which prevented the text being properly understood.

The amusing point is that, in a passage in which the writer was denouncing the redundant use of commas, at the very word *commas* he inserted a redundant comma which, to quote the phrase immediately following it, *prevented the text from being understood*. His meaning, of course, was that in the Greek text in question there were more than a thousand commas which prevented the text from being understood and he had destroyed them ; but his own redundant point after the word *commas* plainly implies that *he* prevented the text from being understood by destroying more than a thousand commas. There is, I need hardly say, another redundant comma in the passage, after the word *reflecting* ; which is, however, only worthy of note as occurring in a lecture addressed to careless people against the too frequent use of commas.

SCIENTIFIC as we are in these days, there are branches of study which seem to me to be very much neglected, and they are the very

anches which can least afford to wait. I mean those which relate to early human history. They cannot wait because valuable evidence is passing away and will be irrecoverable. We should, for example, be in a much better position to solve some of the problems connected with the origin of races and nations if we made a systematic and scientific collection of facts among the peoples in those parts of the world where changes are slow and where civilisation has not done much to efface the traces of antiquity. We have the chance of observations of casual travellers in places and among peoples very little known: but almost no scientific investigation. Competent astronomers travel to points of vantage in all parts of the world to watch the transit of Venus; but we never hear of an ethnologist laboriously gathering evidence of the early history of man among primitive peoples such as the Fins, North American Indians, the native races of the South American continent, those portions of the population of Russia who have been least influenced by the process of the ages, the Malays, &c. Languages and dialects have been less neglected, but the customs and traditions of ancient races more or less unsophisticated form an almost virgin field of scientific research. Great things have been done in the way of travel, of which Livingstone is a splendid example of our own time; but our travellers, if scientific at all, have been geographers only. There are places in the world where a study of the notions and experiences handed down through the ages, and a patient inquiry into hereditary tendencies of thought and feeling, would, I believe, throw great light upon the unwritten story of our species. English history might perhaps be better understood than it is if some master-mind among our anthropologists were to subject the Welsh character and habits, feelings and superstitions, to a laborious microscopic examination.

My frequent correspondent the Dutch philologist challenges the common English historical reference to "Admiral Van Tromp," and insists that to a Hollander our "Van Tromp" is scarcely less amusing than to an Englishman is the Frenchman's "Lord Gladstone" and "Sir Dilke." His contention is that *Van* is not in any sense a title or mark of distinction, and that though it is of very frequent occurrence as a prefix to the surname it does not get itself added to the name as a token of honour or degree. So a Dutchman's name might easily be either Tromp or Van Tromp, but it could not be both; and in point of fact the name of the great naval commander's family was Tromp, and *here never was an Admiral Van Tromp.*" My correspondent states

that the question how the English came to put the prefix before the admiral's name has been a matter of curious controversy in Holland, and that some time ago, in the Dutch *Navorscher* (a paper similar to our *Notes and Queries*) an explanation was given somewhat to the following effect: In the cabin of a Dutch vessel captured by the English was found a portrait of one of the famous Tromps, with some lines of Dutch poetry beginning—

This is of Tromp
The image true:

the Dutch equivalent for "of Tromp" being "van Tromp." There are living descendants of Admiral Tromp in Holland, but my correspondent has never heard in that country of a person calling himself "Van Tromp," and he challenges English bearers of that name to prove their Dutch descent. Referring to such reference books as I can lay my hand on at the moment, I find that Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" speaks of the first great admiral as Van Tromp, and Bertrand Payne's "Index of Biography" does the same, but mentions his son, the second admiral, simply as Cornelis Tromp. The old "Penny Cyclopædia" reverses the arrangement, naming the elder and greater commander "Marlen Harpertzoon Tromp," and the son "Cornelis Van Tromp"; and this, apparently, on the ground that the King of Denmark made the second admiral, for his services, a Count, whereupon the biographer calls him "Count Van Tromp." Would my correspondent say that we should call him Count Tromp?

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A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

Whate'er is lost, whate'er is hid,
Some answering touch is formed to find :
Some sudden trembling of the wind
Will whisper up the closèd lid.

There is no lock without its key,
There is no heart without its gate,
Nor any secret cave of Fate
Without its grain of Sesame.

INTRODUCTIONS were not common enough in Milly's life to be mere matters of form. She could only dimly gather the outline of the young man's face through the fog, but she knew that he was a gentleman of a higher sort than the highest in Eastington. It is common enough to mistake the sham for the real, but impossible to take the real for the sham. But it was not an evening to improve the introduction. A discussion concerning the tinker and the fog brought them to the lodge gate, where Milly bade her companion good evening without adding an invitation to enter. Her aunt's hospitality had never been tested, and she did not care to try the experiment upon a stranger. Then, as fast as her feet could carry her, she hurried up the avenue, and prepared to receive a scolding for not being home to tea. But even in the matter of such an *absolute certainty*, this eventful day was fated to be made

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beginning to end of unexpected things. She did not receive the looked-for scolding, for the unprecedented reason that her aunt was not in the house to scold her.

Altogether, the old lady had of late shown a tendency to escape from her fixed orbit. It was not that she was less diligent in her self-imposed martyrdom of work—that was impossible. Had she suddenly become a Queen, she would have swept the steps of her own throne and rubbed up her crown with her own hands. But ever since the battle over Abel's letter she had gone about as if burdened with a mystery, especially before and after the comings and goings of Mr. Adams. Milly did not leap to the conclusion, as an outsider might have done, that the old lady had suddenly eloped with the young lawyer, but she grew anxious to a point that to an outsider would have seemed absurd. To be out of doors after tea means little in itself, but it meant a great deal where Mrs. Tallis was concerned, and it was impossible to guess what it might or might not mean. What if the tinker, whom Milly now magnified into a very Dick Turpin, had met her in another lonely spot, and if no knight errant had suddenly emerged from the mist for her protection? Aunts are less favoured by accident than nieces, when accident takes the shape of a tall and broad-shouldered young man. It was much too late for her to have gone out after Mrs. Herrick, with a view to some invisible mountain of work that loomed heavily over to-morrow. The kettle was singing on the hob, and the table comfortably laid: everything was just as usual, save for the absence of one of those sharp voices and frigid faces that are somehow missed more keenly than warm looks and soft tones. Milly, without taking off her bonnet or shawl, went to the window, drew aside the red curtains, and looked out into the mist that was now beginning to clear away before the rising moon. But the long blue cloak that she watched for never appeared.

At last, when full ten minutes by the clock, full sixty by her anxiety, had dragged by, and when she was on the point of running out into the mist again to take counsel with Mr. Pottinger the constable, the kettle, not being watched, boiled over. In going to its help, her eye fell upon a scrap of paper pinned against the chimney-piece. "I have had," she read, forgetful of the kettle, "to go to Eastington. I shall be back the first thing to-morrow with the carrier. Don't touch a thing in the house. I've put out your tea for you, and the proper quantity in the pot, so you cannot do much harm. Mind and rake out the fire when you go to bed, and chain the door, and don't open it, whoever comes."

Mr. Adams again! For that the lawyer was at the bottom of this inexplicable journey she was sure. What could it all mean? A team of cart-horses was not strong enough to draw her aunt from the house to which Mr. Smith might come at any moment, and yet a word from Mr. Adams was stronger than her fears of fire, thieves, and the works of all hands but her own. How strange it would be if the unfortunate owner of the old Manor House were to choose this inopportune moment for paying his first visit of inspection! No doubt it would just happen so on a day when everything seemed bound to go crossly. Or suppose not Mr. Smith, but the tinker himself, should find out that the old Manor House was left with no guardian but one solitary girl?

Crushed with her sense of responsibility she could not wait till bed-time before putting up the chain. But, as it grated in the staple, the thought came to her—What if the thieves had made an entry between her aunt's departure and her own return, and were hidden in the house even now? With such an idea in her head, it was impossible to sit down and spend a long solitary evening for the first time since she was born.

Any risk would be better than that. It would be better even to carry her flaring tallow candle through every room and passage, and to brave the ghosts of the forgotten memories that such a house must needs contain. She made up her mind to this lesser evil, and persevered, though her heart came into her mouth whenever one of the gusts of wind that springs from nowhere in such houses made a window rattle or a door slam. Impelled by the fascination of panic she looked into every cupboard and threw her light over every shelf, nor did she take to her heels even when she found herself face to face with a mouse or a black beetle. The search for nothing reminded her of her old games at hide-and-see with Abel, before the shadow of love had ever risen between them; but now every nook and corner of the old house seemed changed. Into half the rooms of the huge rambling place she had never penetrated since those hide-and-see days, and never in her life by such a light and at such an hour.

After running the gauntlet of chair-covers turned into phantoms by the moonlight, of creaking boards and scrambling mice, she at last reached the book-room, whose mouldy shelves had alone remained sacred from her aunt's broom. The events of this long and dismal day had made Milly forget the only piece of work she was allowed to do, and a few of the books were still lying about on the floor—the only blot upon the perfection of his house that Mr. Sr

in case he suddenly made his appearance, would be able to find. The sight was not altogether unwelcome: it was like meeting herself among the shadows. For the sake of doing something real at last, she sat down on the floor, placed her candle by her side, and began to restore the books to their places on the lowest shelf one by one. She made a desolate picture enough, as she sat alone by the guttering and flaring light among the ruins of the lumber of learning.

Suddenly, while handling one of the heaviest volumes, she started to her feet with a scream, letting the book fall with a crash upon the floor. A loud report jarred through the house, and at the same moment her candle was blown out, leaving her in pitch darkness. It was as if not Mr. Smith but the Devil himself had invaded the old Manor House and was bent upon scaring her out of her senses.

Then, at last, she took to her heels, and raced down stairs, two steps at a time, till she reached the safety of the housekeeper's room, where the fire still burned and the kettle still sang. I fear she must be set down as only a coward after all. The crash was explained by the over-turned tea-table, and the cause by the cat, who, instead of crying over spilt milk, was lapping it up industriously from the floor.

Mrs. Tallis had not been so very wrong in holding that none but herself was able to keep things in order. Poor Milly was ready to cry with vexation at an accident that would brand her as untrustworthy for all the rest of her days. Far from following the illustrious example of Sir Isaac Newton, she cuffed the cat's ears and locked her up in an empty cupboard.

"When will this wretched day ever end?" she sighed to herself as she cleared up the litter as well as she could. "I am the most miserable, unlucky girl that ever was born—Abel's forgotten me, and I've smashed the tea-things. But it's all of a piece, I suppose—I should like to sit down and die. That man had better have drowned me, after all. But I *will* finish putting up the books, all the same—I'll see if there isn't one thing I can make an end of. And I won't start again if all the house tumbles down. I don't care for anything, now that the best tea-pot's gone."

She lighted another candle, and returned resolutely to the cold and dreary book-room, which seemed to be the centre of the panic wherewith the whole house was filled. She found the book she had been on the point of replacing still lying open on the floor, face downwards and with crumpled leaves. What new horror, if Mr. Smith should take it into his head to inspect this very volume, in order

to judge of the condition of the others! In truth, such a thing was more than unlikely, seeing that Mr. Smith was a respectable but unlettered attorney, while the book in question was that very Hebrew Bible which Abel had opened but once and had then closed once for all, for want of a key to its mysteries. As Milly lifted it carefully with the back uppermost a number of loose pieces of paper fluttered down upon the floor.

That was the last straw. In her ignorance of all literary matters beyond Miss Baxter's circle, and in the awe with which she regarded this volume of mystery, she assumed that every scrap of paper must have its proper place among the printed leaves, to which it was certainly out of her power, without the help of magic, to restore them. She looked at one of them hopelessly, expecting to find more of the black marks that had already made her eyes swim. It was old, indeed, as was shown by its frayed creases and yellow tinge. But it was no transcript from the Rabbis. It was a real old letter, such as people used to seal with wax and fold with care: old enough to have lost the privilege of being sacred from all pairs of eyes but two, and to have gained that curious, indescribable fragrance that very old letters gain from time. Milly was guilty, therefore, of no indiscretion when, having read one line, she allowed herself to read more: and, as she read, the story suggested by these skeletons of dead lives drew her on.

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"Bath, January 31st.

"MY DEAR BOY,—You are this day of age, and a man, as well as a gentleman. That you have my hearty prayers and good wishes I need not assure you, for if you require assurance, I have indeed lived in vain. I now and henceforth lay down my authority over you. You are your own master, and I am your best and oldest friend. I wish it had been possible to celebrate the auspicious day at home among our neighbours, that the heir of our house might have taken possession of man's estate with all due style and dignity. But *noblesse oblige*—we are both slaves, I to gout and you to duty, and they are masters who must be obeyed. Of course it is quite impossible that you should ask for furlough when disaffection, and possible invasion, fill the air: and my physician positively forbids me to move. So I have written to Norris to have an ox roasted in the park, and to take all proper measures to mark this day with a white stone.

"*I have not yet considered the question of your future allow*"

seeing that this depends for the present upon yet more important matter. It depends, in short, upon yourself to decide whether it shall continue as at present, or whether it shall be increased very largely. I am about to make a suggestion that you will receive with pleasure. I do not say with obedience, for to that I have now resigned all claim: and I have no fear that you, who are a young man of sense, will not find pleasure enough in doing whatever is right and wise, without reference to my desire or your own inclination. For once, however, my desire, your inclination, and the interest of us both, are most singularly in accord. You will not have to say with the poet, '*Video meliora proboque: deteriora sequor.*' I have long known your more than brotherly affection for a certain fair neighbour of ours, and her more than sisterly affection for you. We elders are not blind to such things, and in love, as at whist, it is lookers on who see most of the game. But do not be afraid. I have ever looked upon Charlotte—shall I say your Charlotte?—as my second daughter: as my first, I may almost say, since your sister was so imprudent as to forfeit *her* increased allowance by her marriage with Mr. Deane in opposition to my desire. Happily, I shall not be disappointed in *you*. I was speaking to Sir George, who is here, only yesterday, and he, I need not say, will heartily, nay eagerly, welcome you as his son. It is impossible not to recognise the direction of an over-ruling Providence in making such a marriage possible. You are heir and heiress. You are nearly of an age, with a slight difference on the right side. You are both prudent and wise. She is beautiful, accomplished, wealthy—all that a Duke could wish to crown with strawberry leaves. Were I not your father, I should be tempted to become your rival. With such an augmentation to our house, who knows but that Charlotte may become the wife, if not of a Duke, yet of a peer of the realm? I shall await your answer: and, between you and me, I shrewdly suspect Sir George has his daughter's already. There is some talk of a dissolution. In that case I have agreed with Sir George that you shall enter the House as my successor. God bless you, Harry, ever prays your affectionate FATHER.

"Your last to hand was sadly mis-spelt. I do not insist upon such an accomplishment as absolutely necessary for a Parliamentary career, but I wish nevertheless you would make an effort to improve. *Verbum sapienti*—it is by trifles that women judge men, and Charlotte spells remarkably well. Your handwriting, too, is still too puerile: too bad to compensate for your orthographical faults and too good to conceal them. If you can't write better, write worse: *cacography*

is like prodigality—a fault in itself, but keeping out of sight a hundred more.”

“DEAREST POLLY,—Here’s a pickle! Whatever is to be done now? I was just going to right to my father to say I de never have any girl but you alone, and now while the very pen is in my hand comes such a letter which I inclose. You see, dearest Polly, I cant speak out at once, for my father would cut me off with a shilling, and that you see would not be pleasant to you, for you wouldn’t bear to see me do without the things I’ve been used to. He may talk very fine about me being my own Master and all that, but he’s Master that holds the purse, let him talk never so fine. ’Twas the same with my sister who he let to do what she liked so long as what she liked were what he liked too, and so it will be with me. All the same, dearest Polly, I me not going to do without you, for about there ever being anything betwix me and the girl he talks of, that’s moon-shine. She may care for me but I don’t care for her, so she may brake her heart and welcome, for I never cared for any but you, dearest Polly, since I was born, on my honner as an officer and a gentleman. It’s the money my father is after, which is a thing I despise, and about going into Parliament and making speeches, I wont. I can spel well enough when I like, with a good pen and a dictionerry, and that’s more than lots of fellows can say. I de like to see how a Bishop would spel if he was took away from his boox and put down in the Curragh, where I me writing now. The Irish, dearest Polly, speak so different from what we do that of course the speling cant keep the same. So dearest Polly don’t be jealous: only you see making a clean breast, as I meant to, ant on the cards. I shall just write him I cant as an officer and a gentleman, marry when the french may be down on us any day, and that will gain time, and time’s the best horse to back going. That other girl might marry somebody else or die, and I hope she will. But if I cant marry, dearest Polly, as an officer and a gentleman, and if you’ll come over to me just the same, I’ll marry you as soon as ever I get the chance, on the honner of an officer and a gentleman I will. You shall live like a lady all the rest of your days as happy as the day’s long. Say yes and I’ll get leave and run over and see you and take you away, for come you will I know if you don’t want me to blow my brains out. You see how my father goes on about my spelling and things, but he owns I’m a man, and a man I’ll be, as he’ll see. You get ready and I’ll come for you.—Your ever true and loving HARRY.”

"DEER HARRY,—I got what you rot. Il marry you and not mind if you are cut but I will not come to you no other way and you did not ought to ax me.—Your trew loving POLLY."

" Bath, February 14th.

"MY DEAR SON,—I have duly received your letter informing me, to my surprise, that you think a delay in settling yourself advisable. I do not think so. I never intended, when you entered the army, that you should adopt it as a career, any more than when I sent you to school I intended to make you a finished scholar. When I spoke of your serving your country, I meant as Walpole served it, and not as Marlboro'. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori—sed utilius vivere.* it is sweet to die for one's country, but more profitable to live for her. That you have not become a finished scholar your spelling still shows: why you should consider yourself so inextricably pledged to Bellona I fail to perceive. The army is a good school, but a soldier is but a servant in livery after all. *Verbum sapienti.* A young lady like Miss Charlotte Craven is not likely to remain without offers while you are sowing your wild oats—which is what I suppose you mean by serving your country. She may be, and is, ready to marry you, but may not be, and ought not to be, willing to wait your leisure. I now imperatively request your immediate compliance with my wish, or else a much better reason than you have yet given for disregarding it. I have the gout in one of my hands, or I would write more: but I have no doubt the attack will be past when I receive your reply, and will not prevent my signing any document that your conduct may render necessary. Sir George is anxious to know of your movements. I need not say that I have not submitted your last letter to his inspection. *Vive et Vale.*—Your affectionate FATHER."

"MY DEER, DEER HARRY,—I am quiet well, and happy. I only want them at home to know how happy I be. They must know soon. I always rite home once a month and they mite hear I am not at my place no more. They will stare to hear what sort of a place I am in. I am so glad you have not hirt yourself marrying me. I have some news for you. The peple here are very kind and I am quiet happy, only lonesome like. Come back soon, deer Harry, please.—Your trew loving wife POLLY."

“Quebec Street, London, December 24th.

“MISS MARY BROWN,—You will pardon my addressing you by the only name that I can acknowledge your right to bear. I have just had a conversation with my son, who has confessed to me that he has gone through the form of marriage with you. I say form advisedly. He was scoundrel enough—judge how keenly I feel when I apply such a word to one of my name—to have concealed from you the fact that, only two years since, he was most indisputably married to one whose name I need not mention here, and shall not, without occasion. She is living still, so that you, in the eye of the law, are no wife at all. One who knows so little of honour as to be ignorant of even how to spell it, is a husband whom any virtuous girl, as I trust you are, can afford to lose without a sigh. Nevertheless it is only fair that you should receive handsome compensation for the loss of even a scoundrel when that scoundrel, to my ineffable disgust, bears a name like ours. On condition that you keep silence concerning the misfortune that has befallen me, I will securely settle upon you one hundred pounds sterling per annum for the term of your natural life, and, on your marriage, will give you a dowry of one hundred pounds. You will, I trust, close at once with this offer, as I am not bound to make it, and as you will gain nothing by any attempt to make better terms, beyond a possible loss of reputation.—In all regret, I am, yours truly, HORACE VANE.”

“Quebec Street, London, December 30th.

“MY DEAR POLLY,—Who would ever have thought you would cut up so devilish rough! This sort of things are done every day. Of course you know I am desprately sorry to give you up, but you see of course I must, as my father would think nothing of turning me out of doors, and I should have nothing but my pay, and I should have to exchange into some India regiment where there's yellow fever, which you would not like me to catch Im sure. It is quite true what he says, that when I was young and foolish I married another girl, but I never thought 'twas binding, nor meant it so to be. I did really and truly mean to marry you alone, as you ought to know, for nobody can say I didn't tell you that from the very first. However, there it is, and cant be helped now. You'd better take my father's offer. A hundred a year is much more than we would have betwix us if my wife was dead, and I wish she was, and you was living on my pay: and perhaps if you was now to take up with some respectable young man in your own sphere that

wouldn't ask too many questions, you'd do much better than you would with me. I'm quite broken hearted I do assure you on my honner, and desprate, and really very sorry. But you see 't is no good fretting, so if you wont neither will I. I hope you will always be happy, and I am yours affectionately HARRY.—Of course you will keep things dark and not say anything to anybody, as you would only do me harm, and you wouldnt do that for the world, I'm sure."

"SIR,—Miss Mary Brown's respects to Horace Vane Esquire and won't have a penny, but would starve first. I did not care for Mr. Harry for monny nor monny's worth. I don't want a name as is not mine, and if shame's to be bore, I'll bear it, and lay it on to nobody.—Your honour'd servant, MARY BROWN."

"My hart is broak Harry and its you thats broak it and thinking of the babe Im carying in my bosom O Harry Harry don't you kno me better nor to want to pay me for what Ill do for love of you Isnt it enuf to kno Im your own wif as were marid in Church and no other woman can be more marid nor me Dont you be feard Ill touch your monny not if your own baby starves first and I tell Mr Vane the same You need not be feard you nor none will ever hear of me no more I said in Church Id honour and obey you and be a trew wif to you and what's swore cant be unswore O Harry how coud you think Id do for monny what I woudn't do for love I woudnt have believed if a Angel had told me If youd got to tire off me you'd ought to tell me and Id have drownd myself for Id never do a thing as would hurt you Harry I supose that girl you marid were the ritche young lady you told me when you sayd you cared for none but me It was a shame to shame me like youve done and I cant go hoam now There's none would speke to me nor believe me honest nor I woudnt bring shame on them there Only whats to come of me and my baby if theres one to be God knows and if He dont Id liefer trust Him nor you now I supose youll go back to that other girl now but you did care most for me Harry for all youve turnd me off worse nor if youd hated me all along I wont shame you nor I wont blame you sept for the child wich I hope will never see light poor little thing I don't care what comes of me no more Id flect dy than live for I can never think the same of you but Ill always love you the same and thats the worst of all Youve broak my hart Harry but God bless you Harry Good bye"

Here the last letter, which, like the last but one, had never passed through the post, abruptly came to an end. But the correspondence, fragmentary and incomplete as it was, was easy enough for even Milly to follow in spite of the novelty of such a style of romance to her. It was not difficult to distribute the parts among the several actors. The letters from the father to the son were addressed to "Lieut. Vane, the Castle, Dublin, Ireland," and were marked in the corner "Frank : H. Vane." The letters from the son to his sweetheart were first addressed "Mary Brown, at the Vicarage, Winbury, near Eastington, England:" afterwards to "Mrs. Smith, at Mr. Tallis's shop, Norwich:" and the letter from the father to the girl was addressed to the same place, with the addition of the frank in the corner. A very slight acquaintance with the plots of novels enabled Milly to read that one of the Vanes of Winbury to whom the old Manor House had once belonged had the double misfortune to be possessed of a cold, worldly, and intriguing nature, and an exceptionally foolish son and heir, who balked his father's schemes by falling in love with some low-born servant girl at the Vicarage. Milly could not understand how any girl could have returned such love as his appeared from the beginning to be: doubtless she had been dazzled by good looks, gold lace, and flattery. Of course it was quite impossible that Milly could ever have mistaken the sham for the real, and so looked down at first with more scorn than sympathy upon the weakness of poor Polly Brown. Nevertheless the girl was respectable—that was clear. She had refused to go with her lover except as his wife, and had been taken by him secretly and under an assumed name to Norwich—and then Milly opened her eyes. Her aunt's husband had been an ironmonger at Norwich, and it was to his house that the girl appeared to have gone. This almost personal connection with the story doubled her interest as she gathered that the marriage had been discovered by the father, that the feeble-minded son had yielded to threats of disinheritance, and that the pair of scoundrels had put forward some story, whether true or false she could not judge, to get rid of Polly Brown. The father's letter was bad enough, but Milly could not find thoughts to express her scorn and loathing for the letter of the young man who so lightly and shamelessly confessed himself the scoundrel that his father called him, and believed that as a matter of course any girl's heart could be bought off for any quantity of gold. She forgot to despise Polly for loving such a pitiful rascal, and her eyes filled with angry tears as she pictured the poor girl's despair when she wrote the letter that had never till now been seen by living eyes. What had

been the end of it all? Death, of course, and a miserable death, but in what way? What had become of the cast-off wife and her unborn child? And by what strange means had all these bones of a dead love story come together among the pages of a Hebrew Bible?

There was then a real ghost in the old Manor House. No wonder she had felt least alone when most alone, that the wind had found an unearthly voice, and that she had been terrified without apparent cause! No wonder that she, a young girl, had felt herself in mystic and occult sympathy with the tragic tale of a young girl's love! She had opened the cupboard of the skeleton. Abel, in his search for hidden romance such as had never existed in the real world, had been feeling round and round about him, and had missed the only piece of living truth that was buried in all this learned lumber. It seemed as though a girl's touch had been needed to release the ghost from its tomb—a girl's touch, not warped by vain and idle dreams, but warm with the only human life that had, within living memory, found its way within the walls of the book-room. Abel had tried to be a ghost himself: Milly was trying to live, and had drawn this ghost back to its old world.

The correspondence, save for the incidental appearance of her aunt's married name, obviously concerned no soul now living. All the Vanes, as she knew, were dead and gone long ago, and a good thing too. The Hebrew volume had possibly been chosen on the same principle as that on which the boy Abel had chosen the back of its shelf as a hiding-place for his broken tea-cup—as the place of all others where it was least likely to be looked for. Milly did not restore the letters to their hiding-place. She carried them down to the housekeeper's room, and there read them over again, finding more interest in the perusal than she had ever drawn from the most exciting chapter of the most exciting novel in all Eastington. She thought over them, and tried to read between the pale grey lines and to restore the long blanks from her own fancy. Having unearthed the true ghost, she was haunted by imaginary fears no more. At last, when it was nearly midnight, she placed the tired ghost under her warm pillow and lay down to dream.

The morning broke gloriously—all yesterday felt like a dream.

Not a curl of mist was left upon the dewy grass of the park, nor the faintest scud hid the sun. It was a true October morning, bright, bracing, and clear. The ghosts had swept away, with the tinker at the head of them. Milly felt for the letters while she ^{was}—they

re there, safe and warm. She passed through the book-room on
e way downstairs, and laughed at the fears and anxieties of the
ght before. Though the mystery of Abel was still unsolved, she
d never felt so strong and well. She sang as she laid breakfast
ady for her aunt's return, and then strolled out into the open air.
arly morning is easy to kill.

She was leaning over the little garden-gate and warming her
houlders in the sun when she became aware of a tall young man
triding along firmly between the beech-trees, with his head erect and
his chest opened to catch every breath of the fresh air. She caught
herself colouring a little, for she knew it to be her hero of yesterday :
and what could he be doing here ? At any rate he was trespassing.

The young man just moved his hat as he approached the gate.
" Good morning," he said politely. She had slightly the advantage
over him in having seen him approach, while he had been looking
round too widely to notice her : and they were at an age when the
most trivial advantages tell.

" Good morning," answered Milly, as he waited for something
more to say. " If you want to see my aunt—Mrs. Tallis, that is—
she is gone to Eastington : but I'm expecting her back every hour."

" Well," he said, with a smile, " I did want to see Mrs. Tallis, and
I didn't, at the same time." After the first recognition was over, she
felt, without observing it, that there was a slight shade of difference
in his tone towards her—it was not less courteous than yesterday,
but certainly a little more condescending. " The fact is, Miss
Barnes, I have been hearing such a lot from my old uncle about the
Manor House that I have been seized with a desire to explore it—I
am a tiger after queer old places, you know. So, as there was
nothing else to do, I came to ask Mrs. Tallis if she would kindly let
me look over it—that's all."

Tom's passion for archæology was certainly of sudden growth, but
that of course Milly could not know. It might be common with
young men beyond the narrow bounds of Winbury and Eastington.

" What a pity," she said, " my aunt isn't at home—she would have
been so glad, when she knew how good you have been to me. I am
so sorry ! But you can come again ?"

" Well, yes, I could come again, of course—only you see I've got
to be back in Cambridge, and I mightn't have another chance. If
you knew all about halls and gates and chapels, you'd understand,"
said Tom, with a freshman's pride in details still upon him.

" In Cambridge ? Do you live there ?" exclaimed Milly quickly.
" Do you know a place called St. Christopher ?"

"Know St. Kit's? I should think I did—rather! It's my own college, that's all. Do you know anybody at St. Kit's—that's what we call St. Christopher's? By Jove, we may turn out better acquaintances than we suppose."

Certainly it was odd, on the face of it, to meet a housekeeper's niece in a corner like Winbury inquiring after a college like St. Christopher's. Had it been after St. Anthony's, that would have been a different thing. But then there is no knowing who men are when they are at home: and, after all, Miss Barnes's connection with St. Christopher's might be through the kitchen or buttery.

"Do you know a—young man named Herrick?" asked Milly, with a deep flush that anybody but another young man must have seen.

"Herrick! By Jove, I should think so, and a clever fellow he is too. We've made up our minds he's to be Lord Chancellor. Fancy meeting a friend of Herrick's down here! Why not, though? He must come from somewhere. Is he a relation of yours?"

"No," said Milly, rather shortly, and with a sudden feeling of shame, as if for something indelicate, at having had to ask after her betrothed husband from an utter stranger. She was longing to ask all manner of questions, but only said carelessly, "He is from this place—that's all."

"Of course she couldn't be one of his people though," thought Tom, "or she wouldn't have coupled him with St. Kit's.—I dare say I shall see him before long: shall I tell him I've seen you?"

"No, please—no, thank you," she said, feeling more confused than she appeared. "I can show you the inside of the house myself, as my aunt is away," she added, forgetful of her aunt's injunction to let nobody in but Mr. Smith, and only wishing to change the subject and to get a chance of hearing news of Abel without asking for it. "I don't know much about what there is to see, if there's anything"——

"Thank you, Miss Barnes—if I am not keeping you from anything better—I don't want to make other people idle just because I am."

"Not at all—and if you were, I ought to put by everything, *after* yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"When you saved me"——

"I wish you wouldn't remember such a trifle. I wish I had done something better than just telling a man to go about his business—I told him, and he went, that's all, and so he would have gone for

anybody who happened to be passing. But, if you really don't mind, I will come in for just ten minutes—no more."

It is not often that one is led through a show-place with so silent a guide. Whatever the history of the Manor House may have been, Milly knew nothing of it save what she had learned from the Hebrew Bible. She was herself the only object of the smallest interest that the house contained. Nevertheless Tom seemed interested, and certainly put no questions that she was unable to answer. He looked into the empty rooms, and saw nothing in them: he passed by the books and did not even look at them. In short, he lounged through his empty morning more pleasantly in the company of a pretty girl than of a fossilised uncle. Milly's good opinion of him was confirmed: she thought him an exceedingly pleasant young man—not so clever as Abel, of course, for that was impossible for anybody to be, but nevertheless much easier to get on with and talk to. One can't expect everybody to be everything.

Nothing more was said of her mysterious lover. She was too anxious to hear of him, he too indifferent to speak of him, to bring him forward either directly or indirectly. He heard a little of Eastington and Miss Baxter's; she, something of Cambridge and Horchester. But the time passed quickly by, and both were beginning to be old friends, when the sound of wheels was heard.

"This used to be the drawing-room," Milly was beginning, when "There is my aunt!" she exclaimed almost in dismay, suddenly remembering that Mr. Eliot was not Mr. Smith and that she had broken rules. "I must go down and meet her."

Tom, who had no wish to hide, followed her, and met Mrs. Tallis, who had just stepped down from the cart of the Eastington carrier. The old lady stared at seeing a stranger.

"Mrs. Tallis?" asked Tom politely: "I am the Vicar's nephew: and I called to—to—I called to"——

"Mr. Eliot wanted to see the house, aunt," explained Milly, supplying his lapse of memory. "So, as you were away"——

"To see the house? Mr. Eliot?" asked Mrs. Tallis, stiffly, and anything but graciously. "You are Mr. Markham's nephew, sir?"

"Does she suppose I came to eat it?" thought Tom, as he looked with curiosity at her tall, stiff figure and her long blue cloak, over which her hard eyes still stared at him suspiciously. "Yes," he said, with double politeness, "my uncle told me so much about the house that I wanted to see it for myself—I expected to find an old barn,

tumbling about my ears, but I only wish the Vicarage could hold a candle to it. Why, it's kept like a palace."

Mrs. Tallis smiled grimly. "I try to do my duty," she said, "as well as I can with one pair of hands. If the Vicar was to come and inspect for himself, he'd understand that one pair means well done, two pair half done, and his three pair not done at all. Servants are idle hussies, Mr. Eliot, even the best, and there's too many cooks at the Vicar's—that's the fault there."

"I quite agree with you, ma'am," said Tom gravely, seeing how the land lay. "But, by Jove, talking of cooks, it's my uncle's luncheon time. Never mind—when I come to Winbury again, will you show me the house yourself? I can see it is a place to learn in, and I am a tiger after well-kept places, you must know."

"Milly," said her aunt as soon as Tom was out of sight down the avenue, "I don't mind this Mr. Eliot, who seems a decent and sensible young man, and is Mr. Markham's nephew, though I never heard of his having one before. But if I can't feel sure the house is free from intrusion I shan't ever be able to be gone for a day. I hope you chained the door?"

"Yes, aunt."

"And raked out the fire?"

"Yes."

"And—gracious on us, what has happened here!" she exclaimed, looking round in dismay.

"It was the cat, aunt—I just went out and she pulled over—oh, dear, if I haven't left her locked up in the cupboard all this while!"

"In the cupboard! Good gracious, where I laid out all yesterday's eggs out of harm's way! It's a judgment on me," she almost groaned. "Never, never while I live will I leave the house for five minutes again. What else have you done, Milly? Let me hear the worst of it. I declare there's nobody alive can look after a cat but me. And whatever litter's here?" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the yellow letters that lay on the table.

"They fell out of a book," said the wretched Milly, as she let the imprisoned cat out of her cell, and wiped the yolk of three eggs from her paws. "I put them there for you to see. Oh, aunt, it was such a miserable day, and I hope you never *will* leave home again. If it hadn't been for Mr. Eliot, you might have found me"——

"Out of a book? My spectacles, Milly—let me see them—whatever has come to my eyes"——

"Yes, aunt—you might have come home and found me in"——

"The only place I never dusted in!"

"What are they? What is it?" asked Milly, finding that her story was falling upon heedless ears. But Mrs. Tallis did not speak till she had slowly read through the letters word by word.

"I wonder," she said at last while carefully refolding them "if the gig is out from the Vane Arms."

"Aunt—what is it? What are you going to do? Is it anything about the letters?"——

"It's nothing about the letters. I've remembered I've forgot half my business, that's all. I must go back to Eastington. I suppose I shall find the house burnt down behind my back when I return, but if it burns, it must burn now."

With this reckless speech on her lips she marched down the avenue towards the Vane Arms, leaving Milly and mystery to wear out another long day between them. By the time the sun went down, Milly discovered that she had spent a whole four-and-twenty hours without once thinking of Abel.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

"All is not gold that glitters," we are told.
Wherefore doth fancy-searing Gotham hold
That gold, because it glitters, is not gold.

SOME five-and-twenty years ago it was asked, concerning Abel Herrick, What will become of him? That was hard to answer: but it was nothing to the question, What has become of him? Or rather—What has he become?

Some two thousand years ago there was born a child whom the gods, in their far-seeing wisdom, decreed should be poor, deformed, and a slave. But, among the host of evil aspects, one little star twinkled luminously, as if laughing at all that the rest could do. It has no name on the celestial globe, for it is not to star-gazers that the star of humour is revealed. The crippled slave, being bent in the back, was forced accordingly to look upon the fields instead of the skies: and the good star that laughed unseen over his head made him sympathise with what he saw. He learned to know birds, beasts, and fishes, not as a savant, but as a sage: and ere long there was no *fish, beast, or bird with whose tongue he was not more familiar than*

with his own. King Mithridates, who knew all human speech, was but at the beginning of a single alphabet in comparison with him who knew by heart all the languages, not of his fellow-men, but of his fellow-creatures—of those wise brutes whose wisdom has never been obscured by learning. Thus he grew to be so wise that we have never added one feather-weight to his wisdom.

One day, this philosopher of philosophers was limping by the side of a little stream. Over the stream was a bridge: on the bridge ran a dog: between the jaws of the dog was a piece of beef. Below the bridge ran a second dog, who was at the same time both another and the same: and to the eyes of the first dog the piece of beef carried by the second dog was larger and better than his own.

Commentators are agreed concerning what happened. Had it been possible for the dog to have dropped the shadow and have snapped at the substance, and had he done so, he would have been counted wise. Longworth was real: Fairyland but a dream, and Milly but the queen of a dream. And so, had Abel written to her from the Longworth Library, where Beatrice Deane worked for hours at his side, he would have proved himself a blockhead for whom morals are added to fables in vain.

CHAPTER II.

Where is the worth of a word unspoken—

Where is the thrill of a silent tune?

Where are rubies till rocks are broken,

The sculptured life till the marble's hewn?

Say ye that never an ear or eye lent

Force to find where such things may be,

But say ye never that souls are silent—

Eyes unseen are the eyes that see.

There, where no ray from the ruby glistens,

There, where no thought from the stone is born,

There, where the master in rapture listens

To the silent thunder of harp and horn—

There is the love that our loves betoken,

There is the life that our birth-bells toll:

There is the worth of a heart that's broken—

For a heart must break ere it grows a soul.

MR. DEANE, of Longworth, may fairly be set down as a country-gentleman of a transition period, belonging to the old school by *instinct*, but to the new by inclination. As belonging originally to

the aristocracy of the purse rather than of the soil, he was consciously proud of the share that he and his bore in the blood of Vanes and Eliots—so proud that he could afford to make light of his own pride and to place, in theory, what he called the aristocracy of brains above that of either birth or money. Otherwise the commonplace aspect in which he has hitherto shown himself was genuine: he was remarkable only in one thing—he knew his own deficiencies in what he most honoured and never pretended to conceal them. His niece, Beatrice, still represented brains in the Deane family, and even the head of it (which should by rights hold the brain) never thought of trespassing on ground that was not its own. As both idle and busy at once, he was proud of patronising art, science, letters, philanthropy, and public business: and therein showed more genuine generosity and public spirit than people in general, who called him vain, were apt to believe. His share of vanity mainly displayed itself in rendering Longworth a fit habitation for some future baronet or baron of the name of Deane-Eliot: and it must be owned that when a hobby takes the form of building up a house in the literal as well as metaphorical sense of the word, it is apt to run rather too fast for the safety even of a rich man.

Not without reason had Tom wondered whether his father would be quite as well pleased with paying for his whistle as for the whistle itself when new, and before the bills came in. Still, a mortgage or two can do little harm when an estate is sound at the core, and there was no necessity to retrench in the matter of expenditure for a single year. It is not builders' and lawyers' bills that have now told heavily upon the Deane family, and turned the new house into a house of mourning.

To us, it is no loss; it is only Mrs. Deane who is no more. She had seemed but a cypher, and was missed like one—as a cypher is missed from the end of a long number. Even so she had weakened the household ten-fold when she was taken away, though none of its apparently more important units could have told why. Her loss affected everybody's value. Tom's old tendency to self-will in little things ran more quickly towards showing itself in great things. Mr. Deane lost ballast, and Beatrice was deprived of her only natural counsellor. And, as to Annie—

"Poor Annie!" said Mrs. Burnett to her son soon after she heard the news, "left without a mother to the mercies of that girl with the bee in her bonnet—I won't have that, though they'll be saying, no doubt, I'm setting my own old widow's cap at *Deane*."

"What's up now, mother?" asked sleepy Dick in his sleepiest tone.

"They'll want a cap-ful of common sense, Dick, now the only one that had a thimbleful is gone. I've not known them these four years for nothing, and though I've got to like them pretty well, I've none the more respect for the tribe of them. We're all older by four years, Dick, and I'm not sure life's like wine, that gets better by keeping. The two lasses must marry, Dick. That's what they must do, and soon."

"What?" began Dick quickly. "Why," he went on in his usual tone of colourless good humour, "you don't mean to say you're going to set up for a match-maker?"

"And what for no? It's been old wives' work ever since the days of Sarah."

"Well mother—I suppose you're the strangest of old ladies because you're the best of them. How you, with all your irons, can manage to look after everybody else's, beats me. One minute you're up in the milky way, and the next you're thinking of nothing but whether Jane ought to accept the attentions of the milkman."

"'Tis all the same, Dick. One thing's as big as another, and that's as small, if ye'll measure it the right way round. It's just silly the way the gowks have of sorting things out into great and small when there is but one thing in the world—and that's everything. Do ye think I care for the stars and planets only because they're above me and hard to understand? Not a bit of it—it's because they're just as real and as near as my dinner, and how anybody can help caring for anything that's real, up from the last new cosmogony to shrimp sauce, 'beats me,' as ye say. I wish, Dick, you'd care for something beside wandering about the world—for somebody would be better than for just nothing at all."

"So I do, mother. I care for you. And you're real, any way."

"I hope you do, Dick, for I think I am—and if I am, I'm worth caring for. So, for once, I'll e'en do as I'd be done by, and as none ever did for me — I'll see after the lasses that they don't go dancing into shams. Lucky for them I can spare the time."

"You can always spare the time, I think, when there's any good to be done."

"That shows how much you know about it. Ye should just see the list of what I haven't done, for want of time. And I wouldn't do this if I didn't want to get away from town, where time isn't one's own. Only Bee will never get a husband at this gait, and poor Annie will stick to her sister like a burr if nobody comes to

part them. I thought you wanted to part them yourself, once on a time."

"I!—I, mother!—Why what put such a thing"——

"What for no? Ye might go farther and fare worse by a long way. The girl's well-looking, and winsome, and good, which is better, and has a pretty penny of her own, which I won't say is best, but I won't say is worst, neither; and she's not too clever, like her poor sister"——

"Oh!" said sleepy Dick carelessly, sleepily raising his shoulders.

"And is that all ye have to say to a pretty girl—'Oh'? Then I can only say ye deserve to have 'Bo!' said to you. Well, for the lass's own sake, I won't be *your* go-between, Dick—And for that matter Beatrice must go off first, I'm thinking. She'll wear the worse—only who in his seven wits would ever dare on speaking to Bee! He'd be just daft to ask her, and if he got her—de'il pity him!"

To this sleepy Dick said nothing; and what he thought or felt, if he was ever guilty of such energetic practices, was never known to any save himself alone. When he next heard of his mother she had taken a small cottage in the neighbourhood of Longworth, where she might work at her book undisturbed. He was used to her sudden wanderings hither and thither, and saw nothing odd in her leaving London to look after two motherless girls. But, for that matter, sleepy Dick never saw anything odd in anything—so her conduct may have been odd after all.

Soon after Mrs. Burnett's settlement as a neighbour and tenant of the Deanes, Beatrice suddenly closed her book, and said to her sister—

"Come for a walk, Annie."

Since the morning, now long ago, when we first met them in Arlington Gardens, the difference between the sisters had widened and deepened rapidly; and the exact resemblance of their mourning dresses rendered their divergence yet more striking. Annie was still as fresh as ever, but Beatrice, in the matter of looks, had gone down hill. Not only had she become thinner, paler, even older than could be accounted for by mere lapse of time or passing domestic sorrow, but the light had died out from her face, or rather had turned to a dull glow. To us who know that if any man worked as hard as many girls now work at the collection of words and facts without the power of combining them into ideas, without rest, without exercise, without definite aim, he would become a madman, a

fossil, or a fool; and who know also that women are far more the slaves of their bodies than men are, the condition of Beatrice was growing more perilous than it is pleasant to think of. It need not be said that the weariness of her flesh passed unnoticed by those around. It takes better observers than they to appreciate a gradual change working from an unknown cause. But Mrs. Burnett had, in her occasional visits, seen it quickly enough, and, on her last visit, had spoken seriously to Mrs. Deane. "Old-fashioned folk like us, and old folk like me," she had said, "may think a girl mad to study how to be unhappy in a happy home. But I opine we'd have been much the same ourselves if we'd asked what we wanted, and been told it was more books, and more books, and then more books again. We knew what we wanted, aye, and the lads knew it too—and we all called things by their right names. I lived through head-work by which Bee's is play, but then I worked with my hands too, and lived low—not but what parrich is the best brain-food, as the history-books will show ye—and I never thought life was a conundrum, and I had the digestion of an ostrich above all, let alone being a Scots woman and a Lindsay. Bee's none of that, poor lassie—and fancy letting just a child like her give her soul over to books: or a man, even, and see what he'll come to. I wouldn't like to know the man, and I *would* like to know the girl—just to give her a bit of my tongue." But all that had come too late to open poor Mrs. Deane's eyes.

"Ah, what a thoughtless wretch I am!" said Annie, who was idly letting her fingers fall on the keys of the piano. "My head was running I don't know where, and my fingers after it, I suppose—I didn't mean to disturb you, indeed. There," she said, closing the piano, "I'll sit down to my letter, and won't disturb you again."

"Let us go for a walk," repeated Beatrice.

"What—you mean it—*you*! Why you hav'n't been at your books an hour. We'd better keep indoors for safety—if you go out the skies will fall."

"Let them. It would be a change. What's the good of poring over books when the sun shines?"

"Bee! The skies *have* fallen!"

"Then let's go out and see how they lie. We may pick up a few stars. We might find another world, and go in and live there. But come out—I am so sick of indoors."

Her sister looked at her wonderingly: never before had she heard Beatrice complain, or guessed for her own part that the world as a whole contained anything to complain of.

"So I'm going to take a holiday," Beatrice went on, "and run away from myself as far as ever I can. Never mind your letter—let us run back all the way to six years old, and see which will get there soonest."

"'Done,' as Tom would say." Suddenly Annie's face fell and her rising smile died away. "Poor Tom! I was just writing to him. But that'll keep—we'll go out now. Poor Tom!" And once more she said, as they left the house, "Poor Tom!"

"Well," said Beatrice, "it's only what he must expect, I suppose."

"Don't be hard, Bee."

"I'm not a bit hard. Tom has done wrong. But come—we won't talk about that now."

Annie looked sad and reproachful as well as surprised. It was not the first time of late by many that the once bright-tempered Beatrice had spoken crossly, but it was the first time of all that either of the sisters had found a harsh word or thought for Tom.

"But I must talk of him, Bee. Ever since poor aunt's death we seem to have been drifting away from one another, one and all. Don't let that happen, Bee: Uncle George would never have written to Tom as he did, I'm sure, if poor aunt had still been here."

"Perhaps not—but it does not follow that he would have done better by not writing. I agree with Uncle George. Tom is his only son, remember, and it would be a scandal to make a common country girl mistress of Longworth. It could never be."

"Of course not—but it seems hard, all the same, to treat the poor boy as if he had done something wicked. Young men will get into scrapes I suppose, and if Tom had done like most young men he would never have been blamed."

"I'm not blaming him, Annie. I'm only wondering how he could be so foolish as to think it worth while to make a serious affair of such nonsense. Why, what answer could he have expected but the one he has got? He might have made it for himself, and saved us all this confusion."

"Most young men would have answered themselves in their own way, and have made worse confusion. Who but Tom would have been brave and frank enough to meet the trouble beforehand instead of leaving his friends to meet it after?"

"Then he can't complain if he has met the trouble he looked for. I have no patience with such folly. Tom must get over it, and I've no doubt he will. The next cricket match will put it all out of his mind. Let us talk about something else, please."

"Very well. I—I don't like Mr. Herrick, Bee."

"Mr. Herrick? What has Mr. Herrick to do with Tom?"

"I don't know. But—you wanted to change the subject, that's all. I don't like Uncle George to like him so much—and what's he but a peasant, for all that he's a lawyer now? It comes to the same thing, and sauce for the goose—and somehow, Bee, I wish *you* liked him less, as well as Uncle George."

"I? What do I care for Mr. Herrick or anybody? Don't tease me just now, Annie—I felt so tired, and I so wanted to rest, and now you're spoiling it all. It's hard I—But it doesn't come to the same thing, Annie," she went on quickly and eagerly. "Uncle George may very well care about birth in his son's wife without being bound to want it in a tutor or a lawyer. And Mr. Herrick isn't a lawyer—he's a barrister," she added, with unintentional irony. "Do let us talk about something else, please!—What a heavenly day it is, to be sure!"

"It was you went on talking about it—not me."

"I've been thinking"——

"That's as much news as the weather," said Annie, with a reviving smile.

"Don't stare at what I'm going to say. I've been thinking—that I ought to go away from home."

"Bee!"

"Yes—I really wanted to talk—that's partly what I wanted to bring you out for. It'll be hard to tell Uncle George—he won't be able to understand it a bit—but it must be done. Longworth is no place for me."

"Bee—what *can* you mean?"

"I mean it—I wish I knew how to make somebody, anybody understand. What do we live for but to do something? And what is there to do here?"

"You ask that?—Why you are always doing"——

"Indeed I'm not. Learning to do isn't doing. I wish there was going to be a great war, or a great revolution"——

The very words did not belong to Annie's language. She thought they belonged to the newspapers and were invented to amuse her uncle and his friends after dinner. She could only repeat in wonder, "Bee—what *can* you mean?"

"I mean that without such things no woman has a chance of doing anything at all. The prisons are all reformed, I believe, and if they were not there are no prisoners at Longworth, and not even any poor who are not well looked after. What do you

think would have become of Madame Roland if she had not lived when and where she did? It is miserable to feel that women depend upon accidents for making use of themselves."

"Of Madame Roland? of course I know that—she would have escaped being guillotined."

"And so much the worse for her. I wish I had a chance of being guillotined."

"Bee—how can you say such horrid things!"

"She would have died of wishing—and isn't that worse than any other death in the world?"

"I suppose I know what you mean—one reads of such things. But all that's only history. One doesn't expect one's own sister"—

"Nor did Joan of Arc's brothers expect anything—of their own sister. You may be sure she astonished them much more than she did France and England. That's the worst of relations. They settle what we're to be when we're babies, and are put out when they're wrong. There's no such tyranny and slavery as being one of a family. No—don't think me an ungrateful wretch: I love Uncle George, and you, and Tom, and—aunt: I'll say it still—with all my heart, as you ought to know, and as she does know now: and so, as you all want me to be happy, it's only right of me to tell you the only way in which I can be."

"But what on earth can you want to do? Don't, don't say you want to go into a sisterhood, like some girls we know. It's as bad as a convent, not to speak of what you'd have to wear."

"I'm not sure—I don't mind what I wear"—

"Bee!"

"I don't know what I want to do, except get away from the only place where nobody can ever do anything—and that's home. I love home—but it will kill me to stay there."

"Bee—it's dreadful to hear you talk like that—we've grown up together all our lives," said Annie sadly, "and though I've not been able, because I'm too stupid, to go with you in all things, still I thought we should manage to keep together somehow all our lives. Don't talk of our parting, Bee—it's like talking of dying."

"But I must talk of it, and it's not like talking of dying. We must look forward, however happy we may be, and I can't say that I am. In a short time you may change your mind about always wanting to be with me"—

"Never!"

"Or your husband will for you, which is more to the purpose."

Tom, when he comes to his senses, will settle down: and do you want me to spend my life, a useless old maid, in wandering about between Tom's house and yours?"

"I will never, never marry a man who would want to part me from my own sister. Whoever marries me must marry you too."

"Poor fellow!"

"And why should you be an old maid? You will marry first—there! You are prettier, cleverer, better"——

"I'm not: and if I were, it wouldn't help me. Men don't like me, and they do like you. And if they did like me, I don't like them. I shall never marry. I'm not fit to marry. I shall never be asked, and if I was to be, I should say no."

"You have been asked, Bee."

"Yes—and you see what sort of men I should have to choose from. The sort of men I could respect always prefer to marry geese, and I don't want to marry a gander."

"I wish—I wish you had taken 'Sleepy Dick,' though, all the same. I don't think he's a gander, and I'm sure he's a gentleman."

"A gentleman! I hate the cant about gentlemen. A woman's a woman, and a man's a man. I don't know what the word means, unless it means a man one can look up to, and then the carter who's just passed us may be a gentleman for aught I know."

"Well, I think it means something more, all the same. It means—well, I think it means a man whom a lady might marry without being afraid, and of course a lady couldn't marry a carter."

"But suppose the lady was a milkmaid? Gentlemen marry beneath them, as it is called, every day, and nobody thinks the worse of them. That's another thing where women mustn't do what men may."

"Why, Bee, one would think you really wanted to run off with a carter—and after all you said about Tom!"

"I don't want to run away with anybody," said Beatrice, ignoring the inconsistency between her theory and the application of it; "but I do want to run away. Yes, Annie, I must and I will. I have been wanting to have all this out with somebody for ever so long. I'm of age, and have enough of my own to live on, so I need never trouble anybody with such a burden as I should be if I stayed."

The tears came into Annie's eyes. She had some faint glimmering of her sister's meaning, for she had the clear sight of sympathy, which can dispense with comprehension. The walk was not a success, for though Beatrice's sudden attempt to betray her

own confidence had drawn the sisters closer together in heart, it had shown them both how far their ways had been diverging while they were outwardly sharing the same lives. They turned homeward by silent consent, and talked no more.

It was Annie who, as they approached the terrace, broke silence suddenly.

"There's Uncle George—and—oh, Bee!—there's Tom!—what can have happened now!"

Beatrice looked up from her thoughts, and saw her uncle and cousin in deep and earnest conversation. Mr. Deane was speaking loudly and rapidly: Tom was looking straight before him very gravely, and only now and then putting in a word. They were not very near, but quite near enough for Beatrice, preoccupied as she was, to see a suddenly increased resemblance between the father and son—and it lay in the gathering of the headstrong look that in Mr. Deane was usually covered by an expression of genial importance, and in Tom by one of easy good-nature. There could be no doubt that the cloud which had risen over this once united household was deepening. Each seemed outgrowing the family circle that had once been sufficient for each, and becoming the centre of a separate circle of his or her own.

Tom's eye caught the two girls as they approached, and he nodded to them from a distance, and then fell a step behind his father.

"Annie," said Mr. Deane, loudly, "I am going over to Redchester to-morrow—for the Sessions. I shall no doubt see Herrick there, and shall ask him to dine and sleep if he can get away." He turned round shortly, and went back to the house alone.

"Tom," whispered Annie, "what has brought you down so—so suddenly? I was just going to write—is anything wrong?"

"I hope not. I'm a bad hand at letters, so I came down at once to talk things over."

"You always tell me everything, Tom. Whatever happens—whatever anybody else does, let us always be the same, you and me. What has happened now?"

"Yes, Annie—I'll always tell you everything: and I'll tell everybody everything, for that matter. I've got nothing to hide. I've told the governor, and I'll tell Bee as well as you. We always used to do things above-board, and so I will still. The fact is—I've spoken to Milly."

"Milly? That's her name?"

"Yes. I didn't mean to before I heard from the governor, but—well, it came out, as I suppose it was bound to."

"You were wrong—very wrong," said Beatrice decisively. "You could have helped it if you had pleased. You could have kept away."

"That's all very fine, Bee. Wait till you're in the same boat, and then see if you can pull as straight as you want to."

"And—what did she say?" asked Annie anxiously.

"'Yes,' of course," said Beatrice carelessly. "What else should a country girl say to Uncle George's heir?"

Tom frowned, but did not raise his voice as he answered,

"You are wrong there, Bee. She said 'No.' And for that matter, she's as true a lady as either of you, though she never heard of Euclid—and none the worse for that, to my thinking. I beg your pardon, Bee: I oughtn't to have said that"—

"You were quite right to say what you think. She really refused you?"

"I suppose you'll say it was because she did not know I am anybody's son. I know better—but in fact she does not know who I am. She only knows I am Eliot, of St. Kit's, and I've led her to think I hav'n't a penny in the world."

"Quite right, Tom," said Annie, nodding approval.

"Too much like Lallah Rookh for these days," said Beatrice. "But you hav'n't told us yet why she said No? Or why, if she did, that things are still cross between you and Uncle George?"

"She said No, because she's engaged to another man," said Tom, bitterly. "And to whom, of all the men in the world!"

"How can we guess to whom a country girl is to be married—'keeps company with,' I think is the phrase?" asked Beatrice, taking a different view of the relative importance of things than Mrs. Burnett had taken. "And you say she is a lady—do ladies lead on one man to propose to them when they are engaged to another?"

"Bee—how can you!" protested Annie. "How can you speak like that to Tom when"—

Beatrice felt herself ready to choke with shame for the words as soon as they had passed her lips: she held out her hand to her cousin, and said,

"Please, Tom, forgive me—I'm always saying or doing something to vex somebody, and vexing myself by it a hundred times more than I vex them. I am a hateful, ill-tempered wretch—but indeed I didn't mean half what I said, and if I had meant it I'd have bitten my tongue out sooner"—

"All right," said Tom. "I'm sure you wouldn't have meant half

it, if you had known. She never led me on, if that's what you mean. I went every bit of the way, and I won't excuse myself on the score of being weak—that's humbug. She didn't know I cared about her—yes, Annie, you may look, but it's so—and I never dreamed she was engaged. How could I? But when I spoke she was forced to tell me"—

"And who is it?" asked Annie, who had never seen anything that so much resembled a real quarrel in her life before.

"Herrick."

"Herrick!—Mr. Herrick!—Abel Herrick!" she exclaimed in astonishment too great to consider whither such a complication might lead. "And you've told Uncle George that?" she asked quickly, with a glance at her sister, which however told her nothing.

"No," said Tom. "If Herrick had meant anybody to know of his engagement, he would have told my father, who's been his best friend. If he has any reason for keeping it so close a secret, it's not for me, of all people, to tell. Of course it's different my telling you."

"Of course," said Annie. And so perhaps it was, according to Tom's light: for, though at last a man, he was still a Horchester boy every inch of him, and a secret was therefore still a thing to be kept sacredly from all superior powers, but to be as sacredly shared with equal friends. He need not, and did not, add, "Of course you will say nothing of that to my father," for that belonged to the Horchester Freemasonry in which his cousins were no less adepts than he.

"And what did you tell Uncle George?" asked Annie.

"All but that. I told him I'd still marry her if she'd have me—and he got angry, I'm afraid, and said he hadn't mortgaged half Longworth to build a house for—well, I needn't go on with that: and that if I ever did marry—Milly—he'd be obliged to do something more. I guessed what that meant"—

"Oh, Tom! It is dreadful! But he couldn't mean—I hope you didn't answer anything to make things worse"—

"Not a word. I kept my temper. I only said that would be the only reason that could possibly make me take my own way, if I can ever get the chance of it. He had made it a point of honour, you know"—

"Tom! How could you be so foolish! You said the very worst thing you could say. Bee—why where's Bee?"

Beatrice had only slipped away to her room and her books again.

A foolish rivalry between two young men for the hand of a country girl could of course be nothing to her. Nevertheless, the cloud had deepened over her, and she felt more utterly alone in the world even than before.

But courage! Where is the merit of self-culture if it does not lead us to stand securely among the lonely heights to which it leads? It was of the essence of the life she had chosen that she should be alone, and, throughout her whole life, more and more alone. The farther she advanced, and the more she left behind, the prouder she ought to be. And "I will be proud: I will be a Mary Burnett yet," she said: and, even in saying it, her head bent over her book and her tears fell over the page.

(To be continued.)

THE SUBJUGATORS OF AN IMPERIAL RACE.

BY ROGER QUIDDAM.

MARVELLOUS is the change which the past quarter of a century has wrought in the position and prospects of Roman Catholicism in England. Districts where, twenty-five years ago, the chapel of the embassy or of the private gentleman abundantly satisfied the spiritual needs of a scattered and lukewarm congregation, now teem with churches, chapels, and schools. Friars—black, white, and grey—have trooped over to swell the army of the Roman Church Militant, and the Vatican religion lifts its head in pride and beauty where formerly it was a proscribed and hunted thing. I can remember the time when a Catholic priest was hooted in the streets; and I have myself suffered violence at the hands of youthful, but merciless, champions of Protestantism for having had the misfortune to be “one of them ‘ere Papishes!” But I have lived to see the sacred Viaticum borne through the streets of London to the bedside of a dying man, accompanied by all that pomp of canopy, bell, and candle so familiar to residents on the Continent—and there was no tumult of the people.

And I seem to see as great a change in the religion itself. I have a distinct recollection of the time when the last petition in the Litany of Loretto was “Regina Sanctorum omnium, ora pro nobis”; and I remember the state of gossipy excitement into which we boys were one day thrown by the oral addition to this Litany of “Regina sine labe originali concepta, ora pro nobis.” It was long before we became accustomed to this new prayer, for it was exceedingly awkward to pronounce, and often it was left out by inadvertence or for convenience sake; but by-and-by it became a habit to introduce it; then it gradually appeared in the new editions of our prayer-books; and, years after, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin was solemnly established at Rome and became binding on the consciences of all Christians. It seems to me, as I look back to my school-days, that the addition of this new petition to the Litany was the beginning of many changes, which at this distance of time I see bearing wonderful fruit.

It was a favourite topic of discussion with us boys then,—arising out of I know not what faint whispers of the troubles brewing on the Continent,—What was the duty of Catholics, supposing the Pope should make war on England? Some boys boldly maintained that it was the duty of every good Catholic to join the army of the Pope, because, they argued, if the Pope beats the Queen he'll make all England Catholic, and what a good thing that would be, and how much we ought to help it! Others, however, were not so clear on this point: some glimmering pride of country and love of home made the idea of a beaten Englishman distasteful to them. So there was division among us, and our preceptor—an old, white-headed, Scotch ecclesiastic—hearing of our discussion, took some pains to explain that we might be loyal to our Queen and country, and faithful to our creed at the same time. He showed us quite clearly, we thought, that if the Pope were ever to make war upon England it would be in his capacity as a temporal prince, and in that capacity we were bound to defend against him the liberties of our native land. He supported his point with many arguments drawn from history, and I am bound to say that we were all heartily glad to accept this view of our duties to God and our country.

Again, when we were derided by the boys of a neighbouring Protestant school for “worshipping the Pope,” we were highly indignant, and repelled the accusation with scorn. “Ah but,” said they, “you believe the Pope is infallible, like God.” “We do not,” said we. “You do. Ask your teachers,—you don't know your own religion.” To put the matter beyond dispute, we asked our venerable teacher point blank if the Pope were infallible. “By no means,” was the answer. “Look at your catechism of Christian doctrine. It is the *Church* which is infallible. And what is the Church? All the faithful under one Head. And it is when the faithful send their pastors—the bishops and priests of the Church—as their representatives (much as the English people send their delegates to Parliament), to meet in a general council, that the gift of immunity from error is granted by the Spirit of God.” This we considered to be a complete answer to our adversaries, and we went forth to meet them triumphantly, catechism in hand. But though they were silenced they were not convinced; and they retorted—“Ah, it's all very well, but you Papists are allowed to say one thing and mean another.” This was an insult—only to be washed out in blood; and, I regret to say, blood flowed freely on the occasion (not from the noses of the heretics only).

When our old Scotch preceptor left us he was replaced by a teacher of an entirely different stamp. A slim, pale gentleman

aristocratic appearance, whom we received with deep respect and curiosity, for we were told that he was a high-born Englishman, who had abandoned wealth and position to embrace the true faith. He was in fact one of those fervent ascetics who during the continuance of the Oxford movement withdrew their zeal and learning from the Church of their childhood to infuse new vigour into the stagnant Church of Rome in England. We conceived the greatest affection for our teacher on account of the winning gentleness of his manner and the devotion which seemed to inspire him, as well as for his learning and eloquence.

But we soon found that our new teacher did not stand in the ways of our former master. He put aside our questions with evasive answers when we touched upon such points as Papal supremacy and Papal infallibility. He was fond of decrying to us the spirit of nationality in religion as the germ of many lamentable rebellions against the Holy See, and spoke to us in glowing terms of Rome as the sun and centre of the Catholic universe. Certainly this was not altogether strange language to us, but we were taught to apply it in a way that our former teacher had never insisted on. With the idea of Rome we had ever associated the Church,—a deliberative assembly of divines and theologians who settled doctrine and promulgated laws; but gradually we learned to speak of the Pope as the Church, and to believe it to be an unfailing sign of a lax Catholic to wish to abate by the minutest tittle the pretensions of the successor of St. Peter.

About this time we fell into the habit of adding the word "Roman" to the Apostle's Creed, saying: "I believe in the Holy Roman Catholic Church," which, though familiar language to many, was yet new to us; and it was explained to us that the word was added to the confession of faith for the purpose of distinguishing between the true believers and those who were at that time beginning to set up a spurious claim to Catholicity.

In those days there was a singular uniformity in the internal appearance and ritual of the various Catholic churches and chapels; the only variations being in the two or three private monastic institutions which were beginning to be established in obscure parts of the suburbs of London. Mass every morning at seven, eight, and nine o'clock, to suit the number of priests—generally three—attached to each "mission;" and in addition, on Sundays, and holidays of obligation, high mass, vespers, and benediction, and an occasional evening service with sermon. But by-and-by there came a great change. A band of zealous converts,—comparatively wealthy and

vastly learned,—established themselves in King William Street, and by the peculiarity and fervour of their services caused all London to flock to their chapel. The urbanity, the sanctity, the eloquence of the Fathers of the Oratory were in every mouth, and they soon caused a quickening in the Catholic body quite as wonderful as the impulse they had given to devotion in the Church they had abandoned. Their sphere of action speedily became too narrow for their zeal; and after having bound hundreds of the denizens of the courts and alleys of St. Giles's to them by every tie of interest and affection they took extensive premises in the south-west quarter of London, to carry on their war against the "pride and heresy of an imperial race."

The rule of life and the peculiarities of discipline to which these gentlemen had attached themselves were admirably adapted to touch the English heart. Gorgeousness in ritual with simplicity in devotion; asceticism without gloom; piety without moroseness; frankness, cheerfulness—even fun at proper times and seasons—these are all inculcated by the rule of St. Philip Neri; and no persons could have been found better qualified to present that rule in all its wisdom to the English people than the band of men who were led in two detachments by Dr. Newman and Dr. Faber. The latter, especially, was a priest such as St. Philip would have loved. With his wondrously beautiful voice, so deep and sweet that the vast congregation of the Oratory would hang rapt upon its softest tones; with his kindness of manner in the confessional and out of it, to which the Catholics of that day were a little unused; and with his learning and talent as a devotional writer and as a poet: he was [regarded as an ornament to the Catholic Church and a doughty adversary to all her enemies. Devotion to Rome—that is to say, to the person and pretensions of the Head of the Church—was the key-note of all his discourses; and devotion to Rome was the theme most constantly harped upon by his loving spiritual sons. Devotion to the Mother of God, to St. Philip their Founder, to the Vicar of Jesus Christ—these were the subjects upon which the Oratorians loved to dilate with a vigour and an eloquence which carried with them the hearts of their hearers. Their greatest care was to conform in all things to the details of the Roman ritual. The cut of their vestments, the music of their chants, the shape of a confessional—all was strictly Roman. The walls of their waiting-rooms were hung with valuable engravings of Roman scenes and localities. St. Philip was a Roman saint, and fervent in his love of Rome; and the devout Catholic felt upon entering the church of the Oratory that he was breathing undiluted the very atmosphere

Rome. Their progress into the affections of their people was very rapid and wonderful; and their influence was gradually and purely felt throughout the metropolis, and beyond the metropolis, in every large town in the kingdom. The parish priests of the various chapels felt it necessary to make an effort to provide for the increasing wants of the Catholic body—wants created and well supplied in their own sphere of labour by the Fathers of the Oratory. The new apostles were invited to occupy the pulpits or the altars of the London Catholic chapels, and they left their mark wherever they went. Instead of the old-fashioned sermon preached from notes on the Gospel of the day by the parish priest or one of his curates, an ascetic-looking young man in a somewhat novel garb would hurriedly emerge from the sacristy at the proper moment, genuflect with intense devotion in front of the altar, bow gravely, right and left, to the celebrant and his assistants, and then, without a word of preface, plunge into an impassioned harangue—generally lasting about twenty minutes—which ended as abruptly as it began. All this took the attention of the congregation, and stimulated a spirit which required constant nourishment. The people of the neighbouring chapels came to look upon the Oratory as a model, and praised or depreciated according as their pastors' customs approached or receded from that standard. Gradually the old English-cut chasubles and surplices disappeared and were replaced by Roman vestments of the latest fashion. The graceful old English surplice, cut like the Anglican, but shorter, was superseded by the Roman *cotta*—a scrimping, ungraceful garment.

At the same time a custom sprang up which makes one inclined to dub the Oratorians the Methodists of Roman Catholicism. They began to sing English hymns, not only at the evening services but even during the performance of low mass. Before the establishment of the Oratory in King William-street I do not remember ever to have heard a hymn sung in English in Catholic church or chapel; and I had always understood that the utterance of English words, or of any other than the orthodox Latin tongue, was strictly prohibited at the solemn canonical services of the Church. There were two or three translations of Latin hymns in the "Garden of the Soul," the "Key of Heaven," and other manuals of devotion, but they were never, in my hearing, sung in the churches,—being mostly used by school children, or in private devotional exercises. But the Oratorians, taking advantage of their founder's precept and example, speedily published a book of English hymns, the greater part written by members of their own community.

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 ... of their districts as their fellow-workers
 ... did. The Oratorians had been but very few
 ... church when their hymns were whistled and
 ... boys and cabmen in the neighbouring streets; and
 ... girls leaving Covent Garden in the early morning
 ... into the tuneful chorus of some Oratory hymn
 ... to go to the Oratory on Sunday evenings as
 ... Sunday evening came round. More than once I have
 ... from one side of the street "sing out" to an acquaint
 ... the other, "Goin' to the Orryterry to-night, Bill?"—"No—
 ... a percession. They're goin' to sing 'Mack you
 ... Mack you lie!"—"I'm there then!" was the ready answer;
 ... was there accordingly, with his friends and acquaintances in
 ... force. In this way the words and tunes became as well known
 ... neighbourhood as Moody and Sankey's were in London during
 ... recent mission. Certainly some of the phrases puzzled the
 ... illiterate heretics, as, for example, in the case cited above,
 ... the burden of a favourite hymn, "Immaculate! Immaculate!"
 ... partly from ignorance, partly from boyish mischief
 ... "Mack you lie; oh, Mack, you lie." The frequent repetition
 ... of the phrase "Ora pro nobis" was a great exercise for the ingenu

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and I once saw three tiny rascals
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change. Catholic
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of enthusiastic female
in strange and outlandish
shares between the Oratory and a
by crowds of grinning boys; but in
so used to the spectacle that a nun
the pavements from Brompton to the
without being molested or even noticed.
in all kinds of conventual garbs were seen
hour of the day; and we have at last reached
dress and huge white wings and collar of the Sister

verts rapidly swelled the congregation of the Oratory
ch. The priests established free schools in Holborn, where
street arabs were taught and fed and in many cases pro-
d with employment. They opened meeting houses in the
rts and alleys of their parish, and so met the Methodists and
nters on their own ground. They followed the practice of the
evivalists in wedding sacred words to secular tunes, and the local
ress denounced in scathing terms the practice of singing such
melodies as "The Girl I left behind me," and "St. Patrick's Day in
the Morning," on Sunday evenings, immediately in front of a
Methodist chapel, by the youthful congregation of one of these
outposts of the Oratory. They provided "play-rooms" for lads, fur-
nished with books and innocent amusements, under the immediate
superintendence of one of the Fathers. These places were capital
heretic traps, and drew many a lad to accompany his play-
fellows to the church who otherwise would never have entered the
Oratory portals. Thus they made headway among the poor; and
what their urbanity, their charity, their self-devotion in time of
sickness did among the lower strata of society, their learning, their
eloquence, their polished manners and their aristocratic connec-
tions achieved among the higher classes.

And when they had prepared the ground, and sowed the seed, and
the crops were, so to speak, ripening, there came in troops of mis-

Newman, Faber, Caswell, and others, and introduced them into the public services of their Church, set to easy and beautiful tunes. The congregation was charmed, and the "Pilgrims of the Night" and "Sweet Saviour bless us ere we go," established on firm foundations the popularity of the London Oratory.

The importance of the aid which this fervent body of men gave to Ultramontane Catholicism may be estimated by the change which has come over the neighbourhood where they have permanently established themselves. Before their coming the only Catholic chapel in the extensive district lying between Holborn and Hammer-smith, and between Oxford Street and the river, was the little building at Chelsea, with its adjacent schools; now the ground is covered with chapels, schools, convents, and orphanages: monuments of the zeal and munificence of the Fathers of the Oratory.

Though the labours of the Oratorians were ably seconded in the now fashionable region of Tyburnia by another zealous band of converts, under the presidency of the venerable and well-loved old man who is now at the head of the Catholic body in England; and were further supplemented by the labours of the Passionists in the northern districts, and of the Redemptorists in the southern parts of London,—still none of these bodies succeeded in so completely changing the spirit of their districts as their fellow-workers at Brompton undoubtedly did. The Oratorians had been but very few months in their present church when their hymns were whistled and sung by errand boys and cabmen in the neighbouring streets; and bands of watercress girls leaving Covent Garden in the early morning would often break out into the tuneful chorus of some Oratory hymn. Parties were made up to go to the Oratory on Sunday evenings as regularly as Sunday evening came round. More than once I have heard an urchin from one side of the street "sing out" to an acquaintance on the other, "Goin' to the Orryterry to-night, Bill?"—"No—what's on?"—"Oh, a percession. They're goin' to sing 'Mack you lie; oh, Mack you lie!'"—"I'm there then!" was the ready answer; and he was there accordingly, with his friends and acquaintances in strong force. In this way the words and tunes became as well known in the neighbourhood as Moody and Sankey's were in London during their recent mission. Certainly some of the phrases puzzled the more illiterate heretics, as, for example, in the case cited above, where the burden of a favourite hymn, "Immaculate! Immaculate!" was transformed—partly from ignorance, partly from boyish mischief—into "Mack you lie; oh, Mack, you lie!" The frequent repetition of the phrase "Ora pro nobis" was a great exercise for the ingenu-

of people of this description; and I once saw three tiny rascals with sticks in their hands battering the area railings of a quiet street as they ran along, and singing out at the highest pitch of their little hoarse voices "Ooroar, the omnibus!" From the perfect fidelity with which they rendered the music, I concluded that such was their version of "Ora pro no-o-bis."

Gradually, the face of the locality began to change. Catholic pictures appeared in the shop windows, and rosaries and crucifixes were openly displayed upon the breasts of enthusiastic female converts in the public streets. Women in strange and outlandish dresses were seen in the thoroughfares between the Oratory and a neighbouring square, surrounded by crowds of grinning boys; but in a short time the public became so used to the spectacle that a nun in her habit could traverse the pavements from Brompton to the purlieu of Drury Lane without being molested or even noticed. Soon troops of ladies in all kinds of conventual garbs were seen abroad at every hour of the day; and we have at last reached the blue serge dress and huge white wings and collar of the Sister of Charity.

Converts rapidly swelled the congregation of the Oratory church. The priests established free schools in Holborn, where the street arabs were taught and fed and in many cases provided with employment. They opened meeting houses in the courts and alleys of their parish, and so met the Methodists and Ranters on their own ground. They followed the practice of the Revivalists in wedding sacred words to secular tunes, and the local press denounced in scathing terms the practice of singing such melodies as "The Girl I left behind me," and "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," on Sunday evenings, immediately in front of a Methodist chapel, by the youthful congregation of one of these outposts of the Oratory. They provided "play-rooms" for lads, furnished with books and innocent amusements, under the immediate superintendence of one of the Fathers. These places were capital heretic traps, and drew many a lad to accompany his play-fellows to the church who otherwise would never have entered the Oratory portals. Thus they made headway among the poor; and what their urbanity, their charity, their self-devotion in time of sickness did among the lower strata of society, their learning, their eloquence, their polished manners and their aristocratic connections achieved among the higher classes.

And when they had prepared the ground, and sowed the seed, and the crops were, so to speak, ripening, there came in troops of mis-

sioners to help them gather in the harvest. Franciscans, Carmelites, Oblates of Mary, Dominicans, Fathers of Charity, were speedily on the spot, and by dint of begging and borrowing, have succeeded in raising churches in which to receive the waves of proselytism flowing from the early efforts of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Oratory. It is a curious fact that the greatest successes in the way of reclaiming bad Catholics, and in inducing others to embrace the faith of Rome, have been achieved by those who have themselves received that faith late in life. The Oratorians, the Oblates of St. Charles, the Fathers of Charity, are chiefly composed of converts; and the early successes of the Passionists were due to the ultra-enthusiastic efforts of a converted son of a noble house.

And even as, all through this work, the new converts have exceeded the old priests of the established missions in zeal, so the congregations formed by them out of the numerous accessions to the faith have surpassed the born Romanists in the fervour of their devotional exercises. The old-fashioned Catholics looked with wonder at the perfervid—almost extravagant—devotions which began to make their appearance in the churches, and opened their eyes at the rhapsodies which were uttered in tones of passionate eloquence from the pulpits. Legends and stories which heretofore they were accustomed to regard with indulgence, as necessary to feed the faith and imagination of their ignorant brethren, they now learned with dismay were to be received with that pious credulity the absence of which was a sure sign of a proud spirit and of a heart wavering in the faith. Occasionally the fervour of the new Catholics tried the patience of their elder brethren in an extraordinary degree. For example: when the priests of a certain mission set up a brazen image of their founder in the place of honour on the high altar, a portion of the congregation were aghast, and protested energetically against the innovation as a stumbling-block and a snare to many who were now in excellent disposition towards the Church. We wish—said these old-fashioned people—to remove the prejudices of our neighbours, by assuring them that we worship God alone; but will they not say to us—Look at the brazen image over your altar to which you bow the knee every time you enter your church—Is not that idolatry? It will be useless to tell them that it is not to the image we kneel, but to Something far higher, hidden under the sacramental veils. It is possible the thoughtful and judicious may accept our explanation, but the ignorant and malicious will assume that we are worshipping the image.

The reply was delivered publicly from the pulpit of the church, and was brief and certain in its note. It was to the effect that if the remonstrants did not like the image they could leave it, and whatever money they had paid for sittings, &c., would be returned on application to the proper persons.

Thus came about an awakening in the whole Catholic body. Weekly and bi-weekly confession took the place of the old quarterly or monthly observance; frequent communions were now the rule instead of the rare exceptions; numerous and exciting services were given in the chapels; English hymns were sung everywhere from the Oratorian hymnal; and everybody seemed suddenly alive to the necessity of converting his neighbour from the error of his ways.

These, then, O Imperial Race! are your real adversaries: not the Jesuits, nor the Carmelites, nor the Passionists, nor the thousand and one cohorts of the Roman army, with their unpleasant reputations, or their uncleanly looks,—with their broken English, or their coarse provincial accents: *they* could never, unaided, win your attention, or engage you in serious combat: but these, your own soldiers, who have left your camps with bright and dangerous weapons in their hands, vowing to bend your stubborn necks, and lead you in spiritual chains to the feet of the Roman Pontiff.

THE FIRE AT TRANTER SWEATLEY'S.

A WESSEX BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES," "THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA," &c.

THEY had long met o' Sundays—her true-love and she—
And at junketings, maypoles, and flings ;
But she dwelt wi' a crabbed old uncle, and he
Swore by noon and by night that her husband should be
Naighbour Sweatley (a man often weak at the knee
From taking o' sommat more cheerful than tea),
Who tranted, and moved people's things.

She cried, "O pray pity me!"—Nought would he hear ;
Then with wild rainy eyes she obeyed.
She chid when her Love was for clinking off wi' her :
The passon was told, as the season drew near,
To throw over pulpit the names of the pair
As fitting one flesh to be made.

The wedding-day dawned and the morning drew on :
The couple stood bridegroom and bride :
The evening was passed, and when midnight had gone
The folks horned out "God save the King," and anon
To their home the pair gloomily hied.

The lover, Sim Tankens, mourned heart-sick and drear
To be thus of his darling deprived :
He roamed in the dark around field, mound, and mere,
And, a'most without knowing it, found himself near
The house of the tranter, and now of his dear,
Where the moving lights showed they'd arrived.

The bride sought her chimmer so calm and so pale
That a Northern had thought her resigned ;
But, to eyes that had seen her in seasons of weal,
Like the white cloud of smoke, the red battle-field's veil,
That look told of havoc behind.

The bridegroom yet loitered a beaker to drain,
Then reeled to the lincay for more ;
When the candle-snoff kindled the chaff from his grain—
Flames sprout and rush upwards wi' might and wi' main,
And round beams, thatch, and chimley-tun roar.

Young Sim in the distance, aroused by the light,
Through brimbles and underwood tears,
Till he comes to the orchet, where slap in his sight,
Beneath a bowed codlin-tree, trimbling wi' fright,
In an old coat she'd found on a scarecrow bedight,
His gentle young Barbara appears.

Her form in these cold mildewed tatters he views,
Played about by the frolicsome breeze ;
Her light-tripping totties, her ten little tooes,
All bare and besprinkled wi' Fall's chilly dews,
While her great frightened eyes through her ringlets so loose
Shone like stars through a tangle of trees.

She eyed him ; and, as when a weir-hatch is drawn,
Her tears, penned by terror before,
Wi' a rushing of sobs in a torrent were strawn,
Till her power to pour 'em seemed wasted and gone
From the heft of misfortune she bore.

“ O Sim, my *own* Sim I must call 'ee—I will !
All the world hev turned round on me so !
Can you help her who loved 'ee, though acting so ill ?
Can you pity her misery—feel for her still ?
When, worse than her body so quivering and chill,
Is her heart in its winter of woe !

"I think I could almost hev borne it," she said,
 "Had my griefs one by one come to hand ;
 But O, to be slave to an uncle for bread,
 And then, upon top o' that, driven to wed,
 And then, upon top o' that, burnt out o' bed,
 Is more than my nater can stand !"

Sim's soul like a lion within him out-sprung—
 (Sim had a great soul when his feelings were wrung)
 "Feel for 'ee, dear Barbie?" he cried :
 Then his warm working jacket about her he flung,
 Made a back, horsed her up, till behind him she clung :
 Like a chiel on a gipsy her round figure hung
 As the two sleeves before him he tied.

Over piggeries, and mixens, and apples, and hay,
 They stumbled, straight into the night,
 And finding at length where a bridle-path lay
 By dawn reached Sim's mother's—who, up with the day,
 In round kindly spectacles glared every way,
 To gather some clue to the sight.

Then old Mis'ess Tankens she searched here and there
 For some closet—though fearing 'twas sin—
 Where Barbie could hide, and for clothes she could wear,
 A task hard enough with a creature so fair,
 Who half scrambled to death, sat and cried in a chair
 To think what a stoor she was in.

The loft, up the ladder, seemed safe ; and all day
 In that hiding she laid her sweet limbs ;
 But most of the time in a terrible way,
 Well knowing that there'd be the piper to pay
 When 'twas found that, instead of the element's prey,
 She was living in lodgings at Sim's.

"Where's the tranter?" said men and boys, "Where can he
 "Where's the tranter?" said Barbie alone.
 "Where on earth is the tranter!" said everybody :
 They sifted the dust of his perished roof-tree,
 And all they could find was a bone !

Then the uncle cried, "Lord, pray have mercy on me!"

And in sorrow began to repent:

But before 'twas complete, and till sure she was free,
Barbie drew up her loft-ladder, tight turned her key—
Sim handing in breakfast, and dinner, and tea—

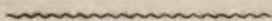
Till the crabbed man gied his consent.

There was skimmy-riding with rout, shout, and flare,
In Weatherbury, Stokeham, and Windleton, ere

They had proof of old Sweatley's decay:

The Mellstock and Yalbury folk stood in a stare
(The tranter owned houses and garden-ground there),
But little did Sim or his Barbara care,

For he took her to church the next day.



ROBERT BUCHANAN'S POETRY.

BY THE HON. RODEN NOEL,

AUTHOR OF "LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA," "THE RED FLAG AND OTHER POEMS," &c.

EXCEPT by a clique, and perhaps by here and there a small literary buccaneer, who admires nobody but himself and the manes, or rather names, of departed greatness, whose hand is against every man and every man's against him, the merit of Mr. Buchanan's poetry is, I suppose, now pretty generally acknowledged.

Refined critics certainly objected in the first instance to Mr. Buchanan's choice of vulgar everyday subjects. But now they have been driven out of this position, and the new ground taken up against him by a certain school is that he has treated these subjects unpoetically. It is difficult to answer this except by saying that he *hasn't*—"Meg Blane" being one of the finest poems of the kind in the language—though occasionally, no doubt, he may be open to the charge. In the "Poems and Ballads of Life" the treatment is indeed somewhat slight; but if it were not so, dramatic propriety would be violated, because the poet's method is usually to relate his story through a third person who is in the same rather humble class of life as those whose fortunes he narrates. Now in a poem like "Widow Mysie," I think it may be conceded there *is* a certain commonness, even vulgarity of flavour, chiefly because the heroine is a commonplace person in commonplace circumstances; and while there is no tragic intensity in these, the humour is not subtle enough to redeem the superficial vulgarity of the subject. For poetry, surely the level of these lines, which give the keynote of the whole, is low:—

Tam Love, a man prepared for friend or foe,
Whiskered, well-featured, tight from top to toe.

But on the whole, Mr. Buchanan in his narrative poems probably makes his people talk more *naturally* than any other verse-writer of the day. Ought girls of the lower class, like Nell and Liz, to speak in language concocted by a poet out of his own creditably familiar knowledge of the classics, the Italian poets, and Elizabethan English? *It is averred* by critics that they have no objection to Nell and Liz

being heard in verse—they will condescend to listen to *them* even—but—but what? How does Shakespeare make his clowns, and hinds, and common soldiers, and Dogberries, and even Falstaff's talk? How does Tennyson his "Northern Farmer"? or his Tib and Joan in "Queen Mary"? By no means euphuistically. To my mind the pathetic simplicity of language in one of the most beautiful of these poems, "Liz," is one of its chief merits, and on the whole the *form* of the poem is fully as excellent as the substance: if it were *more* remarkable, the poem of course would not be a quarter so good. Ought Scott to have made Halbert Glendinning or Mary Avenel use the same language as Sir Piercie Shafton?

Some finical, fastidious gentleman objected to the word "costermonger" in "Liz." It made him stop his ears and give a little scream; but it was appropriate where it stood, and I am sorry Mr. Buchanan has altered it. He has "Joe Purvis" instead, and I am sure the gentleman will object to that equally. It should have been "Reginald Mauleverer," so as not to offend ears polite. Speaking of his indiarubber ball, the little boy said to his governess: "If you prick it it will go squash!" "O shocking, my dear!" said the prim lady; "you should have said, 'If you puncture it, it will collapse.'" But Mr. Buchanan won't, we trust, make gravediggers call spades *effodiators*, or housemaids call coalscuttles *Pandoras* (though perhaps they will soon in real life), for all his governesses may say to him. A poet may leave fine language of that kind to advertising tradesmen. The "Last of the Hangmen," however, seems to me too merely coarse and grotesque—not sufficiently spiritualised. He might do in a Dutch picture; but he is hardly elaborately realised enough for a poetic study even of the Dutch order.

It has been urged again that these poems are too *sentimental*: so that what seems to be desiderated is this—that costermongers and street women should say very hard, harsh, and commonplace things—perhaps blaspheme?—*only in turgid, euphuistic English*. Perhaps somebody was right when he said that Mr. Buchanan makes his townspeople and peasants talk a little too much about external nature—but there is generally something in their circumstances that affords a clue to that. Liz, in a very fine passage, expresses her horror of the country, which she had once visited. How would the critics set about presenting such people poetically at all—except by the aid of artificial euphuism? What Mr. Buchanan does is to take such men and women at moments and in moods when *some circumstance* of their lives brings out the finer and more human *traits in them*. Over them he sheds the mild light of sorrow, or the

stormy glare of tragedy. And he rightly believes that there is this humanity of infinite worth in them all—desiring to clear them from the rags and grime that hide them from persons with pouncet boxes. So in death, common features may seem grand, and assume the semblance of some fairer, nobler relation. Well then, the poet does not make them leave out their h's, and does not make them talk *argot*—that is another count in the very self-consistent indictment—but that may not be essential to them; he just indicates their rank by the speech; he makes it “poetical” enough not to be displeasing; not too “poetical” to be out of character altogether.

Picturesque the “dim common populations” are in some aspects, rugged, full of movement and colour, with none of their angles rubbed down in the social mill. And is it not well that a poet should take us with him into the heart of great cities, or into rude huts on the mountain side and on the shore, setting us face to face, heart to heart, with men and women—“fatestricken” persons often, braving hunger and want, danger and despair, toiling ever to render easier life possible for us—making us know more wisely, because more lovingly, the very waifs, outcasts, and lost children of our human family? They who lounge at club windows, or write leaders for gentlemen, may like to shut out all that from them; it is an offence and a puzzle to them; only “false sentiment,” “philanthropy,” or something equally odious and *de mauvais ton* notices these things. “Odi profanum!” But let these persons be more tolerant of other tastes; let them cease to suppose that they in their cloisters or clubs are mouthpieces of what is soundest and most enduring in the heart of this nation. Why should they fancy, moreover, that they *know* so much more of these people than this poet who professes to have suffered and struggled with them—in some sense to have sprung from them—and to have *experienced* that there is a soul of good even in things evil; who, on the whole, with Walt Whitman, from whom he has learnt much, refuses to call anything—except the “fleshy school”—common or unclean? The people, in moments of emotion, *have* poetry of thought and expression far more genuine than that of the genteel, and they *are* able to feel—if they *have leisure*, even to dwell upon their feelings—though they may not dwell so much upon them as we, nor make a luxury of the practice in their hard hand-to-hand fight with stern gross wants. I would not deny that these poems may be too uniformly tearful and sad; nevertheless, the poet has humour very salt and genuine too: I wish he would use that faculty oftener. Poets have it seldom

nowadays. Herein, as in other ways, Buchanan sometimes reminds us of Burns.

No doubt such metrical stories have been written before. We have Shenstone, Crabbe, Clare, E. Elliott, and, above all, Wordsworth. But such idyls have not been written, I think, about the inhabitants of cities. To our great novelist, Charles Dickens, we chiefly owe an interest about and knowledge of modern cities, and while Nell a little reminds us of *Oliver Twist*, Angus Blane in one respect reminds us of *Barnaby Rudge*. But Mr. Buchanan's best things are essentially poems, and not novels. Though he has been influenced by this great master—and by that other great master, Wordsworth, who in "Michael" and the "Excursion" led us to feel the nobility and pathos of common life—yet he is thoroughly original. As to Crabbe, though in him there is "iron pathos," and grim realistic tragedy, yet *as a rule* I cannot feel in him the consecration of the "light that never was on sea or land." And there is surely very little verbal music in Crabbe. It is photography. The details are not selected.

"John," "Kittie Kemble," and "De Berny," all seem to belong to Mr. Buchanan's inferior work—in them the *motif* is too slight, and the metre hardly seems to have sufficient *raison d'être*, while neither that nor the diction is for its own sake striking. Such sketches are clever, but one can hardly accept them as poems. Mr. Buchanan writes a great deal, and perhaps no one's work is less equal; but great inequality may be predicated of the best poets. As Byron says to Murray, "What poem is good all through? You may think yourself lucky if *half* 'Don Juan' be good." It may be said that most of Gray and Campbell is good; but are Gray and Campbell in the first order of poets? And *are they good all through?* Certainly not, unless mere "correct," or tumid, bombastic diction makes good poetry—without fire, without emotion, without vision. Yet, Campbell's odes and Gray's "Elegy" are admirable beyond question. Mr. Swinburne says of Byron that you are never secure in him from some hideous dislocation of pinion when he is in full flight. I think that may be true. But you have unfortunately to choose between this and a poet who, while remaining on the ground, flaps and beats his wings as if he were flying, or else plays tricks, as of a tumbler pigeon, in mid-air. What poet always soars, and yet never "collapses," or plays fantastic tricks? "*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*" And if so, what of the rest?

In estimating a poet's position I fancy we must ask—not, What bad things has he done? or What defects are there in his work? but How good are his best things? and perhaps How many very good

things has he done? To me it seems that there are in Sydney Dobell a few passages, perhaps even lyrics, of such transcendent excellence—for instance, that passage about the Colosseum and gladiator—as almost to counterbalance the marvellous want of organic unity in his (Dobell's) productions; yet, they being only passages, one hesitates where to place him. In Buchanan, however, you have poems good, not passages merely. And the question is, therefore, *How good* are those poems?

What is especially striking about "Nell" is the intensity of its passion; every word sinks home; its brevity gives it high tragic power. "Poetic diction" and ingenious metrical effects would simply *ruin* that poem. The lines

I stopped, and had some coffee at a stall,
Because I felt so chill,

in their place are intensely poetical, exactly because there is no "poetic diction" about them. These women are as noble too as Chaucer's Patient Griseld is.

I hardly know any one who can draw such telling pictures in a few words, or set before you a group of figures with their background so distinctly, as if by a flash of lightning issuing out of the darkness of stormy night.

Before proceeding to notice more particularly "Meg Blane," I would express regret at not seeing in this collection "Attorney Sneak," an exceedingly humorous piece; but I am glad to see "Tim O'Hara," and the "Starling," of the same order.

Meg Blane was a kind of sailor woman, rough and gaunt, yet with a woman's nature. She had lived with a man as his wife: he had gone to sea, and she knew not what was become of him. With her, in her hut by the shore, abode her full-grown, half-witted son, and the love these two bore one another is described with much beauty. Of the boldest was Meg Blane in perilous adventures by sea, but she yearned ever, like a true woman, after the absent. One night there was a great storm, which is depicted with intense power. Meg Blane gets some men to go with her in a boat out to a wreck, which breaks up before they reach it; but one man was drifted on shore alive, and borne to a cottage, where Meg afterwards goes to see him while he lies asleep and exhausted. She recognises in this man her old lover; and most powerful is the picture of this. She withdraws, and returns later—but troubled, and wondering to herself that the joy seems less absolute than she had fancied all these years it *would be*. Intensely dramatic and moving is the representation of *the interview* wherein she learns, on presenting to him the half-

Angus as their "bairn," that he is married and has children !
of the most lovely lyrical lines in the language follow :

Lord, with how small a thing
Thou canst prop up a heart against the grave !
A little glimmering
Is all we crave ;
The lustre of a love that hath no being ;
The pale point of a little star above,
Flashing and fleeing,
Contents our seeing.
The house that never will be built ; the gold
That never will be told ;
The task we leave undone when we are cold ;
The dear face that returns not, but is lying
Licked by the leopard in an Indian cave ;
The coming rest that cometh not, till sighing,
We turn our tremulous gaze upon the grave !
And Lord ! how should we dare
Thither in peace to fall,
But for a feeble glimmering even there,
Falsest perchance of all ?
We are as children in Thy hands indeed !
And thou hast easy comfort for our need :
The shining of a lamp, the tinkling of a bell,
Content us well.

In poverty, in pain,
For weary years and long,
One faith, one fear, had comforted Meg Blane,
Yea, made her brave and strong ;
A faith so faint, it seemed not faith at all :
Rather a trouble, and a dreamy fear,
A hearkening for a voice, for a footfall,
She never hoped in sober heart to hear.
This had been all her cheer :
Yet with this balm
Her soul might have slept calm
For many another year.

After this hope failed her she lost her courage at sea, her heart
died on land ; poor Angus, who depended on her, suffered, and
shared as partaking of her sorrow ; and this was bitter to her—the
woman became hard toward men, and fretful, and knew she
could not long to live.

" O bairn, when I am dead,
How shall ye keep frae harm ?
What hand will gie ye bread ?
What fire will keep ye warm ?
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me ?"
" O mither, dinna dee !"

" O bairn, it is but closing up the een,
 And lying down never to rise again :
 Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen ;
 There is nae pain.
 I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken why ;
 My summer has gone by :
 And sweet were sleep but for the sake o' thee ! "
 " O mither, dinna dee ! "

When summer scents and sounds were on the sea,
 And all night long the silvern surge plashed cool,
 Outside the hut she sat upon a stool,
 And with thin fingers fashion'd carefully,
 While Angus leant his head against her knee,
 A long white dress of wool.
 " O mither," cried the man, " what make ye there ?
 A blanket for our bed !
 O mither ! it is like the shroud folk wear
 When they are drown'd and dead ! "
 And Meg said naught, but kissed him on the lips,
 And looked with dull eye seaward, where the moon
 Blackened the white sails of the passing ships,
 Into the Land where she was going soon.

The man soon followed her. There is a most extraordinary Celtic glamour about this poem, penetrating through the intense and rugged realism of it. And this it is which the author truly conceives to be one great characteristic of his work—though he insists upon the "mysticism" of it almost too strenuously—which exasperates all those (the majority even of intelligent people) who detest "mysticism"—does not Mr. Swinburne call philosophy "a pestilential and holy jungle" ?—besides indicating a tendency which, I fancy, might become prejudicial to his remarkable realistic human faculty in poetry. Thus Mr. Buchanan himself has perceived that his long "Drama of Kings" was, on the whole, a failure ; and I cannot help thinking that the mystical element here unduly prevailed over the human. I shall hardly be suspected of undervaluing philosophy, or the mysterious spiritual element in poetry ; but in his presentation of the Napoleons and Bismarck Mr. Buchanan did not give one the impression of so firm a grasp upon individualities as he does in his portraits from low life. There is much more complexity in characters of this kind, and they are, before all, *men of action*—their ends being chiefly tangible and practical, however large, and therefore to some extent ideal. Celebrated statesmen may be prominent instruments in the carrying out of certain universal laws, which thinkers may be able to detect ; but very seldom are such laws uppermost in their thoughts, even if consciously grasped by their understanding at all

"With how little wisdom is the world governed!" and yet might it not be worse governed with more? It is in the delineation of simpler, ruder natures swayed by deep emotions, and but half-consciously influenced by the grand wild natural elements around, that Mr. Buchanan excels—what can be finer, for instance, than his "Tiger Bay," and his picture of the tigerish would-be murderess watching the sleeping sailor in some low lodging of Ratcliff Highway—not of the whole scene merely, but of the subtle play, and shifting of emotions in the wild woman's mind, till the better prevail—with that companion picture of an actual tiger in a jungle?

The great Napoleon is indeed depicted with some dramatic skill; but the very fragmentary glimpse of him we get in his dispute with the queen and cardinal somehow fails to satisfy; and his solitary broodings, though striking, and possibly appropriate, do not seem sufficient to fill up the portrait of him quite characteristically. We have the same feeling as regards the portraiture of Bismarck, and the Third Napoleon; though one is rather more satisfied with the latter, who indeed seems to have been a brooding, irresolute, somewhat shallow and pretentious person. But here more elaboration, more distinction of poetic language and metre, might have been efficacious in raising the work to a higher poetic level. In fact, one wants here a real drama with movement and development. There is an absence, moreover, of Mr. Buchanan's special merit—condensation, terseness, intensity. The choruses and semi-choruses are unequal, and too numerous; nor does their moral and intellectual generality seem to harmonise with the fragmentary realistic glimpses of actual passing events—too familiar, because too little spiritualised; less still do I like the imitation of Goethe's supernatural Faust machinery. Out of Shelley, one can scarcely read choruses and semi-choruses *ad libitum* in modern poetry, and not rebel. The whole thing in Shelley is sublimated; it passes in an æthereal region of unearthly and seraphic loveliness.

There is, perhaps, a danger lest "the mystic" should not accept life in all its variety and interaction; and too arbitrarily selecting from his own standpoint what seems to him individually most significant and lofty, the dramatist or narrator may thus too easily become the preacher or moraliser, sliding into turgid and nebulous generalities—far removed from the living order of Shakespeare's creations—or at least into monotonous mannerism of treatment; and this, even though he may not be ready to swallow whole merely conventional views of virtue. There is always, moreover, a danger of a man posing too much as mystic or prophet, and contemplating himself too.

much in that character—a danger to his insight and art of the same kind as would arise from his considering too much what will make him immediately popular with the many, or with a clique.

Still there are passages of much excellence in this long book, and the author here reprints some of the best of the lyrical ones under the title of "Political Mystics" and "Songs of the Terrible Year." "Titan and Avatar" is in parts particularly fine, Titan being the People, or the Spirit of Man, and Avatar the great Napoleon. The curse on him pronounced by Titan, whom he has misled with false though specious promises, lured by false fires for his own ends, on whom he has brought so much misery and desolation, is especially striking. The great anarchy is doomed to wither away on the lonely rock of St. Helena—as Haydon has painted him—

Till like a wave, worn out with silent breaking,
Or like a wind blown weary, thou forsaking
Thy tenement of clay,
Shalt wear and waste away,
And grow a portion of the ever-waking
Tumult of cloud and sea. Feature by feature
Losing the likeness of the living creature,
Returning back thy form
To its elements of storm,
Thou shalt dissolve in the great wreck of Nature!

A sweeping resonant lyric, too, is the "Song of the Sword," supposed to be sung by the Germans on the coronation of their Emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

"Artist and Model" is a poem which I should fancy might commend itself even to the most euphuistic of persons with pouncet boxes who refuse to let common things and common words come between the wind and their nobility—who invent felicitous, periphrastic disguises for the nakedness of all vulgar little *ands* or *but*s—who white the sepulchre, and, like certain tribes, cover the face decorously, leaving other parts exposed. But probably the diction of this poem would seem to them too simple, direct, and exquisitely compliant to the delicate mould and subtle movement of suggested thought or tender emotion. This is just, however, what fulfils my Philistine idea of good expression, and good form, which I also in my poor way value.

I shall now say a word about the "Book of Orn." The more it is read, the more it grows on you. On the whole I cannot sufficiently express my admiration. Its loose rhythms are usually most skilful, musical, and fascinating. These, harmonising well with the whole conception, which is Celtic in character, impress you with a sense of

originality, as the varied metres of the "Drama of Kings" somehow did not. The poem is no less than a contribution in poetic cypher toward the solution of some universal problems—ambitious this!—yet the poet has fairly grasped some of the best thought of the time, even if he have not quite mastered—as what poet has?—the world's foremost thinkers. But what is distinctively his own, and of the highest artistic import here, is the manner in which he has seen and successfully presented a few very striking ideas, invested with vivid, noble, and appropriate forms, rising out of the depths of a personal, boldly creative, and profoundly emotional imagination.

"The Vision of the World without Death" is a most admirable attempt to show the use and even consoling influence of visible death, and of resting-places for mortal ashes. I am sorry for any who fail to feel the marvellous beauty of this part. In its magical pathos the picture of the mother losing her children without seeing them die is unsurpassable. All this shows a very high and rare imagination.

And stilly in the starlight came I backward
To the forest where I missed him, and no voices
Broke the stillness as I stooped down in the starlight,
And saw two little shoes filled up with dew,
And no mark of little footsteps any further,
And knew my little daughter had gone also.

In "Songs of Seeking" the author shows his very characteristic grasp of the great truth which so few can feel, that wickedness is not absolute—not final, therefore; nor Doom—that there is "a soul of good in things evil"; that "God hath made even the wicked to praise Him," in a far profounder sense than that in which the doctrine of everlasting damnation teaches it. Very beautiful are the stanzas named "Quest" and "The Lamb of God."

As in the snowy stillness,
Where the stars shine greenly
In a mirror of ice,
The reindeer abideth alone,
And speedeth swiftly
From her following shadow
In the moon,
I speed for ever
From the mystic shape
That my life projects,
And my soul perceives,
And I loom for ever
Through desolate regions
Of wondrous thought,
And I fear the thing
That follows me.

Doth thy winged lightning
Strike, O Master!
The timid reindeer,
Flying her shade?
Will thy wrath pursue me,
Because I cannot
Escape the shadow
Of the thing I am?

"God's Dream" is really a profound poem. "The Lifting of the Veil" is a vivid, imaginative picture of what would happen to men and women if they did know the whole mystery of God, which they mourn they cannot know. The "Seeds," too, is a most notable lyric of the development of life, consciousness, power, and pain. The "Devil's Mystics" are surely somewhat obscure, especially "Roses": I was glad to see the *Spectator's* exposition, which Mr. Buchanan reprints and accepts. His Devil is the incarnation of Evil regarded as Defect. This very familiar metaphysical conception does not lend itself easily, however, to *personal* symbolism. This mystic "Devil" becomes necessarily a kind of *beneficent* being, and so loses his very distinctive nature as Devil: as a spirit of evil. To try to render this idea concrete is to fail. Nevertheless the last lines are extremely suggestive, and might be taken by the author as his motto:

The voice cried out, "Rejoice, rejoice!
There shall be sleep for evil!"
And all the sweetness of God's Voice
Passed strangely through the Devil.

The "Song of Deicides" is extremely vigorous and clever; but the "Vision of the Man Accurst" is a truly grand imaginative effort, and embodies the central truth of Christianity, that utter self-sacrificing love is divine, and is alone capable of prevailing over evil—which truth has been embodied in a supreme manner by Victor Hugo in his "Miserables." If it were not that, perhaps, the shadowy, phantom-like genius of the whole poem demands it, one might complain of a certain want of complex detail and coherence in the imagery here—but it is Ossianic, and fine in its own large, vague Brocken-spectre style. One "man accurst" alone is not saved from sin, though all beside are saved. He is cast out from Heaven, and blasphemes in a wild region of ice. At length God asks if any will go forth and voluntarily share his doom. At last his mother and his wife go forth from bliss to the loathsome thing, and "kiss his bloody hands." "The one he slew in anger—the other he stript, with ravenous claws of raiment and of food." "Nevertheless," says the wife:

"I will go forth with him whom ye call curst;
I have kis't his lips; I have lain upon his breast;

I bare him children, and I closed his eyes :
 I will go forth with him." . . .
 A piteous human cry, a sob forlorn
 Thrilled to the heart of Heaven. The man wept ;
 And in a voice of most exceeding peace
 The Lord said, while against the breast divine
 The waters of life leapt gleaming, gladdening,
 "The man is saved : let the man enter in !"

Still one feels inclined to congratulate Mr. Buchanan on his having dropped the prophet in his anonymous works, "St. Abe" and "White Rose." He has gained variety of human interest by dropping it. In these works he shows, besides matured humour and satirical faculty, as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, not knowing of whom it was writing! truly and naively says, "dramatic genius," together with admirable easy mastery over versification. The prosaic baldness, triviality, bad taste, and over-blankness, which certainly do disfigure some of his earlier work, have in these narratives entirely disappeared; while the narratives are much more rich and complex as studies of character, of persons in their mutual life-influence on one another, than anything which has preceded. Thoroughly sincere and graphic studies of external nature also occur. Notable here, as usually in the author's work, are its artistic totality and clearness of outline; also the racy, nervous, direct Anglo-Saxon strength of its language, for which we must go otherwise at the present day to Tennyson's "Queen Mary," and Sir H. Taylor's dramas; or back to Byron, Wordsworth, Pope, and Chaucer—notable, too, its absence of affectation, artifice, and general excess. There is no poverty of matter, or extravagance of manner. All this used to be thought essential in the time of Aristotle, and even since. It used to be thought classical. But academies have changed their minds. Of course one may lay too much stress on self-restrained symmetry, and clearness. "Endymion" is beautiful poetry, and Gifford's "Baviad" is nothing of the sort. Gold ore is better than polished brass snuffers. Still these qualities are something; for they are essential to the greatest artists—for instance, to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Homer.

Yet in the early work, fine as it often was for intensity and severity of outline, the colouring was almost fatiguing in its lurid and fiery brilliancy—one longed for a little more repose, more delicate complexity of subtly varying hues, more gradations, more half-notes, *more tendernesses of shadow*, more development of character, such as *one finds in life, and in external nature*. Here we have much of all this, without losing breadth and decision of touch, or depth and

lustre of tint. Splendidly vivid is the Boss's tale in "St. Abe"; admirably humorous are the feminine whispers in church during Brigham's sermon; the sketch of Abe Clewson's seven wives; and the close analysis of his own character, partly contained in his last epistle to the polygamists of Utah, in which he relates how he fell in love with his own wife—his last and youngest, who also loved him—and how they fled together, he seriously describing himself years after as not saintly enough for Mormonism.

But "White Rose and Red" is in some respects Mr. Buchanan's greatest poem. I never read a criticism I thought more ludicrously at sea than that in the *Spectator*, which declared that this poem was remarkable, not for its humanity, but for its descriptions of nature. These, indeed, are as good as possible, whether luscious tropical descriptions at the beginning, or those of the Great Snow, or that of Drowsietown. But it is the human pictures that one most prizes here. Magnificent is the portrayal of the hunter's capture by bathing Indian women; as also of Red Rose, the wild Indian girl, who fell in love with Eureka Hart, the tall, handsome "beaver-minded" white hunter, while he roamed in his youth through a tropical forest—splendid the relation of her tropical love for him, and its transfiguration, not of him, alas! but of his image in her soul. Yet no one without keen humour touched with pity could have done this. While he begins to dream of civilisation and proprieties, and her fierce love begins to bore him, she imagines, looking in his fine face, he is brooding over all kinds of Divine projects—the beaver! Then he says he must go, but he will return—and he means it. He gives her a paper scrawled in blood with his name and address. He comes not; she follows him over many weary lands through the Great Snow. She arrives at a cottage door at last with his child—a mighty storm is raging—*his wife* opens!—a white little wife—to whom before fainting she shows this paper! That White Rose, Phœbe, is admirably painted, in contrast to the Red Rose, and all the alternations of her feeling when she knows the truth: she is proper, somewhat cold, civilised, not too much in love, yet kind and good. The man enters; Red Rose clings to him, still full of faith! The humour of the situation almost predominates over the pathos here. Poor treacherous beaver! He does not know what to do between the two women. He had got back; he wanted to "settle down;" perhaps Red Rose would forget him, in time; and what would Parson Pendon say to his marrying a red squaw—not a Christian? Shocking! And then he fell in love—for the first time *in love*—with Phœbe Anna—so they were married. Noble in

extreme and graphic is the account of Red Rose's terrible journey to find him. Soon after arriving she dies—nursed by White Rose, with Eureka Hart by; she still believing in him, and that they shall meet in those happy prairies which are the Indian's Heaven. Alas! alas! White Rose pardons him—and he, did he forget Red Rose? Never!

Often, while

He sat and puff'd his pipe with easy smile,
 Surveying fields and orchards from the porch,
 And far away the little village church,
 While all seemed peaceful, earth and air and sky;
 A twinkle came into his fish-like eye:
 "Poor critter!" sigh'd he, as a cloud he blew,
 "She was a splendid figure, and that's true!"

Grim tragi-comedy! The metres are sparkling and facile; everybody talks, not in poetic diction or heroics, but as everybody would; and the poet's humour plays like a lambent flame over all. There is a good deal of Chaucer, Burns, and Byron here; yet the poem is thoroughly original—queer, sensuous, tender, serious, wonderful, like life; as I said, the more so that the poet is for the nonce no prophet, and forgets how angry he has been with the "fleshly school"! The writer's power of painting external nature has greatly matured. There are no more admirable descriptions extant than in his prose-work on the Hebrides, where also we find one of his most magically affecting tales, "Eiradh of Canna."

Mr. Buchanan has written some very noble sonnets; "Faces on the Wall," and those called "Coruisken," that open the "Book of Orm," and most powerfully mirror the sublime, desolate scenery of Loch Coruisk, embodying also corresponding moods of desolate doubt and dim aspiration. He occasionally gives us delicate fancies, breathing an aroma of evanescent emotion, such as "Clari in the Well," and "Charmian." But in the moralised weird and mystical, and in the spiritualised real, is he most at home. A wonderful piece of work of that kind is the "Ballad of Judas Iscariot," with its high moral. The "Dead Mother," and "Lord Roland's Wife" too are steeped in a similar magical atmosphere, but have a more tenderly human pathos.

The following strange arresting lines among others express the writer's central idea most forcibly:—

O Pan! O Pan! thou art not dead:
 Ghost-like, O Pan! thou glimmerest still,
 A spectral face with sad dumb stare;
 On rainy nights thy breath blows chill
 In the street-walker's dripping hair!

By lonely meres thou dost not wait;
 But *here*, 'mid living waves of Fate,
 We feel thee go and come.

So accordingly the poet gives us beautiful lyrics, like a "Spring Song in the City," the "City Asleep," and "Two Sons," as well as powerful sketches like "Barbara Gray." His utterance here is bold to a degree; he looks beyond what the conventional world, religious or worldly, may *say* is right, to that which is more absolutely right; even as it is also in accordance with the best instincts of this plain, but not loveless woman's heart. The man wronged and left her; she went astray with him; but none else had brought love into her narrow and unlovely life: so, as he lies dead in the grim London room, deformed and unbeautiful himself, she forgives, kisses him, and loves on. Of course the "Art pour art" school will say that a poet has no business to teach even by implication, to have or express any moral convictions of his own. That I deny. What do they make of Shelley, and Dante? Is any this poem is an artistic glorification of the meanest possible subject, and as such a triumph of art. It is more elevating than the skilful presentation of natures, however brilliant, in lower or more evil moods. That may be done most artistically; but it does not open out to the soul the same infinite vistas, tinged with light from above. If there be nobler spiritual elements, and a moral law with sanctions in our nature, the highest art cannot afford to ignore these in dealing with man: the art that does so distorts, or is most contracted in scope. High art will either create high types, contrasting them with low, or look for hidden higher issues and relations in the low.

Skill in portrayal is essential, and that includes *style*; but the point of view selected, and the kind of insight displayed mark the difference between high, and low art. This seems not to be understood by a certain school of critics. According to their teaching, the skilful painter of a plum should be equal to the skilful painter of a Last Judgment, or a Cornaro family—the late Mr. Hunt to Michael Angelo, or Titian. But however skilful Teniers may be, Raphael, who showed equal skill in higher spiritual regions, is a greater painter. Homer too is a greater—*yet not a more skilful*—poet than Horace, or Theocritus. A very skilful cook or cobbler—is as great an artist as a very skilful architect? The real difficulty of course is to balance greater insight, feeling, and organising imagination in the one case against greater technical excellence in the other, where these qualities do not exist equally prop

ioned in two writers. According to the bias of individual judgments, there must always be variation in the verdicts. And we must remember that a morally low may be an intellectually or aesthetically high type—for instance, a Cleopatra, or a Mary Stuart—still the range of a poet is limited, who cannot command the highest spiritual harmonies of his instrument—though no doubt it is also limited if he can only command these. I desire, however, to express my full sense of the fine lyrical faculty of Mr. Swinburne, and of the high dramatic faculty displayed by him in "Bothwell"; but I desire also to vindicate Mr. Buchanan's work from the truculently arrogant and recklessly uncritical verbal petroleum flung upon it by Mr. Swinburne and his disciples; and to show moreover that his work has merits, which these rival writers have not in so high a degree. That technical skill is essential is so certain, that no fool ever disputed it—if that is all the school have to teach. The only difference and question in this connection which arises is—*what is skill in dealing with a given subject, and who shows it?*

Merely didactic, expository, or analytic verse is not poetry—large portions, therefore, of Lucretius, of Mr. Browning, and of that really magnificent poem by Mr. Domett, "Ranolf and Amohia," are not. But in Pope always, in Dryden sometimes, we have wit playing through all, like a spiritual flame; in other similar poems we have humour. All original poets flush the lives or objects they behold with emotional light from the depths of their own souls; but this light is a revealing, not a misleading one, whether it shine specially upon sensuous and æsthetic, or upon moral and intellectual aspects; others partaking of the same human sympathies are enabled thereby to see as the poet sees: this is the true transfiguring light of art. Some, however, not gifted with the requisite human elements, how clever and cultivated soever, can only mock and decry. But general as well as concrete truth has been and may yet be poetically presented.

Some poets again are more in harmony with their own age's most advanced standpoint than others—and a man may be either superficially, or more profoundly and less apparently in harmony with it. While low clouds are moving one way, high clouds may be moving another; but the motion of low clouds may be the most evident to careless glances of the many; and because I believe Mr. Buchanan to have given adequate expression in imaginative rhythmical form to *some of the deepest special perceptions and ideal aims of the time, I believe him to be one of our foremost living poets, and destined to become (directly or indirectly) one of our most influential.*

THE DREAM-GATHERER.

BY EDWARD SEVERN.



COME, buy my dreams ! From the meadow
They were gathered at morn by me
Between the sun and the shadow,
Between the wind and the sea.

From the path that the sleeper goeth,
From the sun beyond the sun,
From the field that no man knoweth,
They were gathered one by one—

From the light of a starless sorrow,
From the fruit of a leafless spray,
From the sheen of a long To-morrow
That never will be To-day.

Alas for the ears that hear not,
For the eyes that take no heed :
Alas for the tongues that fear not
To call a flower a weed !

Buy Dreams, for hall and bower !
A Dream is a soul unchained :
A Dream is a passion-flower
That never is passion-stained.

Buy Dreams, for bower and dwelling !
A Dream is the heart of spring—
A tale too deep for telling,
And a song too sweet to sing.

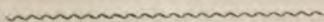
Alas for the hearts that hear not,
For the souls that are blind indeed—
Alas for the thoughts that fear not
To call a Dream a weed !

Love is a Dream of May-time,
And so doth it fade as soon
As Day-break fades to Day-time,
And as May-time fades to June :

Life is a Dream of June-tide,
And so doth it fade and die
As Day-tide dies to Noon-tide,
And as June-tide to July :

Death is the Dream December,
And it passes even so—
As the spark of the old year's ember
When the snow-drop breaks the snow.

Flowers, flowers, for every buyer !
Weeds, weeds, if but weeds they seem !
For the Rose was at first a Briar,
And Heaven must be first a Dream.



MODERN TACTICAL ORGANISATION

BY W. W. KNOLLYS,

MAJOR 93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

IN the recently issued third volume of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" appears a singularly able article on the word "Army," by Colonel G. Pomeroy Colley. With equal succinctness and clearness, the author describes the chief ancient and modern military systems. He states his object to be the description of the machine called an army "in a state of rest, explaining the construction, purpose, and combination of its several parts, but leaving its action to be treated of elsewhere." My intention is to briefly describe the chief organisations now existing, and to investigate the principles on which they are based.

Our own military organisation is in some of its details the result of accident and without any other justification than that of long usage. The main strength of an army admittedly consists in its infantry. Not only is it the most numerous but also the most independent of all the three arms. Let us therefore see what its organisation is in England and the chief military countries of Europe. The Battalion has hitherto been considered the tactical unit of infantry, but there is a tendency on the part of modern writers to treat the Company as such. Before we can decide on the rival claims of these two bodies, we must first determine what a tactical unit is. I would submit that a tactical unit is the largest body of soldiers habitually at manoeuvres or on the field of battle directly commanded by one officer, and the members of which ordinarily act together and as a whole. If this be a correct definition of the tactical unit, the term has till lately, at all events, been properly applied to the battalion. Save in exceptional cases it was handled by the colonel as one body. Still even with the old system of drill the colonel often gave his orders to the captain, and it was at the command of the latter that the men moved. However, as the companies pursued a common object, and were ordinarily kept together, I think that the battalion was properly termed the tactical unit. The new method of attack and defence has undoubtedly somewhat weakened its claim to the title. *All the companies will still pursue a common object, but not as heretofore in the same way, and when on the offensive under a close*

The battalion will be so broken up, will cover both in breadth and depth so much ground, that the colonel's voice would fail to reach more than a comparatively small number of men. It may be argued that even on the offensive and under close fire the battalion will occasionally receive the word of command direct from the colonel—for instance when the last rush is made on a position. It is also true that on the defensive the battalion will often be united and take the word of command from the colonel, while it is certain that while under a distant fire a similar state of things will prevail. As, however, the defensive pure and simple is exceptional, and the object of a body of troops receiving an attack is to be prepared to be able at any moment to assume the offensive, it is the tactics of the latter which should regulate tactical observation. If this be conceded, it can scarcely be denied that under the new order of things the company, and not the battalion, should be regarded as the tactical unit. We, therefore, in planning organisation ought to commence with the company. Looking at it without reference to administrative considerations, it is plain that a company should contain as many men as can be conveniently handled under all circumstances by one man. The more men simultaneously acted on by a single will, the greater will be the concert and consequently the greater the aggregate force of the body brought into action. A body of 100 men acting together can produce far more effect than ten bodies of ten men each employed at different times and not acting in concert. The limit of size is reached when the body becomes so numerous that one man cannot directly cause his impulse to be felt at the same moment by all under his command. The number of men who can be thus reached depends upon the order assumed. A mere word of command, even though in the new drill, given from the rear of the centre cannot when the company is in line and close order be heard by more than 100 or 120 file. For battalion manœuvres, therefore, taking into consideration the roar of battle, a company of say 250 of all ranks is the largest that can be properly handled. But that which may be regarded as the normal formation for attack, and also in a less degree for the defence, is much less compact than the battalion, which may be called the preparatory order. When the company is within close range it is opened out enormously both in breadth and depth. The immediate control then passes out of the hands of the captain—a fact which may be regretted, but cannot be ignored. He may give the impulse, but he is obliged to employ several mediums—his subalterns and sergeants—to communicate his orders to the

men. As, therefore, he cannot place himself so that his voice shall simultaneously at all times reach every man of his company, even if it does not number more than 100 men, the size of the tactical unit need not be limited by the necessity of direct command in the more rigid sense of the word. For command, then, when the company is in close contact with the enemy, we must substitute efficient control and supervision. The limits of the latter differ with the nature of the ground and the circumstances, but experience teaches us that about 300 yards is the extreme breadth of front which should be placed in charge of any one man. The captain being in rear of the centre of a line of that length would be distant 150 yards from the extreme flanks. Assuming that he could by his voice call attention to his signals at fifty yards, he would only, if he moved twenty-five yards to the right or left, require two links on each side between himself and his most distant men. I cannot absolutely fix any breadth of front to which a practically simultaneous impulse could be given, but I may safely assume that within 300 yards it could be safely reckoned on under most conditions. If two or three connecting sergeants were distributed the depth over which the captain could exercise supervision and control might be prudently set down as 600 yards. We have now got data for fixing the strength of a company, and we find that most foreign nations have regulated the strength of the company accordingly.

Let us, before proceeding further, glance at our own system. The company on a war footing would consist on paper of about 130 of all ranks: band, pioneer, field-officers, staff-sergeants, &c., being deducted. According to our system of tactics two or three companies advance to the attack in skirmishing order, and are gradually reinforced by other companies, which in most instances mingle with the companies already extended. At the commencement, therefore, the captain of a front company has to superintend a line about 320 yards long. When the reinforcing companies become mixed up with those first sent out, the supervision over that line of front is divided between two or three captains, each of whom would issue his orders to the men nearest him. Thus there would be a division of authority and responsibility, and an utter absence of supreme control and unity of purpose. It would be difficult to disentangle the companies during a fight; but suppose the attempt were made and proved partially successful; suppose Captain A. wished to employ for a special purpose those of his men who were in that part of the line under the temporary supervision of Captain B., the latter might at a critical moment find his plans upset. Any civilian

can therefore foresee that the present organisation and system of tactics are likely to lead to great confusion and are in every respect radically vicious. Few, I think, will deny that each section of the front line should be under the distinct and definite command of one man, and that up to a certain limit that section should cover as long a front as possible, for the fewer the links the greater the unity of action, and cohesion. These conditions of efficiency can be secured by increasing the strength of a company. If the strength of the latter on a war footing were raised to 253 of all ranks, the number of files, after necessary deductions, would be about 112. At the moment of contact with the enemy it is desirable that the line should be in tolerably close order, as close, indeed, as would enable each man to use his arms with freedom and effect. Whatever the directions, there is no doubt that the rear rank would have become absorbed in the front rank, and that at the final rush there would be only a single rank. Allowing that during the advance twenty-four men had become *hors de combat*, there would remain 200 men. In close order the lateral space occupied by each man is twenty-four inches. If that be increased by one-third each man would require one yard, giving a total front for the whole company of 200 yards, which is not more than the captain could control, seeing that his orders would be few and simple, and there would be no question of parade movements. But let us see what would probably be the process by which the final stage would be reached. The company would probably only be freed from the direct command of the battalion chief at say 1,000 or 1,200 yards from the enemy. The captain would then send forward one section of say twenty-five files strong, under a subaltern. This section would extend to about five paces from man to man, which, allowing each man a space of twenty-one inches to stand in, would give a little over 230 yards for the entire front. This is thirty yards more than the length of front which the company is to occupy eventually, but the natural instinct of soldiers to close in on the centre, especially when casualties occur, would diminish this front gradually. One officer could easily control, especially in the earlier stages of the fight, that breadth of front. The remaining sections would, as soon as the first section was sent to the front, open out to two or three paces between files, the intervals increasing as the range diminished. As soon as the leading section had got over 200 paces the second and third sections might advance in support, dividing the ground between them, and when these had advanced another 300 paces the fourth section would also advance, the different bodies would gradually draw nearer to the front line, and after

a while the second and third sections would begin to reinforce the first section, say by a dozen men at a time, till they had become completely absorbed in the front line. The fourth section would act as a last company reserve, and would not be fused in the leading line till the last moment. By employing strong companies each company would provide its own supports and reserve, only sections and not companies would be mixed up together, and for reinforcements the captain would have to depend on no one but himself. As to how the sections or quarter companies should be sent out, that is a mere matter of detail. Each section might be sent out as it stands in the company, or—as has been suggested, I think, by Lord Sandhurst—the company might be formed four deep, and the sections might be taken off by lateral slices; *i. e.*, the leading man of a section of fours would go with the first section, the second man with the second section, and so on. By that arrangement the sections would be kept unmixed. It has been argued that the evil to prevent which is the chief object of our proposed organisation is practically of no moment—that a soldier would obey as readily an officer of his own as one of another company. That is not, however, the case. Besides, when several companies are mixed up together a man might get several contradictory orders, some from the officers of his own company and others from such officers as might be nearest to him. It is, moreover, obviously of great importance to be able to restore order rapidly after a conflict, whether victorious or otherwise; and the experience of the Franco-Prussian war shows that the Prussians, who, notwithstanding the large size of their companies, managed to mix them up very much, required some time before they could get the men into their proper places after a fight.

Another argument in favour of few and strong companies is based on the fact that if you have many and small companies the company becomes on a peace footing a veritable skeleton, too weak for manœuvring. So much, indeed, is this the case that in British battalions at home it is seldom that more than six small companies can be formed for a field-day, and consequently two companies are broken up. The administrative reasons for the change I advocate are as strong as the tactical reasons. It is an axiom that as far as possible administration and command should be vested in the same person. If, therefore, we have a strong company for tactical we ought also to have a strong one for administrative purposes. The two main objects in administration are efficiency and economy. But the present system is very extravagant: more costly, indeed, than that of

any army in Europe. It is the higher ranks naturally which are expensive, and if we diminish the number of companies we can do with fewer captains and colour-sergeants. It has been urged that we have not, as it is, too many officers, and that any change which would still further reduce their number is to be deprecated. It would not, however, be necessary that because we have fewer companies there should be a smaller percentage of officers. By substituting lieutenants for some of the captains and platoon-sergeants for some of the colour-sergeants we should greatly reduce the cost of administration and command. A company in our service on a war footing consists of one captain, two subalterns, one colour-sergeant, four platoon-sergeants, five corporals, one pioneer, four drummers, and 118 privates—two companies would have 119 privates. From these must be deducted the band—consisting of one sergeant, one corporal, and twenty men for a battalion—who would be employed in carrying away the wounded. The strength of a company may therefore be set down at 120 rank and file. I propose that a company should consist of one captain, four subalterns, one colour-sergeant, eight sergeants, eight corporals, two pioneers, four drummers, one hospital orderly, and 224 privates—total 253 of all ranks, the band not being included. A comparison between the percentage of captains and non-commissioned officers to men in the two establishments will show how great would be the economy of my scheme. It will be observed that each section would be complete in itself, that it would have an officer to command it, a drummer, and an active proportion of non-commissioned officers. The section would in fact be a small company, nearly as strong as a company on the present home establishment. The captain would have a command of an importance corresponding with his tactical duties and his position in the regiment, and might be expected to feel that pride in his work which it is impossible should now actuate him.

This is no visionary scheme. Not only is it capable of being supported by sound argument, but it also is recommended by the example of nations which have had much recent experience of war and are less tied to tradition, and in which the military authorities are more free to carry out their ideas than our own. Let us see how their companies are organised. In Germany the company on a war footing consists of 251 men, a French company of 263, a Russian company of 208, an Austrian company of 244, an Italian company of about 246. Thus the company varies in the different armies of the principal military Powers between 208 and 263.

It cannot be said that the battalion is simply an administrative unit,

for there are still occasions when it becomes to a certain extent a tactical unit also. We must, therefore, look at it from both an administrative and a tactical point of view. The larger the battalion the cheaper the army, for the field and staff officers in a battalion of 600 men suffice for one of double the strength. The human voice cannot make itself heard beyond a comparatively limited distance. The line is the formation in which the voice has the farthest to travel. It has, therefore, been considered that the size of a battalion should be regulated by the extent of front which can hear the commander's word of command. On that principle it should not at the outside exceed 300 files. This, with officers, sergeants, band-drummers, pioneers, men sick and employed, &c., would represent about 750 of all ranks on paper. I suggest, however, that the limit of a battalion should not be determined in this way. The line formation, as a body moving simultaneously at the direct verbal command of the battalion chief, may be regarded as almost obsolete in war. It is possible to conceive occasions when it might be used, but these occasions would be very rare. Plainly, a formation only exceptional ought not to affect tactical organisation. In peace time, it is true, the line would be more frequently employed, but in peace no battalion would ever turn out more than 300 files on parade at any one time, and parade movements should be made to conform to the organisation best adapted for war—not the reverse. The only limit, therefore, to the numerical strength of a battalion should be based upon the following considerations:—1st. How many companies can a battalion chief supervise in the field? 2nd. How many men make up the largest battalion which an officer can conveniently command and administer? 3rd. How many men can be accommodated in the existing barracks? 4th. What is the best size for colonial duty? With regard to the first, considering the extent of ground covered by a company of the war strength which I propose, and that sometimes the whole battalion would be extended at one time, I am disposed to fix four as the largest number of companies for a battalion. Perhaps, especially after the latter had been reduced by casualties, six would not be too many from a purely tactical point of view. The second condition, however, induces me to prefer four companies, for no commanding officer could conveniently command and administer more than from 1,000 to 1,100 men. The third condition need only be taken into consideration with respect to the peace establishment. Still it is obvious that the war strength must, to a certain extent, regulate the peace footing, for there are limits to efficient expansion. At the most the number of rank and file added on an augmentation should

not exceed forty per cent., and few barracks can hold more than 700 of all ranks. The best strength for colonial duty is also from 700 to 800 men. I conclude, therefore, that no battalion should consist of more than four companies, and I would suggest that there should be four service and one depôt companies, instead of eight of the former and two of the latter as at present. The depôt companies I propose to reduce from two to one, because I fail to see why one should not perform all the functions now required of two. An essential point of my scheme is that every officer on the establishment of a battalion should be actually present and effective. I therefore advocate the making supernumerary of all officers on the staff. Another suggestion is that the number of colours in a battalion should be in future reduced from two to one. The object of colours is to afford a rallying point. Now one will serve this purpose quite as well as two. In old times the banner was always single, and it became double in our service in the following manner:—Companies were originally isolated, and each bore the banner of the captain. When several companies were brought together and formed into a regiment, each company at first retained its flag, and there was also the sovereign's banner for the regiment. Soon companies' banners were abolished, and the regimental banner took their place. That the regimental colour took its origin from the company colours is evident from the fact that even at the present day in the Guards the regimental colour is the colour of a company, each company's colour being taken in turn. It is therefore a mere accident that there are two colours to a battalion. In continental armies there is only one standard to each regiment of several battalions. Consequently the loss of one French standard would be equivalent to the loss of eight English standards. The second standard bearer in an English battalion is taken from useful to useless duties, and as the standard bearers are always special marks for the enemy's fire we have twice as many officers exposed to exceptional peril as is necessary. I therefore strongly urge the abolition of one colour, and the consequent economy of one officer.

In all continental battalions one field officer is found sufficient. Why, therefore, we should require three, it is difficult to imagine. The only plausible argument in favour of the present arrangement is that it is necessary to have some officer of superior rank to his comrades to assume command in the event of the death, sickness, or absence on leave of the battalion chief. But let either the adjutant's duties, as in the navy, be performed by the second in command, who might have the rank of major, or let the senior company commander

have that rank. There would be great advantages, which I have not space enough to discuss, in making the second in command adjutant, and that is the plan I prefer. Even, however, were there to be a simple reduction of the number of field officers from three to one, a great economical reform which would in no way diminish efficiency would be effected. Under the present system it occasionally happens that a battalion is commanded by a captain without ill effects. At all events there is no conceivable reason why the second major, who at home is attached to the *depôt*, should not be abolished.

Having discussed the organisation of a battalion, I will now consider how battalions should be grouped. Of late years the majority of battalions are united so as to form brigades at camps of instruction or garrisons in large towns. In war the number of battalions in a brigade varies from three, the normal number, to as many as five or six. The chief feature of our brigade organisation is that there is no intermediate link between the brigade and battalion commander. The battalion is, in fact, practically the regiment. There are, it is true, two regiments of four, one regiment of three, and twenty-seven regiments of two battalions. Except, however, in the Guards, each battalion is distinct from and independent of any other, the only connection being through the maintenance of a single list for promotion. In foreign armies a brigade consists of two regiments, each regiment having two, three, or more battalions, and being, in fact, a sort of sub-brigade. Practically the colonel corresponds with our brigadier, the regiment with our brigade, and the brigade with our division. Numerically also the brigade of the Continent is equivalent to our division. There are certain advantages in this organisation. It is economical, for with good arrangements the administrative and medical staff of one battalion is sufficient to perform the duties of a regiment. The brigade being larger, the number of generals required is smaller. The colonel of a regiment exercises a closer supervision than the brigadier. The larger the regiment, within certain limits, the stronger the *esprit de corps*, the greater the uniformity of system throughout the army, and the less the inequality of promotion. Owing, however, to the fact that we have a large number of single battalion stations, especially in the colonies, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to institute any intermediate link between the battalion and the brigade. Such being the case, the question arises, How many battalions should go to a brigade? Obviously the larger the brigade the greater the *ensemble* in the action of an army, and the fewer the number of links in the chain of subordination. The limit is the number of men which a brigadier can effectually handle on the fa

of battle. There is another consideration, namely, that a brigadier should be enabled to occupy and defend a portion of a position without being obliged, save in the greatest emergencies, to call on other brigades for support. The principle which now prevails, too, is that command should extend less over breadth than depth. I am inclined, therefore, to recommend, as the most convenient organisation, that an infantry brigade should consist of four or, at the most, five battalions. With four battalions a brigadier could occupy a section of a position with two battalions in the fighting or first line, retaining two battalions in the second line as a support, and to ward off flank attacks; and similarly with regard to the offensive. If he had five battalions, he might keep the fifth battalion in third line as a reserve. Thus he would be independent, under ordinary circumstances, of all external aid. History teaches us how many evils have resulted from the failure of one brigade to assist another at the proper time, and the officer immediately engaged can always tell what his requirements are better than one further to the rear and not able to realise the necessities of the case. But even when the most cordial co-operation takes place, time is lost by the general who wants support being obliged to apply to another brigadier or the division leader, instead of being able to give his orders at once to the commander of a battalion. On the whole, therefore, I prefer a brigade of five to one of four battalions. Besides, the former would be more of a match for a foreign brigade than would be the latter.

The best organisation of a division is a matter which it is not easy to decide on. In most foreign armies the division consists of two brigades of infantry, with a due proportion of artillery, cavalry, and engineers. In France there are two brigades of infantry, a battalion of chasseurs à pied, a proportion of artillery and engineers, and, I imagine, a small force of cavalry; but there seems to be nothing positively settled with regard to the latter point.

A Prussian division consists of two brigades, one cavalry regiment, and four batteries of six guns each. In Russia there are no infantry brigades, and a division consists of four regiments of infantry, a brigade of artillery with forty guns and eight mitrailleuses, and a regiment of Cossacks. In Austria the division consists of two brigades of two regiments of three battalions each, two battalions of rifles, three squadrons of cavalry, three batteries of eight guns each, and a company of engineers. Our divisional organisation generally consists of two infantry brigades, a company of engineers, and two batteries. Sometimes we have three infantry brigades, but two is the usual number.

The chief difference between our and foreign divisional organisation is that we have as a rule no divisional cavalry. Now a division is a large body and may frequently be employed in independent operations. Without cavalry it cannot so act with efficiency. There are also other reasons for attaching a portion of this arm to an infantry division. A certain number of orderlies are required to carry despatches, to communicate between the outposts and the main body, and as an escort to the general when reconnoitring. Again, each division is generally held responsible for the outpost duties in its immediate front, and for such a purpose cavalry are in all cases useful, in some almost indispensable. Lastly, small bodies of cavalry of about a squadron each can be usefully employed in the line of battle distributed amongst the infantry. On the other hand it is objected that battles rarely occur and that the cavalry can be used with better effect when brought together and handled by a general of their own arm. It is also urged that a general of division ought not to be independent, and that if his command is complete in all arms he will be tempted to fight actions on his own account, that the result of experience from the revolutionary wars downwards is to show that the combined division is a mistake, and finally that cavalry can always be attached to an infantry division for any special purpose. There is much truth in these arguments, but between the two systems there is a medium course which I think preferable to either, namely, that adopted by the Austrians. With two or three squadrons a division would be complete without being so independent as to be tempted to play the part of a small army. It would furnish its own orderlies, escorts, and small patrols, and if suddenly detached it would not be necessary to weaken a cavalry brigade by taking from it a regiment to be attached to the infantry division. Besides, we must remember that a British division bears the same relation to a British army that a foreign *corps d'armée* does to a foreign army.

The *corps d'armée* organisation I need not here discuss, for we shall never probably be able to place more than one in the field. In such a case it would be simply a small army, and to discuss the composition of an army would require more space than has been allotted to me. In the above remarks I have touched but lightly on the organisation and distribution of cavalry and artillery, a subject worthy of separate treatment.

THE PEAK OF TERROR.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON, OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

EVERY year, when starting for the annual holiday of Alpine adventure, one travels with a stock of plans and projects, which include the ascent of certain peaks and the crossing of certain passes. Every year one quits the Alps leaving certain of these purposed expeditions unachieved.

One of the mountains on my deferred list for 1875 was the mighty Schreckhorn, and when the Alpine harvest time came this year I was firmly minded, with the quiet ardour of a pent-up desire, to attempt the charming monster.

The Schreckhorn is 13,394 feet high. It stands practically alone. The Mettelhorn is, indeed, rather near it, but then that is a comparatively insignificant mountain. The Wellhorn and Wetterhörner groups rise to the north of the Schreckhorn, while on the other side rises the great range of the Oberland giants.

All around its base sweep wide, huge glaciers. It is the steepest and the stiffest, and is one of the longest and most laborious climbs in the Alps. Mr. Ball tells us that the "ascent of the Schreckhorn is one of the most laborious hitherto effected, and can be undertaken only by practised cragsmen." He adds: "It is well known to all travellers that the peak is one of the boldest and most forbidding in aspect among the summits of the Alps. On three sides the rocks are so steep as to be almost completely bare of snow; the north slope towards the Lauteraar Joch alone shows a long slope of snow lying at the highest possible angle, and in such condition that the slightest disturbance is apt to cause avalanches." Mr. Leslie Stephen calls the Schreckhorn—and justly so calls it—"the grimmest fiend of the Oberland." The Lesser Schreckhorn, which is ninety-one feet lower than the actual summit, had been ascended, but the all-conquering Leslie Stephen was (in 1861) the first to attain to the highest peak of the true Schreckhorn. I own that I envy him that first ascent. A sultan with a well-stocked harem is too much engrossed by the general to heed the unit, and Mr. Stephen has made so many first ascents that he may perhaps half forget that of the Schreckhorn; but *I still admire and even half envy his success, and it was for me an object of ambition to follow where he had led.*

Our party of 1875 consisted firstly of our head and chief, Lyvetête,

in whose aspiring footsteps follows eagerly the young and ardent disciple, Magnus Gower, and for a time we were associated with the two M.D.'s, Bramshill and Falconer, though they ultimately quitted us to hunt after newer fancies. Our standing guides were Melchior Anderegg and Christian Lauener, with power to add to their number by taking local guides when necessary.

The Alps do not seem to grow older; they attained early a state of perfection, and they do not change or decline from that. The same with Lyvetête. The years roll on, but he seems to become with every year younger and more enthusiastic as a mountaineer. Indeed, if such a thing were possible—but it is not, because you cannot exceed the superlative—he might almost be thought to improve as a climber. He is the loved and honoured, great and clement prince of our little party; great in respect of his superiority, clement in respect of his considerate treatment of weaker brethren. And then how strangely sweet his mystic Alpine smile!—unchanging, uncanny, inscrutable, it expresses subtly his complex Alpine joy. The tendency of many great mountaineers is, in unconscious imitation of Mr. Frederick Vokes, to elevate the legs above the head, to rank mechanism in climbing above mind in mountaineering. Not so with Lyvetête; he retains, despite his excellence on hill and gletscher, the greater part of his noble, native mentality; and he developed this year a superior and conscientious intelligence in connection with the commissariat. No day is too long, no mountain is too hard for him; and even a defeat (owing to bad weather) affects but temporarily his gay and genial sweetness.

How paternal was the fond, approving smile with which this year he rewarded the zealous efforts of his ardent and worthy disciple, Magnus Gower, to keep up with him! Melchior is as proud of Lyvetête as Lyvetête is proud of Gower, and our happy little party lived and worked in the sweetest concord, shaking out joyously for ever a musical melody, as it were even of Swiss cow-bells.

The August of 1875 brought a great deal of bad weather to the Alps. It was even worse than that of 1874. We were to begin real work this season at Courmayeur, but the rain was there before us, and lasted after it had driven us away. We wanted to do the Grand Combin, the Grandes Jorasses, and Mont Blanc from Courmayeur; but the mountains were all too dangerous and difficult—the heavy snows were glissading down in avalanches, and Melchior would not allow us to try any one of our Courmayeur loves. We had to console ourselves with Italian fruits, and with a daily low pass and thorough wetting. At last we reached Grindelwald, which is the

starting point for the Schreckhorn, and Lyvetête, Magnus Gower, and myself agreed to snatch the first fine day for an ascent of the dark Peak of Terror. Taking a wet training walk over the Scheideck, Lyvetête met young Altamont Hillyer, of Oxford, and invited him to join our expedition. He gladly agreed, and the eager party was—or seemed to be—arranged.

I say seemed, because, at the last moment, our plans were changed. A rumour reached us that another party was going to sleep at the Kastenstein, and knowing that any addition of numbers to our expedition would overcrowd the cave, Lyvetête proposed to me that I should take Hillyer up the Schreckhorn, while he and Magnus Gower went off to do the Eiger Joch. The guides were to be divided; Lyvetête was to have Melchior, and I was to take Christian. These great masters were to be supplemented by local talent as second guides. All this was arranged, and the two parties prepared to start separately. The Kastenstein rock cave is five or six hours distant from Grindelwald, and, after an early lunch, Hillyer and myself started, with Lauener, Kauffmann, and a porter, for the burrow. We walked in the hot sun of afternoon along the well-known path by the Lower Grindelwald glacier; descended upon the glacier itself by the ladders below the Beregg hut; crossed the glacier, and passed the Zäsenhorn. Here we had to recross the glacier through the seracs, and, as we traversed hump and hollow we saw before us, high up on the other side, the Kastenstein block of dark rock. The seracs proved troublesome; the way was hard to hit; and we spent a good hour among them. The light was failing as we toiled up the steep rough way that leads to the cave. At last we reached it, and surveyed a great pile of massive rocks, under one of which is the dark, low, irregularly shaped hollow, in which we were to sleep. The place might be the cavernous home of a wild beast or of a small ogre. A rude cooking place is improvised just outside the burrow, and our guides were soon busy with mountain cookery. Then came the dinner, the song and jest, and then the vesper pipe. Hillyer and myself, joyous with the hopes of the morrow, reclined among guides and porters, anticipated the Schreckhorn, and enjoyed the noble Kastenstein view. Christian and Kauffmann soothed us with prophecies of fine weather, and we had a happy bivouac evening.

The great range* of noble peaks standing opposite to the Kastenstein across the broad width of the chill glacier are all duskily, dimly, whitish-grey in the cold shadow of the falling night; when, suddenly, there slowly steals a silver flame along the sharp topmost crest of the mighty Eiger, and moonlight shimmers on his snowy height. The

cold pure argent light broadens and descends. It next lights up the bulkier summit of the Mönch, and then gleams upon the pallid snows of the far, fair Jungfrau. Then it passes on to the Viescher-Hörner, and shines brightly upon the rounded Ochsenhorn's white peak. The superb Finster-aarhorn, last of the long row which commences with the Eiger, catches in his turn that chaste light which suggests no hint of heat. The glory broadens and deepens slowly along the whole sky-line of those magnificent mountains, until the full moon herself swims upward into the pale blue heavens, from behind the towering chain, and then their high sides of snow and deep hollows of glacier are bathed whitely in the shining radiance. The Unter Grindelwald glacier itself, stretching away broadly beneath us, looks like a gigantesque drawing in Indian ink, as, in the moonlight, the heights and hollows of serac and of crevasse contrast so strangely, strongly, dark with white. The silver flood creeps upward over wastes of stone up our bare hillside until it reaches to our very feet, and until the huge rock boulders which shelter the Kastenstein refuge grow tenderly bright in the silent rays of the palely blanching moon. All around is hushed and huge; awful, and yet so lovely. Moonlight streams on snow as faith gleams upon a saintly soul. The heavenly light is reflected, in answering beauty, by the pure thing on which it calmly shines.

With the first glimpse of moonlight on these mighty hills the songs ceased, and we gazed in silence upon the magic Alpine vision. Work, however, often calls men away from dreams of beauty and delight; and as we were to get up at two or three next morning to do the Schreckhorn, a short night only was before us. Some time between ten and eleven Christian touched me on the shoulder, looked expressively at his watch, and pointed to the interior of our cavern shelter. I sighed, and had just one more half-pipe before I could tear myself from the silver splendour of the scene. In the low, rock-roofed burrow hay is thinly spread over a hard uneven rock bottom, and on this wild couch you compose yourself to sleep—if sleep you can. Soon the candle was extinguished, and huge amorphous forms slumbered near me, while the white moonshine stole in in little flakes through chinks in the rock, and there was dreamland around the lonely Kastenstein.

At three in the dim chill morning we were called (not necessarily awakened) by Christian. We wrestled grimly with the stiff hard boots, and with the tough unlovely breakfast. There being then light enough, we left the cave at four a.m., and were silently *en route* for the high and distant Schreckhorn. You begin the ascent by a

descent. The way lies downwards over great blocks of stone, sprinkled thickly upon coarse grass. It is rough walking. You descend nearly to the glacier, and then get on to snow slopes and begin to ascend. The slope soon narrows into a couloir, or gully, between rocks. It is long and very steep. The snow being quite hard in the early morning, and the foothold consequently slight, this steep, straight up ascent is decidedly laborious. No prospect of the summit. The view is cut off above you by rocks, which seem to stand across the top of our snow gully. I am on the rope next to Christian, who does not cut any steps or notches. The hard snow is so very steep that you have to put the foot down sideways, and it costs great muscular exertion to maintain your foothold. Still up you go. Where ways are steep you rise rapidly, and, as we attain to the rocks so long seen above us we find that many a peak, heretofore hidden by the Eiger and Finster-aarhorn range, soars up and swims into our ken. Deep below us is the Strahleck pass, and we see on the broad white snow a little black creeping line which means travellers. We count five men, and know that Peter Anderegg, an old friend of mine, is their leading guide. Suddenly the line stops, and they evidently see us. They are probably shouting, though we cannot hear them, and two of them wave hats. We respond; and Christian and Kauffmann emit terrific Jödels. Then they turn and go onward, and we turn and go upward. Two ships on the ocean have met and greeted.

We cross our rocks to the right, and then sit down to another breakfast. As we begin the meal the sun darts out and changes the whole aspect and character of the scene. It is a brilliant, deep-coloured stinging sun—that sun, indeed, which comes between days of bad weather. Before us lies a huge sloping snow basin, which comprises a mighty bergschrund, together with crevasses and abysses. The sun shines dazzlingly upon the smooth and sparkling snow. “That snow won’t be hard when we come down!” says Christian, with an ominous shake of the head, as we finish breakfast and again prepare to start.

We thread our way successfully through crevasse and abyss, and pass round the great hollow of the terrible bergschrund. By this time the sun has become very hot, and the snow is getting already very soft. There is a great depth of loose, fresh snow too; and I think with some dismay of the descent. The sky above is cloudless, and is of a dark, deep purply blue; almost, indeed, of the *Titian hue*, though our heavens are shining with fierce sunlight. At every step fresh peaks are growing up behind us, to the south; and

before us is the height and bulk of our own mountain, though we can catch as yet no glimpse of the summit.

The bergschrund passed, we stand at the foot of three rock ridges, which tend upwards, while between each rock ridge a narrow snow couloir tends downwards. The ridge on the left is connected with the massive darkness of the Mettelhorn; the one on the right has, as we can just see, more snow beyond it, and leans towards the Abschwung; the one in the middle seems to go directly up, and this is the ridge which Christian elects for our ascent. On either side are thin gullies of snow, of amazing length and steepness, while our ridge is so steep that you can see but a very little way up it. Indeed the Schreckhorn throughout is constructed in the extremity of the perpendicular style of mountain architecture. Later in the day, as Christian points out, the snow in the couloirs will be in an avalanche state. It is, in fact, swept so clean and smooth by constant avalanches. Not alone the steepness of the slope on which it rests, but swift descending torrents of snow—torrents which, owing to the weather, must have been quite unusually frequent lately—keep the surface of these long and narrow gullies so unwrinkled.

And now we are fairly on our rock ridge, with hours of hard and difficult work before us. You are too busy to look round. Every step wants care. Often you are stretched out on your face on the surface of the rocks, groping with hands and feet for any little crack or fissure that will serve for hold. Sometimes we found little patches of snow melting in the sun and covering ice. Still we worked steadily on, mounting rapidly, until, during a moment's halt, Christian pointed out the Sattel straight above us, and the low knob of the Little Schreckhorn just visible to the right. A Kamm or arête of rocks, with snow patches between their masses, runs between the Little and *the* Schreckhorn, which, to our left, is still invisible. This Kamm, though narrow, somewhat dangerous, and rather difficult, is not very steep, and is, as Christian assures us, by no means the worst part of the mountain. It requires care and nerve. Two hours more will do it, Christian? Courage!—the work is hard, but the goal is near; and we press on cheerfully.

As we mounted, nearing the Sattel and the Kamm, a sudden great cry came from our leader, Christian, who, calling hurriedly upon us to do likewise, threw himself flat upon his face on the rocks. The cause was soon apparent. An avalanche of large stones and loose rocks, loosened by the heat, came flying through the air from somewhere near the top. Some touched the snow gully, and then bounded in huge leaps downwards to the bergschrund. It was like

being exposed to a battery of artillery. I had watched many of these cannon-balls with a sort of morbid interest; when, suddenly, a stormful shower was directed full upon our rocks. One of these large stones hit me on the side of the head and stunned me. Luckily, I must have been struck by the flat side of the stone, because such a blow with the edge of such a missile, flying with such velocity, would certainly have killed me. Poor Gertsch, the guide, had been killed shortly before on the Wetterhorn by a stone descending in a similar manner, which struck him with its sharp edge. When I recovered consciousness I found that the rope which attached me to Lauener had been severed within three inches of my waist as cleanly as the shears of Atropos would cut the thread of a life.

This was an annoying though a dramatic incident. I had thought that our ridge was out of the way of a Schreckhorn cannonade, but it appeared that our selection of rocks was placed advantageously to serve as an artillery target, and that I had been chosen by Fate as the bullseye. I remained about an hour unconscious. During that period the subsequent proceedings interested me no more. When I returned dreamily to myself I found a piece of ice resting upon a large lump raised upon my dazed and dizzy head, and saw a rather anxious group gathered round the wounded fawn. Christian proffered his brandy-flask and then re-attached the rope. Though in a very shaken condition I was yet able to go, and we resumed our march, walking fast in order to get out of the way of the hill artillery. Once on the Sattel we were beyond that danger, and went more slowly. The final summit to our left was distinctly visible and seemed very near. We had done with ascent and with the perpendicular. It only remained to traverse with care the final arête. This is comparatively level, consisting of thin and sharp rock edges, with great depths below on either hand, and with patches of snow between the blocks of rock. These upper rocks glowed with heat from the near and fervid sun. My accident had lost a good deal of time, and it was noon as we neared the last arête. The rounded double top of the Schreckhorn is raised but little above the Kamm, and you get the view as well from the top of the Sattel as you do from the peak itself, so that the topmost knob offers no surprise in the way of prospect.

You pass the exact spot at which Mr. Elliott's sad and fatal accident happened, and find that the terrible slip occurred at a place which is by no means the worst or most dangerous on the Kamm.

My head was aching and throbbing painfully, and now and then a feeling of irresistible dizziness came over me. Once I had to stop

and lie down upon the rock, and oh! how good were rest, champagne, and the final pipe!

One end of the Kamm is crowned by the real summit, which is composed of two rounded rock peaks, of different heights; and at the other end of the Kamm is the Little Schreckhorn, which is some ninety feet lower than the real top.

You might ingeniously poison your enjoyment of Alpine hills and glaciers by persistently obtruding upon the mind the fact that those in the Himalayas are certainly bigger and possibly grander. The tendency to undue comparison always indicates a deficiency of the true critical faculty; criticism being in essence the science of enjoying the noble and the beautiful through comprehension, and I hold it a kind of treason to compare too curiously the comparative glory of views from different Alpine peaks; but still I am bound to confess that other mountains command, as I think, finer views than that obtained by mounting the peak, or Kamm, of the Schreckhorn. It may be, however, that the singing in my battered head rendered me somewhat deaf to the music of the spheres; it may be that eyes tending to close from a soporific stunning saw less keenly than usual the wonders and the splendours which Alpine altitude reveals: but still the fact remains that I have, as I fancy, seen even sublimer views from other peaks. However, the Schreckhorn view remains magnificent in glory.

I had often seen the Schreckhorn from other peaks—as, for instance, from the near Wetterhorn; and now I was looking on the Wetterhorn and on many another peak from the Schreckhorn. You are perched in the centre of a world of snow, of glacier, of rock, of mountain ocean. Huge fields of pallid glacier, fissured and furrowed by crevasses which fleck with little shadows the white expanse, stretch away far to the north, on which side—the Wetterhorn side—long smooth sweeps of steep avalanche snow descend frightfully to the Lauteraar glacier. There is nothing green, nothing soft in the whole view. All is purely Alpine; desolately sublime. Round the foot of the mountain ray out four mighty glaciers, the birth-places of river and of ice-stream. Around you, on high, stand the huge peaks of the stern and solemn Oberland. From these you are divided by immensities of space, and yet they all look near and clear. The colour which pervades the scene is the dark brown of sombre rock and the glittering whiteness of eternal snow and thick-ribbed ice. As you rest and smoke (even when a lump of ice is secured to a swimming head), the vastness and the glory of the scene which spreads and soars around your dread

erie sink into the mind, and imagination is uplifted high as the
eaven-kissing hill on which you recline, from which you gaze. But
grows late; and Christian begins to urge departure. All that has
een won with so much difficulty can be occupied and enjoyed only
or a fleeting hour.

From the Schreckhorn there is no suggestion of ornamental
gardening. Art is not—and all is Nature—Nature in her wildest
grandeur and in her silent immensities. The handful of men on
the mountain alone suggest humanity. The view descent-wards
from the Sattel is appalling, and in this light it presented itself to
Hillyer.

The mountain which you have to descend looks terribly long and
step. The stones are still falling from the top; sometimes in twos
or threes, sometimes in showers; while there is at times an inex-
plicable lull in the cannonade. Owing to these stones we cannot
descend where we came up. We have to cut steps across pure ice,
just under the Sattel, in order to attain to another ridge of rocks
which runs down nearer to the Little Schreckhorn. Christian says
that the new ridge will be much more difficult than the old one. As
you gaze downwards, the rocks, about five feet below you, bulge out,
and below that you see nothing until you crane over and catch a
glimpse of the bergschrund level far, far below. The mountain is
divided into two parts by the plain of the great bergschrund. The
guides were emphatic in their injunctions to take care. Kauffmann
led down, and Christian was the last on the rope. Our new ridge
was decidedly worse than the former one, and our progress was slow.
Very often one only could move while the others held; seldom
could you stand upright, and several places were distressingly diffi-
cult. This ridge occupied a good deal of time. Below it a steep
snow slope leads on to the comparatively level plain which surrounds
the great bergschrund, the crevasses, and the hollows. The sun was
blazing fiercely, and the snow was soft, and loose, and deep. We
surmounted all our difficulties and regained our tracks of the morn-
ing; but the late afternoon sun was shining as we stood on the top
of the last long snow gullies in the steep couloirs. In these the
snow would not hold at all. It slipped with us at every step, and
the footsteps of the first man on the rope were useless to his
followers. The narrow gully was far too steep, and the snow was
far too deep for glissading. We got on slowly, and with labour and
difficulty. On paper one can descend rapidly, but on the actual
Schreckhorn not so quickly, and the light had failed us before we had
done with the snow.

At last!—It was dusk as we quitted the long tiresome couloir work and turned off to the right, over the rough rocks which lead up to the Kastenstein. The change of work was pleasant, though going uphill again was rather objectionable. Stumbling along in the dark, we see a light in the shades above us, and become aware of a watchful porter standing before the welcome cave. In a few minutes we are there—it seems like coming home!—and we gladly sit down before the cooking-place. Lauener advises us, as it is dark, to spend a second night in our burrow; he says that he does not like crossing the seracs of the glacier at night, and that we should arrive very late in Grindelwald. We gladly assent; the merry fire blazes, and we cook the provisions that are left. Yesterday we thought that we had brought with us too great a stock; to-day we feel the truth of the French saying “*Le superflu, chose très nécessaire.*” The first thing we get is a good soup, and we have, luckily, a bottle of champagne left. As we look before the fire, and smoke, the moon again leaps forth as it had done the night before. Where else could we have such a view? Again, in bright and dark, in dazzling whiteness and in dusky hollow shadows, the wide glacier surface spreads out coldly, purely, under the serene and splendid moonlight. Again our peak row stands revealed in silver flame. Again the blanching light steals broadly upward to our cavernous shelter; and once more we feel the magic of such a scene in such a light.

To tired men, who have been working so many hours on the Schreckhorn, the hay in the Kastenstein hides the rock beneath;

The art of our necessities is strong,
That can make vile things precious.

We sleep an intense and dreamless sleep. Early we wake. The morning is fine, though clouds are gathering for bad weather, and we recross the seracs, re-descend the glacier, and reach Grindelwald, with our minds full of the sublime impressions left by laborious intimacy with the great grim Schreckhorn.

Amongst the many joys which we owe to the Alps must be reckoned the development of a distinct and noble thirst. Thirst itself is not perhaps exactly a joy; but then the longing is assuaged with such peculiar delight. I think gratefully of many a glacier rill and mountain spring, of many a bowl of Swiss milk, of many a bottle of Swiss champagne. The crystal stream, leaping brightly downwards over sombre iron rocks, the liquid ivory filling the milkherd's pleasant pail, are rendered by intensity of thirst active and delicious luxuries. It is worth while to be so thirsty in order to enjoy such divine

raughts. Walking one day, under dull leaden clouds which
lisc charged heavy rain, from the Col Ferrex to Courmayeur, I was
truck with the appearance of the moraine next to the glacier of the
Dolent. There was something unspeakably sad and desolate in the
colourless rubbish slope. It seemed to my fancy as if the last day
had dawned : as if the destruction of the world had commenced by
turning to drear waste this one melancholy spot which had already
lost love and life and hope in the pathos of final destruction.
Moraines are always weary wastes, but this particular one—seen
under joyless cloud and darkening rain—expressed a more terrible
suggestion of the extinction of creation, of a worn-out world turning
into dust and ashes, than any other moraine that I have ever seen
before or since has done. The weird place was past all life, and had
outlived all hope.

The mountaineer may say, with Armgart,

I accept the peril.

I choose to walk high with sublimer dread

Rather than crawl in safety.

To strive upwards, through labour and danger, to such sublime results has in it something ennobling. Every time that I attain to one of these Alpine altitudes I feel more deeply the grandeur of such temporary elevation above the level of the earth, I recognise more fully the glory of being uplifted to rank with the crests and summits of such lofty peers—I say peers, boastful though the word may sound—because one is, if the work be done in the right spirit, for the time at least etherealised, sublimed to the sky-piercing, heaven-nearing loftiness of these majestic mountains. Such a climb produces in the mind a temporary grandeur, like that caused by reading a noble poem or seeing a great actor; and mountain, poem, acting, all leave behind them permanent results. During an Alpine season, like that even of 1875, how much was seen, and thought, and felt, and done! How many incidents occurred, what heights of joy were reached, what intensity of emotion was felt; and yet—type of human history—so many experiences shrink up into this brief and fleeting record of the deep impression made on memory by a very memorable day passed upon the mighty PEAK OF TERROR!

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS
KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.
BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART IV.

BATE in the year 1825 Leigh Hunt returned from Italy to England. The enthusiastic attachment felt for him by his men friends was felt with equal ardour by the young girl who had always heard him spoken of in the most admiring terms by her father, her mother, and many of those she best loved and esteemed. His extraordinary grace of manner, his exceptionally poetic appearance, his distinguished fame as a man of letters, all exercised strong fascination over her imagination. In childhood she had looked up to him as an impersonation of all that was heroic in suffering for freedom of opinion's sake, of all that was comely in person, of all that was attractive in manner, of all that was tasteful in written inculcation and acted precept. He was her beau-ideal of literary and social manhood.

As quite a little creature she can well remember creeping round to the back of the sofa where his shapely hand rested and giving it a gentle childish kiss, and his peeping over at her, and giving a quiet smiling nod in acknowledgment of the baby homage, while he went on with the conversation in which he was engaged. Afterwards, as a growing girl, when she used to hear his removal to Italy discussed, and his not too prosperous means deplored, she indulged romantic visions of working hard, earning a fabulously large sum, carrying it in fairy-land princess style a pilgrimage across the Continent barefoot, and laying it at his feet, amply rewarded by one of his winning smiles. Strange as it seems now to be recounting openly these then secretly cherished fancies, they were most sincere and most true at the time they were cherished. If ever were man fitted to inspire such white-souled aspirations in a girl not much more than a dozen years old, it was Leigh Hunt. Delicate-minded as he was, rich in beautiful thoughts, pure in speech and in writing as he was ardently eloquent in style, perpetually suggesting graceful ideas and adorning daily life by elevated associations, he was precisely the man to become a young girl's object of innocent hero-worship. When

Before I met him for the first time after his return from Italy, at the house of one of my parents' friends, all my hoarded feeling on behalf of him and his fortunes came so strongly upon me, and the sound of his voice so powerfully affected me, that I could with difficulty restrain my sobs. He chanced to be singing one of the pretty Irish melodies to which his friend Moore had put words, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore,"—and, as I listened to the voice I remembered so well and had not heard for so long, the silent tears fell from my eyes in large drops of mingled pain and pleasure. He was the man in all the world to best interpret such an ebullition of feeling had he observed it; but I was thankful to perceive that he had no idea of the agitation I had been in, when he finished his song and began his usual delightful strain of conversation. Leigh Hunt's conversation was simply perfection. If he were in argument—however warm it might be—he would wait fairly and patiently to hear "the other side." Unlike most eager conversers, he never interrupted. Even to the youngest among his colloquists he always gave full attention, and listened with an air of genuine respect to whatever they might have to adduce in support of their view of a question. He was peculiarly encouraging to young aspirants, whether fledgling authors or callow casuists; and treated them with nothing of condescension, or affable accommodation of his intellect to theirs, or amiable tolerance for their comparative incapacity, but, as it were, placed them at once on a handsome footing of equality and complete level with himself. When, as was frequently the case, he found himself left master of the field of talk by his delighted hearers, only too glad to have him recount in his own felicitous way one of his "good stories" or utter some of his "good things," he would go on in a strain of sparkle, brilliancy, and freshness like a sun-lit stream in a spring meadow. Melodious in tone, alluring in accent, eloquent in choice of words, Leigh Hunt's talk was as delicious to listen to as rarest music. Spirited and fine as his mode of narrating a droll anecdote in written diction undoubtedly is, his mode of telling it was still more spirited, and still more fine. Impressive and solemn as is his way of writing down a ghost-story or tragic incident, his power in telling it was still better. Tender and affecting as is his manner of penning a sad love-story, or a mournful chapter in history, and the "Romance of Real Life," his style of telling it went beyond in pathos of expression. He used more effusion of utterance, more mutation of voice, and more energy of gesture, than is common to most Englishmen when under the excitement of recounting a comic story; and this produced corre-

sponding excitement in his hearers, so that the "success" of his good stories was unfailing, and the laughter that followed him throughout was worked to climax at the close. Those who have laughed heartily when merely reading his paper entitled "On the graces and anxieties of pig-driving," will perhaps hardly credit us when we assert that Leigh Hunt's own mode of relating the event he there describes of the pig-driver in Long Lane far surpassed the effect produced by the written narration,—polishedly witty and richly humorous as that written narration assuredly is. The way in which Leigh Hunt raised his tone of voice to the highest pitch, hurling himself forward the while upon air, as if in wild desire to retrieve the bolting pig, as he exclaimed "He'll go up all manner of streets!" brought to the hearers' actual sight the anguish of the "poor fellow," who was "not to be comforted in Barbican," and placed the whole scene palpably before them.

In the summer of 1826 my father and mother went down to a pretty rural sea-side spot near Hastings called Little Bohemia, taking me, the eldest of my brothers, and one of my younger sisters, with them for the change of air that these members of our family especially needed; and when we returned home to Shacklewell it chanced that Charles and I met very frequently during the autumn; so frequently, and with such fast-increasing mutual affection that on the 1st of November in that year we became engaged to each other. As I was only seventeen, and my parents thought me too young to be married, our engagement was not generally made known. This caused a rather droll circumstance to happen. Charles, having occasion to call on business connected with the "Every-day Book," upon William Hone, who was then under temporary pressure of difficulties and dwelt in a district called "within the rules" of the King's Bench prison,—took me with him to see that clever and deservedly popular writer. Our way lying through a region markedly distinguished for its atmosphere of London smoke, London dirt, London mud, and London squalor, some of the flying soots chanced to leave traces on my countenance; and while we were talking to Mr. Hone, Charles, noticing a large smut on my face, coolly blew it off, and continued the conversation. Next time they met, Hone said to Charles—"You are engaged to Miss Novello, are you not?" "What makes you think so?" was the rejoinder. "Oh, when I saw you so familiarly puff off that smut on a young lady's cheek, and she so quietly submitted to your mode of doing it, I knew you must be an engaged pair."

By the time Hone's "Every-day Book" had been succeeded by his

"Table Book," I resolved that I would quietly try whether certain manuscript attempts I had made in the art of composition might not be accepted for publication; and I thought I would send them, on this chance, to Mr. Hone, under an assumed signature. The initials adopted were "M. H."—meaning thereby "Mary Howard;" because my father had once when a young man enacted Falstaff, in private performance of the 1st Part of Henry IV., as "Mr. Howard." Taking into my confidence none but my sister nearest in age (whom I always called "my old woman" when she did me the critical service rendered by Molière's old maid-servant to her master); and finding that she did not frown down either the written essay or the contemplated enterprise, I forwarded my first paper, entitled "My Armchair," and to mine and my sister Cecilia's boundless joy found it accepted by Hone, and printed in one of the numbers of the "Table Book" for June, 1827, where also appeared some playful verses by Elia, headed "Gone, or Going," and No. XXII. of his series of extracts from the old dramatists, which he called "Garrick Plays." I shall not easily forget the novice pride with which I showed the miniature essay to Charles and asked him what he thought of it as written by a girl of seventeen; still less can I forget the smile and glance of pleased surprise with which he looked up and recognised *who* was the girl-writer.

These are some of the bygone self-memories that such "Recollections" as we have been requested to record are apt to beguile us into: and such as we must beg our readers to forbear from looking upon in the light of egoism, but rather to regard as friendly chit-chat about past pleasant times agreeable in the recalling to both chatter and chattee.

My father and mother had left Shacklewell Green and returned to reside in London when Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt and their family lived at Highgate, and invited me (M.C.C.) to spend a few days with them in that pretty suburban spot, then green with tall trees and shrub-grown gardens and near-adjoining meadows. Pleasant were the walks taken arm-in-arm with such a host and entertainer as Leigh Hunt. Sometimes towards Holly Lodge, the residence of an actress-duchess,—successively Miss Mellon, Mrs. Coutts, and the Duchess of St. Albans; of whose sprightly beauty, as Volante in the play of "The Honeymoon," Leigh Hunt could give right pleasant description: or past a handsome white detached house in a shrubbery, with a long low gallery built out, where the elder Mathews lived, whose "Entertainments" and "At Homes" I had often seen and could enjoyingly expatiate upon with Leigh Hunt, as we went on through the pretty

bowery lane—then popularly known as Millfield Lane, but called in his circle Poets' Lane, frequented as it was by himself, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge—till we came to a stile that abutted on a pathway leading across by the ponds and the Pine-mount, skirting Caen Wood, to Hampstead, so often and so lovingly celebrated both in prose and verse by him I was walking with. Then there was the row of tall trees in front of Mr. Gilman's house, where Coleridge lived, and beneath which trees he used to pace up and down in quiet meditation or in converse with some friend. Then there was Whittington's Stone on the road to the east of Highgate Hill, in connection with which Leigh Hunt would discourse delightfully of the tired boy with dusty feet sitting down to rest, and listening to the prophetic peal of bells that bade him tarry and return as the best means of getting forward in life. And sometimes we passed through the Highgate Archway, strolling on to rural Muswell Hill and still more rural Friern Barnet, its name retaining an old English form of plural, and recalling antique monkish fraternities when rations of food were served forth, or rest and shelter given to way-weary travellers. Leigh Hunt's simultaneous walk and talk were charming; but he also shone brilliantly in his after-breakfast pacings up and down his room. Clad in the flowered wrapping-gown he was so fond of wearing when at home, he would continue the lively subject broached during breakfast, or launch forth into some fresh one, gladly prolonging that bright and pleasant morning hour. He himself has somewhere spoken of the peculiar charm of English women, as "breakfast-beauties," and certainly he himself was a perfect specimen of a "breakfast-wit." At the first social meal of the day he was always quite as brilliant as most company men are at a dinner-party or a gay supper. Tea to him was as exhilarating and inspiring as wine to others; the looks of his home-circle as excitingly sympathetic as the applauding faces of an admiring assemblage. At the time of which I am speaking, Leigh Hunt was full of some translations he was making from Clement Marot and other of the French epigrammatists; and as he walked to and fro he would fashion a line or two, and hit off some felicitous turn of phrase, between whiles whistling with a melodious soft little birdy tone in a mode peculiar to himself of drawing the breath inwardly instead of sending it forth outwardly through his lips. I am not sure that his happy rendering of Destouches' couplet-epigram on an Englishman:—

Ci-gît Jean Rosbif, Ecuyer,
Qui se pendit pour se désennuyer,

̄nto

Here lies Sir John Plumpudding, of the Grange,
Who hung himself one morning, for a change,

did not occur to him during one of those after-breakfast lounges of which I am now speaking. Certain am I that at this time he was also cogitating the material for a book which he purposed naming "Fabulous Zoology"; and while this idea was in the ascendant his talk would be rife of dragons, griffins, hippogriffs, minotaurs, basilisks, and "such small deer" and "fearful wild fowl" of the genus monster, illustrated in his wonted delightful style by references to the classic poets and romancists.

Belonging to this period also was his plan for writing a book of Fairy Tales, some of the names and sketched plots of which were capital—"Mother Fowl" (a story of a grimy, ill-favoured old beldam) being, I remember, one of them. Leigh Hunt had an enchanting way of taking you into his confidence when his thoughts were running upon the concoction of a new subject for a book, and of showing that he thought you capable of comprehending and even aiding him in carrying out his intention; at any rate, of sympathising heartily in his communicated views. No man ever more infallibly won sympathy by showing that he felt you were eager to give it to him.

The one of Leigh Hunt's children who most at that period engaged my interest and fondness was his little gentle boy, Vincent; who, being a namesake of my father's, used to call me his daughter, while called him "papa." Afterwards, when the news of my being married reached the Hunt family, Vincent was found crying; and when asked what for, he whimpered out:—"I don't like to have my daughter marry without asking her papa's leave."

Our marriage took place on a fine summer day—July 5th, in 1828. The sky was cloudless; and as we took our way across the fields that lie between Edmonton and Enfield—for we had resolved to spend our quiet honeymoon in that lovely English village, Charles's native place, and had gone down in primitive Darby-and-Joan fashion by the Edmonton stage, after leaving my father and mother's house on foot together, Charles laughingly telling me, as we walked down the street, a story of a man who said to his wife an hour after the wedding: "Hitherto I have been your slave, madam; now you are mine"—we lingered by the brook where John Keats used to lean over the rail of the foot-bridge, looking at the water and watching

Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,

To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness :

and stayed to note 'the exact spot recorded in Keats' Epistle to C. C. C., where the friends used to part

Midway between our homes : your accents bland
Still sounded in my ears, when I no more
Could hear your footsteps touch the grav'ly floor.
Sometimes I lost them, and then found again ;
You chang'd the footpath for the grassy plain ;

and loitered under a range of young oak-trees, now grown into more than stout saplings, that were the result of some of those carefully dropped acorns planted by Charles and his father in the times of yore heretofore recorded. So dear to us always were Enfield and its associations that they were made the subject of a paper without C. C. C.'s signature entitled "A Visit to Enfield," and a letter signed "Felicia Maritata," both of which were published by Leigh Hunt in his *Serials*: the former in the number of his *Tatler* for October 11, 1830 ; the latter in the number of *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* for January 21, 1835.

Dear Charles and Mary Lamb, who were then residing at Chase Side, Enfield, paid us the compliment of affecting to take it a little in dudgeon that we should not have let them know when we "lurked at the Greyhound" so near to them ; but his own letter,* written soon after that time, shows how playfully and how kindly he really took this "stealing a match before one's face." He made us promise to repair our transgression by coming to spend a week or ten days with him and his sister ; and gladly did we avail ourselves of the offered pleasure under name of reparation.

During the forenoons and afternoons of this memorable visit we used to take the most enchanting walks in all directions of the lovely neighbourhood. Over by Winchmore Hill, through Southgate Wood to Southgate and back : on one occasion stopping at a village linen-draper's shop that stood in the hamlet of Winchmore Hill, that Mary Lamb might make purchase of some little household requisite she needed ; and Charles Lamb, hovering near with us, while his sister was being served by the mistress of the shop, addressed her, in a tone of mock sympathy, with the words :—"I hear that trade's falling off, Mrs. Udall, how's this?" The stout, good-natured matron only smiled, as accustomed to Lamb's whimsical way, for he was evidently familiarly known at the houses where his sister dealt.

* See p. 621 of *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1873.

Another time a longer excursion was proposed, when Miss Lamb declined accompanying us, but said she would meet us on our return, as the walk was farther than she thought she could manage. It was to Northaw: through charming lanes, and country by-roads, and we went hoping to see a famous old giant oak-tree there. This we could not find; it had perhaps fallen, after centuries of sturdy growth; but our walk was delightful, Lamb being our conductor and confabulator. It was on this occasion that—sitting on a felled tree by the way-side under a hedge in deference to the temporary fatigue felt by the least capable walker of the three—he told us the story of the dog* that he had *tired out* and got rid of by that means. The rising ground of the lane, the way-side seat, Charles Lamb's voice, our own responsive laughter—all seem present to us as we write. Mary Lamb was as good as her word—when was she otherwise? and came to join us on our way back and be with us on our reaching home, there to make us comfortable in old-fashioned easy-chairs for “a good rest” before dinner. The evenings were spent in cosy talk: Lamb often taking his pipe, as he sat by the fire-side, and puffing quietly between the intervals of discussing some choice book, or telling some racy story, or uttering some fine thoughtful remark. On the first evening of our visit he had asked us if we could play whist, as he liked a rubber; but on our confessing to very small skill at the game, he said:—“Oh, then, you're right not to play; I hate playing with bad players.” However, on one of the last nights of our stay he said:—“Let's see what you're like, as whist-players”; and after a hand or two, finding us not to be so unproficient as he had been led to believe, said:—“If I had only known you were as good as this, we would have had whist every evening.”

His style of playful bluntness when speaking to his intimates was strangely pleasant—nay, welcome: it gave you the impression of his liking you well enough to be rough and unceremonious with you: it showed you that he felt at home with you. It accorded with what you knew to be at the root of an ironical assertion he made—that he always gave away gifts, parted with presents, and *sold* keepsakes. It underlay in sentiment the drollery and reversed truth of his saying to us: “I always call my sister Maria when we are alone together, Mary when we are with our friends, and Moll before the servants.”

He was at this time expecting a visit from the Hoods, and talked over with us the grand preparations he and his sister meant to make in the way of due entertainment: one of the dishes he proposed *being no other than* “bubble and squeak.” He had a liking for

* See p. 627 of *Gentleman's Magazine*, for December, 1873.

queer, out-of-the-way names and odd, startling, quaint nomenclatures ; bringing them in at unexpected moments, and dwelling upon them again and again when his interlocutors thought he had done with them. So on this occasion "bubble and squeak" made its perpetual re-appearance at the most irrelevant points of the day's conversation and evening fireside talk, till its sheer repetition became a piece of humour in itself.

He had a hearty friendship for Thomas Hood, esteeming him as well as liking him very highly. Lamb was most warm in his preferences, and his cordial sympathy with those among them who were, like himself, men of letters, forms a signal refutation of the lukewarmness—nay, envy—that has often been said to subsist between writers towards one another. Witness, for example, his lines to Sheridan Knowles "on his Tragedy of *Virginius*." Witness, too, his three elegant and witty verse-compliments to Leigh Hunt, to Proctor, and to Hone. The first he addresses "To my friend the *Indicator*," and ends it with these ingeniously turned lines :—

I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,
Or wrong the rules of grammar understood ;
But, with the leave of Priscian, be it said,
The *Indicative* is your *Potential Mood*.
Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator—
Hunt, your best title yet is *Indicator*.

The second, addressed "To the Author of the Poems published under the name of Barry Cornwall," after praising his "*Marcian Colonna*," "*The Sicilian Tale*," and "*The Dream*," bids him

No longer, then, as "lowly substitute,
Factor, or PROCTOR, for another's gains,"
Suffer the admiring world to be deceived ;
Lest thou thyself, by self of fame bereaved,
Lament too late the lost prize of thy pains,
And heavenly tunes piped through an alien flute.

And the third, addressed "To the Editor of the '*Every-day Book*,'" has this concluding stanza :—

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—
The title only errs, he bids me say :
For while such art, wit, reading there are shown,
He swears 'tis not a work of *every day*.

(*To be continued.*)

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT THE SEA GAVE UP.

MARIE was alone for a few moments when her father left her room and went to make arrangements for their dismal journey. Something in his manner distressed her. In all her personal pain and grief she had a vague consciousness that he did not seem to her very sorry. His change in manner since the terrible news came made her heart sink. She suspected that since Christmas Pembroke was now removed from the way he would try all the more to persuade her to marry Mr. Vidal, and she should have fresh arguments and new struggles. In a day or two perhaps Vidal would be in Durewoods, and nothing in life seemed to her now half so hard to bear as the thought of her engagement with him. She pressed her hands to her forehead. A resolve came.

"I'll break it off myself!" she determined. "I have a right! My life is my own—and I will do it! It is no shame now, since *he* is dead. I may love him now to my heart's content—and I could not even think of him while I remained still bound to Mr. Vidal."

"Marie," her father said, quietly entering the room, "get ready, dear, if you will come. We shall start in half an hour exactly. I have a letter or two to write first, which must go to the post."

"I, too, have a letter to write," Marie thought.

"In half an hour I'll come," Sir John said.

"I shall be quite ready, dear," Marie replied with a composure which puzzled him.

The moment he had gone she went to her desk and began to write. The purpose that she had in writing kept her nerves calm and steady. Her composure was surprising to herself now. Even while she wrote she found herself coldly looking the situation full in the face, and resolving that this was the best thing and the right thing to do. Her whole soul was now set on being free of her *engagement with Ronald Vidal*—free to think always over Christmas

Pembroke, and to own to herself that she loved him. This step, too, would save her father the pain of having to tell her story with his own lips to Ronald, and it would prevent the possibility of his trying to induce her still to marry Vidal. She grew sick at the thought of his cool and man-of-the-world arguments all over again.

She felt, too, as if she could not look on Christmas Pembroke's dead body until she had released herself from her engagement with Mr. Vidal. That seemed an indispensable and sacred duty. Not that she feared to indulge in any burst of grief over the body of the young man whom she had known, all too late, that she loved. Lady Disdain believed that, broken as she was, she still had strength and pride enough not to betray herself before vulgar lookers-on. But her soul would at least be free; and she could own to herself that she loved him. A girl beguiled into an engagement during the absence of the lover whom she was taught to believe dead could not have panted more eagerly to free herself from it in order honestly to meet the lover come safely back than Marie longed to be free from her engagement with Mr. Vidal before she went to look on Christmas Pembroke dead.

This was the letter she wrote. She wrote it "at one stroke," and as fast as her pen could go. Her mind was mistress of its subject—

"DEAR MR. VIDAL,—This letter will give you pain to read, I fear. It gives me pain to write, but I cannot help writing it; and I have not asked the advice of any one about it. I wonder if you already guess what I am going to say.

"I cannot keep my promise. I must ask of you, and beg of you, that you will release me from it. When I promised I did a great wrong to you and to myself; but I did it partly without thought, and partly through ignorance of my own feelings. I know now that I ought not to marry you. I know that I never could care for you as you deserve, and as your wife ought to care for you.

"This is not all. Perhaps you might be generous enough and hopeful enough to overlook that. But I am going to say what, perhaps, no girl ever wrote before at such a time, and what, perhaps, I ought to be ashamed to confess. I know now what I did not know then—that there is some one I do care for more than ever I could care for you or any other being. He does not know this, and never can know it now; but I do. I loved him.

"I suppose this is an unwomanly confession. If so it will make you feel the less regret when you receive this letter. You could not care to make any girl your wife who could have written it. I shall

be glad to believe that—if it is any relief to you to condemn and despise me. I don't know what the usage of the world may be, but I have made up my mind that there should be truth between you and me.

“I do not ask you to forgive me. I ought to have asked your forgiveness when I promised—not now when I release you from your engagement, and set you free.

“MARIE CHALLONER.”

“When that leaves Durewoods,” said Marie, “I am free!” She made up the letter, addressed it, went downstairs herself and placed it in the old-fashioned post-bag, and having met nobody on the way came quietly back to her room. There was a strange feeling of exaltation—almost of exultation—about her. All high emotions are in the same key; and with resolve there always comes some thrill of the exultant mood. When Juliet's lover knows all and has surveyed in mind the worst and made up his resolve, there is something like exulting pride in the declaration that now after all he will visit Juliet, and that very night. Our heroine thought with a kindred pride that now she was free to look on the face of the man she loved. At that moment came back to her the quiet, warning words of Dione Lyle the day before.

“Miss Lyle was right I suppose,” she thought. “I may think of him so now at least, since he is dead. Even the poor girl whom he loved would not blame me now, if she could know.”

Her father came and quietly handed her to the carriage, maintaining a dignified ease while in the presence of the servants, but relapsing into ostentatious sympathy when they were alone together and on their way. It was little more than midday, but the skies were covered and the scene was dim with mist. They had a long drive, and they did not talk much. The momentary elevation of spirit which Marie had felt when she made her resolve had passed away, and she had now only a sense of utter loneliness. She looked into the future and shuddered at its blankness: and she looked back on the past and wondered why she ever was happy.

For all the sympathy Sir John Challoner now expressed, his daughter could not bring herself to turn towards him in confidence and love. It was not merely that she could not bring herself to this; but it did not seem in the nature of things that she should make the attempt, or that there could be any confidence between them any more. Some vague idea that she had not been fairly dealt with floated across her mind. It had not much shape; but there it

was. Why did Christmas Pembroke want so much to see her before he left England for ever? Why was he leaving England for ever? Why had he never told Miss Lyle about—all that about Miss Jansen?

Looking back now upon the past she wondered at herself, and that she had not sooner understood the secret of her heart. Now she knew. She had loved him this long time. She had unconsciously tried to close her breast against him when she heard that he was in love with another girl, but he had gone with her inseparable as her shadow everywhere. His memory had oppressed her always. The darkness in which she sat, the pain constantly in her heart, had been because of him. But for her father and for the sake of Mr. Vidal, to whom she owed something, she would not have cared now who knew it. She wished that she might go to Sybil Jansen and say:—"I loved him too. I may tell you, now that he is dead," and let them be sisters in misfortune.

What things that formerly were bewildering to her, as to her own moods, now seemed clear, and how strange many things appeared that concerned him! Why did he tell her father that he wanted to marry Sybil Jansen, and not tell Miss Lyle? Why did he always seem unwilling to hear anything about Mr. Vidal? That day—that last day—when she saw him at Mrs. Seagraves' house and when she sent through him a message of friendliness to Miss Jansen—why did he look so blankly, and as if he didn't understand? Why was Miss Jansen so cold and rude to her? Why did she hear of his love for Miss Jansen the very day when Mr. Vidal came with his proposal to her?

Thus vainly she tortured her mind, as people will do—as if dead were not dead—as if things might be set right yet—as if it mattered now asking why or how when all was finished for ever. Now and then she remembered with a sickening pang that it was vain to think of all this, and then she began to think of it all over again. Each moment she became more and more conscious of a creeping, chilly sensation of distrust towards her father. It was not strong and decisive enough to be suspicion—what was it?

She looked thoughtfully at him as he sat in the carriage, and she remembered the years when they were such companions, and when his coming always made her holiday, and she wondered why her heart should be so cold to him now. He looked up and her eyes met his, and his were full of pity she thought. She was touched, and she gently put her hand upon his arm.

"Papa, dear?" in the old loving, childlike way which she had sometime disused.

"Yes, my love."

"Have you any idea—can you think—why *he* wanted to see me before he left England?"

For a moment perhaps Sir John was tempted to tell her the truth, and give her in her grief the poor consolation of knowing that he loved her. She looked so wistful and eager and piteous. But Sir John was a prudent and calculating man. He had made most of his successes in life by the capacity to survey the whole of a situation in a moment, compare the "fors" and "againsts," and make up his mind. To tell her the truth would do her no good—it would only prevent her recovering from all this folly, and it would for ever damage him and his authority in her eyes. The present pain was only for the present. Did he not remember his own love pains about Dione Lyle? and now how absurd they appeared! So he decided.

"Well, Marie, we were always very kind to him—you particularly; and he seemed very grateful, poor fellow. It was only natural he should like to see you and say that he felt thankful; and then, perhaps, he fancied I didn't quite approve of his throwing up his career in England in that hasty sort of way, and might have thought you would serve as a peacemaker. I should say it was something of that kind: very likely. Poor fellow—poor fellow!"

Marie sank back again into her former attitude. It did seem likely—and yet!—and so all the vain tormenting questioning began over again.

They were passing some scattered outlying houses at last, and boats and nets, and posts with chains and ropes attached.

"Now, my dear," her father asked, in a tone of thrilling, startling, laboured gentleness, like that which tells the patient that the operation is about to begin, "are you quite sure that you can go through all this? A great deal depends upon your self-command. There is no necessity at all for you to get out of the carriage, and it will be so painful"——

"Are we at the place?"

"Yes; very nearly. I really think you had much better not get out."

"It seems to me at present," Marie answered, "that I have only one desire left in the world."

"Yes; well; what is that?"

"To see him once more."

Sir John shrugged his shoulders and felt bitterly angry. "This is *what one brings up* daughters and loves them for. Some young

fellow comes from God knows where, and they have no feeling left in them for any one else !”

“As you please, Marie—if you will. But remember not to make an exposure of yourself. Don't let us play a scene in a tragedy for the edification of Portstone.”

“Why should I expose myself?” she asked. “I know all that is to be known—the worst is over. I only want to see him now, and to know that I have seen him.”

The carriage stopped, and Mr. Sands opened the door. Sir John got out and gave his hand to Marie. She alighted with a firm and easy step, and glanced quickly around her. The look of the place, or as much of it as she saw, became stamped upon her mind. They were at a doorway in one of the three sides of what might have been called a square, if a quay and the water did not form its fourth side. The grey misty sea was splashing every moment over the quay side, and the rain was driving across the irregular pavement. The houses of the place were ancient and tumble-down-looking structures for the most part. There were lights already blinking in the windows of some of them, although the evening had not yet set in. In one house there were red curtains drawn across the lower windows, which, with light behind them, gave the one cheery patch of colour to relieve the drear monotony and worse than wintry dismalness of the place. There were boats here and there, and there were posts with chains, and there were a few men in oilskin coats mooning about.

“Just this way, Sir John,” Mr. Sands said, “this way, miss ; three steps down. The light here, Ruggles.”

Ruggles, whoever he was, held a lantern, and Sir John and his daughter descended some steps into a long central passage or hall. Marie felt her heart beat painfully, but she kept her self-control completely. She was conscious of carefully holding up her dress that it might not trail on the damp and dirty steps.

“What place is this?” she asked quietly.

“This is the police station and the fire-office, miss,” the polite Sands replied. “We ought to have a deadhouse here, but we ain't got one yet.”

Marie shuddered. This seemed like enough to a deadhouse.

They went through the central passage, which was very dark, but which had rooms with stone floors on either side, that appeared tolerably well lighted with windows. Marie observed that there was a bird in a cage in one of the rooms.

Then they passed through a backdoor and crossed a little ill-paved

yard, Mr. Sands obligingly holding an umbrella open over Marie. They came to a sort of outbuilding like a stable or a laundry, and Mr. Sands, going on before, opened the door with a latch.

Marie drew back for one instant. She knew this was the place.

"You will be firm, my dear child," her father said imploringly. His whole soul was filled with the longing to get all this over without a scene. If he could once have her safely back in the carriage, she might faint then, or cry, or do anything she liked. He did not himself think now of the sight they were to see. It was nothing to him. If he had come alone and with a mind free there might be some room for a thought about the fate of his old friend's son. But now he could only think of the possibility of Marie's making a scene which might lead to gossip and talk and scandal. A girl in such a case might for all he knew throw herself on the body. He drew Marie's arm more firmly within his own, and they went in.

This place was better lighted than the more habitable part of the building. It had great sloping skylights that almost made a roof of glass. The daylight was tolerably clear yet.

There was nothing in the room but a broad bench; and on this lay something covered with a great rug or blanket. Marie held her breath. The time has come, she thought to herself, now. A strange conceit passed through her. "I know now that I could walk quietly to execution—it wouldn't be half so bad as this!"

"This is the body," Mr. Sands said with superfluous explanation. The body covered with its rug seemed to lord it over the place like visible King Death himself. Mr. Sands spoke in a low tone as one might in the presence of a king.

Sir John and Marie looked on in silence. It seemed to her that her very heartbeats now stood still.

"Shall I?" Mr. Sands asked, putting his hand upon the rug and making a motion as if to remove it.

"If you please," Sir John answered.

Marie found herself murmuring some prayer—to whom, for what, she scarcely knew.

Mr. Sands turned down the rug. A pale, waxy face was seen. It did not look awful; it did not look human; it did not seem as if it ever had belonged to life at all; it was only like a waxen mask. Marie stooped over it for a second holding her breath. Sir John bent down too, puzzled, amazed; and then Marie tore her arm from his and gave a great cry that rang through the gaunt empty room, "Oh, it's *not he!* Oh, thank God!"

"Oh, the young lady!" Mr. Sands exclaimed, and ran to lift her, for she had fallen all in a heap upon the floor.

"No thank you, don't—I can lift her," Sir John cried furiously. "This has all been a confounded mistake, Mr. Sands! This isn't the person we supposed. Can't you get a chair somewhere? No; I say, don't mind. We'll come out of this place."

Sir John was a strong man still in his prime and he made no more account of lifting and carrying his daughter than he used to do in the days when it was his delight to bear her himself to her cradle. But he did not feel tenderly to her now in his heart. He felt impatient and angry. He was angry with her for making what he would have called an exhibition of her feelings, and he was angry with Mr. Sands for having brought about the mistake; and with Christmas Pembroke for not being the dead body; and with the dead body for not being Christmas Pembroke. In his haste he had not seen whose body it was. He had not known that poor Nat Cramp was lying there with all his foolish story of vanity, ambition, love, and disappointment brought to a sudden end.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"BUT NO MORE LIKE MY FATHER."

MARIE CHALLONER had been prepared for everything but for what she saw. She had schooled herself, steeled her heart and her nerves, and she could have looked without giving way on the cold, dead face of the man whom now she knew she had loved. She thought she could bear with anything rather than not see him for the last time. The last time—and also surely the first time! She never saw him before in the true light—as the one she might have loved. She had torn herself free from her engagement in order that, when she had seen him for the last time, she might be able in the secrecy and solitude of her own room at night to indulge in her grief for him without feeling shame. But she had not been prepared for what she did see and for the wild reaction of joy that he was not dead. Therefore a sudden stifling sensation seemed to cling upon her brain and her pulses, and there was an instant's, a second's intolerable struggle: strange lights flashed before her eyes, and there was an unearthly singing in her ears, and for the first time in her life she fainted.

She recovered very soon, and she found that her father had been wetting her forehead with a handkerchief dipped in cold water, and

she smiled a faint thankfulness and said she was better—was quite well; and her father, who did not speak much, brought her to the carriage where he said she could rest more comfortably, and she reclined there feeling like a prisoner reprieved before his death sentence has been wholly carried out and who has not quite recovered himself so far as to understand his joy.

She saw her father and Mr. Sands talking together. She was now reviving rapidly and beginning to feel her relief. Presently Sir John came and took his seat in the carriage next to her.

"The young lady is better, I hope?" Mr. Sands asked, putting his head (which he respectfully uncovered despite the rain) in at the carriage window.

"I am quite well now, thank you, Mr. Sands," Marie answered, glad to speak to anybody. "I never fainted before. But I was so glad to find that it was not the friend we thought."

Grief we all know is easier to keep in its place than joy. But it is especially hard to keep from talking of one's joy. Dear Lady Disdain found it a severe trial not to pour out to her father all the sense of gladness which had so completely overmastered her. Something told her, however, only too surely that he would not share her emotions, and it was therefore a sort of relief to her even to express them thus faintly to respectable Mr. Sands.

"From what Mr. Sands has been telling me, however, I fear we must not look on things as quite so certain," her father said, chillingly. "Two young men, you say, took a boat at Baymouth, Mr. Sands?"

"Two young men, Sir John. Such is the information we have received—two young men take a boat at Baymouth; no one goes with them. *This* body is supposed to be one of them."

"I am sure he is not drowned," Marie said, in a low tone. "I know he is safe."

"Well, well, we needn't try to argue that point," Sir John said. "Of course we all hope he is safe."

"Odd, this one having the letter to the young lady in his possession," Mr. Sands remarked.

"No, not particularly odd," Sir John was quick to observe, for he did not choose to have it supposed that any odd things could happen where his daughter was concerned. "I dare say this poor fellow was a messenger. Mr. Pembroke's servant very probably. Do you know Pembroke's servant, Marie? Was that he?"

"Papa—don't you know?"

Sir John thought she was hastening to explain that Pembroke

probably did not keep a servant, and he considered any such explanation unnecessary.

"Ah, well—you didn't recognise him?"

"But—surely—did not you? The poor fellow! It seems cruel and heartless to have been so glad—seeing him there dead; but I couldn't help it."

"Do you know who it was, Marie?"

"Oh yes, dear. It is that poor unfortunate creature Natty Cramp. I should have been so sorry for him"—and Marie turned pale and felt sick at the thought of the dead body and of what it might have been.

"Nonsense!" Sir John said—"it can't be!"

"But indeed it is—poor Nat Cramp. So soon after his mother!" Marie tried to feel very, very sorry; but the knowledge that it was not Christmas Pembroke kept sorrow asleep for the present. "When sorrow slumbers wake it not," says the German song. Marie felt it a pious duty to stir her sorrow and try to rouse it; but it had drunk of an opiate and would not wake.

"Why, we left him in America the other day," Sir John said.

"One of the young men, it would appear, was understood to have come from America, Sir John," Mr. Sands explained.

"He would have come on hearing of his mother's death," said Marie. "But that is poor Natty. His dreams are all over."

"My daughter must be right," Sir John said. "This was the son of an old person lately dead who had been a servant at Durewoods, Mr. Sands."

"Very sad!" said Mr. Sands; "but we must all come to it."

"Wait for me, Marie. I'll just go with Mr. Sands and look again. I did not look very closely when I saw that it wasn't—it didn't occur to me."

Marie was left alone for a moment. The whole mystery seemed clear to her. Poor Nat Cramp was hastening to Durewoods on account of his mother's death, and Christmas had given him the letter to carry to her. The thought of their being together seemed to her out of the question. If they were together how could Nat come to have the letter intended for her? The suggestion did not even trouble or alarm her. Oh, no! he was alive! and she was happy. For the present she had not even time to think that if he lived he lived for some one else. It was enough now to know that he was not dead.

Sir John came back looking a little pale.

"It is poor Cramp sure enough," he said—"why the deuce didn't he stay in the States where he was doing well?"

Sir John was very angry with Cramp for not being Christmas Pembroke. Or it seemed to him perhaps that if Cramp had only remained in New Padua Pembroke then must have been drowned. He gave directions, however, to Mr. Sands that when all the formalities of the law were over, the body should be removed to Durewoods, and buried there near that of Mrs. Cramp, and that he, Sir John Challoner, would bear all the expenses. He also requested Mr. Sands to let him know if anything else came to light—about the boat and the other young man—and the carriage drove away.

“Why was this young fellow bringing a letter to you, Marie?” her father asked sharply.

“I don’t know, indeed, papa. But I suppose Mr. Pembroke must have asked him to bring it to me.”

Sir John shrugged his shoulders.

“It seems to me that there was a kind of plot going on all around me, and that everybody had some mystery, which was carefully kept from me. Was Dione Lyle mixed up in all this work?”

“In what work, dear? I don’t know of any.”

“All this letter-writing and fetching and carrying, and love-secrets and the rest of it. The whole parish, I suppose, will know that Miss Challoner was in love with some young fellow—while she was engaged to Lord Paladine’s son. Good God, what a state of things!”

“Oh, but nobody knew it,” Marie pleaded. “Oh, why can you not believe me? Nobody knew it. I didn’t know it myself. Don’t make me miserable by telling me that I have disgraced myself. I have not disgraced myself. Nobody ever shall know it, if *you* don’t betray it.”

“Marie, let me know this distinctly, once for all. Has nobody else ever heard of this?”

“Nobody else—oh, no!”

For the moment she did not remember that in her letter to Vidal she had made a confession which only wanted the name to be complete.

Sir John threw himself back in his seat with a sort of sigh as of one who mournfully resigns himself to the dubious consolation that things might have been worse. Marie was left to her own thoughts for the rest of the journey homewards. It was not her father’s fault if she did not regard herself as a very wrong-headed young woman, who was bringing trouble upon her family and friends. All this kind of thing was very new to Marie, who had been a sort of *princess in her home* before this, and whom her father would have

spoiled—if she could have been spoiled—by petting and by something like homage.

When she returned to her own room it came on her mind that there would seem to her father an inconsistency between the assurance she had given him that nobody knew of her secret but himself, and the sort of confession she had made to Mr. Vidal. He must come to know what she had written to Vidal, and she felt that it would be unworthy on her part not to tell him at once. She had written the letter with a set purpose which nothing could shake: and why should she be afraid to say that she had done so? What indeed, could it matter now? She could not and would not do the only thing that would have pleased her father—what then did it matter whether his displeasure fell upon her a little more or a little less sharply, a little sooner or a little later?

Still she felt a kind of dread at her heart. She shrank back from facing the unknown consequences of what she had done. She was alarmed at the thought of seeing her father in some mood such as she had never known in him before. She had heard and read of fathers who were violent and fierce. Her father, of course, had never been like that. It was hard to believe in the possibility of his ever being like that. But he had spoken to her that very day as he never spoke to her before, and as she could not yesterday have believed it possible that anybody would ever speak to her. Who could say what might not happen next? All strange and inconceivable things had lately broken in upon her life. A great sea had rushed over it and swept all the old landmarks away. Nothing could be surprising any more. Therefore her heart beat quickly. Like all women she was inclined to tremble at the unknown and the possible.

But the one thing which she could not do was to deceive. "If this remains unknown to him one hour longer I shall have deceived him," she said. In that moment of confused emotion there came to her recollection that Dione Lyle had praised her for having something like a man's sentiment of honour. She went resolutely to her father.

She knew she should find him in the library. Only the other day it seemed when she used to run in and scramble into his arms, and sit on his knee and make him put away whatever book he was reading and talk to her. How kind and patient he always was! Again she remembered what a holiday his coming used to be! Now she was almost afraid to go to him. But she put her fear down and went in.

Sir John was leaning on the chimney-piece with his back turned to

her, and looking moodily at the fire. As he heard the rustle of her dress he looked up and their eyes met in the glass over the chimney-piece. There was no sympathy in that momentary interchange of glances. Each looked away at once.

"Have I disturbed you, papa?" she began, with an effort at ease.

"No, Marie, I was not busy." This was said in a tone and with a manner which conveyed as plainly as any words could have done—

"My mind was too painfully occupied with the trial imposed upon me by an ungrateful daughter to allow of my devoting myself to my usual occupations."

"I wanted to say something to you."

"Yes, Marie." There was a slight relaxation of the melancholy rigour of his face. "Has she come to announce submission?" he asked himself.

"I know you will be displeased"—

"Oh! Well, Marie?"

"I told you to-day that nobody could possibly know anything about—about all that—but you."

"Yes, you told me that—and I believed you. Well—was it not true?"

This harsh, cruel way of taking her up shocked Marie, and almost made her repent of her candour.

"It was true," she said quietly. "At least I meant it for the truth. But I didn't remember then that I had told another person something of it."

"I thought as much, Marie," Sir John said with a half-triumphant, half-contemptuous smile. "You women never, I believe, tell the whole truth at once. Well, I suppose I know the rest. You told this romantic secret, of course, to Dione Lyle! I might have known it. I believe in my soul that woman was at the bottom of the whole affair. She hates me I know. Well, she has her revenge now. I can't deny that."

"No, I never told Miss Lyle," Marie said, surprised amid all her nearer personal emotions at the words he had spoken—the words about hatred and revenge. "She knows nothing about it."

"Then who in the name of the— I want to hear who knows anything about it."

"I wrote to Mr. Vidal to-day."

"You—what? You wrote to Ronald Vidal?"

"I wrote to him to-day."

"Marie? You wrote to Vidal to-day—about what?"

"I told him that I couldn't ever marry him—because I didn't—care about him—and because"—

"Well, go on in God's name and let me hear it all."

"Because, I cared—very much—for somebody else."

Sir John Challoner had been nervously turning in his hand a large vessel of Venetian glass which he found on the chimney-piece. He now dashed it on the hearth, where it broke in pieces with a crash that made Marie start and tremble. Women are greatly frightened by a dispute which begins with a loud noise and breaking of glass.

"Marie—you didn't do this. I don't believe it. You never would have dared to do it without telling me."

"Oh yes, I did it. I thought it very right to do"—

"Do you mean to say that you have actually sent that letter—sent it away with that shameful confession in it?"

"Yes : it is gone."

"Great God! What did you do such a thing as that for? Have you no sense of shame—have you no thought of me or of anything? Why did you not tell me?"

"Oh, because you would have tried to persuade me. And we should only have had useless arguments—and you don't understand how a woman feels—or, at least, how I feel. Papa, I am sorry if you are angry, but I couldn't help it. I felt that I must set myself free from this miserable engagement, and set *him* free too—good, kind Ronald Vidal—and the only right way was to tell him the truth."

"We are disgraced for ever!"

"There is no disgrace," Marie said bravely—"but there would have been disgrace to me if I had married that kind-hearted, honourable man, when I had no love for him, but only for somebody else! Oh yes, that would have been disgrace. I am not ashamed of what I have done."

"I am, by God!" her father cried out so furiously that she started—"and I am ashamed of you! Yes, I am—and I ought to be! Did any one ever hear of such a thing? Why didn't you let me write—if you must break off the whole thing—I could have put it in some decent light."

"I wrote because I wanted just the plain truth to be known."

Sir John looked at her with fierce inquiry. Could it be that she meant to imply anything against him—that he would not have told the truth? But his daughter had no such meaning.

"I knew," she went on simply, "that you would not like to tell

that—and Mr. Vidal might still think that he was bound to press me, and might think there was nothing really in the way—and so I wanted him to know once for all that it would be impossible.”

“My God, what deceivers women are!” Sir John cried in his indignation against the whole sex, about whom it was one of his articles of faith that men were not bound to tell them the whole truth in anything. “To think that you could be with me all this day, Marie, and never tell me that—and look me in the face and keep such a secret as that! Have you told Vidal his name as well as everything else?”

“Oh no”; and she found the colour all mounting to her forehead.

“But, of course, he’ll easily guess; and this will be the talk of the town! Marie, I am glad your mother is dead.”

He walked up and down the room, and kept saying in a loud tone, “What are we to do? What are we to do?”

Marie felt nearly crushed. She had not before regarded her offence in this odious light. She had not supposed that it was an actual sin against womanhood to be in love even with somebody who was not in love with her—so long as she kept her secret to herself—and whose fault was it that she had not kept it to herself? Surely only theirs who would have had her to marry a man whom she never could love. Therefore while she regarded herself as very unfortunate and beset by very peculiar trials, and was prepared even to own that she must now be a great trouble to her father, still she had not thought of herself as a mere scandal upon womanhood. But it is hard to hear oneself bewailed and cried out against as a shame to one’s household and not to droop the head. A sense of one’s innocence, we are told, sustains and consoles all the good people we read of. But there are some very good people who are not quite so complacently satisfied of their own goodness, and who, therefore, when they hear themselves vehemently denounced as guilty are startled for the moment into almost fearing that they are not innocent.

Sir John suddenly stopped.

“I wish to God I had never had a daughter!” he said. “I wish you had died when you had that fever long ago—and I sat up all night—night after night, and I wouldn’t let the nurse watch you—I did, by God! I’ve worked for you more than for myself. I have had ambition for you—I speculated and saved and schemed and planned for you—a match-making mamma”—he changed his tone for a moment to one of savage sarcasm—“a match-making mamma

couldn't have done more for her daughter than I did for you—and now this is what it all comes to!”

He was working himself up into a fury which Marie thought terrible to look at. It was strange indeed to her, and had long been strange to him. John Challoner had been born poor and among the humble, and he had been born with a passionate and in many qualities a vulgar nature. He had gradually risen in the world; he was endowed by Nature with just the combination of faculties which mean rising in the world, and no more. Getting up and up, he had schooled himself into the proprieties and the manners of the people with whom it was his ambition to associate, and he had disciplined his bursts of anger. But, as we have seen, a certain taint of the original vulgarity of nature always remained in him. So, too, the deep, coarse passion remained down in his breast somewhere. It was always only smothered—not extinguished. It broke out now, and blazed; and Challoner liked it to blaze. Now that there was nobody looking on but his daughter—for whom, since she was not likely to be the Honourable Mrs. Anything, he had no longer much respect—he was glad to give his old nature its full way. It relieved him, and his disappointment was almost unbearable.

Marie was startled and shocked out of all thought for herself.

“Oh, papa—dear, dear papa, don't speak and look in that way! You are not like yourself. Oh, I am so sorry if I have disappointed you.”

She put her hand gently on his shoulder. He flung it off—and flung her off so roughly that she found herself shaken against the chimney-piece. Then he stood near her, with his face purpling and his large white hand clenched, and her heart stood still, for she thought he was going to strike her.

Then he drew back and tossed his arms loosely about as if to shake off the temptation that beset him.

“Go out of the room!” he cried. “Get out of the room, and don't stand there to provoke me! You are a disgrace to me.”

He turned his back upon her and strode to a window, and stood there chafing and tossing his arms almost as wildly as the trees outside were tossing their boughs.

Dear Lady Disdain, white as ashes, went out of the room. She went to her turret-room where she had been so happy, where she had been such a princess. She could not yet find any relief to her agony in tears. She felt a dry, catching, choking sob every now and then rending her throat, but she could not cry. The whole thing was so frightfully strange. Was it her father—or a madman—or some

deous creature of a dream—who had heaped such insults on her, and flung her away with his hand, and driven her from the room? Her misery was too new for her to realise its shape as yet. One thing only was pressing down upon her—the consciousness that all was changed—that nothing ever again could be as it was for her. Where was her father—the kind, fond, petting companion of her childhood and her youth? That strange, wild, choking, red-faced man below, who flung his arms about and stamped and broke glass things and rated at her and flung her away?

Her heart leaped with a nameless, indefinable terror as she heard a tap at the door, and then saw it open and her father come in. Instinctively she drew back and almost cowered in the corner beside the chimney-piece. Dear Lady Disdain had never before known fear. She had never had anything to be afraid of; and the common terrors of death, storms, wrecks, and such like would have found her brave and brilliant. But she was for the moment cowed by this strong, furious man, who she supposed might beat her and kill her if he liked. If she was capable or conscious of any distinct wish or hope at the time it was that he would kill her in some quick way, and not strike and beat her first.

Sir John was now as pale as she, and he trembled more than she did.

“Marie—Marie,” he said, “I have come to beg your pardon, my child. I—I want you to forgive me. I do not know what came over me—but I didn’t mean what I said. I used to be very passionate once, but not this long time—only it came out then in a moment. Won’t you forgive me, my dear?”

He mistook Marie’s hesitation. She was too much bewildered and alarmed to collect her senses and reply, for this presentation of her father was as strange and dreadful as the other.

“My dear, my dear, do you refuse to forgive me? Good God, are you afraid of me? I’ll go on my knees to you.”

“Oh, my dear,” the poor bewildered, heart-torn girl cried, throwing her arms round his neck, “don’t speak in that way; it is like madness! I forgive you, dear. I forgive you, a thousand times. I know you didn’t mean it—it was nothing. Do not think about it any more. I am not afraid of you, dear—oh no, not a bit. Why should I be afraid?”

She now petted and soothed him almost as one might a child. He seemed, indeed, a sort of child to her. At first she feared in her ignorance that he was really going mad, but at last she came to understand things better. It was only the furious outburst of a

disappointed and a not noble ambition. This it was which had made her father first rage and then grovel. Oh how truly she forgave him, and felt pity and regret all unspeakable for him! How she prayed for him and wept for him that sad night! But the dear, dear father of her girlhood whom she admired as well as loved—the strong, serene, stately father on whose arm she was so proud to lean, and whose smiling presence made her best festival—that friend and father was gone for ever.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ONE TAKEN—THE OTHER LEFT.

ONE of Nat Cramp's wild dreams had been realised. That far-off night when he walked on the Durewoods pier he found a certain delight in wishing that he had perished in the sea and that his body had been washed ashore, and that *she* might hear of his fate. A kind Heaven, pitying and indulgent even to his nonsense, had granted at least half his prayer—as Apollo dealt with the hero in the "*Æneid*." The sea has washed his dead body ashore and brought it under her very eyes. It would probably have reconciled him to death in any case if he could have known for certain that Marie Challoner would bend over his dead face and recognise him. Poor Nat, what a pity he cannot know! Ah, it is humiliating to think that there is no heroism in life half so desperate as the heroism of self-conceit! Yet suppose Nat could have known? Suppose he could have seen Marie Challoner fall in a faint from very joy that it was he who was dead and not Christmas Pembroke? Suppose he could have known that his life or death would hardly be thought of by her, provided only that Christmas Pembroke were alive? Surely one might say that the Devil himself could have invented no more cunning, cruel trick than that—to entrap poor Nat into throwing away his life only that his very death might show more clearly than ever his utter insignificance in her eyes. To die for the sake of giving her at least a pang; and to find that the pang was only one of joy because he and not somebody else was dead! What but this could be indeed "the fiend's arch mock"?

The sea keeps some of its secrets. It will always keep secret the answer to the question whether Cramp really meant that day to drown himself and his companion. Was his conduct only an ebullition of meaningless bravado? Was it merely the irrepressible extravagance of a fantastic, morbid mind strained to its utmost by excitement? Had he thought of what he was doing at all, or was

he unaccountable for any freak and impulse as a drunken man might be? That cannot be settled. There was so much of self-conceit and sham and mountebankery about the poor youth at his best that he could never know himself how far he was in earnest. But it is probable that his condition then was desperate enough for anything, and there was always a preposterous amount of earnestness under his most grotesque folly. The one certain thing is that wilfully or otherwise, by blundering bravado or set purpose, he turned the boat over, and that next day his body lay cold under the eyes of Marie Challoner. All the dreams and hopes and romance, the nonsense, the Claude Melnotte visions, the Republic, and the Church of the Future had conducted him to this. His epitaph, perhaps, might fitly be embodied in the cry of joy with which Marie welcomed the discovery that it was he and not another whom the chilly, broken waves of the winter sea had washed ashore.

Meanwhile what of the chance companion who had come down from London with Cramp that day, and whose Bellorophon-letter poor, cold, unconscious Cramp had brought with him safely to land in order to torture our heroine and take all the tragic dignity out of his own fate?

When the boat turned over and flung Christmas Pembroke and Nat Cramp into the sea, the two parted company in a moment. Christmas rose to the surface at once, and kept his nerves steady and tried to look about him. The waves were sharp and rough, and buffeted him hither and thither as the gusts of sudden wind varied. They struck him in the face and beat him on the back of the head and blinded his eyes, and sometimes threw him clean over on his back. They seemed to own no regular rise and fall to which a stout swimmer might suit himself. Perhaps, in such a condition of things, if a man really can swim, he is apt at first to lose his temper rather than his courage. It is almost impossible not to be angry with the waves, very hard to keep from shouting at them and cursing them. They seem to play so unfairly; to give their enemy no chance; to fall upon him from all sides at once; to hit him when he is down; to fling themselves on him most viciously when he is most embarrassed. The swimmer becomes infuriated against them and hates them as if they were living, treacherous, pitiless enemies; and indeed there seems something perversely human in their malignantly boisterous behaviour.

If Christmas denounced or cursed them, however, it was from the teeth inwards. He had far too much sense to waste any of his breath and his strength in outcry when he had such a fight for his

life before him. One passionate resolve filled him. He would not die: the waves should not kill him. He made up his mind to take things coolly. Swimming with any definite purpose would be a sheer waste of power. He did not know where to swim. The only thing he could do was to keep himself afloat with as little waste of strength as possible and hold as well as he could that position with regard to wind which would best save his face and eyes from the beating of the waves. "I shall do well enough for a good while longer," he thought, "if I don't freeze with cold." But heavens! how cold the water was! And how dreary the whole scene was—the grey sky: the black waves!

Christmas looked round everywhere when he could use his eyes to any advantage, but could see no sign of unfortunate Nat Cramp. It was probably a lucky thing for him that he did not see his late companion, for if he had he would certainly have tried to save him, and they would both in all probability have been washed ashore at Portstone together. Such a struggle for life, however, leaves no time for regretting lost companions. Every moment that Christmas tried to raise his head a little above the waves to see if anywhere he could descry unhappy Nat, he was so beaten and buffeted and flung about and fallen upon, that all his attention had to go back at once to himself alone. At one moment, however, he saw that he was very near the upturned boat. A thrill of hope and joy went through him. It was not easy to get to the boat without the chance of being dashed against her or sucked under her, and Christmas dreaded almost above all things a disabled hand or arm just now. Nor was it easy being near the boat to do anything better than allow himself to be dashed against her and take his chance. So he made for her anyhow, and presently he was flung forward and felt a sensation as if some giant had flung him up against a wooden gate, and uncertain whether his ribs were dashed in or not he found himself lying across the upturned boat and clinging to her keel. This was for the moment safety. It was at all events a relief not to have to keep his limbs and senses employed in the mere struggle to remain afloat. He was afloat now easily enough, and the only thing was to keep himself from being smothered by waves breaking against the boat, or from being torn away from her, or having his head beaten against her keel. "Luckily there are no sharks about here," our poor hero thought.

Far away he saw the sail of which Nat Cramp had spoken. The wind, however, blew from her to him, and he did not believe there would be the slightest chance of sending his voice across the gusts to

her. So he prudently spared his lungs and did not try. It was raining and the sky was all clouds, and he did not think he could do anything to make her see him. Still he had great hopes from her, and while that sail remained above his horizon he felt that no chilling sea could cause him to give up the struggle. For he seemed to have made up his mind that the sea should not swallow him before he had given his last message to Marie Challoner. "Die here now," he thought, "and she never to know how I loved her? No—I'll not die! I'll never give in! I'll get to Durewoods yet!"

It was strange how queer and drowsy and dreamy he seemed to grow. He was lying now not very uneasily along the back of the boat and holding on to her keel and was nearly out of the water, and there was a warmish and thick drizzle of rain falling around him, and the tossing motion and the hoarse roaring of the waves seemed to dull all his senses. The sharper tension of the struggle was gone and his frame was relaxed, and he felt inclined to go to sleep. He seemed to himself less like one clinging for dear life to an upturned boat in an angry sea than like one who lies in his bed and dreams of being in such a plight. But that the light had not changed he would have thought he must have been hours in the water. It seemed half a lifetime since he left London in the pouring rain that very morning. Was it that morning, or when? Had he really met Nat Cramp at all?

Sometimes he found his eyes closing, and he once must have dozed for an instant, for he thought he was travelling in the sleeping-car of a railway at night and that the noise of the waves was the rush and rattle of the train. Then he came to himself with a start, fearing he was about to be washed off the boat. Sometimes his mind wandered and he fancied he was in Japan with his father; in San Francisco; in Durewoods with Marie Challoner in the hollow among the trees holding her hand, and he talked to her quite aloud. More than once when his tired, languid eyes closed, he fancied he was lying in the chair in Sir John Challoner's library at Kensington asleep, and he believed that he had but to open his eyes and see Marie Challoner bending over him. So he looked up and saw the grey sky and felt the tossing of the pitiless waves, and clung all the faster and with strength renewed to the slippery boat and compelled his nerves to keep under his control, for if he lost his self-discipline for even a single moment he knew full well that he should never see Marie Challoner again. These little half-unconscious moments, these fits of sleepiness, were probably his salvation. Perhaps without them his nerves could never have endured the strain put on them—the strain of watching his safety and holding on to the boat.

What gleams of pleasure were extracted from the most unpromising condition, like the sunbeams from the Laputan cucumber! A chance change of position bringing a sense of freshness and relief to the overstrained frame, to the uneasy limbs, was for the moment a delight, as it is to the sick man on a bed of pain. Then he allowed his mind to enjoy the respite for an instant, and it went off guard and stood at ease. Sometimes he found himself shouting out scraps of song in answer to the hoarse roar of the waters. Sometimes he talked to himself and sometimes he shouted to Nat Cramp. Then he grew lazy and languid again, and felt very cold, and when his mind was awake and active enough to take in the reality of his condition he began to fear that he could not hold on any longer, that he must drop off and die, and never see Durewoods more. But again some change of position gave him fresh relief and he presently found himself back in Durewoods among the trees talking with Marie Challoner. Then he grew so languid that even when he once became vaguely aware that the sail he had seen was much nearer to him than before, he only made mental observation that it was a schooner and did not seem to be conscious of his having any personal interest in it. But he suddenly awoke with a start that nearly lost him his place on the boat, and he cast away this languid, dying mood, and tossed by the waves and soaking in the rain, and chilled in the feet and legs as he was, he found the lifeblood bubbling and dancing in his veins again, and his mind told him "I shall see Durewoods again after all!" and he shouted to the schooner with a lung-racking effort which made his voice little good for singing for many a day after. Again and again he shouted till he fell back quite exhausted, only able to wait for any fate.

Afterwards he had a consciousness of being dragged and heaved on board a vessel, of having some delicious, divine, reanimating, burning liquid poured down his throat—only brandy and water—of seeing several faces round him, of asking if any one had seen poor Cramp, begging them to look out for Cramp, and then falling asleep.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"YOU ARE AND DO NOT KNOW IT."

A NIGHT of broken rest, of short, horrible dreams from which it was a relief to start, and sweet dreams still shorter from which it was a pain to awake; a night which seemed long as a lifetime, which was divided into intervals and chapters that were like years, brought Marie Challoner to her next morning. Until the slow dawn had

come and familiar objects could be seen, the sleeping and the waking alike seemed a nightmare. A profound sense of strange, immeasurable misfortune was over Marie all the night through. What was to happen to her now? What was to happen to her next? How were she and her father to live together henceforward? Was it possible or right that they should live together? For when all his passion had passed away and he had put on an apologetic and subdued manner towards her, it was still just as clear as before that he considered her to have broken up all his plans and spoiled his life. He had the manner of one prepared to bear anything that might fall on him by or through his child, but who could not quite conceal the cruel pains of his martyrdom. Marie felt already like a stranger in the house—like one who had no right to be there, who had forfeited her claim to her father's love and shelter. Could a high-spirited girl endure this long? Would life on such conditions be worth having?

What she felt was that she had not merely lost her father, but that fate had changed her father, given her a new and sadly different father—one whom she hardly knew how to speak to, whom she looked at with uneasiness and dread, who seemed to shrink from her and to dislike her even when he was most civil and kind in words. The changeling of the fairy story is always the strange, unfamiliar, uncanny child whom the perplexed parent cannot warm to—here the changeling was the parent. Seldom surely was a girl's heart more peculiarly tried. For the new vein of love which had been breathed in it, exquisite as was the sensation it brought, only seemed to have been opened that her heart might bleed to death. Her love was to be barren—an endurance, a miserable secret, not a blessing. She had found out that she could love and that she did love, only just in time to find out that she could not have a lover. If Christmas Pembroke was not dead—if that hope and belief brought a rush of joy, what a cold reaction followed it! His name was nothing to her but a name to make her blush. By the strangest combination of unhappy chances, love seemed to have brought to her nothing but the need of renunciation, of repression, and of concealment.

Yet in one way her heart and her spirit never changed. She was still glad that she had broken suddenly and decisively from her engagement with Ronald Vidal. She felt her cheek burn with shame as she thought of him. She could have thanked Heaven now that he had never kissed her. It was well to have any little sense of relief anywhere, for the background as well as the foreground of her thoughts was nearly filled up with figures of pain. When for one moment her

anxious mind ceased to brood on the possible fate of Christmas Pembroke, or the future of her father and herself, it rested on the wrong she had done to Ronald Vidal and the pain she must have caused him, or on the stark dead body of poor Nat Cramp.

The storm that had swept the skies and the seas for so many miserable days was over. The rain had ceased and the clouds had broken. A pale mild sunlight shone from a cold blue streak of sky. There was something even in that. The world was not all given over to mist and rain and racking wind. The gleam of pale sun was a touch of inspiration to her sinking, sickening heart. It seemed to Marie like the long-withheld smile of God's compassion, and it brought tears into her eyes.

What a forlorn meal was that breakfast when she and her father sat together and tried to seem as if they believed they were the same to each other, and talked a little on indifferent topics, each well knowing what was at the other's heart! How often did each look up and find that the other's eyes were suddenly withdrawn!

"I have had a letter from Mr. Sands this morning, Marie," her father said at last. "I am going over to Portstone after breakfast. There is to be an inquest, and I am to identify poor Cramp. Then I shall have him—the body—brought here and buried properly near his mother. That will be only right, you know."

"The widow's son by the widow," said Marie. "Poor Sarah Cramp! She worked and saved—and loved—to little purpose."

Sir John shook his head.

"Yes," he murmured audibly, but as if unconsciously, "she did. We all work and save—and love—to little purpose, I think! Yes, yes—well, well!"

Marie's cheeks coloured a little, but she said nothing. She was not probably of an age or in a mood to make allowance enough for her father's point of view. He had, indeed, loved her much, in his own way, and had worked for her and saved for her, and was proud at the thought of having his life's ambition gratified through her, by her—and she had blown down all his plans and schemes and hopes with the breath of what seemed to him a girl's foolish whim. His ambition truly had not been noble, but its dying agonies were keen, and the first passion of disappointment over he did not bear them badly.

But if Marie did not yet make mental allowance enough for her father's disappointment, she at least was reasonable enough not to embitter it by any remonstrance, even if it did give forth a petulant wail now and then. She only said—

"I am glad that we can show our kindly memory of her—and of him too—even in that poor way."

"Then," Sir John went on, "I am going on to Baymouth at once. I am going to town—I shall return here the day after tomorrow, I think."

"You are going to London to-day?" she asked, with tremulous lip.

"This evening—yes. I must see Ronald Vidal at once, of course—that is due to him—and put things in the best way I can. There is no need of your seeing him any more. There is nothing to explain—which I cannot explain better; and it would be painful to you and to him. After all the main fact is the great thing—and explanation can't do much with that."

Marie had nothing to say. Perhaps she ought to have thrown herself into his arms and poured out some words of regret for his disappointment, and of tenderness and affection. But she felt that she could not do this. There was a chilling distance between them; and in her heart she resented, more profoundly even than she knew, the manner in which he would have disposed of her in marriage. She said nothing.

Presently Sir John rose and looked about him irresolutely. Then he said, without looking at her—

"I don't exactly know what I shall 'do, Marie. I have been thinking; but I haven't yet quite made up my mind. I don't care, of course, to be seen much in London until all this thing has blown over. And one's plans have to be altered in every way. I think I shall let the house in town, and this place perhaps. We might go somewhere abroad and live quietly there for awhile. I almost think I shall resign my seat in Parliament. It seems hardly worth while keeping on. But I don't know yet."

"If you would let me go and live somewhere away," said Marie, with her eyes full of tears,—“and you need not disarrange all your life—or if you would let me stay for awhile with Miss Lyle—or the Rivers in Paris”—some school friends of hers.

"I don't think Miss Lyle is much of a friend of mine," Sir John said, coldly, "or that her influence has been so very happy. Besides," he added, with the affected cheerfulness of a martyr, "I am not going to turn you out of doors, Marie, in that way. I am not one of the flinty-hearted fathers you read of in your romances. But when all one's plans are altered one has, of course, to make new arrangements. I always said you must not be pressed to marry any one against your will; only it is a pity, of course, that you didn't find

and a little sooner: but we have talked of all that, and it can't be helped now."

So he went away, and Marie was left for awhile to herself. She felt very miserable and was oppressed with the conviction that the very persons most kind to her knew that she was fallen from power and was in danger. It was in some sense a relief to her when Janet, Dione Lyle's little maid, presented herself with a message from her mistress to say that Miss Lyle would like most particularly to see Miss Challenger if Miss Challenger would not mind venturing out, as the day was fine. Miss Challenger would not have minded venturing out in very bad weather that day for a kindly look and a loving word from any one, and she promised to go to Miss Lyle at once. But she went with a palpitating heart, for she felt convinced that Miss Lyle's message must have something to do with Christmas Pembroke. "Perhaps I shall know in five minutes that he is safe, or that he is lost," Marie said to herself; and come what might she must, for her own sake and for woman's dignity, not show what she felt too much. Then again Miss Lyle might have sent only to ask something about him, having heard vague rumours perhaps. And Marie must be careful not to alarm her too much where she could not yet believe there was serious ground for alarm; and still must not give her too much hope, where, after all, the worst might have occurred. Marie had been greatly touched always by Dione's affection for Christmas Pembroke.

And then Marie's own personal troubles—they must not be told. Her father's secrets and her own—they must not be told, even to such a friend as Dione Lyle. To no human heart could she reveal the melancholy truth that her father and she were divided for ever—that her father, as she had known him, was lost to her. Nor would she tell that she had broken with Ronald until Ronald himself had accepted the fact that their engagement was at an end. What secrets she went burthened with to meet the one only friend in the world to whom she would gladly open all her heart! And Dione had keen eyes and would see any sudden evidence of peculiar emotion, and would ask the reason, and if she did ask, what could Marie answer? There was nothing for Marie, she thought as she went along, but to school herself into the most absolute self-control, and let no surprise betray her into emotion or into inconsiderate words. Of all tasks that could be imposed on her, any task of concealment, the accomplishing of even the most pious fraud, was the hardest strain to put on Dear Lady Disdain, whose words followed her thoughts as the sound follows the flash.

She found Miss Lyle alone, holding in her hand a half-crumpled paper, which Marie knew to be a telegraphic despatch. When one is in anxiety about a human life, the sight of such a paper sets the heart beating, and Marie had hard work to speak a few sweet composed words of ordinary familiar greeting to her friend. Then Dione Lyle's first question nearly startled her out of all her pre-arranged self-control. It came out quick and sharp.

"Do you know anything of Christmas Pembroke—that unfortunate boy?"

"No," said Marie. "I—I very much wish I did. But I hope he is well?"

She was going to say "I hope he is safe"; but she checked herself, remembering that this would be to betray to Dione Lyle her fears that he was not safe. So her sentence had to end rather feebly.

"Yes; I hope he is well—and I hope he is in his right senses. Have you heard nothing about him lately?"

All the composure vanished.

"Oh, Miss Lyle, *you* know something—I see that you do. Pray—pray tell me—don't keep me any longer in suspense!"

"My dear, what in the world are you in suspense about?"

"About him. Where is he? Oh, do you know—is he safe?"

Miss Lyle opened her eyes.

"Why, Marie, you *do* know something about him, after all! You know more than I do, for you know that he was in some kind of danger. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what it was all about?"

"But he is safe—he is living?"

"He is living," Miss Lyle said, composedly. "At least he was living when he sent me that message. But it doesn't at all follow that he should be living now, for you see that the message got to Baymouth and was allowed to toss about there until there was a chance of somebody coming over here, who kindly put it in his pocket and brought it along with him. You have an energetic father, my dear, who is always busy in schemes for the development of everything. I wonder he wouldn't apply his mind to the task of getting a telegraph wire stretched along to Durewoods."

Marie was not listening to these latter words. She had taken the telegram and was reading it as well as she could, while it fluttered in her trembling hands:—

"Don't be alarmed about me, if you should hear any reports. I am all *right*. I will get to Durewoods as soon as possible. Do you

know what has become of poor Cramp? I hope he is not lost, but I fear the worst has happened!"

"He is safe—I knew it!" Marie said, and a rush of tears blinded her eyes for the moment. Let us not blame her if in the very moment when the full knowledge of his safety sent such a thrill to her heart there came with it the recollection that he was not saved for her.

"Where did this come from?" she asked, with faltering tongue—when she could speak, and cowering rather under the keen clear eyes of Dione Lyle.

"If you look at the telegram in your hand, my dear, you will see that it comes from Calais. But why he should be in Calais, or why he should have poor Cramp with him—I suppose it means that young fellow from Durewoods—I thought he was in America—all this passes my understanding."

"He was with poor Nat Cramp then?" Marie said. "I did not know that. I should have been so much more alarmed if I had. He was coming to Durewoods in a boat, I suppose. They told us of a boat and two young men—and I suppose they must have been upset—and perhaps some steamer picked him up and carried him to Calais. Poor Nat Cramp is drowned, Miss Lyle."

"I am sure I am very sorry," Miss Lyle said; but she was evidently not thinking much over his fate just then.

"Such a strange escape! So wonderful! But I knew *he* was not lost. Something told me that he would come back safe—and he will come! Was it not a strange thing that I should have known it?"

"I should take a little more interest in the story," Miss Lyle said, "if I knew what it was all about. Why was he coming to Durewoods in so tremendous a hurry?—and how did you know that he was coming? I hope, Marie, you were not keeping up a correspondence with this poor boy?"

"We had no correspondence," Marie answered, with downcast eyes. "Why should we correspond?—or why should we not, Miss Lyle, if we had anything to say?"

"But you should have had nothing to say," Dione replied warmly. "What could you have had to say to him? You were engaged to be married—what had you to do with that boy? I do think there is something very mean about women. You haven't escaped it even. Why torment that poor young fellow? I wish you had never seen him, Marie."

"Well—so do I, Miss Lyle! It has made me very unhappy."

"And I don't wonder! You have spoiled his life for him. I *knew* you would."

"Miss Lyle, why are you angry with me, and what have I done? I don't understand a word. Surely you don't think I knew—oh, no, I didn't know that he was coming here to see me."

"Oh! He *was* coming here to see you, then?"

"So he said—in the letter."

"I thought as much! I knew he was coming to see you! I knew the whole thing had some such mad freak at the bottom of it! And what did he want to see you for?"

"I don't know—to say good-bye as he was leaving England—perhaps," Marie said piteously. She felt weak and humbled, for everybody seemed against her, though she was not conscious of having injured any one except Ronald Vidal. She had come to Dione Lyle for sympathy, and found that there too she was looked upon as a sort of wrong-doer.

"I don't see what he wanted of farewells under such circumstances. What good could come of that? He knew you were engaged to be married."

Marie plucked up a little spirit now. "I don't see what that has to do with it, Miss Lyle. I suppose people are not to be cut off from every word of kindness and friendship in this world because they are engaged to be married. We—we—liked each other always—he and I. We were friends. At least I liked him—of course I did—and I think he liked me. Why should he not wish to say good-bye to me when he was going away? It was very very kind of him—and I don't think I deserved it."

"How would Mr. Vidal have liked it, do you think?"

"I shouldn't have thought it necessary to ask Mr. Vidal's consent even if I had known," Lady Disdain said, colouring. "I didn't know. But he would never have thought of objecting—why should he object? I am sure *she* would not have objected unless she is a greater fool than I hope she is, for his sake," she added, with one womanlike and irrepressible touch of bitterness towards "the other."

"Who is she?"

"That young lady—Miss Jansen, of course."

"What has she to do with this, dear?"

"The girl to whom Mr. Pembroke is engaged?"

Dione had almost forgotten that old story, and in her present impatience she could not even pretend to believe in it. For the moment she really supposed that Marie was indulging in some little coquettish affectation.

"Stuff and nonsense! You don't believe that story, dear. You know you don't. You know very well that the poor lad cares no *more for that girl than I do who never saw her.*"

Marie opened wondering eyes.

"But he did care for her—he said so," Marie faltered, almost breathless.

"Not he, dear; he never told any such untruth."

"But, Miss Lyle, whom then did he care for?"

Dione looked into her open, wondering eyes.

"Either you are a better actress than I thought, dear, or you are more innocent than some of us were at the age of ten. Did you never know with whom Christmas Pembroke really was in love?"

"Never—except Miss Jansen. Every one said Miss Jansen"—

"And you don't know still—you don't guess even now?"

"Oh, I can't guess. I'll not try to guess," Marie said, growing very red; "and it couldn't be, Miss Lyle," she added rather inconsistently.

"It could be, dear—it was—and it is; and I can tell you I wish it had never been, for his sake. Indeed, I thought you must have known it."

"Oh?"

The exclamation was partly a protest: but it was also a cry of wonder and delight.

"And that was why I was a little sharp, my dear," Dione went on. "I thought you knew it, and were pleased with it—I mean I began to think this when I got his message to-day, and found that he had been trying to see you. I never thought it before, and I don't think it now. Yes, Marie, he was in love with you all the time."

"It can't be," said Marie, "I don't think it can be"

"He told me so, Marie."

Another irrepressible note of delight was heard.

"Yes, I extorted it from him. Poor fellow! Well, I am glad to tell you all this now, Marie, because it is better you should know. I wish I had told you before."

"So do I," Marie said in a low voice.

"Yes, you might have known better how to act. Now you know, and your course is clear, Marie."

"Is it? I wish it were."

"Of course you must not see this poor lover of yours any more." Marie started.

"You wouldn't surely think of seeing him again after that? What would be the use of it? Why should you torment him for no purpose? I think it would be very wrong of you, Marie; and I know you too well to believe you would do anything wrong. Promise me, Marie, that you will not see him."

Marie was silent. Her soul was too much absorbed in wonder.

Delight to allow her to follow the words of her friend. He loved her; and had loved her always! The strangest thing, perhaps, was that the longer it rested in her mind, the less strange it seemed to be. It seemed so natural—and yet she had never thought of it. It fell in now and fitted with and made part of every look and word and act of his that she could recall, and yet it had never occurred to her then. After the first shock of surprise and doubt the doubt vanished and never reappeared. Oh, yes; it was all clear now as the sunlight. He loved her as she loved him. All the world now seemed filled with happiness for her. She was so happy that the tears came into her eyes at the thought that she might possibly die, or he, before they met again.

“You will promise me this, child?” Miss Lyle said softly.

“You will trust me, Miss Lyle, won’t you; without asking for any promise? I’ll not do anything that you will blame. I will think of what is good for him a thousand times more than of myself. Yes, you may be sure of that! But I didn’t know of this; and it has come on me suddenly, and there is so much to be thought of. I can’t speak of it now—even to you, dear, dear friend. May I go away? I will come again whenever you want me.”

“When I send for you, dear,” said Dione, kissing her forehead, “and not before! I will ask you to come when you may come. I see you have taken this as—well, as I ought to have known that my Marie Challoner would take it. We must think of him, poor fellow!”

“We must, indeed,” said Marie, looking up with a bright look through her tear-flashing eyes, that almost dazzled Dione; and then she kissed Dione and went away.

“She has a good heart,” Dione thought to herself, “a kind, pure, generous heart! She feels for him as a woman ought to do—in the right way. I wish things had been otherwise! I wish those two could have loved each other, and married, and been happy. Well, well!”

The last two words she found herself speaking aloud in her solitude. Her mind went back to a time when two hearts, each alike devoted to the other, were torn asunder and sent different ways for nothing. Here, after all, there was but one heart to bleed; and men get over these things sometimes, she said; and then she felt very lonely and melancholy, and the twilight seemed a pain to bear in such a mood.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

MR. JOHN WATSON DALBY follows up those stanzas with which he kindly favoured me last month, upon Severn's sketch of Keats on his death-bed, with a question touching the residence of Keats in the Poultry. He calls my attention to an interesting passage in the biographical introduction to Mr. Cowden Clarke's "The Riches of Chaucer," in which Mr. Clarke says that "when Keats was about publishing his first little volume of poems, in the year 1817, he was living on the second floor of a house in the Poultry, at the corner of the court leading to the Queen's Arms Tavern—that corner nearest to Bow Church." Mr. Dalby asks:—"Can SYLVANUS URBAN or any of his correspondents inform me if the Queen's Arms Tavern is still in existence? I have made two ineffectual attempts to discover it, and on the first occasion wrote:—

Why long for the green lanes and lofty trees,
The river, and its bowery retreats?
Poesie hath her home in London streets:
Their murmur cannot mar her melodies,
Nor their foul air o'ercome her fragancies;
Whilst Chaucer, Cowden Clarke, and dear John Keats
In town's most noisy, numerous haunts—one meets,
That triune Heart's far-reaching voice quells these.

Those three have left us never! one survives,
Yet in the flesh, by toil and time unbowed;
And in Genoa the superb, and proud,
Calmly communing with great souls, he lives,
No name more honoured, save, as I opine,
Mary, true wife, true friend! it may be *thine*.

July 21st, 1871."

Referring back to Mr. Cowden Clarke's "Recollections of John Keats," printed in this magazine in the month of February last year, I find the inn near which Keats lived named the Queen's *Head* Tavern. This is the sentence:—"Keats was now living with his brothers in apartments on the second floor of a house in the Poultry over the passage leading to the Queen's Head Tavern, and opposite to one of the City companies' halls—the Ironmongers', if I mistake not."

Shortly after those Recollections appeared the editor of the *Hackney and Kingsland Gazette* wrote saying that he thought Mr. Clarke must be under a misconception in fixing the residence in the Poultry, for the description was "identical with the tavern and passage opposite the Ironmongers' Hall, in Fenchurch Street (not the Poultry)." Mr. Clarke, however, in reply, said he was quite confident the house was in the Poultry, but his knowledge and memory were not clear as to the large building opposite Keats's lodging. It remains an open question whether the house was the Queen's Head or the Queen's Arms, but this point may, no doubt, be settled by Mr. Cowden Clarke on reference to his notes. It is nearly sixty years since Mr. Clarke, who was even then some eight years older than Keats, called upon the author of "Endymion" at this house in the Poultry, and finding him engaged, took his seat upon a sofa and set to reading his then pocket companion, containing Chaucer's sweet poem "The Flower and the Leaf." The day was warm, and the reader presently fell into a doze, and while he slept Keats entered the room, read for the first time "The Flower and the Leaf," and on the page wrote the following beautiful sonnet:—

This pleasant tale is like a little copse ;
 The honied lines so freshly interlace
 To keep the reader in so sweet a place ;
 So that he here and there full-hearted stops,
 And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
 Come cool and suddenly against his face:
 And by the wand'ring melody may trace
 Which way the tender-legged linnet hops.

Oh, what a charm hath white simplicity ;
 What mighty power hath this gentle story ;—
 I, that for ever feel athirst for glory,
 Could at this moment be content to lie
 Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings
 Were heard of now beside the mournful robins.

February 1817.

In the field of English poetry I do not remember another so charmingly thoughtful and suggestive an impromptu. I must not bring this little bit of gossip over Mr. Dalby's note to an end without correcting an error into which I fell last month in introducing that gentleman's lines upon Keats on his death-bed. The copy of Severn's sketch of Keats was a spontaneous gift to Mr. Dalby from his old friends Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, and those verses which I printed last month were in acknowledgment of the affectionate thoughtfulness of the donors.

THE following letter from "A Constant Reader" in Italy needs neither introduction nor comment :—

"DEAR SYLVANUS URBAN,—The assertions made in 'Modern Judaism' concerning Israelitish converts to Christianity remind me of a tradition familiar amongst habitual spectators of Easter Festivals in Rome; one ceremony of which is the public baptism of a converted Jew, who is dipped bodily into the ancient sarcophagus venerated as 'Constantine's Font,' dedicated to this especial rite. Never has a single year elapsed without furnishing the edifying spectacle and its necessary concomitant, the Jew. But as converts are rare, whilst pious sightseers are punctiliously exacting, a possible defalcation has been provided against by a ludicrous expedient. The newly-baptised Jew immediately relapses into Judaism, ready to be re-converted annually—for a consideration—in due time for the Festival! He becomes so practised in the ceremonial proceedings of the occasion that he slips alertly into and out of the venerated sarcophagus, doffs and dons his habiliments with the readiness of an eager and well-trained circus horse which performs his intricate part in the evolutions of an equestrian display before his equerry can utter the word of command. One Roman Jew is said to have thus earned a decent livelihood for twenty consecutive years, much to the honour and glory of Mother Church, whose yearly convert costs her less than '£2,000'; is sure to be forthcoming, and is quite as satisfactory to fanatic supporters of proselytism."

THE above example of Israelitish thrift in the Eternal City is not by any means the only communication I have received on the subject of that paper on "Modern Judaism." I do not think it would be difficult, by the aid of able and learned correspondents of the Hebrew race, to occupy a large portion of the magazine during the next six months with a lively controversy on some of the points raised by the "English Jew." But I do not think the discussion is necessary. It was obvious to any reader that the views and statements of the writer of the article were such as would be concurred in by many of his co-religionists, and disputed and protested against by others; but as the paper stands it will commend itself to most persons of thought and observation as a fair representation of the feeling of a large section of the Jews of the present day. One of the most interesting points in the communications of those who disagree with the "English Jew" is that with reference to the question whether or not Judaism has been alike and stable throughout the ages. It is pointed out that there are thirteen recognised articles

Of faith, as collected and arranged by Maimonides, of which the first five relate to the belief in the existence of God, the second five to the truth of Revelation and prophecy, and the remaining three to reward and punishment in the future world ; and for these articles of faith it is claimed that they have formed the substance of the Hebrew belief from the time of Moses to the present day : it has been the same faith in the Unity of the Godhead, in the immortality of the soul, the divinity of the law, and the inspiration of the prophets. The judicious reader, however, will not find it difficult to reconcile this view of the stability of the Jewish faith with the "English Jew's" statement as to the changes that Judaism has undergone. I can quite sympathise with the critics who defend the old Jewish prayers from the charge of intolerance. Literally speaking there is, no doubt, a good deal of intolerance in all sectarian prayers—more especially those which have come down from olden times ; but if the matter is put comparatively, and if we make allowance for the everlastingly disgraceful persecutions under which the sons of Abraham have suffered, it will be easily granted by all reasonable Christians that the tone of Jewish faith and observances has been throughout the ages exceptionally and nobly tolerant. A writer in the *Queen*, referring to that part of the article relating to conversion, observes that the present Prime Minister is a Jewish convert to Christianity. On this point I have a letter from the "English Jew," who says : "The Premier's father had a quarrel with the Portuguese synagogue about money matters, and thereupon Isaac D'Israeli left the synagogue, and his son somehow became a church-goer ; but it is a fact that Benjamin Disraeli has never been baptised as a Christian."

FROM the descendants of the great Admiral Tromp in Holland, through my Dutch correspondent, come further items as to the propriety or impropriety of the English practice of speaking of the famous sea warriors of that family as Van Tromps. According to these notes from the country between which and ourselves there existed a good deal of hostility, off and on, in the days of the Tromps, I learn that the father of the first admiral was killed in a fight with an "English pirate," while according to British authorities he lost his life in an engagement off the coast of Guinea with an "English cruiser." This patriotic discrepancy, however, between the two stories, does not go to the point of the name. It seems clear enough from these authoritative memoranda that neither the first Admiral Tromp nor the second, neither before nor after the conferring

on them of honorary or titular distinctions, was ever in Holland called Van Tromp, and their descendants are known simply by the name of Tromp. But there is this curious fact: the first Admiral Tromp had two wives in succession, and while the first is described on her tombstone as the relict of Marten Harpertsz Tromp, the second wife is set down as the relict of M. H. Van der Tromp. Again, underneath the first admiral's armorial bearings is written "M. H. Vañ Tromp." Now it is explained to me that Vañ, with an inflected *n*, means "Van der," which is a very different thing from the Van which so frequently appears before a Dutch surname. So far as I can understand the philological explanation placed before me, "Van der Tromp" would be a formal, or old fashioned, or pedantically antique way of describing this man as Marten Harpertzoon of the Tromps—*i.e.*, of the Tromp family.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1875.

A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER III.

Andreas.—What gossip to-day, good fellow?

Joiner.—Everything, good master.

Andreas.—Everything's nothing, good fellow.

Joiner.—And nothing's everything, good master.

Andreas.—And how long may that be so, knave?

Joiner.—Why, since the world was first joined, and the first 'prentice hit his own thumb. Your big days, now, they're but the hammer blows, and the more noise the less skill: but your little days, they're the nails they drive—the tin tacks of time. And when nothing happens, then, say I, there's something done—there goes another nail, tight and true.

THE talk between Beatrice and her sister during their walk of yesterday has at all events had the good effect of avoiding one very unpleasant task—that of tracing, step by step, the career of Abel Herrick from his gift of his last coin to a beggar man until to-day. And yet in no ordinary sense can the intervening history of Abel Herrick be called other than a pleasant spectacle for the rational reader, especially as it contained nothing extravagant or sensational. It was simply dull. Had he been the first man who has contrived to grow a crop of horse-hair from an empty pocket and to have climbed to the dignity of esquire from the bottom of a hurdle, it would have seemed miraculous:

but a host of memorable instances have rendered it common-place in all respects but one. From the workhouse to the woolsack is too possible to be romantic: but to pass from poet to lawyer was to reverse the natural order of things.

Outward facts were simple and straightforward. Every seeming disadvantage had, as usual, turned out a trump card. Tom, having, in his impulsive and headstrong good-nature, burdened himself with a tutor, was obliged to get his father to pay him, and, to avoid appearing like a charitable patron, to make some use of him. He had puffed him in good faith: and Mr. Deane was only too pleased to patronise a poor and unfortunate man of genius. Genius, as a rule, is now so good an economist that such a chance of befriending it when out at elbows does not happen every day. So Abel stayed on at Longworth longer than had ever been thought of. By an easy, gradual, and natural process he became transferred from the sinecure of coaching Tom to the very real and heavy work of helping Beatrice, and thence to the post of unofficial secretary to Mr. Deane. He thus lived at free quarters till Tom went up to St. Kit's, drawing a liberal salary that he had neither the inclination nor the opportunity to spend.

When Tom went up to Cambridge, however, it was clear that some change must be made: for, though Beatrice might fairly make use of her cousin's tutor, all the proprieties, in the person of Mrs. Deane, protested against her having one in her own name. But it was impossible for Mr. Deane to throw back upon the world one who had gradually become a part of his household and whom he found too useful to lose.

Tom, having befriended Abel once, thought himself committed to befriend him for ever through thick and thin, on the well-known principle that gratitude is the first duty of those who confer favours. He had always said that Abel must be either Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord Chancellor, and he said so now.

Beatrice held that it would be an ungenerous and selfish thing to take advantage of the necessities of a man of genius by buying his abilities without enabling him, at the same time, to carry them to the best market.

Mrs. Deane concurred: without giving as her reason that she did not take kindly to Abel and welcomed the idea of giving him a profession that would gradually separate him from his too close connection with the feminine part of the family.

Annie had said nothing, because she had nothing to say. Mrs. Burnett, as self-elected assessor to the family council, had said, "By

means let's see what the lad has in him. Give him all the rope can, and——." She left her sentence unfinished, but it was taken unqualified approval. In short, Abel at Longworth had at first been very much of a fly in amber, and, on that principle, treated as a valuable curiosity. But, when all the various motives that actuated the Deanes to push him were combined into a whole, the result was nothing short of generous aid and friendship that Abel would find very hard to repay.

After much consideration Mr. Deane had decided to engage him formally as his secretary, and to help him to the bar, which Abel himself preferred to taking orders when the choice was put to him. He could not bring himself to face St. Kit's again, while the portrait of the Lord Keeper who had singled him out from the herd still remained engraved upon his memory.

The "Wars of the Stars" were unfinished still. They lay at the bottom of his old trunk, and had scarcely advanced beyond "the four times seven mansions of the moon." Abel showed his gratitude in the very best way—by hard work and plenty of it. He had not made his own career: but he accepted it, as he had accepted all things that had come to him since he was born. Fortune was prodigal of favours: it seemed only to those who tried to take them by force that she refused them. He thought he could understand now how houses like Longworth came to be built by stupid people: and in that case to be deliberately dull and stupid looked like the highest form of genius that is to be found in the world.

Possibly, therefore, he had a right to be more grateful to Fortune herself than to her blind agents the Deanes, and all the more because one who has trained himself to be a mystic can never train himself to become wholly otherwise. Even yet it is impossible to answer the question, What will he become? It is only certain that he is doing his best to grasp at the substance and to throw away the dream, and is therefore a preternaturally wise dog. I crave his pardon—man.

Beatrice had not seen him for a considerable time: and when he came over to dinner the next day with Mr. Deane she found that he also had shared in the general change. The slave of fortune had set the laws of physiognomy at defiance by looking like a man of compressed inherent energy and iron will, even as he had set other theories at naught by being born a tramp, being bred a hurdle-maker, and looking so much like a gentleman that nobody would ever dream of speculating whether he was one or no. He was still grave and silent by habit, and unable to talk to men and

women of the world altogether as if he was one of them: but this very want of *savoir faire* had given an air of distinction to his awkwardness when he first sat down at the Longworth dinner-table, and had now been cultivated into an air of superiority. For whatever false pretence there was about all this, Nature, and not he, was accountable. There is no trick of which she is so fond as that of opposing character to features and expression, as all who do not think themselves physiognomists know well. His voice had not altogether escaped the taint of Eastingtonshire, but this also appeared to mark character. It had become an accepted article of faith among all the Deanes that the last and finest of their swans was to be a really great man; and now, in the eyes of Beatrice, he looked more than ever as if the family prophecy were likely to turn out true. "And this man," she thought scornfully, "is trying to throw himself away on some ignorant country-girl! Yes—men are contemptible, even the best of them—and the best the most, for it is they who always fall in love with fools." She was used to think in strong language, and therein flattered herself that she thought strongly.

When he crossed the room to shake hands with her, she only deigned him the coldest of fingers and of bows. Their freemasonry of common superiority to the rest of the world must be over now. She would have repelled the accusation of being jealous with scorn, but she believed herself, on purely general and abstract grounds, to have every reason for contempt and anger. Of course it was painful to see one whom she had hitherto honoured throwing himself and his career away, and his silence on so important a matter made him look as if he were ashamed of the choice he had made.

Tom was in the room: so Mr. Deane made a point of acting before a spectator as if he were the cool and unconcerned master of the situation, however put out less decided characters might be. His weaknesses had become strangely apparent since the death of one who, while she lived, had seemed to have no influence at all.

"We are to congratulate Herrick on his maiden brief," he said with a dash at good-humour. "Not the country, though. He has been getting off a rogue. I committed the fellow myself, so I know."

As nobody made any remark, the burden of keeping up a before-dinner conversation fell upon Annie. She had in some measure succeeded to her aunt's situation of cypher, by increasing the value of others without adding to her own.

“What was it, Uncle George?” she asked. “If it was murder, not sorry—I don’t like people to be hung.”

Nobody ought to defend an unjust cause, all the same,” said Beatrice, who was disposed to lay down the law against Abel on any question that might arise.

“There, Herrick—what do you think of girls’ logic, eh? Fancy asking we try murder at sessions, and not wanting rascals to be punished or properly defended. A nice business the women would make of it. They’d find everybody guilty without a hearing and then give them all round. No, Annie—it wasn’t a murder: it was only stealing a pair of boots, and a very bad pair too. He stole them as certainly as if I’d seen him. And what do you think of Herrick’s eloquence got the jury to find?”

“Guilty?” asked Annie.

“What—when he was defending him? Though that is the result of a defence sometimes. Try again.”

“Not guilty?” Annie asked timidly, as if the field of guessing was still left wide.

“No. They found manslaughter.”

“Oh, uncle!” exclaimed Beatrice triumphantly. “And you talk of girls’ logic! I don’t think I’m very stupid to ask what that means.”

“Well, I can’t say you are. I suppose they’d heard of murder being found manslaughter, and thought it the regular form for saying they thought he ought to be punished in proportion to their doubts, or some muddle of that sort.”

“And had you to punish him for manslaughter?” asked Annie.

“God bless me—there’s woman’s law again! We sent them back, and then they found ‘Not guilty: and we recommend him to mercy.’ Ah, Herrick, you muddled them gloriously.”

“I did my best, sir,” said Abel. “I agree with you the verdict should have been guilty and no mercy.”

“And yet you defended him!” said Beatrice obstinately. “Would you have spoken against him if you’d thought him innocent? To my girls’ logic that means the same thing. And is that the work of men’s most ambitious profession—to defend small thieves? At any rate, if I were a barrister, I would not go below a highwayman.”

“It was my duty,” said her master, in the tone of authority that she had entitled him to use towards her from the beginning, and that had been strengthened by their relation of teacher and pupil. He frowned a little as he spoke: she was opposing him for the first time, and on a frivolous ground.

"Come, Herrick," said Mr. Deane, "It's no use trying to teach girls law. By the way, how was it the rascal went to you? I'd asked our clerk to give you the prosecution"—

Beatrice, more watchful than she wished to be, noticed that Abel coloured a little: and nature had saved him from the weakness of blushing at nothing. "It was what we call a dock brief," he explained. "I happened to sit nearest the prisoner when the man Boswell was arraigned, so it was a mere accident."

"Boswell?" thought Beatrice, who fancied for a moment that some recollection was connected with the name otherwise than through the life of Dr. Johnson.

"I hope it will lead to better than accidents," said her uncle. "You defended the fellow very well—a great deal too well—and so everybody thought. We must get you enough business to take you away from sessions if you're going to bewilder our juries in that style. All the rogues in the kingdom will be coming round Longworth so that they may get tried at Redchester."

Tom had not said a word: and, if Beatrice had noticed some change in Abel, he for his part could not fail to compare the Longworth of to-day with the Longworth of three years ago. That he was himself personally connected with the change he could not guess, for he knew nothing as yet of Tom's occasional visits from Cambridge to Winbury. Nor had Mr. Deane taken him into his confidence, though all assumed that he intended doing so and had for that very purpose brought him over from Redchester. The assumption did not make matters more pleasant for anybody concerned. Dinner and after-dinner passed in one long spell of *ennui*. Annie was silent and anxious. Tom was silent and grave. So Beatrice took to being silent and cross, leaving her uncle and his guest to discuss the newspapers. Before the long evening was over she set up a headache and bade good night to all. As she left the drawing-room her cousin was saying to Abel,

"You'll find the smoking-room as usual, if you like to go there. I shall take a turn out of doors."

CHAPTER IV.

“Ay Pepita, ay Pepita,”
Sang José the muleteer,
“Thou shalt be a Senorita,
I will be thy Cavalier.
Thou with fan and with mantilla,
I with cloak and plume and spurs,
Will bewilder all Sevilla
With a marvel more than hers.
Thou of Andalusian ladies
Shalt be called the fairest she,
And from Tarifa to Cadiz
Every count shall cap to me.
Ay Pepita, ay Pepita!
When I am thy Cavalier,
Thou wilt be a Senorita!”
Sang José the muleteer.

ABEL did go to the smoking-room—not indeed to smoke, for that was not one of his habits, but because he had a very shrewd suspicion that matters at Longworth were somehow going wrong and that he had been specially asked over to supply his patron with a little decision. Among the blind the one-eyed man is king: and he leaned on the mantel-piece and tried to make up his own mind.

“I wish to heaven that miserable tinker had been convicted and put out of the way. Why should he choose to make himself my old man of the sea? Why on earth was I such a fool as to actually show him that I would give my last sixpence sooner than have it known that I had ever made hurdles at Winbury? Well—I will turn over a new leaf henceforth: I will never be guilty of a weakness again. After all, there's not much harm done. If I'm only retained to defend him for nothing when he's in trouble at Redchester, I can defend him a little too well one of these days—I very nearly managed to do it to-day. Vermin, when they crawl on genius, must be put out of the way. It would be intolerable that I should be snuffed out by a tinker. I am, I must be, a gentleman, if the truth were known. I am not ashamed of my origin: there can be no doubt that it is one to be proud of. Silk purses are not made out of sows' ears. It would be intolerable to be set down as a parish foundling when one knows in one's heart that one is a gentleman born. It would be living a lie. I was not weak, after all—I paid the tinker, not to hide the truth, but to hide a lie. As it is, all these people patronise me because I have been poor: what would they do if they really *believed me not to be one of themselves?* And if they thought 1

an impostor, only pretending to be a gentleman? They would think wrongly, but they would think so, and I must make some sacrifice to prevent their thinking wrongly. When I have finished my 'Wars of the Stars,' I will publish my biography to the world: then they will know as well as I that I must be what I am, however things may seem. But till then—well—I can afford to buy truth at the price of a few guinea fees. What a dream it all seems when I was sitting at the schoolmaster's desk teaching dunces to spell, with a vision of eighty pounds a year—for three years! No—that was not I. That was Abel Herrick: and Herrick was never name of mine. Ah, if I could only find myself rich at once—if the world only knew of what it robs itself when it robs a poet of his youth—for a poet must be young! But it will end at last. There is a fate in these things. If I say at once I must be in a position to finish 'The Wars of the Stars,' not for bread, but for my own glory and the benefit of mankind, fate will, nay, must, place me there, for it is fate that writes the world's great poems and only honours men by selecting them to hold its pen. Homer might have said 'I will not sing': but it would have been in vain. Nothing worth writing was ever left unwritten: that is my creed. Since I must first be rich, I shall be rich: and since I am a gentleman I am bound to permit no accident to interfere with my being held to be what I am. I am not weak to defend the truth against accidents and thieves."

"I'm glad to find you alone, Herrick," said Mr. Deane. "I want to ask your opinion. Young men understand young men."

Abel started from his reverie. "Anything I can give you, sir—but it is strange your coming for advice to me."

"I didn't say advice. I said opinion," said Mr. Deane shortly, and with his affectation of geniality laid aside. "And it's not strange my coming to you. You've shown what's in you, and I come to you as Tom's friend."

Abel settled himself to listen. His silence was his strength: he had gained everything so far by holding his tongue.

"It's about Tom," Mr. Deane went on, as if disappointed at not receiving an answer, while he lighted a cigar. "I needn't name names—I won't, in fact—the question's general. Has my fool of a boy ever said anything to you about any scrape with a girl? I don't ask you to break confidence, mind—but you're his friend and I'm his father, and you may know, and I ought to."

"There can be no breach of confidence, sir. Your son is my best friend, but he has never spoken to me of any scrape. If I

had, I should have insisted on his making you his confidant—not me.”

“Quite right. I don’t know who the girl is, and I won’t know. It’s enough that she is not a fit and proper person to be the wife of my son. I did think—I did think,” he said quickly and loudly, “that Tom, whatever he was, was not a fool. When he got that scholarship I was proud of him: and let me tell you, though you mayn’t think much of such things, a young man doesn’t ride, and shoot, and row, and bat like my Tom by being a fool. He isn’t like nine young men out of ten—he’s no milksop, but he never displeased me, nor his poor mother, since he was born. Girls are the devil, Herrick—that’s what they are. And now he wants to marry a milkmaid. What should you do, if you were me? Only I must warn you that if he’s headstrong he must choose between Longworth and the girl.”

“You astonish me!” said Abel: and he was astonished indeed.

“It would astonish a statue—if it only knew Tom from head to foot as I’ve known him ever since he was born! But I don’t want astonishment. I’ve told you all the circumstances, and I want to know what you’d do if you were me.”

“It’s not a case for an opinion, sir. Really I don’t know”——

“Nonsense. You do know. Anybody would know. It’s a question of right and wrong—everybody knows the difference between right and wrong. The Vanes, and the Deanes who came after them, have always looked forward to a baronetcy at least—we ought to have had it long ago, and should if we’d been as ready to lick the mud off voters’ boots as some I could name. You don’t suppose I built Longworth, and damaged my estate, for myself to die in. I built it for my great-great-grandchildren to live in. The Vanes of Longworth, I needn’t tell you, were one of the best families in all England, and the Eliots another, and the Deanes represent them. And I’m not going to cross the stock by any deed of mine.”

Abel’s face turned deep red. Well had it been for him that he had bribed the tinker, though the vague purpose dimly gathering about him is probably far more defined in our eyes than in his own. He had never forgotten the sting of that morning when Beatrice had been told that he was no gentleman, and her uncle’s angry contempt for peasant blood recalled it bitterly. It gave practical point to his reverie. It became doubly needful therefore that he should now speak as a gentleman would be expected to speak: and what better guide could he have than the way in which a gentleman had just spoken?

"Of course, sir. Base blood must not mix with that of Vanes, and Eliots, and Deanes. That is clear. It is impossible that your son should think of such a thing. I should exercise my authority."

"You would?"

"Certainly. There can be no doubt about the matter. It is as clear as day." He breathed freely, for he felt he had come through the test as well as if he had been one of the Deanes themselves.

"You are telling me exactly what I meant to do," said Mr. Deane shortly, and yet with a disappointed look in his eyes, as though he would with equal willingness have followed milder counsel. "I had intended to do so all along. I shall make him clearly understand that, if he is obstinate, I am firm. I shall leave Longworth to Beatrice's husband, and make him take the name and arms of Dean-Eliot-Vane—so long as his own's decently good enough to go before them."

Abel Herrick-Deane-Eliot-Vane! Here would be a poem indeed—a fitting prologue to all the wars of all the stars! Without being consciously false to Milly, he trembled as he thought what fatal mischief the tinker's trumpery secret might have wrought. He made no combination, but he could not help feeling that the cards of fate were somehow sorting themselves out without being touched by a finger. It is one thing to tell a lie, but surely there is all the difference between speaking and holding one's tongue that there is between pushing a man over a precipice and simply letting him walk over without warning.

"I was bound to advise you to do what is right," he said, by way of apology rather to himself than to his patron.

"Of course you were. One has to think of posterity."

"And of one's ancestors," said Abel.

But this speech was not quite so successful as the last. Mr. Deane, having ancestors to think of, thought less of them than of the grandchildren who were as yet unborn. "Let the dead bury their dead," he said. "I'm not a proud man. Nobody can call me proud, but posterity shall not be able to accuse me of wanting pride. And if Tom wants it, I must have it for him—that's all."

"It is not pride," said Abel, "to think of what we owe, whether to others or to ourselves. I am sure from what I know of your son he will see things in the same light as you."

"I hope so, Herrick. I'm—I'm not hard. Nobody can call me hard."

He stopped suddenly for a moment, and Abel fancied that he could see tears in his patron's eyes.

"But, you see, Tom's my only boy," he went on again, "and it's hard, not I, that he shouldn't remember it too. But though I've been indulgent, I can be firm. When Tom's really married and settled down, he'll thank me. You mustn't think ill of the lad, Herrick—he hasn't a grey head on green shoulders like you."

Abel did not much appreciate that particular form of compliment. "I hope you don't think, sir," he said without any apparent need, "that I would give any counsel likely to part you and your son. I owe so much to both that—I only mean he will obey you, I am sure."

"He'd better—that's all." And Mr. Deane, hardening once more into the only thing from which he could not disinherit his son—that is to say, his obstinacy—defied what he took for a feeble piece of pleading by re-lighting his cigar and smoking silently.

Abel was thinking whether he was called upon to say anything more, when Tom, with his usual knack of blundering where his own interests were concerned, opened the door, and, not finding the darkness and solitude he expected, paused before coming into the room.

That seeming hesitation strengthened the feeling of authority which his father had been energetically cultivating for the last half hour. That he might ensure its continuance he got up from his chair, laid down his half-smoked cigar, and lighted a bed candle. "Good night," he said to the two young men. "Good night," he said to Tom: "perhaps you may think Herrick's opinion better worth listening to than mine. Young men listen to one another, sometimes."

"Herrick's!" exclaimed Tom, looking in surprise from his father to his friend.

"Herrick's. I am glad to find that there is at least one rational young man left in the world. He perfectly agrees with me."

"I suppose so," said Tom. Knowing what he knew, it was natural enough that Milly's betrothed husband should not agree with an unsuccessful rival. He was colouring with mortification at finding that Abel should have thus become aware of what had happened, but his answer sounded like the indifference of deliberate obstinacy in his father's ears.

"You suppose so? Does that mean you mean to take your own way in spite of everybody?"

"Of course, sir. Base blood must not mix and Eliots, and Deanes. That is clear. It is in a son should think of such a thing. I show authority."

"You would?"

"Certainly. There can be no doubt at clear as day." He breathed freely, through the test as well as if he had be selves.

"You are telling me exactly what shortly, and yet with a disappointe would with equal willingness hav intended to do so all along. that, if he is obstinate, I am Beatrice's husband, and ma' Dean-Eliot-Vane—so long as before them."

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Dog and his Shadow.

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...at at this," he said.

...with me?"

...ask you might have given my father place
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...at place—what name?" he asked almost hotly. "All I
...is that Mr. Deane was very angry with you, and that I was
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...you mean by places and names?"

"Never mind, if you won't know. It's your secret, after all, not
...mine. I suppose you understand, if my father can't, that it's all
...over now. Of course I've been an ass, but I'm bound to tell
...you that it was my own fault from beginning to end. She knew
...nothing about my idiocy till two days ago, and if I had ever
...dreamed of her being engaged I'd never have set foot in
...Winbury"—

"Winbury!"

"Winbury—and be hanged to it. I'd have given the world to
...have kept it from you, and I feel as if I was eating dirt every word
...I say—but it can't be helped—I give you my word of honour that
...she was in no way to blame. She behaved like—like—herself, from
...beginning to end. And I beg your pardon. And now I've said
...that, the less we see of one another for the rest of our lives the
...better. Of course I shall keep your secret from my father, since it
...seems to be one. I'm not sorry to have helped you in any way, but
...I am confoundedly sorry that we ever were friends."
...It was clear enough to Abel now: and he started to find himself

"Certainly in spite of—I'm very sorry you have brought anybody else between us, that's all. I said yesterday all I have to say."

"Yes—that you would disobey me if you weren't prevented by some clod-hopping rival."

Tom bit his lip to keep back the clod-hopping rival's name. Ridiculous as his scruple of honour might be, it was the honour of Horchester, from which the stake could not tempt him to swerve. "Thou shalt not tell" was his eleventh commandment, to which all else must yield.

"That's not enough," said his father. "Obedience because you must is the same as disobedience—I must be obeyed in spirit, Tom, or not at all. You mustn't say you can't marry—you must say you *won't* marry, and wouldn't if you could—the other's all compromise, and hypocrisy, and make believe. You might just as well promise me never to fly over the moon. If you won't say you won't, you know what I've said I must do, and I can't go back from my direct commands."

"From your word, father? Of course not—nor can I. I can't say I won't. And if I could, you've as good as ordered me not to say it now."

"I—ordered you? I order you to say *won't*, or you must take the consequences. And there isn't another word in the whole dictionary that will do."

It was clearly not for nothing that the father and son had been made in a very similar pattern in the matter of lips, chins, and eyes. Some Englishmen still hold that nailing a flag to the mast justifies the worst or most foolish cause, and these were of them. Tom might fairly have said "won't" when he was willing and able to use a much stronger word: his father might fairly have been content with "can't," without insisting, by threats, on a formal submission. They were fighting about how to split a straw—but where would fighting be if it were not for straws?

Abel had time to note this and a great deal more, for he was in a far easier position towards the father and son than might be supposed. If people only knew it, there is nothing so easy as not to interfere. He did not think Tom a blockhead. The obstinacy that quarrels with its bread and butter for the sake of principle looks easy to admiring lookers on who are not called upon to quarrel with theirs, and Abel felt that he, in Tom's place, would have done precisely the same. Nor did he write Mr. Deane down an ass: his patron was only acting out to the letter the motto of noblesse obli

that he himself would have given a thousand pounds, if he had them, to call his own.

But nevertheless the drama would scarcely have proved so interesting had he not have felt that the straw in question marked the course of a wind that was by no means adverse to his own sails, though he could not exactly see how. He was never very ready in action, and it was not till Mr. Deane, after waiting in vain for an answer from Tom, had left the room, that he saw his own presence in the light of an intrusion.

"It was not my fault that I was present at this," he said.

"Good night," said Tom, shortly.

"I hope you are not offended with me?"

"Not a bit. All's fair in war."

"In war?"

"All the same I think you might have given my father place and name. I don't mind being knocked down, but I like fair blows when I am."

It was the second time [in his life that Abel had been as much as called no gentleman. This time, he was convinced, he was accused without a shadow of cause.

"What place—what name?" he asked almost hotly. "All I know is that Mr. Deane was very angry with you, and that I was saying all I could for you when you came in. What on earth can you mean by places and names?"

"Never mind, if you won't know. It's your secret, after all, not mine. I suppose you understand, if my father can't, that it's all over now. Of course I've been an ass, but I'm bound to tell you that it was my own fault from beginning to end. She knew nothing about my idiocy till two days ago, and if I had ever dreamed of her being engaged I'd never have set foot in Winbury"—

"Winbury!"

"Winbury—and be hanged to it. I'd have given the world to have kept it from you, and I feel as if I was eating dirt every word I say—but it can't be helped—I give you my word of honour that she was in no way to blame. She behaved like—like—herself, from beginning to end. And I beg your pardon. And now I've said that, the less we see of one another for the rest of our lives the better. Of course I shall keep your secret from my father, since it seems to be one. I'm not sorry to have helped you in any way, but *I am confoundedly sorry that we ever were friends.*"

It was clear enough to Abel now: and he started to find himself

an actor in the drama that he had thought was merely passing before his eyes. He could not cease to be a spectator: but he saw himself step upon the scene, and was conscious of a sort of curiosity to know how he should play his *rôle*. Professional night-dreamers know of a strange condition in which their own words and acts come to them from without, like independent things. In like manner Abel was absolutely unable to predict what he should do. There was but one tangible fact to lay hold of—the tinker's purchased silence had not availed to conceal from at least one of the Deanes that he was a hurdle-maker from Winbury and engaged to Milly Barnes: and he would now as soon, or sooner, have been detected in a crime.

It was surely an extraordinary combination of circumstances that had brought Tom, of whose accidental connection with Winbury he had hitherto known no more than the other Winbury people, across Milly Barnes. This, also, looked like destiny. He had already, in the depths of his heart, made the choice between Milly and Longworth, and had justified it on the ground that Beatrice was the true inspiring muse of a great man. He had been compelled to exalt Beatrice in order to take off the sordid edge of his choice, and to humiliate Milly to make the exaltation of Beatrice as complete as possible. And yet he felt more than a mere pin-prick of jealousy as he listened to Tom's exculpation of Milly from blame. Tom was the man who had beaten him in that never-to-be-forgotten contest for the scholarship: Tom was everything that he was not, besides being the natural heir of Longworth, and a gentleman born. Something told him that, apart from all this, Tom was the more likely to find favour in the eyes of any common-place girl. For a moment he felt as if he had been robbed of his one ewe lamb. Milly, it was clear, had refused Tom; but, as he had read long ago, "He comes too near who comes to be denied." When he spoke, it was as if he were using the words of a part that was not his own.

"I have no secret," he said. "I suppose you are speaking of Miss Barnes, since you mentioned Winbury. Who told you she was engaged to me?"

"She herself."

"As her reason?"

"She said so."

"As her only reason?"

"Wasn't it enough? If she had wanted to change her mind, I suppose it would not have stood in her way."

At that speech Abel's inconsistent jealousy was suddenly cured.

It had not been pleasant to suspect Milly of disloyalty, but to be convinced of her loyalty was less pleasant still. Of course Milly had no right to free herself, but it would have been a great relief to have suddenly woke up and found himself free.

"Then—wait one minute before you go—I am bound to tell you that, whatever may have taken place between myself and Miss Barnes—we were but children, remember—nothing ever took place to prevent her changing her mind. In fact, I never considered myself—I mean I never considered her—engaged. She may marry you to-morrow if she prefers you to me."

The generous ring of his own speech startled him. Surely he was acting like a gentleman now: Beatrice herself must have owned it had she been by to hear. It certainly startled Tom. Abel was either the most generous of rivals or the coldest of lovers. To love Milly coldly being of course impossible, it followed that Abel was the most generous rival under the sun. His whole face opened into a smile as he held out his hand.

"I knew you were a good fellow!" he said, in triumphant admiration. "Then I know what to do. We start fair now. I have my horse, and you shall have the dog-cart and groom, as you're not much in the saddle. We are in good time to catch the first up-train; and then you must beat me if you can."

"Catch the up-train? What on earth do you mean?"

"What I say," said Tom, warming with eager pleasure at being able to reduce the whole question to a trial of speed and energy. "I know what you're going to say—I shall not tell my father. I must be able to come back and say to him either that I give her up freely, or else that I give up Longworth to Bee and Annie with all the pleasure in the world. There would only be another row, and it's much best to do first and talk after. There—I'm off to the stable, and if you're afraid I shall steal a start, you had better come too."

"You mean you are going to tell her what I have told you?"

"Of course I do. If she's free, she's free: but you ought to have a fair chance of keeping your first place in the field. I might have gone off without telling you, just as you were not bound to tell me she is free. But we're quits now, and the deuce take the hindmost."

"No," said Abel. "Whoever she likes best will come soon enough, whether he comes first or second. Go if you like—I only want her to choose freely, and shall not interfere."

"And that's the man who fainted in the street when he lost a

trumpety scholarship!" thought Tom, with a grain of contempt mixed with his admiration for so generous a foe. He would have preferred the race in his heart, and felt disappointed at having to ride it alone.

Abel listened while Tom crossed the hall and carefully closed the front door. Then he drew a deep breath as he felt that, without any effort of his own, without any stain upon his loyalty, he was more than possibly free. Tom ran an almost certain risk of losing Longworth for the sake of love and honour—a proceeding of which Abel, as a poet, could not but highly approve. Mr. Deane would, as he was bound to do, keep Longworth in the family by leaving it to Beatrice. Beatrice need never know the story that Tom had not betrayed. How could he help it that for once the path of interest should not diverge from those of generosity, honour, and faithfulness to a reviving intellectual ideal that now fairly took the form of Beatrice Deane?

"She is a girl," he said to himself with the tone of decision that comes so easily in solitude, "who can make a man great, and"—

"Rich" he did not add, though only himself was by to hear. That was an accident with which he, the true Abel Herrick, could have nothing to do. "And if she is to make me great, she must guess nothing that can lower me in her eyes," was what he added more decisively than ever now that he had learned, as he thought, with what favour *mésalliances* were regarded by ladies and gentlemen, and especially by Mr. Deane. It was not as a peasant dying of love for an unattainable princess that he had ever chosen to depict himself in any of his old romances: and such habits cling.

The grand charm of all this was that it called for no action on his part—he had nothing to do but let things take their course and watch the triumph of his own generosity from the stalls. He stayed for yet another long hour in the smoking-room, amusing himself with thinking how much more like reality is real life than book-life after all. He followed Tom in fancy, galloping to the railway-station, all eagerness to reach the ear of such a mere nobody as Milly Barnes. Soon he pictured himself in Tom's saddle, and dignified the ride with ideas that were assuredly not Tom's. He rode well, just as he fought well, in his dreams. He had been afraid to think of Winbury, or at least to realise its existence, for years: and now that he could do so with a clear conscience it came upon him with the air of home, with the fresh fragrance of his first dreams—if the smell of sheep-folds, dust, and old leather can so be called. He recalled how, when, and where he had first asked, or rather commanded, Milly to be his

mu : how she had first appeared to him in the garden : how they had played hide-and-peek together in the old Manor House : and a new sort of poetry seemed to connect itself even with the recollection of gooseberry jam. How could he not feel tenderly towards what he had thrown away? He was not sure that he was not really in love with Milly still. But he had no doubt that his choice was right and wise, and if it entailed self-sacrifice it was so much the nobler. He might sigh at the loss of what lay in his hand, but he was bound to grasp the highest ideal he could find, and, if Longworth happened to come with it, that was Fate's look out, for which he was in no way responsible. "Beatrice is not the less Beatrice for being rich," he informed himself: and there he cannot be said to have judged wrongly.

Whether from a waking or sleeping dream, he was roused by a wild confusion of bells ringing, of hurrying feet, and of shouts and screams, as if the house were falling about his ears. The smoking-room was at the end of a long passage that joined it to the bulk of the building, and was carefully removed from the approach of noise, so that for a moment he fancied he was in the midst of waking from a night-mare. Then, for one moment more, he connected the confusion with Tom's departure. But that could in no way account for what he heard. He ran out into the hall and was almost smothered with smoke—he escaped to the terrace, where he was met with cries of what he had no need to be told—that Longworth was on fire.

It must have been discovered late, for the whole park was already filled with the glare, and showers of sparks were rushing up to the sky. The household was gathered together on the terrace, looking on helplessly. Indeed there was nothing else to be done, for the nearest town was many miles away. Abel caught sight of Mr. Deane, and Annie ran up to him, crying to him breathlessly—

"Bee—Tom—where are they?"

"Good God! Are they not here? I forget though—Tom is safe—but"—

Annie could only stretch her arm towards the house. "Save her!" she cried out. "In the turret room over the laurels"—

"A ladder might do it, miss," said an under-gardener, who, having but few wits to mind, took care of them easily.

"A ladder!" caught up a dozen voices in chorus, while a dozen pairs of feet started off a dozen different ways.

"But there ben't one nearer than the village," said the under-gardener.

Annie clasped and wrung her hands. "Blankets!" suggested some-

body faintly—but that cry was not echoed. Every blanket must have been burnt long ago. Annie looked round, though in hopeless despair, for Abel, but he was no longer by her side.

Beatrice had almost smiled at the conclusion of Tom's enthusiasm for the great man he had discovered, as expressed by his avoidance of the smoking-room. But the half smile ended in a dreary sigh at the endless prospect before her of dreary evenings after barren days. This alone was a sufficient reason for carrying out her resolution to relieve home of herself and herself of home. The family cloud was crushing her spirit, of which every spark had now to be cherished jealously. She still kept up her habit of letting half the night burn away before she thought of lying down, in the belief that she would gain Mrs. Burnett's end by wasting her means. At present the night was young. So, finding it impossible to read seriously to-night, she went to the library to find some book that would send her to sleep or help her pass the time.

"To-morrow I will see if I cannot get Mrs. Burnett to help me," she said to herself. "If she will, it is done: if she won't, it shall be done all the same."

Almost every new book of any consequence arrived at Longworth as soon as it appeared. She had gone downstairs in the dark, in order that she might take the first from the parcel upon which her hand might chance to fall, for she was in the humour for a game with fortune. On returning to her bedroom she found it to be neither one of Annie's romances nor one of her own books of so-called fact, but a combination of the two, belonging to times when romance and reality have changed places. It was a narrative, not of fancies or speculations, but of deeds, done by living men. Beatrice was hardly more of a newspaper reader than Annie, and was not much better versed in what was being done—what was being talked about was more in her line. She had only vaguely and generally heard, therefore, that one of the greater African mysteries had recently been achieved—of the history of its achievement she knew next to nothing. This book was its history.

She had opened the pages idly: but, as she read, her interest grew. She had opened them at random: and she fell upon an account of how a party of six men had been lost in some uncouthly named desert: how they had held death at bay for weeks, so far as they could tell from imperfect observations of the sun and stars. At length death could be held off no longer. First one man died raving, and was buried in the sand. He was a man of science, of

whose loss she remembered to have heard. Then another gave way, and was likewise buried. Then a third, and then a fourth, till only two remained. These pressed on till one fell ill—it was like the growing climax of a tragedy. She hurriedly turned to the title-page to learn the name of the survivor, for she knew instinctively that the sick man would die—but there was none. And then she read how the sick man, whose life was the most important of them all, bore his torments like a hero, only anxious to bring home before he died the tidings of discovery that he alone could explain. But how was he carried onward? Surely the nameless sixth man, who told the story, must have been the greater hero of the two. He never said so, but it was clear that he must have had the strength to have saved himself a dozen times by pressing on and giving up the desperate life of his friend. He could not conceal that it was necessary to watch all night, and to carry and tend the dying man all day, and to do the whole work of a whole expedition with one brain and one pair of hands. What if this sixth man also should give way! She read on breathlessly, heedless of how the time flew, absorbed in the fortunes of these madmen or martyrs, till a sense of actual heat began to come upon her, as if her body had been carried to the tropics as well as her mind. At first she took no notice of this, for the night itself was warm and had already promised thunder. It grew strong enough, however, to recall her from her long voyage at last, and to drive her to the window to let in the fresh air: and at the same moment the distant church clock struck two.

It was late even for her to be at her books, and all the rest of the household was no doubt in bed and asleep long ago. But no matter how late or how early one may be, there is always sure to be somebody who is earlier or later. Whether two in the morning is to be considered late or early is a matter of opinion, but at any rate the moonlight across the turf showed her that somebody was up and about as well as she, and that the somebody was a man. The light, the green garden that lay some thirty feet below her turret window, the hour, and the warm air made up a theatrical combination that absurdly suggested a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and she smiled at the ghost of such a suggestion in connection with herself as she drew back behind the curtain to watch, unseen, whether it could really be her cousin Tom who had been extending his solitary walk so long. "If it is," she thought, "there's no fear of his breaking his heart this time. He must be very much in love with his despair indeed if he turns night into day so that he mayn't run the risk of forgetting it for an hour. Fancy Tom turning sentimental,

of all people in the world! I should have thought him as likely as poor Dick Burnett. I envy him: to be able to enjoy even one's misery—how delightful that must be!" She did not think, she did not know that she felt, "What if Abel Herrick has walked out to think of this wonderful Milly in the moonlight?" And yet she would scarcely have been so curious to watch on the assumption that the sentimentalist was only Tom, or a burglar.

Her curiosity, however, was not to be rewarded. Whether startled by the sudden opening of her window or by some other accident, the owner of the shadow on the turf quickly drew back among the laurels. She had gained but the passing glimpse of a man's figure and nothing more: Africa had been driven out of her head by a shadow, and that was all. But when she turned back from the moonlight to the atmosphere of her room she was met by what drove away the shadow from her mind.

The close heat had increased tenfold. Everything in the room was made indistinct by a prevailing mist of smoke, and she was breathing hot, stifling vapour instead of air. Alarmed before she had time to comprehend, she ran to the door, and was met in the face by a full torrent of hot smoke that streamed up the turret stairs.

She faced the smoke in order to alarm the house, but was obliged to retreat and shut her door before the cloud, to escape instant suffocation. Since so dense a volume of smoke had found its way into her part of the house before a soul was astir, the fire must already at some point have made fearful way. She felt herself turn faint and pale, and for a moment almost lost her presence of mind. She managed, however, to reach the bell-rope, and tore at it furiously: and at almost the same moment a confused trampling and shouting below told her that the house was at last astir.

But it was too late. Suddenly, and in one instant, the clouded light of her lamp turned to a broad glare that poured in through the window. Her eyes just met a fierce light without that was more intensely white than that of day. She ran to the window in a panic and grasped the sill with her arms, while she felt rather than saw that thin tongues of flame were already licking their way into her room round the door and through the keyhole. The heat became almost insufferable, and she thought she could hear timbers crackling and snapping, now here and now there. The shouting and trampling grew louder and louder, and yet none came to her aid.

Such situations are matters of moments. She dared not, indeed could not, open the door again which was now the only barrier between herself and the actual face of the flames: she could only, in desper-

tion, think of Annie and Tom, and her Uncle George, and pray incoherently as people will when nothing else is left for them to do.

At such moments the most unselfish must be driven by overmastering elemental rage to think first of self, and Beatrice had cultivated self far too largely to be the most unselfish person in the world. Not that unselfishness would have been of the smallest use, seeing that she could not aid herself, far less others, and there is little shame in owning that the horror of such a death was rapidly overpowering all her faculties. There seemed one chance, and only one—that of leaping from her open window upon the gravel walk below. It was just possible that by some marvellous accident she might fall more than thirty feet without breaking a limb. But it was almost certain death, or worse than death, and not even the advancing flames behind her could bring her to consciously try the cast of a fall through the air. If she must kill herself to escape from death, there were better ways of suicide. It would have been better to be in a burning ship, with the bosom of the sea as a refuge.

And was she, the darling of the house, to be left to perish in her prison without a thought of aid? Her uncle and the servants might still be grappling with the fire; Annie, she felt with horror, might be in equal peril—but where was Tom? Where was he on whose strength she had been learning to rely? Would Milly have been left in such a strait with these two young men both in the same house with her?

Neither came—neither made any sign of coming. Every now and then she fancied she heard steps or voices approaching the corner of the house where she was waiting for death, but they as regularly died away again. She did not recognise the helpful sound of even one voice she knew. It was as if she had not only been forgotten by all to whom she was dear, but as if affection itself had perished in the flames. All this had been the work of moments, long as it has taken to tell. She herself would have said that she fainted away at the first sight of the flames.

And then happened what had all the semblance of a miracle. It would have been nothing out of the common in the Lives of the Saints, but in the case of an English young lady, who was not only no saint, but thought herself something of an *esprit fort*, and did not believe in turning so much as a hat without the help of flesh and blood, it was much more than strange. Though she turned faint, she did not entirely lose consciousness. In this half-trance-like condition she felt herself bodily lifted up into the air, and wafted through it, with no fear of falling, till she sank gently down upon the ground.

It was as if she had flown out of the window without even the wings of will to aid her. It was almost as if her soul had escaped from the flames and was leaving the earth behind. Where she dropped again, or how long she lay there, she could not tell: but when she at last opened her eyes she met those of Abel Herrick, regarding her intently—and no wonder, for when he had hurried round to the laurels under the turret window he had no more thought of finding her lying at ease on the turf at least a dozen yards from where she could possibly have fallen than he had of ever seeing her alive.

"How—how came you here?" he asked, as she slowly struggled back to full consciousness. "Are you hurt—can you move?"

She only heard his second question, as she hurriedly sat upright and glanced quickly from her feet to him, and from him to the window of her rooms from which the flames were now freely blazing. The first glance was needless—she had flown down so carefully that not even her dress had been disturbed. He held out his hand to help her to her feet, but that was needless also—she was safe and sound, without even a sprain or a bruise.

"Where are they all?" she asked eagerly, as she drew back from the sight of the flames.

"They are safe, thank God, every one."

"Annie—Tom—Uncle George—not one hurt even?"

"They are as safe as you."

"Thank God!—And *you* have saved *me*!"

Abel held his tongue.

CHAPTER V.

A wounded swallow
With broken wing
The sun I'd follow
From spring to spring.

I wept so sadly
On barren boughs,
While the rest flew gladly
To Summer's house—

That from his city
Above the sea
The Sun took pity
And stooped to me.

It was as yet impossible to realise that this grand new house had fallen in one moment like a pack of cards. Tom's absence was hardly noticed at a time when everybody was hurrying hither and

hither, and when anybody might be anywhere. Beatrice and Annie were placed for the night in the gardener's cottage, while Abel paced backwards and forwards with Mr. Deane in front of the now shapeless pile till it rose in the grey morning light too black and too hideous to look upon.

After talking till past sunrise, Annie fell asleep ; but Beatrice did not close her eyes. To her, the disasters of the night had not been without a strange and feverish pleasure. Somebody had gone through flames, and for her. Though she despised her womanhood, her debt of life to a man's strength was still full of delightful shame. She was forbidden to think of Milly's lover in the most natural way, but she thought of him in every way but one, and could not find it in her heart to tell herself outright that it was not for her sake he had done what none else had dared. It had been only because she was a woman, no doubt, and not because she was Beatrice Deane ; but the fancy that it might have been otherwise was too sweet to throw away. What sort of girl could this Milly be, who had been chosen out of all the world by an ambitious man who yet had it in him to risk life, and more than life, for one who was nothing to him? And then she thought with almost angry bitterness that this same Milly had been the chosen of her cousin Tom, which seemed to mean that Abel Herrick, like many another great man before him, was throwing himself away.

"Everything that happens," she thought, "comes to the same thing—I must escape while there is time. I am actually come to the pass of thinking about love and lovers, like the silliest of them all. I will not be turned aside, even by fire. I am of no use here. I will see Mrs. Burnett, as I intended, in spite of everything ; and not another day shall pass before I have made up my mind what my life is to be. Only it shall be worthy of a human being, and therefore it shall not be at home."

She rose and left the cottage while it was still early, taking care not to wake Annie, for fear of having to discuss a purpose that was fully formed but which no amount of explanation would ever make her sister understand. She avoided the house also, for she knew that Abel was still upon the terrace, and she was shy of the first meeting with one who had come to represent the life from which she was really trying to fly. She must thank him, of course ; but before others, and when her head was cool and her heart clear.

Mrs. Burnett lived in an old farm-house, or rather farmer's cottage, about a mile from Longworth. She might have had a much better dwelling, but she preferred this apparently for the reason that

it was in the worst repair. An ivied and gabled roof was probably her real attraction, but, with her professed scorn of sentiment, she grumbled at the dark green mass as a harbour for gnats and earwigs while she refused to have a single leaf removed. Here she read a little and wrote much, and professed to be taking a long holiday. She did so with apparent truth, for at her busiest seasons she was never found at work, or without leisure to talk to anybody about anything for any length of time. "Work does itself, if you'll only not worry it," was her saying; and somehow her work was never going to be done, but always done. But then nobody knew how early she rose or how late she lay down. Beatrice was a sloth to her.

She was almost always to be found at home. But it was not she who met Beatrice on the carefully kept gravel-path that led through an old-fashioned cottage garden of hollyhocks and cabbage roses to her door. It was, next perhaps to Abel Herrick, the very last person in the world whom she wished to see—no other than Sleepy Dick, lounging over the gate with his hands in his pockets and smoking a cigar. It was an awkward meeting, considering what the last had been, and doubly awkward, seeing that they had never met from then till now.

Captain Burnett raised his hat with such exaggerated nonchalance that Beatrice felt the advantage of feeling at ease, though only by comparison, to be on her own side. Fortunately the terrible business of last night did away with the additional awkwardness of not knowing what to say.

"You know what has happened?" was her sudden greeting to her friend of old times, without holding out her hand. "I can't believe it all yet—it feels like some horrible dream. I have to tell myself over and over again that we are all safe and well. Did you see the blaze?"

"Something of it—but I only came back last night, you know—when there was nothing more to see. I was just coming over—to see how you all are."

"We are all very well, thank you," said Beatrice, opening her eyes at the remarkable coolness of the Captain's inquiries. "Does he take a conflagration for a tea-party?" she thought, as she answered him as well as she could in his own tone. "But I suppose," she asked, unable to keep to it, "you have seen too much in your travels to think much of a common fire?"

"You see, Miss Deane," he said, colouring slightly, "we knew you were all right, as soon as we knew anything. So there wasn't

much good in coming sooner, as there was nothing to be done. I suppose you came to see my mother? I'm sorry for that, as she has gone over to see if she can be any help to you. I wonder you didn't meet by the way."

Beatrice felt more than vexed—if she had only thought of her uncle first and herself afterwards she would not have had her walk for nothing, beyond an interview with the Captain.

"Well, I'm very glad you did not disturb yourself," she said. "It would have been a pity, as you say, since there was nothing you could do."

"Quite so," he answered, calmly. "When a building blazes like that, and everybody is safe, the only thing is to let it burn out, and the quicker the better. It was as much as I could do to keep that mother of mine from rushing out without a shawl to catch her death of cold."

Beatrice shuddered as she thought of the death from which she herself had been saved by a miracle. To that, however, she could not even allude: something kept her from speaking to Captain Burnett of Abel. "Quite right of you," she said. "I should never have forgiven myself if our fire had given you or your mother cold. But I am really glad to see you," she said more kindly, thinking that Sleepy Dick was but Sleepy Dick after all, and was to be allowed the privilege of following out his own nature. "You are the very last I expected to see. If I had been asked where you were I should have doubted between Canada and Australia, but I should never have guessed Longworth." She thought it as well to show him at the outset of their renewed acquaintance that his movements were no concern of hers. A man who could sleep through a conflagration no more than a mile off might still be sleepy enough to have some lingering remnant left of his dream of folly.

"I've split the difference, you see. Here I am, and very glad, I can tell you, to be at home again. I suppose you're not inclined to wait for my mother? She won't be long, I fancy, when she misses you, and I'll go if you like and tell her you're here."

"Please don't trouble yourself. I shall meet her, I dare say—and I have more to say to her than I have time for, I'm afraid, to-day. I'll say good bye, now—I ought to be at home." And so, having brought this exciting and interesting conversation to an end, she held out her hand.

The Captain, as if to avoid touching it, looked straight before him and kept his hands in his pockets as he walked by her side along the lane. It looked almost like rudeness, and of that fault at any

rate she knew him to be incapable. She wished to dismiss him, but she was tired of saying, 'Pray don't trouble yourself' at every word. Still she must say something, unless she preferred to stand still and hold out her hand till he looked her way.

"How have you been getting on all this while?" she asked. "I hear you have been all over the world."

"Oh, I've been getting along all right. I've heard of you—all of you, I mean—from my mother, whenever she knew where to write to me. I was so sorry to hear of poor Mrs. Deane."

"Poor aunt! I think everything has gone wrong since then.—But I was asking about you."

"Me? Oh, I expect you know all there is to tell."

"For instance, where did you come from when you came home?"

"From Africa."

"From Africa!" she exclaimed, her mind flying back to her own journey of the night before—her last, indelible impression that had been burned in by the flames. "I envy you—that makes me wish to be a man indeed! Really Africa?"

"Why not?" he asked, at last startled by her enthusiasm at so simple a piece of news. "One must come from somewhere. And glad enough I am to come home and sit down again."

He was the very caricature of himself to-day, and had not Beatrice known so well that his manner was his nature, she would have set it down to absurd affectation. It made her impatient and almost angry to listen to this large, strong, sleepy man who cared for nothing—not even about improving his value in her eyes. She was burning to go out into the world, and he had nothing better to say of it than that he was very glad to sit down without a single laurel leaf to sit upon.

"How pleasant it must be for you," she said, "that there is no war!"

"Very. Or I must have remained in the army, I suppose."

"What!—you have left the army? Of course, though—it must be very disagreeable to be woke up by a bugle."

"You didn't know I had sold out? I did, though—nearly three years ago."

"Then you've not even got a profession—you are doing nothing at all? Mrs. Burnett never told me."

"I suppose she didn't think it worth mentioning. You see I left the army because—because, you know—it took up so much of one's time."

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy yourself, now you can do so in your

own way," she said, thinking that, if the ex-Captain was going to spend his retirement in lounging about Longworth, he was giving her an additional reason for running away. Though he had said no word of the old subject, she somehow felt that the old folly was not over: for, after all, she was a woman, and could read. But what was she to do meanwhile? She could not literally take to her heels and run.

To her intense relief, however, Mrs. Burnett herself appeared at the turning of the lane. The old lady took both her hands, and lifted up her face to kiss her with what would have been unaccustomed solemnity had she been tall enough to bend her face down.

"There," she said, "and now ye're to be a good lassie for the rest of your days. Amen. So go home at once and begin. Ye may be burned out of house, but nobody can be burnt out of home. What in the world made ye run to me? Did ye think ye'd find me sitting with my hands in my lap when your father's house was burning—me, that can hardly bide indoors if I hear a Punch-and-Judy show two streets away? I'd have come over long before, but the fact is something happened that was worse than Longworth, by far."

"Worse than Longworth!" exclaimed Beatrice, turning pale.

"Aye—by far. As the wind would have it, there was a poor cotter's thatch caught fire, and they've lost their all—every stick they had in the world. That's what I call the real damage of last night, my dear"—

"Thank you for telling me—they shall be richer than they ever were in their lives!"

"No doubt—but the auld sticks are the auld sticks all the same. But never mind them—they'll do well enough, I dare say. Who'd have thought of that Abel turning out a hero!—Go indoors, Dick; I want to speak a word to Bee."

The Captain had always a half proud, half indulgent, and wholly good humoured smile for his mother's least word. He struck his heels together, put himself at "attention," and half faced round. "You see, Miss Deane," he said, "I've not sold out—I've only exchanged, and I've got a regular martinet for a colonel. Good-bye—we may meet again in town."

Once more Beatrice held out her hand. But the Captain, as if under a vow, still obstinately kept his right hand fixed in his pocket, and raising his hat with his left, marched away.

"Bee," said Mrs. Burnett, "you've got no mother, my dear: and

as I never had one myself to my knowledge, maybe I don't know how mothers talk to their girls. Young Herrick has saved your life, my dear—no doubt of that; and it was a brave, gallant thing. I know how my heart would have warmed to the man that went through fire for me when I was your age—not that any ever did, for I was never in that strait, and if I had been, I was too ill-fau'rd. Maybe I'd have thought myself in love with him, and if he'd asked me with the smell of the fire on him, maybe I'd not have said no. And it's not far from a million to one that I'd have been a fool. A brave man isn't always a good man, my dear, though I think he is mostly—my Dick, now, is both, for his father was as good a man as ever breathed, and if he wasn't brave, I'd not have been born a Lindsay. But there's a difference, my dear, between the courage of a lion, that's a gentleman, and the courage of a bear, that's a bear. Nay, the bear may be the braver beast, for aught I know—I believe he is, for that matter—but still it isn't the same. Marry a good man, my dear, and depend upon it he'll be brave enough whenever there's need to be brave."

For this sudden attack Beatrice was utterly unprepared. Every sort of surprise kept her silent—indignation at being thus lectured like a school-girl, and angry shame at hearing her own delicate half-thought so frankly read into open words. And all this for a man who was absolutely engaged to another girl! She stood before Mrs. Burnett in such hot confusion that the old lady almost smiled, though sadly, at what she considered demonstrative proof of her own powers of penetration.

"There, my dear," she said, "that's all. You'll be a sensible girl, I hope and trust, when you're a few years older, and it would be a sad pity to make the sense come in the shape of repentance. Sense has enough to do with looking after to-day, without being burdened with yesterday into the bargain. Young Herrick may be a good man, my dear—it doesn't follow he isn't because I don't think him so, or rather because I think his goodness is but dream-deep, and won't last when they draw up the blinds. Only don't think him good because he's done one brave thing—I've known many a blackguard (not meaning him) go through worse than fire to get to a bonny face beyond. There, my dear—go home now, and think before you feel. That sounds cold-blooded: but I'm a canny old Scots wife, ye know, and love without common sense is just the silliest thing in the world, and cold sense keeps warm longer than hot nonsense, any day."

It must be owned that Mrs. Burnett, with all her wisdom, did not

always act wisely. There is, perhaps, no more impulsive being on earth than an impulsive Scotchwoman, and no amount of mathematics had been able to keep her from saying out and at once everything she had to say with a contempt for tact that was even more masculine than her soundness of digestion. Possibly it was incomprehensible to her logical understanding that even a girl should be so inconsistent as to wish to go right and yet take the path that was proved by reason and experience to be doubtful or wrong. She had certainly made Beatrice face her own feelings fairly, but there is an attraction in peril not unknown to less feminine minds than hers. Not only so, but a very obvious suspicion had been suggested to her by some of Mrs. Burnett's words. To suspect Mrs. Burnett felt like treason; but it was an ugly fact, nevertheless, that all this incomprehensible prejudice against Abel was expressed, in season and out of season, by a mother who had a son who was not fit to stand in Abel's shoes. She had praised her son and run down Abel in the same breath to a girl who had three hundred a year of her own. Beatrice almost hated herself for the thought, but it was too natural not to come. Clever mothers have before now been known to make love for stupid sons.

"And if not that," she thought, "she is prejudiced—she is cold—she is ungenerous—she is unreasonable! To think that I cannot be grateful to a man without—and he the lover of a girl, and such a girl! She is old—she is not the Mrs. Burnett that she used to be. I was a coward not to stand up for Abel, let her think what she might of me."

She looked up—and there was Abel himself not a dozen paces before her. Had Destiny indeed been helping him he could not have chosen a better moment for a first meeting after the fire.

"Thank you!" she said eagerly. "I should say nothing if I tried to say more."

"Please say nothing, Miss Deane. I—I did nothing at all." And that was indisputably true.

"You risked your life—that is all: and a life like yours—what can I say—what can I do?"

"Only—only, Miss Deane—you have done everything—there is nothing left you can do. Do you remember a poem—I forget what it is called—about some Donna Clara and a Spanish cavalier? How he set fire to her father's castle, and why? I did not set fire to Longworth, but I could have done so—I am dreaming

that you are Donna Clara and that I am the cavalier." And that, also, was unquestionably true.

Beatrice did remember the story: how the cavalier set the castle on fire that he might for one moment hold the unattainable lady of his love in his arms. Never before had such a speech been made to her; and though it was nothing less than an insult as coming from Milly's lover, she could not help a glow of pride.

"Has anything been found out?" she asked hurriedly.

"About the fire? Nothing—nor ever will be, I believe. Everybody has a different guess, and everybody is as wrong as can be. It is only clear that nobody is to blame."

"Has Tom come back?"

"No. I suppose he is about somewhere."

"It is strange that he never came near me before it was too late—that I should have been burnt to death but for you. How did you save me?"

"Strange?—That I should save you—whom you saved years ago? If I risked my life, it was only what you gave me—what was all yours. I hope you will never know what I suffered when you received me so coldly when I arrived with your father. I can't help loving you. If I am ever to be anything or nothing depends upon you. I did not mean to tell you—but after last night—tell me that I may love you, and become great for your sake, and make you proud of what you have done."

He spoke in a quick, low monotone, as if he were trying to keep back the full expression of his love for her. It was abrupt and sudden: and yet it seemed to flow naturally from the history of the last three years. She felt herself turning pale, as she thought, "If I can never become great for myself, if I must be a woman among women, at least I can help to make a man great, and I will." But even as it came, the thought died away. He was daring to make love to her while he was her cousin's successful rival for the hand of another girl.

"No!" she said almost angrily. "What have I done that you should say this to me? Though you have saved my life you have no right"—

"No right—to tell a woman that I love her?"

"But not to tell two women so! My name is not Milly, Mr. Herrick. One night cannot make you false to her—and if it had, I should have said No a thousand times. I can forgive you your moment of folly for last night's sake, but never forget yourself again—or her. Let me go home."

He turned pale in his turn. "Two women? What can you mean? I am as free"—

"I mean that you are engaged."

"Who told you so?"

"Tom."

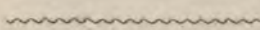
"Ah! Then you have been told a—— Listen: listen to me at once, and wait till the end. It is true that, when I was a mere boy, I thought myself in love with a girl, in every way below me, as boys will. But I am no more engaged than—why, I have not even seen her for four years. I scarcely know if she is alive. I never even wrote to her for nearly a year, at least, when I left home. I have written occasionally since, but only as the most distant friend. Why she is only a carpenter's daughter, a servant's niece, a poor, half educated girl whom I could no more love or think of loving than I can help loving you. She whom I could ever dream of loving must be nothing less than the noblest woman that the world contains. She must be the ideal and the influence of my life—the most beautiful face, the highest intellect, the most perfect soul. You insult me if you think I ever even thought I loved any one but you."

"You are telling me the truth?"

"The whole truth—every word. And now you know what you have been to me for years, and always will be till I die."

And then, being thus at last set high above all other women by one whom she had long set high above all other men, there was nothing for it but to accept her glory. Love like this was not the trivial drawing-room liking of every day, but the gateway to the higher life of which she dreamed. And she was the more eager to enter in because by so doing she was defying every mean and ignoble prejudice that the world contains.

(To be continued.)



THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FALK LAWS.

BY HERBERT TUTTLE.

THE position of the Church in Prussia had been one of security and of power until a Junker statesman began suddenly to strike at some of her most hallowed pretensions. How all classes of society were astounded is now a matter of history; how criticism, passing from the cause to the champion, from principles to persons, made the subject as popular as that of universal peace to the prize essayists of the Cobden Club, is shown in the literature of the whole world. It became the text on which many a maiden pen tried its unpractised skill, on which doctrinaires of every school hung theories of social or moral or political perfection. Among the former friends of Prince Bismarck—the old Prussian aristocrats who had furnished his political wardrobe—the excitement was of course most intense. They gnashed their teeth and cried “Apostate!” The metaphysicians said there was a change, called it a psychological phenomenon, and made a note on the margin of their Schopenhauer. To such people it was sophistry to reply that Richelieu was a noble and a Catholic when he was disciplining the French aristocracy and guiding the troopers of Gustave Adolphe through the heart of Germany; or that Cavour, a Conservative and a Catholic, founded a liberal Italy, free from the trammels of the Church; or that Peel was a Protectionist before he abolished the corn laws. France is France, they replied, and Italy is Italy, and England is England; but that a Prussian knight, trained in the most exalted spirit of devotion to altar and throne, should become an open foe of the one and a certain menace to the other, baffled their curiosity as much as it vexed their patience.

In foreign countries, particularly in England, the fact excited equal interest and but little less feeling. Mr. Frederic Harrison denounces the legislation of Prussia from the standpoint of philosophic Radicalism; Mr. Gladstone defends it like a theological censor; Mr. Newdegate calls Prince Bismarck the first of Protestants; Earl Russell recognises the great champion of civil against ecclesiastical authority; and Cardinal Manning, by a frank but dangerous parallel,

might call him an atheistic Torquemada, revelling in the halls of some gloomy palace sacred to the spirit of militant scepticism. Mr. Disraeli, too, ought to have his theory. In "Coningsby" he wrote many years ago, "That mighty revolution, which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews." That mighty revolution is now in progress; and if it be not actually in the hands of Jews it is certain that many fastidious German Protestants hold an active belief to that effect. Be the merits of the policy what they may, be his allies Jews, or Gentiles, or Atheists, the theory that Prince Bismarck has departed from his original principles is assumed, more or less, tacitly by friend and foe.

In spite of all this, however, it may not be a hopeless task to maintain the contrary. If it be a virtue to push to their final consequences principles which are accepted by the great majority of his countrymen; if it be meritorious to understand the philosophy as well as the history of his people,—Prince Bismarck is the best and not the worst logician, the most and not the least consistent statesman, the broadest and clearest and soundest patriot.

What is the theory, in a philosophical sense, of the Prussian system? Every State has a theory, or principle, both of life and of action, which is often modified, indeed, by time, and is sometimes not quite clearly perceived, but which is most faithfully obeyed when the State is most true to itself. In the principle of political equality for instance, passionately cherished, and now and then pushed to unworthy lengths, everybody recognises the basis of the American Republic. The vital element in the great Oriental monarchies was authority; that of the French is patriotism; in Prussia, and more or less throughout Germany, it is discipline. From a legalised patriciate the United States would easily pass to a doge, and thence to an oligarchy, after the model of Venice. When the Hindoo begins to doubt and question he becomes a poor subject; if the French should cease to love their country they would cease to be French. What each of these principles has done for its own people, a sweeping and inflexible course of discipline has done for Prussia.

If the Prussians do not much resemble the Athenians in elegance of political speculation, or the Romans in breadth of political vision, they have in common with both those peoples a conception of the State which was superior to all forms of government and has survived all the vicissitudes of history. It corresponds to the Ptolemaic system in astronomy. In the latter the earth was the

centre of the universe; in the former the State is the centre of human interests. The State was everywhere, and everything—it was with the slave in the field, the peasant in his cottage, and the noble in his sports; it was art and philosophy and religion; an abstraction in which all thought centred, and a concrete existence which was the sum of all individual existences. The State is an organic body, of which the citizens are subject members. They exist for the State and not the State for them, and consequently their education, their amusements, their religion—in short, the whole economy of their lives ought to be regulated in the interest of the State. M. Paul Janet puts this clearly when he says that the society of antiquity rested on two principles—political liberty and civil slavery. It will be urged that in antiquity religion was not found incompatible with the interests of the State, and the fact must be conceded, but with important reservations. There was religion in the ancient republics, but no Church. The priests were only a certain class of public servants, appointed to celebrate the rites of worship, just as another class led the armies and another made the laws; and they were granted a sacred character as mediators not between man and eternity but between the State and fortune. There were rites to be performed, but as a civic and not a personal duty; there were sacrifices to propitiate the gods, but only in behalf of the Commonwealth. Even Iphigenia is made the victim of a supposed public necessity. A conflict between Church and State in such circumstances is a logical absurdity and inconceivable. The State was the Church, and outside of the strict fulfilment of civic obligations there was neither religious life nor religious spirit. The conception of the Church as a great social organisation, drawing its authority from a source beyond the laws of the State, claiming an allegiance higher than the loyalty of the citizen, and wielding a prerogative hostile to the Government itself, can no more be reconciled with the political institutions than with the political philosophy of the ancients.

If we pass from the forms to the principles of Paganism we find the same deference to the interests of society. Montesquieu says admirably that "the Roman religion knew no other divinity than the genius of the Republic." Such a religion must of course be purely subjective; and since the gods were poetical abstractions from nature, there was an Olympus in every soul. The passions of man and the phenomena of nature, the products of introspection and observation, were the classic gods. They were fickle indeed, but so is human nature; they thwarted the good at times and

smiled on the bad : so do the elements. They knew the sorrows of man, and wept when he wept ; they knew his joys, and joined familiarly the festive circle ; they laughed and sang and danced ; they touched the lyre under the willow tree, and wrote immortal verse on the banks of flowing rivers. The worship of such deities was the worship of humanity, and the most devout believer was the best patriot.

How different the picture presented by the Christian Church ! Waiving the question of supernatural origin it must ever remain a problem whether the marvellous growth of Christianity ought to be attributed with M. Renan to the personal qualities of its founder and the Apostles, or with Gibbon to the condition of the times in which it appeared. But it had from the start a character of its own. It was a Church as well as a religion. It was content at the first to assert simply its independence of, or rather its distinction from, the State, and to lay down for the guidance of its subjects the injunction "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's"—a maxim that may of course be made to justify all the different attitudes which the Church has assumed toward society. Take for instance St. Thomas Aquinas, who was surely not without logical acuteness. Mr. Hallam found but three men in England who had read this canonised philosopher, and I shall surely not claim the title and honours of the fourth. But in an extract from St. Thomas, which has just fallen under my eye, there is given as his definition of Divine law that it is "concise, clear, and infallible" ; yet when this same philosopher enters on the subject of Church and State he is obliged to write a preliminary treatise to determine what is Cæsar's and what God's. The same fallacy runs through the entire scholastic philosophy, indeed through the whole philosophical literature of the Church. It assumes that there is somewhere a consistent Christian theory of the relations between Church and State, and it pays the secular reason the compliment of discussion ; but in the solution of the grave problem the New Testament, in spite of its authority, is of no more use than the Oracle of Delphi to the leader of a Greek army. The rule in question was accorded a place among the tenets of the Church, like so many other obscure utterances, because, first, the mystical is always very effective in seasons of religious fervour ; second, it avoided an immediate rupture with the State ; third, it left the Church free to interpret the rule according to her convenience in the future. It is the disingenuous zeal with which the Church has tried to turn all solutions to her own benefit that has caused the confusion. "Separation and spiritual

independence," "Union and establishments," "An amicable arrangement between the Civil and Ecclesiastical orders,"—there is high authority among the doctors of the Church for each of these plans. In Prussia the last named has prevailed, and has brought the country to the present deplorable state of affairs.

The early rulers of Prussia had a perfectly logical theory of the omnipotence of the State; but their application of it was thwarted by the false spirit of sacerdotalism which had come down as an inheritance from the Middle Ages. That elastic Paganism, which had been nourished by the State for the public good, even that modest and primitive Christian Church which had been happy to nestle under the protection of great kings, were alike no more; and over against the majesty of the secular power stood as a rival the awful might of a sacred hierarchy. The Church could still be used, but she must first be courted. Religion could still be employed, as in Greece, to inspire with loyalty by diverting from politics the mind of thinking subjects; but the Church was the only agent of worship, and she insisted on her prerogatives. She was not unwilling to make men good subjects, but they must first become good Catholics.

There was no escape in the fifteenth century from this state of things, and princes who did not welcome it from religious zeal were glad to accept it as a State necessity. The electors of Brandenburg belonged, perhaps, to the latter class; and after once adopting the alliance with the Church as a measure of public policy they pressed it with characteristic fidelity into the most intimate public and private relations. Since the earliest dawn of their national life this people has masqueraded in the livery of the Church. No other has watched more closely the fluctuation of ecclesiastical power in Europe; no other has in every sense played a more industrious game with the spiritual factors in society. As became its source and aim, too, this policy was, until a late epoch, unencumbered with any active theological scruples. It was as free from sectarianism as the missionary zeal of Lady Southdown herself. The Elector Joachim I., who would have hanged a bishop as readily as a Mussulman, talked about "the impudence of that little monk," Martin Luther, while his successor accepted the reformed faith to please his people, and retained the Romish ceremonial to please a Church that was still powerful. Frederic the Great encouraged all religions and despised them all. Since it was the mission of these rugged warriors to raise a feeble province in the marshes of Brandenburg to the dignity of an independent State, they found it expedient to foster a religious spirit in their subjects without stirring up sectarian strife.

The natural result of this policy followed the Napoleonic wars. Frederic William III. was nearly frightened out of his senses by the profound social convulsions through which he had passed, and like many weak minds unexpectedly delivered from great danger, he relapsed into a morbid and preposterous pietism. That which had been with his ancestors a matter of selfish policy became with him a matter of faith; if they had made the Church the domestic he made her the bride of the nation. While the public service was going to pieces from general demoralisation, the King was trifling with his prayer-books, and his liturgies, and his schemes of universal salvation. Stein tried in vain to give a more Protestant direction to the royal mania. It was part of his Majesty's belief that Prussia needed not sectarian spirit, but an exalted Catholic orthodoxy, and this he determined to fuse into the life, and the character, and the institutions of Prussia. Unfortunately the times were ripe for such an enterprise, and the poor King succeeded but too well. The two Establishments, which had been in some anxiety about the consequences for religion, and even for a few years afterwards had trembled lest the cry for political reform should prove louder than the exhortations of the Church, accepted this solution of the problem with satisfaction, and continued to share their common patrimony in a profitable manner.

Nothing indeed but the most suicidal jealousy could have disturbed their good relations. The two sects had lived so long together in Prussia that each had won its own line of supporters, and an extensive conversion from one to the other was scarcely to be expected: so that they had proselytising zeal but in a feeble degree. They were sagacious enough to see that secularism, their chief foe, was a common foe, and to combine against it. No trifling interests were indeed in question. During three hundred years the ecclesiastical power had been tightening its grasp, and within that time it had succeeded in converting the State into a disguised theocracy. From his cradle to his coffin the subject was nursed by the ministers of religion. They baptised him at the font, they watched over him at school, they married him, and they said the funeral rites over his grave. The only option was between systems of clerical service which might be equally odious. And if the power of the Church, by which term is to be understood the ecclesiastical element and not any particular sect,—if the power of the Church with the people had been nourished by three centuries of empire, its pride and dignity were supported by the closest alliance with the secular nobility. The *spirit of privilege* among the nobles, and the *spirit of privilege* among

the clergy, acted really as an homogeneous force. For want of a better name it may be called the sacerdotal force, a name which in a broad sense is here applied to that mixed sentiment of pride, reverence, and authority by which the inheritance of great power and great gifts welds together sympathetic classes in society. A similar union—or rather fusion—can be found nowhere else on the continent of Europe. It is as unlike the fitful coquetry of Church and aristocracy in France, as the power of the rural *prediger* is unlike that of the *curé*. A Duke of Guise and a Marie Alacoque would be equally impossible in Prussia. Not vanity nor superstition is the cementing principle, but the grave traditional feeling of a common superiority. Indeed the traces of the compact have now disappeared, and nothing remains but the sacerdotal spirit itself, acting with the method and directness of a single force, yet spreading through all the arteries of society. It is an element which the reason can hardly separate from the life of Prussia.

A minute analysis of this spirit reveals much that is admirable. Within the limits of its natural action it is profoundly loyal, and has served efficiently in every great movement of Prussia. It is one source of that grave national virtue which, for being a good deal exaggerated, is not the less positive and real. It inspires that sombre, patient, unconquerable sense of duty which nerves the Prussian soldier. It spreads a chaste and devout piety through the State, and has its home with an aristocracy free from scandal. Ruling like an intellectual despot over the thought of the country, it values the fact more than the exercise of power, and is jealous rather than cruel. But it is a provincial spirit, narrow, selfish, illiberal. It has neither the large speculative benevolence of pure philosophy, nor the warmth of a generous superstition. Teaching the principle of authority, it frowns on the expansive power of reason. It employs the formulas of religion to aid the sway of privilege, and thus surrounds absolutism with a halo of holiness. To the assaults of the sceptic it opposes a firm and complacent dogmatism. It inspires awe by the splendour of its arrogance. In political life it makes the State an informal theocracy. In social life it establishes grades and teaches obedience. In ecclesiastical life it provides a stately faith, without the enthusiasm which warms the heart, or the simplicity which satisfies the understanding. It is devout without humility, proud without grandeur, and loyal without patriotism.

The fears of the Clericals and the hopes of the Liberals were alike deceived when Frederic William IV. ascended the throne. The new king was endowed with a high upright character and a poetic spirit,

but he had been trained in a school which looked resolutely away from the present. He was enraptured by the romance of mediæval story. He read of tilts and tournaments, and polished up the rusty armour of his fathers; he learned the rude poetry of the Minne-singers, and fancied an age in which a king might sing ballads under the windows of his lady love. He looked on the dull routine of legislation as Mr. Ruskin looks on railways, or as a pre-Raphaelite painter might have regarded the operations of a dye-shop. Yet it was to this pedant, to this frivolous dreamer, to this paltry casuist, that Providence entrusted constitutional reform in Prussia. Of course the work, when produced, did credit to the maladroit skill of the author. All parties were surprised: but the Clericals, perhaps, in the largest measure. They learned that a written Charter was not necessarily an instrument of Satan, but that it might, if properly drafted, become the efficient bulwark of a safe social system. That this one was properly drafted must appear from its own provisions. It made no attempt to throw off the yoke of ecclesiastical despotism, but left all the old privileges of the Church in full sway, and with the additional authority given them by positive written guarantees. Above all, the substantial union between the two great sects was confirmed rather than shaken by this ordinance. Although they were theologically as far apart as Martin Luther and Pope Leo X., there continued to be between them a tolerably firm alliance against free thought, secularism, and the revolution; and both refrained from imperilling the common cause by rashness and impatience. There was strategic without dogmatic unity.

It is impossible to reconcile the position here accorded to the Church with the traditional idea in Prussian policy. The "civil slavery," of which M. Janet speaks, was indeed fully realised, so far as the subject himself was concerned, by the course of discipline, social, military, political, educational, religious, to which he was legally subjected; but the element of political liberty could not be ascribed to a State that surrendered a share of its sovereignty, a portion of its domestic authority, unreservedly to an organisation within itself. What if the organisation were a member of a splendid hierarchy which had disputed with the mightiest princes of the world? What if it were the voice of that graver faith which had issued from the tremendous throes of a German Reformation, and commanded the services of thousands of earnest and faithful patriots? It might be the Church of Rome, or the Church of Luther, or the Church of Moses and the Prophets; yet if it exercised in its own way and independently functions which belong to the State as an original possession, it was

acting under an illogical arrangement as a bar to the orderly development of the country. The subject was taught a double allegiance. The State was master of one larger class of his movements only, through the jealous, haughty, and capricious medium of a spiritual patriciate. Instead of making religion a humble ward of the nation, as they had hoped, and moulding it wholly into the service of the State, the Kings of Prussia found that they had only called into being a powerful institution which could dictate its own terms of loyalty.

The evil being assumed, we pass to the second stage of the discussion: How shall the relations between Church and State as above described be modified in a manner to restore to the State its lost privileges, without trespassing on the just liberties of the Church? How shall a better adjustment between the one and the other be effected?

It has been often observed that there are but three systems according to which the relations of Church and State can be settled. The Church must be the State, and society consequently a theocracy; or there must be a partition of functions more or less explicit and formal between the two; or the Church must be treated like any other organisation within the State, and be subjected to a supervision as severe as justice requires and as impartial as the interests of the State permit. These are the systems respectively of the Orient, of modern Europe, and of the United States. The first system has probably no defender in Christendom. Even the Syllabus was directed rather against moral and scientific errors, and hardly contemplated the assumption by the Church of all the functions of civil government. Pure theocracy may therefore be dismissed without further concern. The second system, which is or was that of Prussia and most European countries, recognises religion as a distinct social charge, and concedes it a certain degree of support from the State.

In the third of these three systems, that of the United States, the State ignores the Church except when she comes in contact with general laws. To religion as such the Federal Constitution gives only the negative attention of two paragraphs, one of which simply declares that no religious test shall be exacted of public servants, and the other guarantees freedom of religious worship; while both together form the basis of a system which differs only in form, but not in principle, from that of the ancient republics. Both systems recognise the utility of religion to society, both treat it as deriving its social or corporate rights from the State. They differ

only in the formal application of the principle. The former finds in the variety of independent sects, which makes a Church impossible, the advantage that the other sought in a single national religion, which made a Church unnecessary. But it remains true that the American Constitution asserts by implication the power of the State over the Church. A power which may be voluntarily surrendered may also be retained, and a right which is conditionally waived by a constitutional enactment may be recovered by the same means. It was so with slavery, Why not with religion? The guarantees of slavery in the Constitution were as clear and absolute as those of religious worship; and if a Thirteenth Amendment may revoke the former, another amendment, under a reasonable necessity, may certainly revoke the latter.

In seeking an escape, therefore, from a system which had become intolerable, Prince Bismarck was confined to two other systems, of which the one implies the complete surrender of the State to the interests of religion, and the other maintains the principle of the absolute supremacy of the civil power. It could not be difficult for the Minister of a modern State to make the choice. The political institutions and with them the civilisation of Buddha and Zoroaster could not be reproduced in the nineteenth century and in educated Prussia; the forms of Paganism were equally extinct. It only remained, therefore, to adopt the principle of the classical system, and to apply it with such modifications as the times and the circumstances made necessary. That these pointed toward the American system Prince Bismarck was not one of the last to recognise.

Objection will, of course, be raised to the method of solution adopted by Prince Bismarck, but this is sufficiently explained by the wide difference in the conditions of the problem in the two countries. In America the separation of Church and State means the independence of the former; in Prussia it means the disenthralment of the latter. The American Constitution lends to the Church certain social privileges which the State has no desire to control. The Falk laws in Prussia recover for the State certain civil and political functions that the Church has usurped. The American legislators had to deal with sects, or, if the term be preferred, with religions, which had [not the will or the power to make seditious citizens out of faithful believers, and which were felt to be least dangerous when most free. The Prussian reforms aim at the restoration of that harmony between the two powers which the arrogance and selfishness of the priesthood have hitherto thwarted, and which is most complete when the Church is most rigorously kept in her own field of action.

Prussia, like America, is willing to allow the Church just as much freedom as is consistent with the welfare of the State.

After the question of fact comes, of course, the question of right. Is there anything in the general policy introduced by Prince Bismarck, or in the details of legislation so ably directed by his lieutenant, Dr. Falk, which trespasses in any degree, not on the pretensions or the convenience of the Church, but on her corporate rights, interpreted in a sense favourable at once to her own holy mission and to the secular interests of society?

This is really a new question, and one to which I shall devote little attention. The burden of this article being an attempt to show that the pending reform is only the philosophy of the Prussian Government pushed to its logical consequences, the success of the attempt does not depend, of course, on the justice of the reform or of the political theory in which it has its source. Still, logic is never able quite to exclude ethics. Prince Bismarck has doubtless considered the moral as well as the political side of his ecclesiastical policy; and as the course of reasoning which he may have employed to prove its rectitude is neither long nor complex, it may well be introduced as a final paragraph. I shall only submit some observations tending to show that the State possesses an inherent right of control over all religious associations among its members, and that the denial of this right leads directly to what is now all but universally regarded as a false theory of society—that of the social compact.

It will not be denied that the Christian Church in Europe, regarded as an association between man and man, is a conscious, voluntary association—that is to say, the creature of a compact. Time was when no Church existed. There is here, of course, no reference to such questions as Jewish transmission, or the eternal embryo, if it may be so called—which are subtleties for the theological debating clubs—but of the organised Church, which society recognises. Now there certainly was no such Church till the voluntary union of sufficient numbers made one. As an earthly organisation it is the result of a compact. Now, if society or civil government be also regarded as a compact, the Church may with justice claim to stand on the same footing, and to exercise the functions given by convention to her with the same freedom as the State exercises functions which she has acquired by convention. In other words, unlimited social freedom to found and administer an ecclesiastical organisation can be defended only by him who maintains that all social institutions, not excepting the State, are the result of convention. Rousseau himself never pushed his theory to such consequences, and the Church will certainly not

adopt them. In the first place the Church has theological reasons for rejecting the doctrine of the social contract; and in the second place it is notoriously false, in fact. Society is eternal. Churches, like kingdoms, rise, flourish, decay, and die; but society, that indefinite union of men which is higher than any man, is of and for all time. Through all changes of States the unbroken continuity of the State remains. The Church of Christianity, as an association of men drawn together by a common belief, is in fact possible only through the existence of eternal social forms, and to pretend that she has acquired rights as a Church over which society has no control is to rob society of one of the essential elements of its being. In criticising the new laws many writers seem to assume the complete independence of the Church as an *à priori* right. What reasoning has been given, what reasoning can be given, to justify this monstrous claim? The right of conscience is of course quite another thing; and if that be meant it is perhaps not quite useless to try to show that the subordination of ecclesiastical interests to the larger secular interests of society cannot be a violation of the rights of conscience.

The error lies in supposing that a congregation of believers, or a Church, can be inspired by a collective conscience. The metaphysicians tell us, at least those who admit any such thing at all, that conscience is the faculty of moral judgments, the *ultima ratio* of all men, except, perhaps, kings. As such it is and must be purely personal with every human being. It is a passive, and not an active organ. It interprets, but does not create; it judges, but does not execute. Now from the genesis of history to the present time the most determined enemies of conscience have been the great ecclesiastical orders; and of all these there is not one whose tenets and pretensions are so irreconcilable with the free exercise of that faculty as the Roman Catholic Church. This is natural and consistent. The Church does not invite men to reason, she invites them to obey; she is the oracle, not of conscience, but of authority. She acts on the sound maxim—though in times of adversity it suits her to forget it—that the human conscience is not a constructive faculty; that it has organised, and from the nature of things can organise, absolutely nothing. But there is a cementing principle, higher than mere blind obedience, which is commonly but wrongly called conscience. It may be an acquired sense of duty, it may be a common feeling of loyalty, or it may be only *esprit de corps*. Or if the term conscience be insisted on it must be called the educative or acquired conscience, in distinction from the natural reason, which is not acquired, and cannot be educated. This quality is, of course, entitled

to respect, like human nature itself, but there is no possible scheme of legislation that would not violate it. *La propriété, c'est le vol*,—this may become as much a matter of fixed conscientious belief as the doctrine of apostolic succession, or the dogma of the immaculate conception; but the laws protect the rights of property in spite of the conscience of the communist. Indeed the very attempts to avoid such violations are often themselves the cause of striking injustice. The Quakers, for instance, are conscientiously opposed to military service. Accordingly, in most States, they are by a special law released from such obligation; and the favour wounds the sense of fairness—the judicial conscience—of every other citizen. The conscience is a sensitive organ, and is perhaps most useful when most sensitive, but whether it take the humble form of class prejudice, or the more splendid dress of religious scruples, it receives many blows from the clumsy hand of the civil power, and is often most rudely treated by those who hold it in the greatest respect.

These are simple truths, and their application to the Falk laws is equally simple. Every one of those acts can be justified to the friends of the American system by reference to its most essential principles, and to Catholics by comparison with other countries where the Church of Rome holds a paramount spiritual authority. Can it wound the Catholic conscience to submit to obligatory civil marriage when Catholics in France and Belgium submit to it without a murmur? Does it affront the feelings of a Prussian Protestant that the taxes which he pays are no longer to support a religion and a Church that he abhors? Would candid Americans hesitate to expel an order which they felt to be dangerous to the State? Has Prince Bismarck stripped the Church of Rome of privileges which had acquired the powerful sanction of ages? Slavery was as old as the republic; but when the revolt of the slaveholders invited the last penalty, the United States did not shrink from applying it. It might be wrong for the State to direct the theological training of Catholic youth, but when theology is made to include the whole duty of man, the State must secure the civic education of the acolytes from neglect or perversion. These are propositions which cannot be denied, and they cover the general scope and tendency of the Prussian laws.

For that profound class of critics, finally who condemn a thing because of its author, there is, perhaps, no sufficient defence of the ecclesiastical policy to which Prince Bismarck has given his name. They know that no good can come out of Nazareth. Carlyle says: "Bad is in its very nature negative, and can create nothing." A

fortiori can it create nothing good ; and if all the world accepted this rule and was agreed on what is bad and what good, the process of historical analysis would be very much simplified. Prince Bismarck himself would find much of his work condemned by an inexorable public virtue. He is a statesman on whose character and opinions many true Liberals look with abhorrence, and the perpetuation of his method would at least be a serious blow to civilisation. In the present conflict the broader interests of free thought, political reform and progress have too often been sacrificed to what may be called the dynamic necessities of the State. There is really, however, no question of Prince Bismarck's value to society, but of the relative value of his sway and that of the Roman Catholic Church. In other words, in the most sinister view of the case, is he not, by smiting the Papacy, overthrowing a power noxious to society, and thus doing necessarily the work of Liberalism ?

For my own part, I rejoice that the cause of the State is just now in the hands of this masculine politician. His name is a guaranty of thorough work, and when he will have abolished the *régime* of cowls and tonsures some more Liberal successor may abolish that of swords and spurs and cavalry boots.

SIR PERCIVAL OF WALES.

A CHAPTER FROM AN OLD ROMANCE OF THE
TWELFTH CENTURY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



ONE of the most popular romances of the Middle Ages was "Sir Percival of Wales," a poem of 20,174 lines, written by Chrestien de Troyes at the end of the twelfth century. My paraphrase is founded on an early English condensation. It will show that a work like this did not delight several centuries of people without being full of high feeling and touches of nature, while the curious metre gives it a simplicity which becomes the subject.

The old romance begins with the death of Percival's father by the hands of the Red Knight, a robber and an enemy. The mother has sworn in consequence to retire to a forest and relinquish the world :—

And now that Percival the Knight
Is slain in that fell fight,
His lady vowed that night
(Hold if she may)
That her young son should bide
Nowhere where jousts ride
Or deeds of arms be tried
By night or day.

But where creeps the burn
Through the high arching fern,
Watched by the silent fern,
And the leaves play :
Far from the soldier's tent,
Tilting and tournament,
Out 'mong the briar and bent,
They would away.

So the widow leaves bower and hall and goes into the wild wood, with only a maiden to wait upon her, and a small flock of goats, on whose milk she could subsist ; and of all her lord's gear she takes only a little Scottish spear for her son when he could go hunting. Soon the strong, sturdy boy begins to slay small birds with it, and

Then harts and hinds—"he was a good knave"—till at last "no beast that walked on foot" could escape his dart :—

Then it befell one day
His mother to him did say
"Sweet child, I rede you pray
To Godde's son dear
That He would help thee,
Out of His majesty,
A good man and true to be
While you dwell here."

"Sweet mother," then said he,
"Who may this great God be
That ye now bid me
Kneel to and praise?"
Then said his mother fair :
"It is the God of Earth and Air,
Who made this world so rare
All in six days."

"By great God," said he then,
"An' I can meet that man,
With all the power I can
So shall I pray."

One day in the holt the boy meets three of Arthur's knights—Ewayn, Gawayn the courteous, and Sir Kay "the bold baratour," a man of pride and malice. They were dressed in rich robes, while he only wore a tunic and hood of goatskin. The lad always expecting to meet the God of whom his mother spoke, and seeing these three great knights, thinks one of them must be the God he sought, and so goes up with his usual frank fearlessness and addresses them. I try to preserve some of the quaintness of the original :—

He said: "Which of you all three
May the great God be
That my mother told me
This great world wrought?"
Then answered Sir Gawayn,
Fair and courteously again,
"Son, as Christ us sayne,
Such are we not."

Then said that true knight's child,
Who had lived in the woods wild,
To Gawayn the meek and mild,
And soft of answer,
"I shall slay you all three
If you don't smartly now tell me
What things or folk ye be,
Since ye no Gods are."

Then answered Sir Kay,
 "Who then shall we say
 Slew us all to-day
 In this wild holt so bare?"
 But said Gawayn to Kay,
 "With thy proud words away;
 I can win this child with play
 If thou hold still."

"Sweet son," then said he,
 "We are knights all three,
 With King Arthur ride we,
 That dwells on yon hill."

Then said Percival the light,
 In goatskins that was dight,
 "Will King Arthur make me knight
 If my vows I fulfil?"
 Then said Gawayn right there,
 "I can give thee none answer:
 But to the King I bid thee fare
 To learn his will."

The sturdy boy then leaves them, and on his way "to his dame," seeing a herd of wild colts and mares (just as he might now in the New Forest), he cries:—

"By Saint John,
 Such things as yon
 Rode the knights upon,
 Knew I their name."

Then leaping on the back of the best mare he gallops home to his mother. She seeing him coming on the mare, felt at once that the old knightly blood was rising in the boy's heart. He tells her of his fixed intention of going to the King to be knighted, and she cannot turn him either with tears or words. Then she tells him he has had little nurture for hall or bower, and that when he meets a knight he must take his hood off and embrace him. He asks how he is to recognise a knight, and she shows him a minever robe: "Such fur," she says, "knights wear in their hoods":—

"By great God," cried he,
 "When that I a knight see,
 Mother, as ye bid me,
 Right so shall I."

All that night till it was day
 The child by the mother lay,
 Till on the morn he would away,
 For all that might betide.

His mother gave him then a ring,
And told him that he back must bring.
"Son, this shall be our tokening,
For here till then I bide."
He took the ring and took the spear,
Starts up upon the mare,
And from the mother that bore him
Now forth he goes to ride.

On his way to this his first adventure the gallant youth so rough and ready enters an old hall. He finds it empty; but there is corn in the manger, some bread and a pitcher of wine on the board, and a pleasant bright fire burning. His mother had told him to be in all things "of measure" (moderate), so he takes only half the corn, bread, and wine. In a side chamber, on a bed spread with rich clothes, Percival sees a maiden sleeping, and kissing without waking "the sweet thing," he slips his mother's ring on one of the maiden's fingers "as a token to wed." This stanza ends with the words:—

His way rides he.

And then, according to the way of these writers, the next verse begins also:—

Now on his way rides he.

Coming to the Palace, where the King is being served with his first mess, the boy rides in, careless of gate, door, and wicket, and so near to Arthur that the mare licks his forehead. The good-natured King, calmly pushing away the mare's mouth, addresses the intruder:—

He said: "Fair child and free,
Stand still beside me,
And tell me whence you be,
And what thou wilt here."
Then said the foal of the field:
"I am my own mother's child,
Come from the woods wild
To Arthur the dear.
Yesterday saw I knights three,
Such a one shalt thou make me,
On this mare standing here,
Ere thy meat thou sheer."

Then Gawayn, "the King's trench pain" (carver), says kindly:—

"Child, have thou my blessing
For thy frank following;
Here has thou found the King
That can make knights."

Then said Percival the free,
 "If thou King Arthur be,
 Look thou a knight make me
 At once if it be so."
 Though he was rudely dight,
 He swore by Godde's might,
 "And if he make me not knight,
 I'll slay him with a blow."

The courtiers old and young were astonished to see the King bear these rough words, and still more so to see tears come gliding from his eyes. Then Arthur, looking at the daring young rider as he sat there boldly on his horse, said :—

"An' thou wert well dight,
 Thou wert like to a knight
 That I loved with all my might
 While he was alive."

And he goes on to describe the death of his brother-in-law, Sir Percival, by the hands of that foul rascal the Red Knight. So crafty was this thief, however, he added, that he had never been able to seize him ; but he hoped that some day Sir Percival's son might return and avenge his father. The fierce lad, not knowing his father's fate or name, grew angry at last at this long story and the delay of the knighthood, and the poet, carefully preserving the lines of the character, makes him here break out :—

"Now out on this jangling,
 Of this keep I none."

He says :—

"I care not to stand
 With thy janglings so long,
 Make me knight with thy hand,
 If it shall be done."

The King, struck with the boy's resemblance to Acheffeur, his sister, then promises to dub him knight, and begs him courteously to alight and eat with him at noon, for, as the poet says :—

The child had dwelt in the wood,
 He knew neither evil nor good,
 The King himself understood
 He was a wild man.

So Percival leaps from the mare and ties her up among all the lords and ladies with the withy halter. But before he had time to touch meat or wine, who should come riding into the hall but that most objectionable person the Red Knight. He bestrode a red

steed and blood red was his weed (clothing). Calling them, King and all, "recreants," he rides straight up to Arthur and snatches up a great cup of red gold that stands full of wine before the King. He emptied the cup down his giant mouth and then rode off with it contemptuously. The sorrow and anger of the King was extreme.

"Ah, dear God," cried Arthur, "where in all the wide world shall I find a man to quell this wretch? Five years running he has taken away my cups and slain my knights, and he is gone before I can harness me for battle":—

"By Peter," quoth Percival to the King,
"Him then will I down ding,
And the good cup again bring,
An' thou wilt make me knight."
"As I am true King," said he,
"A knight shall I make thee
If thou wilt quickly bring me
That cup of gold bright."

So off the lad, clothed in the three goatskins, dashes to attack the robber who had insulted King Arthur, and as he rides he cries:—

"Now man on thy mare
Bring again the King's gear,
Or from my dart I'll let thee hear."

But finding this makes no impression, for the robber laughs at hearing his horse called a mare, the boy cries:—

"But if thou bring the cup again
With my dart thou shall be slain,
And swung across thy mare."

Then the Red Knight, turning, lifted his vizor to see better who his adversary in the goatskins was, and said:—

"If I come to thee, zealous fool,
I'll take and cast thee in the pool,
For all the merry days of Yule,
And in a ragged sack."
Then said Percival the free,
"Be I fool or what I be,
Presently we'll try and see
Whose bones shall break."
In shooting was the lad so sly,
At the knight he quick let fly,
Smote him at the eye
And out at the neck.

Down out of the saddle fell the Red Knight, and off ran his

horse, which Percival with true knightly feeling at once pursued in order that he and the Red Knight might fight on equal terms. But when he comes back and addresses the Red Knight in a long speech, he finds that the difficulty the Red Knight has in retorting is that he is dead. So he at once determines to despoil him, but cannot for a long time find the way of unlacing the armour. Then remembering how his mother had told him whenever he broke his dart to burn the wood out of the spear, he cuts a load of birch and oak boughs, and makes a fire to burn off the Red Knight's armour; but just then Sir Gawain comes up and shows him how to unlace the armour. Percival then tosses the body into the fire, and tells it to lie still and roast. And when the strong clothing of steel and iron is fitted to his own shapely limbs, Percival looks down at his feet, and with natural vanity says to Gawain, "Now a knight I might be called." Gawain says to him, "Let us go from this hill. You have done what you will, and it nears night." "What, think you," says Percival, "that I will bring to Arthur the King the gold that is bright? So might I thrive," cried Percival, "I am as great a lord as he; and to-day he cannot make me more of a knight. Take the cup in thy hand and thyself make the present. I shall away further into the land before I down light"—

Neither would he down light,
 Nor would wend with the knight,
 But rides forth all the night,
 So proud was he then.
 Till on the morn of the fourth day
 He met a witch as men say,
 His horse and his harness
 Could she well ken.

The witch mistook Percival for the Red Knight, whose arms he wore, and said she heard that he had been slain by Arthur's men on the hill yonder where the fire was burning. All this time Percival sat stone still and spoke neither less nor more.

"But indeed, my son," continued the witch, "even if thou wert slain there and thy armour pulled off I have the power to heal thee again and make thee sound as before." Then Percival ran his spear through her and carried her back to the fire, and cast her into the flames, saying: "Lie still and sweat by thy son's side." So he rides off, eager for more such deeds as he had done.

Passing a wood side, he sees ten men riding, and they mistake him for the Red Knight, but on his overtaking them and telling them of the death of their great enemy, they thank him for the great delivery.

ut even of a good thing there may be enough, and it would take
s to tell how Percival slays the Soldan who has imprisoned the
lady on whose finger he slipped the ring, and how he takes down
pride of even Arthur's bravest knights. The part of the poem
re he resumes his goatskins and returns to the wild wood to
g back his mother is very tearful and touching.
he poet ends his romance in the usual religious way:—

Since then he went into the Holy Land,
Won many townes full strong,
And there was slain, I understand,
And this way ended he.
Now Jesus Christ, great Heaven's king,
As he is Lord of everything,
Grant us all his blessing,
Amen for charity.

MODERN YARMOUTH.

BY W. SENIOR.

FOR one I do not hesitate to admit undying affection for the really ancient town of Great Yarmouth. It is not because Saint Nicholas, the friend of the mariner, is its patron saint, and the building bearing his name the finest parish church in England; it is a matter of very little moment to me whether in the year of our Lord 495 Cerdicus, the warlike Saxon, and Henricus his son, did or did not come unto those yellow sands; it may be recorded, but one need not be particularly moved by the fact, that for eight hundred years herrings and Yarmouth have been, at home if not abroad, synonymous terms. I will take it as a matter of actual occurrence that the Dutch and Fleming refugees, persecuted out of their own countries, settled here; very little am I moved by, though not denying, the historical associations of the place with a Cromwell, a Nelson, or even a Winthrop Mackworth Praed, who once sat for the borough.

These, though matters of passing interest, are not provocative of affection. I love Yarmouth because, over and above other towns within my knowledge, it moves most slowly with the galloping times, and because, if you take it at the proper time—and that is *not* what the common world would call its "season"—it still retains that ancient and fish-like smell which so admirably becomes it. Those "rows," to the number of one hundred and fifty, which Dickens in his own happy manner likened to the bars of a gridiron, were surely made expressly for the reception of kippers, the development of red soldiers, and the due honouring of a superfine bloater; made to hold in lingering embrace the perfume of cured and curing fish, and thereby to cut off from the inhabitants the remotest chance of pretending that they do not owe their fame to and keep up their existence by the delicious and plentiful little *clupea harengus*.

In a former paper (December 1874) I took the reader to sea with the herring fleet, and brought him after one night's absence from his feather bed safely ashore, with a profitable cargo of silver-sided fish. On this occasion we may confine ourselves entirely to Yarmouth, albeit these November days are dark and drear and short. All the summer visitors, the seaside holiday-makers, have deserted

the lodging-houses; the beach, so lively and crowded during the dog days, is mostly left to local children and native dogs. Yarmouth, in short, is itself again, and wholly given up to the harvest which the bounteous ocean invites it to come and win in the teeth of howling gales and foaming seas. Nobody, I presume, who is not a gross partisan would venture to say that Yarmouth is the kind of town a photographer in search of the beautiful would make the subject of views for an art album or patent stereoscope.

Mistress Peggotty, who for her part was proud to call herself a Yarmouth bloater, told little Copperfield that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe. Copperfield had not till then held that opinion, you may remember. Quoth he: "It looked rather spongy and soppy I thought as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles, which would account for it. As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and if the town and the tide had not been quite so mixed up like toast and water, it would have been nicer."

Approaching the town from inland, from the far-reaching flats over which the North Sea is once supposed to have freely ebbed and flowed, you must agree with the faithfulness of Master Copperfield's portraiture, but, seen from the water, Yarmouth has a certain quaint picturesqueness of its own, very pleasing to the eye that rests upon it when the windmills on the low sandhills are revolving, when the autumn-sun smites the housetops with his ruddy hand, when the pierheads are crowded with amateur codling-catchers and spectators who gather there at the rate of twelve human beings for every fish hauled up, and when the heavy black boats on the beach are busily performing their duties as mediums between the fishing vessels and the carts waiting to bear away their produce. It is worth incurring the disappointment of an unsuccessful two hours' fishing in an open boat thus to see Yarmouth at its best, as you will see it, rocking a furlong or so from shore, while your long line of a dozen or twenty hooks reposes on the bottom in wait for cod, whiting, eel, or gurnard.

Better, however, will it be for the student of modern Yarmouth to stroll with observant eye and ear into the quarters where the staple

industry of the place is in full operation. Begin at the bridge and walk by the river side towards the fish wharf. The double avenue of trees, and the gay flowers which the inhabitants of the upper part love to cultivate, and loving cultivate successfully, give a colour of home to the neighbourhood ; it reminds you of some scene in Holland, as many other things in Yarmouth will do before you have finished your perambulations. The harbour is crowded with small vessels, luggers, smacks, and dandies, that will before to-morrow be off for the fishing ground. In the shop and tavern windows the advertisements, in keeping with the surroundings, invite you to become a purchaser of some strongly built craft with all her superior stores and materials, including ever so many tons of the best pig iron ballast, the communication invariably ending with an inventory in which a boat-book, worth ninepence perhaps, has a line of small capitals all to itself. The ship-chandlers' shops are in great request now ; the little midshipmen at their doors have been newly varnished and gilt ; the shop boys run hither and thither with blocks, chains, cordage, and sails. Boys who are not engaged in these mercantile pursuits pass with spoils of fish suspended by a piece of twine ; even the policemen and railway porters coming from the wharf have their fishy morsels dangling from their hands. There is a tramway, but not for passengers ; only for cargoes of fish. Herrings are the first consideration here. For them also have been built those handy little two-wheeled carts drawn by plump, fast-trotting cobs not to be beaten in any English town, and from which may be any day selected half a dozen greys and iron-greys fit for presentation to an Arab chieftain.

Here at last is the fish wharf, a fine straight quay with a substantially built market facing the newly arrived vessels—of say fifteen tons average. The tug has just brought in three of these fishing boats ; having been relieved of their cargoes, these craft will, without the delay of an hour, go out of the river, make full sail to the offing, and cast out their drift-nets before nightfall. The skipper and crew care nothing about the fish after they have been deposited on the wharf, and they have nothing to do with their sale. The wholesale fish market, to the very doors of which the vessels are brought, was built to remove many of the inconveniences formerly experienced under the old system of landing the herrings on the beach—a system, be it remembered, which, owing to the monopoly it fostered on land, much better pleased the local fishermen than the newer free trade regulations under which the Scotch and French fishermen are able to compete so vigorously with them. The beachmen, finding to a

great extent their occupation gone, naturally complain of the change, and it is no consolation to them to know that it is for the public good.

Before the fishing vessel has fairly brought up alongside the market wharf she is boarded by a number of men who are not, as their eager gestures and impetuous language would signify, about to murder the crew and scuttle the ship: they are "tellers" on the look out for an engagement, and the large panniers they carry are not Welsh coracles, but "swills," into which the fish in the hold will be counted—each swill, for the accuracy of sale, to contain 500 fish. The wharf is covered with swills, and a bell is being rung to call the buyers together. The auctioneer sometimes, as when the fishermen have been too successful, may have a difficulty in obtaining an auditory; but that is a rare case. He is a man of few words, and those few he wastes not. The late George Robbins would have mourned over his matter-of-fact descriptions.

"What d'ye say," he asks; "shall we begin with £5 a last?"

A last means 13,200 fish, and by the rules of the trade herrings are sold by the last. But there is no response until a comfortable-looking gentleman offers fifty shillings. Him the auctioneer evidently knows, for he familiarly and chidingly remonstrates with his meanness. At this juncture there is an uproar in the rear, a fight between a sailor and a teller in the shed, and the auctioneer is left absolutely alone until the dispute is settled by the ignominious thrashing and retreat of the landlubber. Eventually the bidding begins at three pounds, and proceeds at advances of five shillings, until, amidst some laughter, the comfortable-looking buyer who had offered fifty shillings buys the last for five guineas. Prices vary according to the supply of fish, and vary therefore immensely. Not long ago forty-five shillings per last was the highest price that could be fetched; at another time herrings had been so scarce that the auctioneer dared not sell more than a hundred fish at a time, and then at eight shillings per hundred, or £40 a last. The briskest sale-time is when the earliest vessels come into the river: at such crises everybody works "double tides" to catch the trains and get the fresh fish into the markets while they are saleable. The auctioneer, it may be added, is a man of some consequence. He provides the swills, and is responsible for the money produced by sales; in return he gets a good commission, and they do say about Yarmouth that the auctioneers make as much out of the herrings as any.

Lying on the wet floor of the market-house are groups of co

taken by accident in the drift-nets, or by the single hook-lines thrown casually by the sailors overboard for the chance of a stray fish. These cod are arranged in lots of from eight to five, the fish averaging perhaps six pounds each, and they too are submitted by auction. Who says that a cod has no expression? It may not have a fine open countenance for the portrayal of delicate emotions, but expression it undoubtedly has. Here is one with gaping mouth and expanded gills, meaning, as any one may observe, blank astonishment. Its neighbour, by the curl of its tail, compression of the jaws, and determination of the eye, informs us that it died in a state of impotent rage. The little three pound rock codling, meekly stretched out with fins demurely smoothed down and lips modestly parted, is a touching picture of resignation. Another fish must, from the turn of his half-closed eye and funnily displayed fins, have been a humourist in whom the ruling passion was strong in death. The cod, thus examined, would seem to be, on the whole, a rather genial fellow, very eligible, if such pursuits obtain down yonder, for evening parties and the like. Not so the leering, wicked conger, whom every man and boy in passing kicks and execrates. The brute is eight feet long, and sullen and murderous every inch of him. But the sale is beginning, and—hear it not, London house-keeper, to whom the boiled cod's head and shoulders, served up with oyster sauce, lemon, and horseradish (pray *never* forget that pungent garnishing), is not a trifle—half a dozen fish are knocked down for two-and-ninepence. A worthy Gray's Inn solicitor keeping me company waxes so excited at this richness that he buys half a dozen lots in succession, and sends them to London by the next train for distribution amongst his friends and clients. The natural inference in town is that he has caught them himself, and as he takes no pains to explain otherwise, he is now renowned in club and chambers as the finest long-shore fisherman in the profession.

The Yarmouth girls engaged in the herring trade work very hard while the season lasts, but they need not swear so much. Some of them, I fear, are a terribly rough set. They are sitting about outside the wharf on barrels, or logs, or baskets, eating their dinners with fishy hands and shouting unrepeatable jokes to the men; coarse in feature, slovenly and dirty in dress, wearing heavily hob-nailed boots, they are a caricature on "the gentler sex." The tavern hard by is full of them drinking at the bar, and who shall blame them when there is no other apparent accommodation? It would be a boon, in the interests of charity and decency alike, to provide in the neighbourhood of this prosperous wholesale fish market a workwomen's hall,

where wholesome food and shelter would be provided for them at a reasonable rate. These women might, of course, take their meals amongst the fish and salt in the sheds where they work, but, as one of them suggested to me, they prefer a change of scene during their dinner hour. But it must not be supposed that this is a fair type of all the women who are employed in the herring trade; they are only the "residuum." When in full work in the curing sheds a skilful and industrious woman can earn a pound a week, and many are as respectable in reality as in appearance. On the Denes yesterday there were three or four girls repairing nets; they wore fashionable chignons, black silk dresses, smart hats, and no doubt represented the aristocracy of the Yarmouth workwomen. What a pity it is that these picklers, packers, and curers do not wear some such neat costumes as those in fashion amongst the French fishwomen!

By turning into the yard to the left we may watch the process of herring pickling. The fish brought here, it should be explained, are the herrings which have been salted at sea; that, at least, is the technical expression. In reality the fish are simply sprinkled with salt as they are thrown into the hold. By this process the fishermen are enabled to remain afloat for days together, and this a run of ill luck renders a disagreeable necessity. The fortunate ones are those who, sailing out of harbour to-day, are able to return to-morrow morning with a cargo of fresh herrings, which are despatched as such with all speed. The fish which the women occupying our shed are manipulating are first washed by men, then passed on to the female hands, who pack them into barrels with Lisbon salt between the layers, and finally nailed in by a cooper who is ready with the cask-head. Fish thus treated are shipped to various parts of the United Kingdom, especially to Scotland, and to the Continent, and are intended for almost immediate consumption. Some of these lasses, I have said, are dreadfully rough; it is an expression I cannot recall, nor dare I say that their converse, their jests, or their songs are in any sort of fashion womanly; but they are thoroughly good-tempered and overflowing with animal spirits, and there is room for hope that they are not so bad as they seem.

The classic bloater is, or is supposed to be, a fresh fish faintly cured. It is a popular error to suppose that it is a distinct species, a kind of upper class fish, born, bred, and educated in exclusive shoals. It is only a herring of the best quality, and it may be selected from the mass. Now nothing is more foreign to a generous man's nature than to play the Iconoclast with a household god, and *it would ill become me to shake the British matron's faith in her*

savoury bloater. But it is said that numbers of the so-called Yarmouth B. come from Ireland and Scotland, and are doctored and palmed off to confiding breakfast-tables as the real original article. When every purchaser of a herring insists upon its being a bloater, a Yarmouth bloater, and a hard-roed Yarmouth bloater, it is clear something must be done to keep up the supply. However, let us confine ourselves to what is being done under our own observation.

The "herring office," where the fish are converted into bloomers, is a very singular place. Upon the ground floor the herrings recently arrived from the wharf are shot out of the swills upon the stones, transferred by great wooden shovels into a huge tub, thoroughly washed, and passed on to women—a much better type than those working about the wharf and in the ruder sheds—who thread them through one of the gillcovers upon a long slender lath called a "spit," which accommodates five-and-twenty fish. The spits are then taken up into the smoke-room, a lofty, barn-like apartment, full of dark-coloured frames and beams from floor to roof. The spits, charged with herrings, are placed horizontally in niches which receive the ends of the stick, the tiers extending to the ceiling overhead. The only aperture in this dusky room is in the centre of the roof, the great object being, when the drying process begins, to "draw" the smoke. The room being filled with tiers, containing sometimes as many as a hundred thousand fish, small wood fires—of oak if possible—are kindled over the stone floor, and maintained without flame. The uncemented tiles above and the one opening in the roof promote a free draught, while the smoke from the oaken logs gives a fine colour to the fish. For certain markets, where a particular colour is demanded, ash billets are substituted for oak. A few hours in the smoke-room are sufficient for a bloater, and the lower spits are used for that description of article. The fish higher up are left to dry according to the will of the curer, the last to be removed coming down as veritable red herrings.

We have seen the fresh herrings sold and despatched, the pickled herrings lightly salted and barrelled, the bloater and red herring cured to a turn in the smoke-room, and now there remains the kipper. The veteran boatmen and fishermen pretend to know nothing about this process of kippering, which they regard as a newfangled notion that will ruin the country if persisted in. Probably they would think more kindly of it had it not been of Scotch origin. But there it is, increasing in importance every year. It employs large numbers of thrifty, homely women, mostly Scotch. The best quality of fish must be selected for kippering; no salt is used; the herrings are most

carefully cleansed and delicately and artistically smoked. Mr. Buckland, in his recent Report on our East Coast Fisheries, estimates that a thousand lasts of herrings per year are now required for kippering.

Yarmouth, however, does not live by herrings alone. Trawling is an equally important branch of the local trade. When the bloom is gone from the herring season, the boats refit, and under the generic name of smacks spend the winter in trawling, a much more hazardous occupation than drifting, and altogether different in its nature. The drift net entangles the shoal swimming near the surface; the trawl sweeps the bottom. The one captures herrings, with a very occasional mackerel or cod in the meshes; the other brings up the more remunerative sole, haddock, plaice, turbot, brill, and whiting. It is stated in Mr. Buckland's interesting little Blue Book that the North Sea trawling ground covers, according to Yarmouth calculation, 50,000, and according to Grimsby calculation 130,000 square miles—that is to say, it extends from the North Foreland to Duncansby Head in the Pentland Firth, and from the coast of England to that of Norway. While forty years ago there were but two Yarmouth vessels engaged in trawling, now some 400 boats sail from the Yare. In this matter Yarmouth and Gorleston have prospered at the expense of Barking, whose fleet of smacks were transferred to the more convenient harbours of Norfolk. The trawlers composing the North Sea fleet are good sea boats, well found, and manned by excellent seamen, who dare much and do much that is never known to the world. The smacks remain at sea from six weeks to two months at a time, and as the voyages fall in the depth of the winter the close of every season brings a sad tale of missing boats and men. There was one memorable gale in November, 1863, which in one night destroyed seven Hull trawlers with all hands, and disabled twenty other boats.

The trawling fleets are sometimes composed of vessels from various ports, but there are a few wealthy merchants who own entire fleets of from sixty to eighty smacks. An admiral of the fleet is appointed by popular election, and from his vessel signals are made directing the movements of the fleet. At night the orders are given by "flare-ups"—flashes of light visible like meteors for miles over the watery waste. According to the number of flare-ups the fleet goes about, or lies to, or takes in fishing gear.

Passing along the beach just now I noticed a handsomely-built and smartly-rigged cutter speeding towards shore, light and swift as a sea bird. Simultaneously you might have observed unusual commotion

in one of those lofty watch-towers on the esplanade which are never deserted. The cutter is not a gentleman's private yacht, as may be supposed from its general appearance, but one of the swift carriers running constantly between the fleets and Yarmouth beach with the produce of their trawling. The signalman caught sight of her through his telescope some time since, and long before the cutter brings up as near the shore as is consistent with safety, the carts will be drawn up along the shore and the men standing by to ply the "ferry boats"—the heavy black barges to which reference was made on a previous page. The cutter brings a variety of fish carefully packed for the distant markets to which they are to be despatched. To appear on the fishmonger's slab in good condition fish should be taken from the water alive—not battered to death in the trawl nets—and immediately packed. Fish caught in the trawl are known in the trade as either "prime" or "offal," the former comprising soles, turbot, brill, and doreys, and the latter gurnards, plaice, haddocks, skate, &c.; and the "prime" are honoured with better packing-cases than their coarser brother captives.

The carrier, arriving by night or day (in the darkness he announces his coming by the useful flare-up, and with such accuracy that the signalman at once knows the particular vessel challenging his attention), will certainly find everything ready for the reception of his cargo, and in a couple of hours the fish-train, a special if necessary, will be on its way to Billingsgate. The cutter, therefore, which we have this afternoon watched tearing through the waves at ten knots an hour, will have been the means of supplying fresh stores of fish to the London retail dealers by breakfast time to-morrow morning. Some of the carriers run straight from the fleet to London, and there is a London steamer engaged in the Dogger-bank trade. A steamer tried, however, in Yarmouth for the same purpose a year or two since was not found to answer. The use of ice is now thoroughly understood on board these smacks, and a brisk shore industry is carried on while there is ice upon the adjacent broads, though Norway ice, brought to the Yarmouth ice-houses in white Norwegian ships, is preferred.

The soles and other favourite flat fish seem to be getting scarcer and scarcer every year, and competent judges attribute the declension to the wholesale destruction of small fry on the spawning grounds near the Dutch coast. A Gorleston smack-owner told Mr. Buckland that he saw hundreds of vessels trawling in the great fish nursery of the North Sea, which, twenty miles in width, extends from the German coast to the Texel, and destroying every night at

least a hundred tons of small fish. From the North Foreland far into the North Sea there are numerous fishing banks well defined on the smacksman's charts, and productive of the finest soles, which are found there (the water being deep) in the coldest weather in immense numbers. The Dutch trawlers are great sinners against fisherman's law. It is the old story—

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and taking too much.

The Dutch smacks being of smaller draught than ours, the fishing is conducted too near the shore whenever it may be done with impunity. The Germans by the effective argument of an ever-present gunboat take care of their coast fisheries by allowing no trawling inside nine fathoms of water. At any rate the spawning grounds ought to be protected, and Mr. Frank Buckland will have done excellent service by the forcible manner in which he has called the attention of the Government to evils that English, Germans, and Dutch alike are pecuniarily interested in remedying.

The smacksman toils hard for his living, amidst perils of which we who are snugly housed ashore little wot. The operation most dreaded by him is the conveyance of the packages of fish from his smack to the carrier cutter. The transfer is effected in the smack's little boat, and frequently in most dangerous seas. Many a man and boy has perished in the performance of this hazardous duty.

A ramble through Yarmouth—fish market, Denes, curing houses, rows, streets, market-place—will always be appropriately terminated by a final stroll along the Marine parades, piers, and jetty. After a long spell of north or south winds there are not far from a thousand sail lying in the safe anchorage of the roadstead. It is computed that 50,000 vessels annually pass and repass within sight of shore, and a sea-scape so animated is always worth studying. Yonder dark, heavily-laden brig, voyaging southward, is a collier carrying coals from Newcastle to London. Close behind her follows a round-nosed barque listing to starboard more heavily than the wind justifies; she is a Baltic timber ship whose cargo has shifted, as such cargoes will, during yesterday's gale. The screw trading steamers leave behind them long lines of foam below and long lines of black smoke above. A mist steals gradually over all, and each object dissolves into a shadow and is no more seen. The inshore fishermen, the amateur anglers, wend their homeward way with their strings of codling and whiting, and Yarmouth ashore settles down to the quiet leisure of evening at the precise moment when Yarmouth afloat settles down to a night's hard, and let us hope remunerative, work.

WALT WHITMAN, THE POET OF JOY.

BY ARTHUR CLIVE.



SPIRIT of melancholy pervades modern society. It is not superficial or ephemeral. It has got into the blood and penetrated to the bones and marrow. The modern man habituates himself in black, and hates gay colours as the owl hates the light of the sun.

There is an almost complete absence of joyfulness in our literature. What do our books tell us of life? Do they represent existence as a boon? Do they bless the world and declare that it is a good thing to be alive? No. Our intellectual masters and pastors take a lugubrious view of the situation. They are overwhelmed with a sense either of the nothingness of things or of the vastness of the weight which destiny has laid on our shoulders. What light-hearted but imaginative and intelligent person can read Carlyle or Ruskin without rejecting all *gaieté de cœur* as a sin and disgrace in this world of awful eternal verities? These doleful prophets, with minds so constituted that in the broad sunshine they must see darkness, are our accepted teachers. Once a person accustoms himself to the reflection that in all beauty something ugly lies hidden, the thought of ugliness will be presented every day and every moment. Ruskin is evidently more affected by the oyster shells in the stream than by the pretty stream itself, and the sombre and funereal imagination of Carlyle extends itself over the whole universe. Read the "French Revolution." Who in perusing that powerful performance would imagine that France was a sunny country? Thick darkness seems to brood over Paris, lit now and again by a glaring and unnatural light revealing wild features and rushing crowds with the tocsin sounding wildly through the gloom. The fact being that there were probably during the whole time of which he treats only a few dark days, while the rest were as sunny as the pleasantest day in June amongst ourselves.

This invasion of melancholy has been prepared from afar. It began with Byron and his contemporaries. Their predecessors were happier. Even poor Cowper was prepared to take a cheerful view of things if only fate would let him. He was wretched in

himself; not because he deemed the world a place unfit for happiness. With what honest and wholesome satisfaction he portrays rural life, not as a source of high and grandiose thoughts and emotions, such as Wordsworth describes himself as enjoying, but simply because it was delightful to live in the country! How genuine and human is the way in which he speaks of common household pleasures,—the making and pouring out the fragrant lymph, the arrival of the newspaper and letters, and all those common sources of satisfaction which a man can always enjoy without the fear that he is doing anything foolish! After Cowper came a solitary and doleful brood:—Shelley: a stricken hind, a wandering Jew; Byron: a great secluded soul darkly communing with the cloud; Wordsworth: trudging over the hills by himself, commercing in thought with the spirit of the universe, but not particularly polite or agreeable; Coleridge: logician, metaphysician, bard, but so wretched that he had to consume narcotics; Keats: bent, indeed, on perceiving beauty, but only as an idealist, and with a view to poetic purposes—a “slovenly, slack-looking youth.” These be our gods. They were undoubtedly men of genius and of a high and remarkable nature, but we have all our faults, and that of these men was melancholy, a tendency to solitude, whose evil effects even men of genius are not suffered to escape any more than common people. They did not go freely with “powerful uneducated persons,” to use the strange language of the man whose name stands at the head of this paper. Except Shelley and Byron, they were all rather unfit for general society, and if not communing with the stars and engaged in looking down upon the world, preferred the company of persons like themselves—persons suffering more or less from depression, and not likely to laugh at them and their follies.

A taste for melancholy once acquired remains long. Dark, sombre, or ghastly personages rise to take the place of those who have retired, and the literature of gloom does not seem likely to die out from among us yet. Poetry, like all art, should be the flower and blossom of things. At present it seems a mildew and rot, attacking the vigour, if not the existence, of the plant of which it ought to be the crowning excellence.

In such an epoch and in such a country the appearance of literature which expresses happiness and communicates happiness ought surely to be a welcome event, at least to all those who see the fatal defect in current books.

I shall not waste words in the endeavour to prove that Walt Whitman is a poet, and one of high order. In the first magazines and

by the first literary persons in this country he has been saluted as such. I desire to call attention to the nature of his distinguishing merits, and first and beyond all others I would set this, that he always represents life as a boon beyond price, and is ever ready to invoke a blessing on his natal day. Doubtless he, too, has doleful moments; but these, and thoughts arising from these, he refuses to allow to stain the richness and beauty of his work. What will gladden and invigorate the mind is that which he undertakes to give expression to, and he has charged himself "to sing contentment and triumph."

Poets, doubtless, are to a considerable extent liars, and palm off occasional moods as the prevailing temper of their minds; but after a long and close study of Whitman it is my opinion that the character of his life is reflected in his poetry as truly as that of any modern poet has been reflected in his. It is this in Whitman that is most admirable and most beneficent.

Here at last is happiness and delight in this our sublunary existence. To Whitman the world is no vale of tears. After all, deny it who will, this universe, to a person of a perfect organisation, mental and bodily, is infinitely and inexpressibly glorious, and when it appears otherwise, as to John Mill, we argue some obliquity of mind.

Whitman is unceasingly gay, and fresh, and racy. He speaks of common things, and men, and the common sights of every-day life, and yet he is always artistic. The things he observes are significant and such as arrest the eye and the mind, and make a deep mark in the memory. He expresses more than happiness, he expresses exultation. The two hemispheres of the soul he describes as love and dilatation, or pride:—

I was Manhattanese, friendly, and proud,

And so he often uses the word arrogant in a good sense. His poems teem with such words as superb, perfect, gigantic, divine. At his touch the dry bones of our meagre humanity are transformed, and man starts forth like a god, in body and in soul superhuman. The blurring concealing mist peels away, and we see a new heaven and a new earth. It is no longer a mean thing to be a man. From a hundred points he comes back always to this, that man is great and glorious, not little and contemptible. For you to-day who read my poems, he reminds us, this noble planet that travels round the sun gradually cohered from the nebulous float, and passed through all its initial and preparatory stages. He must be of importance for whose reception preparations so vast—preparations that extended through

millions of years—have been undergone. Now at last the guest has arrived, and that guest of the Universe is the reader.

Or again, he will ask us if we think that the music exists in the cat-gut, and the hollow of the flute, or in the keys of the piano. And his answer is No, it is in yourself the music is. You are the real source of the harmony. These things external to you only serve to awake it in your own soul, where it slumbered. Why do you think those creeds and religions of such enormous importance? They grew out of you as the leaves out of a tree. You shook them from you as the tree shakes away her dead leaves. It is you that are so great, not the religions, for out of you they have all proceeded. Are you enamoured of mighty architecture, or of the splendid appearances of nature—the vast sea, the noble rivers, the waterfalls, the forests?—all these are but manifestations of your own soul. Something external to you affects the eye and the soul, and this is the result. It is your own body and mind which have given birth to these glorious appearances. It is you that are the wonder, not they.

But even exultation is not enough to satisfy the boundless ambition of this man. There is in him a suggestion of something enormous, something bursting the limits of mundane existence and pouring around on all sides, invading the supernatural world, in which, unlike most literary men, he seems fully to believe. The supernatural world is not to him a vague far-away sphere with which we have no practical connection. It is around him and its inhabitants are around him; they are only a sphere beyond. Man passes into that world carrying with him all that he has acquired in the body and in the soul in this world. To express this he employs a remarkable metaphor.

“Not the types set up by the printer return their impression, the meaning, the main concern, any more than a man’s substance and life or a woman’s substance and life return in the body and in the soul indifferently before death and after death.”

Thus death is more the beginning than the end. What it concludes is glorious, but what it begins is divine. Whitman is a mystic. He pours a glamour over the world. From the supernatural sphere, so natural to him, strange light is shed that transfigures the universe before his eyes and before ours.

The sympathy of Whitman is boundless—not man alone or animals alone, but brute inanimate nature is absorbed and assimilated in his extraordinary personality. Often we think one of the elements of nature has found a voice and thunders great syllables in our ears. *He speaks like something more than man—something tremendous. Something that we know not speaks words that we cannot*

comprehend. He is not over-anxious to be understood. No man comprehends what the twittering of the redstart precisely means, or can express clearly in definite language the significance of the rising sun. He too is elemental and a part of nature—not merely a clever man writing poems.

It is said of Hugo that his praises of Paris are not meant to be true of the actual city ; that it is the ideal Paris he lauds so roundly—Paris as he would have her, and as her sons ought to make her. Doubtless there is a great deal of that spirit also in Whitman's praises of America. His poems will hold up a beautiful ideal to which the people shall aspire.

The splendid promise of those huge States has excited in him admiration and wonder of the deepest and sincerest character. The practical acknowledgment of equality in all the relations of life, the enormous territories over which the Flag of the Union floats, the terrible war so bravely fought and the excision for ever of the canker of slavery from American soil, the perpetual influx of immigrants from all parts of the world, the energy, vigour, and intelligence of all native Americans, the combination of central and local government, the enormous and rapid advance of material civilisation, the noble cities that start up in desolate regions within the compass of a few years, the numerous ports and maritime cities and the vast mercantile marine necessary to support the rapidly increasing commerce of the country, the mighty rivers that traverse the land, and the vast uninhabited territories of the interior and the West, which the ploughshare and the woodman's axe are rapidly invading—all this has wondrously stirred and fired the imagination of Whitman.

Whitman lays strong emphasis on physical happiness and those forms of spiritual pleasure which are more closely allied with the physical. This has been to many a stumbling-block and rock of offence. Scholastic and monkish views have evidently not yet disappeared. In real life the importance of physique and of physical health and the irresistible attractions of mere beauty are always recognised. They must be recognised. They make their mark as irresistibly as gravitation or any of the known laws of nature. Yet in our higher literature all this has been neglected for sentiment and the cultivation of pure and delicate emotions. A return to nature has been imperatively called for ; and Whitman, not a moment too soon, has appeared singing the body electric.

The intellectualism which has marked the century—the cultivation of sentiment and the emotions—threatened to enfeeble and emasculate the educated classes. The strong voice of Whitman, showing again

and again, in metaphors and images, in startling vivid memorable language, the supreme need of sweet blood and pure flesh, the delight of vigour and activity and of mere existence where there is health, the pleasures of mere society even without clever conversation, of bathing, swimming, riding, and the inhaling of pure air, has so arrested the mind of the world that a relapse to scholasticism is no longer possible.

And yet Whitman, though he cries out for "muscle and pluck," untainted flesh and clear eyes, is very far from being a mere lover of coarse material pleasures. He is a poet, and that says enough. His eye sees beauty, his ear hears music. All things grow lovely under his hand; deformity, ugliness, and all things miserable and vile disappear. His touch transmutes them. I have said he is elemental, and more than once the wonder he expresses at the sight of Nature transforming things loathsome into beauty by her own sweet alchemy excites the thought that this poet desires to exert the same influence. The vast charity of the earth has struck him as it has struck One Other, and the sight of the rain falling on the fields of the unjust man as well as on those of the just. He, too, will be compassionate and impartial as Nature, making no mean and invidious distinctions, as the sun pours down his light on poor and rich, educated and uneducated alike. His sympathy embraces all, but especially those that work with their hands and spend their lives in the open air. He wanders along the docks and stops to watch the ship carpenters at work, seeing each tool employed and learning the nature of each operation, and so wherever he goes his sympathy is attracted principally by persons who labour at manual tasks. In our own country, where Democratic ideas have never leavened the whole population, in which Republicanism and the sentiment of equality are more a conscious effort than well understood and universally recognised principles, the labouring classes cannot be expected to produce as many interesting specimens of humanity as the American masses can supply. Whitman talks frequently of their fine bearing, their bold and kindly manners, the look they have as of men who had never stood in the presence of a superior, the fluency of their conversation, the picturesque looseness of their carriage, the freshness and energy of their countenances. I think that, making all allowances for poetic licence, there is and must be a great deal of truth in this. Could any Englishman describe the labouring classes of England in such terms? In the carriage of the English *working man* there may be stolidity and pluck, but certainly no *picturesque looseness*, certainly none of that bold, careless, frank.

audacious, talkative disposition which Whitman claims for his countrymen.

Have you ever remarked that an animal is always graceful, that all its movements and attitudes are beautiful? However the horse stands or moves he is always beautiful to look at: whether falling asleep before a forge-door, or pricking back his ears, or turning round his head to look back, or grazing in the field, or stooping to drink, or struggling up a steep hill, the great masses of muscle on his thighs quivering and writhing. He is never awkward or disagreeable to look at. So also in the workman is there always a certain *naïveté* and picturesqueness. There is a something in his movements and words comparable to the beauty and gracefulness of animals. This it is that has so affected Whitman. Words simple as grass, lawless as snow-flakes, sun-tan, freckles, unshorn beards, the beauty of wood-boys and all natural persons, the fishermen in the shallow water supported on strong legs, the butcher's boy breaking down in his repartee, the dark countenances of the miners, the vast native thoughts seen in the smutched faces, the giant negro lolling on the cart-load of corn—all the simple employments and operations in which the common people are engaged, and the different aspects they present perpetually recur to him and arrest his mind at all times. It was this that at first produced the impression that he was an uneducated man. On the contrary no English poet except perhaps Shelley was so well acquainted with all that could be learned from books. But they give expression to their learning in widely different ways. Shelley's knowledge did not appear in his poetry, it went to feed his idealism and egotism. Whitman's appears as a natural growth. He alludes to the solar system and the formation of the earth, and to what he has learned from travellers and ethnologists, as he alludes to the apple-blossom or any other common thing. No poet ever assimilated his knowledge so well as Whitman or so vitalised it with his own large and joyous life.

Thus beyond all others he is the poet of the day. He knows all that can be known by one person of the stored accumulations of the *savants*, and this knowledge appears in his works as poetry. The extraordinary raciness of his language—the love of nature and of common things and men—deceived the world at first, and the opinion went abroad that he was himself a member of the labouring class and utterly untaught by books.

Whitman thinks little of learning and culture as such. He believes strongly in the superiority of the present time over all other times. It alone exists. All other times, past and future, with all that they

have produced, are but the decorations and ornaments of the time which now is. The living, breathing, speaking man; the living moment as it flies, is the reality—the thing of importance. Remote literatures, past times and events, buried nations, and all that is not present circle subservient around this. Thus apostrophising schools, creeds, literatures, and the language-makers on other shores in other times, he commands them to retire for a space, and let him and America speak out now with original energy, with a vigour growing directly out of the present, incarnating the actual moment as it fleets by, inspired with the time-spirit and the genius of the hour. Every simile, thought, word which does not seem to him to represent the genius of the hour, which does not incarnate himself and America, he rejects, and words which all others reject find their place in his poems, as acts and persons ignored by others appear there too. They represent Nature and the realities and actualities of our mundane existence, and he has vowed to allow Nature to speak out now with "original energy," and to trust for guidance to her and to the artistic sense, which, as a poet, he must possess. And so in his poems we have learning indeed, but strangely transfigured—not the learning represented by the stuffed birds and animals and preserved lizards of the museum—no dry and withered accumulation of facts, but knowledge instinct with the freshness and beauty of real life.

There seems in Whitman to be this detraction from his genius, that he works after ideals and models in a conscious manner. His notions on the subject are singularly profound and just, but one is prejudiced slightly against poetry which may be the result of effort, and the striving after a preconceived ideal. Whitman sees that in everyday life one must be natural in order to please, that there is an indescribable charm and freshness about persons who are natural. And so with industry prepense he labours to be so and to appear so. The master-artist is he who unites simplicity to genius. "You shall not contemplate the flight of the grey gull over the harbour, nor the mettlesome action of the blood-horse, nor the tall leaning of the sun-flower upon his stalk, nor the appearance of the sun journeying through the heavens, nor the appearance of the moon afterwards, with any greater satisfaction than you shall behold him." This is true; but alas! the more one is resolved to sleep the more does sleep fly from the eyes. Simplicity is unconscious, while a strong resolution is eminently the reverse. Certainly one cannot detect affectation in Whitman. He has at all events attained honesty. But *the simplicity which would make him welcome to that class in the community which he more particularly affects he has not attained.*

The common people, whom he likes most, and who most like him, are not those who can comprehend or care for his poems. The young woodman will not be as ready to take the "Leaves of Grass" with him as Whitman fondly deems, and however affected by the charms of "the red-faced girl," will but poorly relish the Adamic poetry.

Whitman professes to contemn culture and education, yet he is a perfect representative of both. It is the cultivated classes who receive and recognise him, and it is to them that he is beneficial. He is subtle, profound, psychological, a mystic. He is nothing if not metaphysical, nothing if not erudite. "Grey-necked, forbidding, he has arrived at last to be wrestled with as he passes for the solid prizes of the Universe"; but the wrestlers will be the literary man and the scholar. He tries the muscle of the brains of young men, but only muscles that have been previously developed in literary and intellectual exercises. For the educated classes he is a splendid exercise, but to them, and to them alone, does he belong. He sees everything with the eye of a cultivated poet and philosopher—with the eye of a man who knows much and can give a reason for the faith that is in him.

Of the new ideas which Whitman has cast as seed into the American brain the importance which he attaches to friendship is the most remarkable. This appears to have been a subject over which he has brooded long and deeply. It is not possible that Whitman could have written as he has upon this and kindred subjects if he were merely a cultivated brain and nothing more. A thin-blooded, weak-spirited man may, doubtless, like Swedenborg, strike profound truths through sheer force of intellect, or may use violent and swelling language with little dilatation in his spirit; but there is a genuineness and eloquence in Whitman's language concerning friendship which preclude the possibility of the suspicion that he uses strong words for weak feelings. It must not be forgotten that, though now latent, there is in human nature a capacity for friendship of a most absorbing and passionate character. The Greeks were well acquainted with that passion, a passion which in later days ran riot and assumed abnormal forms; for the fruit grows ripe first, then over-ripe, and then rots. In the days of Homer friendship was an heroic passion. The friendship of Achilles and Patroclus was for many centuries the ideal after which the young Greeks fashioned their character. Nowadays friendship means generally mere consentaneity of opinions and tastes. With the Greeks it was a powerful physical feeling, having physical conditions. Beauty was one of those condi-

tions, as it is now between the sexes. In the dialogues of Plato we see the extraordinary nature of the friendships formed by the young men of his time. The passionate absorbing nature of the relation, the craving for beauty in connection with it, and the approaching degeneracy and threatened degradation of the Athenian character thereby, which Plato vainly sought to stem both by his own exhortations and by holding up the powerful example of Socrates.

There cannot be a doubt but that with highly developed races friendship is a passion, and like all passions more physical than intellectual in its sources and modes of expression.

I will sing the song of companionship, I will show what finally must compact these (the States).

I believe these are to found their own ideal of manly love indicating it in me, I will therefore let flame from me the burning fires that were threatening to consume me.

I will lift what has too long kept down those smouldering fires.

I will give them complete abandonment. I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love. For who but I should understand love with all its sorrow and joy?

And who but I should be the poet of comrades?

This is strong language and doubtless genuine. Pride and love, I have said, Whitman considers the two hemispheres of the brain of humanity, and by love he means not alone benevolence and wide sympathy and the passion that embraces sexual relation, but that other passion which has existed before, and whose latent strength the American poet here indicates as a burning and repressed flame. Elsewhere he speaks of the sick, sick dread of unreturned friendship, of the comrade's kiss, the arm round the neck—but he speaks to sticks and stones; the emotion does not exist in us, and the language of his evangel-poems appears simply disgusting.

Too much has been said both by me and others on Whitman's admiration of physical beauty, of his love of muscle and pluck, of his hymns in honour of common things, common pleasures, and labouring men. To attain a just conception of the scope and objects of Whitman it is necessary to read all his works, for he more than other poets contradicts himself and baffles those who would pluck out the heart of his mystery at the first introduction. The "Democratic Vistas" should be read by every person who desires to understand this poet. There he will find none of the muscle and pluck doctrine, but an eager brooding, anxious pondering over and statement of the *great problem of how to spiritualise and refine the gross, crude, vulgar American mind, with its wealth of material power and vigour and of mental rapidity and cunning, and its indescribable poverty* of

sweetness and depth of soul. Here is put strongly forward a side of Whitman's nature which the attentive reader might know to exist from his perusal of the "Leaves of Grass" and the "Passage to India," but which the careless student would hardly suspect. In the whole of that magnificent composition not one word is uttered in praise of muscular development and personal beauty and vigour; but the requirements of the American soul are eloquently expounded and declared. It is there that occurs the extraordinary passage in which, with the scathing fire and indignant scorn which animated the Hebrew bards when they denounced the wickedness of Jerusalem, he lays bare the depths of the degradation, moral turpitude, and rottenness which lie hid beneath the splendour and beauty of the great city of New York—the gorgeous shows of the merchants behind the vast crystal plates, the sparkling and hurrying tides of Manhatta, the forests of masts that line the quays, the tall façades of marble and iron, the splendid works of the engineers, the crowding millions of well-costumed, well-fed, well-housed people, and under all that a soul hard, cold, and dead.

Under a mask of extravagance, of insane intensity, Whitman preserves a balance of mind and a sanity such as no poet since Shakespeare has evinced. If his sympathies were fewer he would go mad. Energy and passion so great, streaming through few and narrow channels, would burst all barriers. His universal sympathies have been his salvation, and have rendered his work in the highest degree sane and true. He is always emphatic, nay violent, but then he touches all things. Life is intense in him, and the fire of existence burns brighter and stronger than in other men. Thus he does his reader service: he seems out of the fullness of his veins to pour life into those who read him. He is electric and vitalising. All nature, books, men, countries, things, change in appearance as we read Whitman: they present themselves under new aspects and with different faces.

No poet since Shakespeare has written with a vocabulary so fruitful. Words the most erudite and remote, words not quite naturalised from foreign countries, words used by the lowest of the people, teem in his works, yet without affectation. You can take away no word that he uses and substitute another without spoiling the sense and marring the melody. For where Whitman seems roughest, rudest, most prosaic, there often is his language most profoundly melodious.

He is not always picturesque or pathetic or indignant: he does not always affect the beautiful or always the sublime. He changes rapidly. Moods alter like the melting and moving clouds in the noble and profound poem entitled "Walt Whitman." The passionate

intensity of the address to the "mad, naked summer-night" is of an eloquence and power unequalled.

He is enigmatic. One can never say one quite understands him. He is incomprehensible but not confused. He has no hard statements, no frantic twaddle. He glances at what another would strike coarsely and violently: he plays and coruscates around his theme, but instead of sharp jets of light and keen scintillations he sheds abroad gorgeous changing hues that transfigure the cold earth. We forget that it is the place of graves—nay, more, we deny it. The muddy vesture of decay, the vale of tears, the mystery and the cruelty of things, move away like mists before the rising sun. He raises a pæan—a note of gladness, clear and joyful as that of chanticleer when he salutes the dawning day. His thoughts are the hymns of the praises of things. Old age is to him the noble estuary where the stream of life broadens and swells grandly to meet the infinite sea.

Whitman is pathetic. There are touches of pathos profounder and more tender in him than in any modern poet. One recalls the poem on the steamship *Arctic* going down—the thought of the last moment as it drew on—the women huddled on the deck, then silence and the passionless wet flowing on—that idealism of wildest sorrow concluding with tears, tears, tears—the low voice and sob which he heard in a lull of the deafening confusion when the embattled States met in deadly conflict—the soldier's funeral, flooding all the ways as with music and with tears, while the moon, like a mother's face in heaven grown brighter, looked down—the picture of the hospital and its fearful sights, and the flame that burned in the heart of the impassive operator, the deep sympathy with suffering and degradation at all times. If Whitman finds it a good thing to be alive it is not because he refuses to see the evil side of life, but because he would see the whole. "*Omnes, omnes*, let others ignore what they may."

Beautiful and perfect as the world appears, Whitman yet never regards it in the light of a house. Life and the world are always a wonder and a mystery to him. Vague influences, benign but awful, hover over and around him. The sound of the sea at night, the pale shimmer of the moonshine, the tossing of white arms out among the waves, and the wash upon the shore exercise a weird influence upon his mind as on that of common men; a subduing, softening influence forbid a tone too familiar concerning the Universe and concerning man. Though *Whitman* professes to despise the slow, melancholy tone which he says pervades English literature, yet, too, like all the Northern races,

he has the craving for sorrow. "Knowest thou the joys of the tender and lonesome heart?" He speaks with praise of the "proud and melancholy races," and there is a very luxury of melancholy in "Word out of the Sea," and the lone singer on the shore of Pan-manok wonderful causing tears. Strange, unapprehended influences pour themselves into the words of that great poem which have never before found expression: melancholy as of one surfeited with joy to whom sorrow is now a deeper joy, woe with a heart of delight, flickering shadows that seem to live and hover beckoning over the scene, voices as from another world, blank desolation which we desire to be no other than it is, suffering and despair, though somehow it seems better than they should be: a poem whose meaning cannot be fathomed, whose beauty cannot be fully tasted—a mystic, unfathomable song.

Whitman says that they who most loudly praise him are those who understand him least. I, perhaps, will not come under the censure, though I do under the description; for I confess that I do not understand this man. The logical sense of the words, the appositeness and accuracy of the images, one can indeed apprehend and enjoy; but there is an undertone of meaning in Whitman which can never be fully comprehended. This, doubtless, is true of all first-rate poetry; but it must be applied in a special sense to the writings of a man who is not only a poet but a mystic—a man who thoroughly enjoys this world, yet looks confidently to one diviner still beyond; who professes a passionate attachment to his friends, yet says that he has other friends, not to be seen with the eye, closer and nearer and dearer to him than these. The hardening, vulgarising influences of life have not hardened and vulgarised the spiritual sensibilities of this poet, who looks at this world with the wondering freshness of a child, and to the world beyond with the gaze of a seer. He has what Wordsworth lost, and in his old age comes trailing clouds of glory—shadows cast backward from a sphere which we have left, thrown forward from a sphere to which we are approaching.

He is the noblest literary product of modern times, and his influence is invigorating and refining beyond expression.

THE MEDIÆVAL CORPORATION AND COMPANIES OF THE CITY.

BY JOHN ROWLAND PHILLIPS, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.



THE Corporation of the City of London is the most antiquated in the kingdom. Through half a century of Reform it has remained almost untouched by innovation. Its great wealth and influence have been too much for the Iconoclasts. War has often enough been declared, and fierce battle has been waged, but the Corporation has come out each time more or less victorious, and continues to this day to enjoy the greater part of its ancient franchises and privileges.

The City covers a little over 700 acres. Its limits have for several centuries remained undisturbed. The last addition was made in the time of Henry VII., when the borough of Southwark was placed under its control. There was a time when the area comprised only the City within the walls. What are now called the wards of Farringdon-Without and Bishopsgate-Without got themselves incorporated with the City proper, not apparently by charter, but by a natural expansion of jurisdiction to meet the exigent requirements of a population in every way closely associated with the City.

The Corporation derives its powers either by prescription or by charters. Many of these charters, though they were all confirmed by an Act of Parliament of William III., are obsolete; others are couched in such quaint words and such peculiar phraseology that it is very doubtful what are the rights which the Corporation derives under them. Some of the privileges have been lost through want of user, while a few have been abandoned. The most valuable were those granted by the houses of Plantagenet and Tudor. During those dynasties the City became a great centre of commerce, and enjoyed vast wealth and influence. That was the golden age of charters. Those Sovereigns being often hard pressed for money, found the City purse very convenient, and in return for cash they freely gave charters which created valuable privileges. One curious roll of King John without the slightest equivocation gives the *condition upon which* a charter would be granted by stating in the *roll itself* that the charter "shall be delivered to Jeffry FitzPeter

upon these terms: that if they will pay those 3,000 marks they shall have the charter, but if not they shall not have it." On the same terms probably many of the most valuable privileges of the City were obtained. In these bargains the City as a rule obtained full value for its money.

In the City are many trade companies or guilds, incorporated centuries back for the purpose of regulating trade. No craftsman was allowed to practise any calling within the City unless he were a freeman of the company having the control of his particular trade. Some of these bodies grew in importance and wealth, and were favoured with the right to wear livery. In livery guilds the members were of two classes—those entitled to wear the livery being, as a rule, the masters, while the freemen included only the workmen. The companies are no longer (except in a few instances) associated with the trades whose names they bear, but they claim political and municipal privileges, though they are independent of the City and responsible to no authority. The liverymen elect the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, and the liverymen alone form their own body. It was not always so. There is evidence in the City Records that in ancient times the election of Lord Mayor was claimed by a very popular and numerous constituency. The aldermen at different periods did all in their power to limit these wider suffrages, and for a while they seem themselves to have chosen the electors from the several wards, which occasioned some tumults in the early years of Edward II. In the time of Edward III. the number of electors was directed to be regulated by the size of the ward—showing a similar mode of election to that which now prevails with regard to the members of the Common Council. By the time of Edward IV. the companies had become very powerful, and their masters and wardens were entrusted with the selection of electors from among the companies who were to join with the Common Council in the election. Gradually the influence of the companies increased until they asserted the sole right to be vested in the liveries, and it was settled by 11th Geo. I. that the Lord Mayor should be elected by the liverymen in Common Hall.

It is under that statute that elections are now conducted. The Act did not pass without a very strong opposition, and to this day exists a feeling of great dissatisfaction on the subject. As the Commissioners of 1837 truly say, it is not easy to discover any principle upon which this method of appointment can be defended. There is no means of ascertaining the number of liverymen at present in the City. They probably do not exceed 5,000, which is a small constituency

The choice of the livery again is limited within narrow bounds. They are confined to the aldermen, and it is not every alderman who is qualified for the mayoralty. Such of them only are eligible as have served as sheriffs. The practice is for the livery to nominate two of the senior aldermen who have not passed the chair: and the ultimate selection is vested in the Court of Aldermen.

If it were permitted to elect any person qualified to be a common councillor, whether actually a member or not, there would be, as the Commissioners of 1854 say, "an opportunity afforded of electing persons of commercial eminence connected with the City and its interests who may not have obtained an alderman's gown," or the dignity of a common councillor. For notwithstanding the importance and the honour of the office of chief magistrate of the City, it is seldom that men of high commercial eminence fill the chair. Our great bankers and distinguished merchants seldom now attain civic honours.

The twenty-six aldermen represent the twenty-six small wards into which the narrow area of the City is partitioned. This minute division is both inconvenient and unequal. After we have taken out the wards of Farringdon and Bishopsgate scarcely 500 acres remain to be divided into no less than twenty-three wards, whose boundaries are involved and eccentric. They mix up in the most extraordinary manner, cutting into parishes and dividing houses. They are governed by no line of streets, nor do they possess any natural borders. In area, in population, in value of property, they are unequal and entirely without uniformity. Up to 1867 the Parliamentary constituencies of the wards were very small, being restricted to freemen. According to a return made in 1865 the total number of electors in all the wards was barely 7,000, out of which Bishopsgate had 677 and Farringdon over 1,400. In 1867 the electorate was considerably enlarged, and now all persons who are on the Parliamentary register in the wards in respect of occupation have votes in the ward elections of aldermen and councillors.

The aldermen are elected for life. Individually each alderman is the head of the ward-mote. Collectively in the Court of Aldermen they are possessed of many important functions. They have the nominal selection of Lord Mayor; they try all questions relating to elections; they have unlimited power over the City funds; they control the prisons, and they alone form the magistracy of the City; they have also considerable patronage in the way of appointments, principally of a judicial character, such as that of the Recorder, and those connected with the magistracy. The power of the aldermen to disp

their hands into the City purse has sometimes given rise to unpleasantness and disputes. About 1848 the Lord Mayor and aldermen being invited to Oxford went thither in great state, and on their return by river they maintained all the pomp and show of the ancient City pageants. Large expenses were incurred in that display, and the Court of Aldermen drew upon the City cash. The Common Council demurred, and soon after a bye-law was passed, which denied to the aldermen the right of ordering payment of expenses incurred outside the precincts of the City; but with this restriction their power is still in force. More recently, I believe, it is the practice of the aldermen to limit the exercise of their power over the funds of the Corporation to objects connected with their duties as magistrates.

The aldermen are justices of the peace by virtue of their office, and they are also judges of oyer and terminer and general gaol delivery. The latter duties are, as a matter of fact, performed by the recorder and common serjeant; but the aldermen continue the sole justices of the peace within the liberties of the City. The metropolis outside the City walls has been divided into a number of police districts, and the ministers of justice are stipendiary magistrates, who are barristers of standing. But in the City, the very heart and centre of the metropolis, the Courts are presided over by gentlemen who as shopkeepers, tradesmen, and merchants, without legal training, are not unconscious of their shortcomings, and leave the law to be decided for them by a highly paid staff of clerks.

A curious defence of the Corporation, officially prepared and submitted to the Commissioners of 1854, states that amongst the citizens of London exists a very strong prepossession in favour of the retention of aldermen as magistrates, and that there were well-founded reasons for such prepossession. Nevertheless several gentlemen of great eminence in the City, in their evidence before the Commissioners, based their chief objection to taking a part in the City government on the fact of the aldermen being justices. They felt themselves not qualified for such high and special duties, and so hesitated to enter upon the career. In the "Defence" referred to it was stated that the aldermen were accustomed to judicial inquiries "by occupying the post successively of petty, special, and grand jurymen for many years"!

The common councilmen are 206 in number. They are elected in unequal numbers by twenty-five wards. The ward of Farringdon is represented on the Council by no less than sixteen councilmen; and the smallest wards are represented each by four councillors. The electors up to the year 1867 consisted only of the freemen of

the City resident within the several wards. The reform of this antiquated constituency was intended by the Bill which Sir George Cornwall Lewis introduced into Parliament in 1858. But the City itself did not attempt to extend the franchise until 1867, when it saw that unless it soon effected a reform the Legislature would interfere: Mr. Ayrton's committee having gone into the matter in the preceding year. In 1867, therefore, the City passed a Bill through Parliament. That Act now governs the ward electorate, and the municipal franchise is conferred on all those whose names appear on the Parliamentary Register, and all who occupy houses or offices in the City rated upon an annual rental of ten pounds. The constituencies of these wards are still very small. At the election of an alderman a few weeks ago some 290 only voted, and the successful candidate was elected by the suffrages of 161 voters. And as most aldermen in rotation attain to the mayoralty, it becomes manifest that the Lord Mayor of London may be elected by a mere clique or handful. Moreover, at City elections bribery is no offence, and as the prize is great it is enough for me to hint that the risk of corruption is considerable.

The actual municipal government of the City is carried on by the Court of Common Council, presided over by the Lord Mayor. It is composed of the twenty-six aldermen and the 206 common councilmen. The work is chiefly done by committees, who in some cases have the power to dispose finally of the matters entrusted to them. From £200 to £400 is allowed for each committee, and the money is devoted, it is said, to entertainments and tavern expenses. Formerly "line money" was allowed. The Royal Commission of 1854 recommended that the practice of making pecuniary allowance to the members of committees for their attendance ought to be discontinued. This has been done; but the allowance for tavern expenses is at the disposal of the committees themselves, who may spend it in dinners or divide it among the members as they please.

The City Corporation is, as every one knows, exceedingly wealthy. It possesses valuable estates producing close upon £100,000 in rents and fines on renewal of leases. This is the freehold estate of the Corporation, and to distinguish it from some other trust property vested in the Corporation it is called "the City Estate." The estate also comprises all profits arising by way of rents, tolls, &c., from the several markets under the control of the Corporation. These amounted last year to the sum of £85,935 17s. 7d. The estate is swelled by several other items, including fruit metage, stamping weights and measures, brokers' rents, Justiciary and

Mayor's Court Fees, and other charges, making in 1873 a total of £238,162 9s. 10d.

The Corporation also derives a considerable income from certain trust estates and from taxation. The Bridge House Estate brings in rents, interest, and fines over £55,000. The Gresham Estate produces close upon £7,000. The tolls of the Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market amounted in 1873 to £16,770 and the rent for underground stations to £8,082. The Consolidated Rate amounted to £323,000 and the Sewers Rate to £33,000.

Another source of the City revenue is the duty which it imposes on all coal brought within a radius of twenty-five miles from the Post Office—amounting in all to 1s. 1d. per ton. This tax is mortgaged for some years to come, and attempts have been made to extend the term. The coal duty is now apportioned between the City and the metropolis. The Board of Works has the control of the 9d. duty, and the City is allowed for certain purposes to use the 4d. duty. The wine duty is also handed over to the Board of Works. The gross amount transferred to the Board for the coal and wine duties amounted last year to £233,959, while the City received £127,307. With an income of some three-quarters of a million a year at its disposal, the Corporation of London ought to be able to perform wonders. That it has done a great deal of late must be admitted, but nothing commensurate with its great revenues.

Large sums of money are expended in the maintenance of useless appointments and a multiplicity of offices. To afford some idea of the enormous patronage vested in the Corporation, it is only necessary to state that it spends in salaries pure and simple over £100,000 annually. The civil government, including the expenses of the Lord Mayor, the Mansion House, and Guildhall, costs £47,840, out of which the Lord Mayor has £10,000, while his official residence at the Mansion House entails a charge of nearly £7,000 and the Guildhall £9,763. Out of this the government of Southwark costs only £229. The old state coach last year required repairs, &c., to the tune of £65, and £73 10s. was spent on chromo-lithographs thereof. Among the smaller items is one of £132 for cloth delivered according to ancient custom to Ministers of State and others. Over £60,000 was spent in salaries and to maintain establishments connected with the markets, the management of the City Estate, the magistracy, administration of justice, fruit metage, brokers' rents, and other matters. The Remembrancer, who, in addition to some personal attendances on the Lord Mayor, has to watch the affairs of the City with the view of preventing the encroachments of the Legislature, has

a salary of £1,800. In addition to his salary, the Remembrancer is credited with £2,886 by way of charges or expenses out of the City Estate, pure and simple, exclusive of some £1,400 for some matters relating to the Holborn Valley improvements, &c. In round figures, out of an income of about three-quarters of a million the Corporation spends in salaries and establishments about £170,000. Meanwhile the Corporation is in debt for municipal purposes in a sum now considerably exceeding five millions of money.

The Corporation of London enjoys certain privileges in trade. Some of these affect the right of following employments, others are used merely as a source of revenue. Those that relate to trading are exercised by the City either in its corporate capacity or else through the medium of the trading companies or guilds. At one period the law was very strict in maintaining monopolies. In London strangers were excluded from trading either wholesale or retail except under certain restrictions. In provincial corporations all this was done away with by the provisions of the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, which extinguished monopolies and rendered trade absolutely free. But to London the Act did not extend, and the City is the only place in England where this municipal interference with trade remains. The restrictions, however, have been limited. The privilege formerly applied as well to wholesale as to retail, but for ages the custom has been relaxed with regard to the wholesale trade. Even now, however, no person may carry on any retail trade within the City or its liberties unless he is a freeman. There are three ways of obtaining freedom—by birth, servitude, or redemption. For a long time while freedom was obtained by purchase it was the practice to restrict the privilege to the company belonging to the applicant's trade; but by an Act of the Common Council of March, 1836, it was allowed to confer the freedom of the City on persons not free of any company, and since that date the common practice has been for the Chamberlain to admit without reference to the companies. Freedom by redemption is never denied, but it entails some expenditure, and to enforce it on poor traders has often been a great hardship. Some years ago the City insisted very strongly on the observance of this privilege, and many were compelled to take up their freedom. Some even had their goods distrained upon. Since then the law has fallen very much out of use, and last year the only revenue derived from this source was £6 2s. 6d., on making a freeman of the Lord Mayor's coachman, and the fees were paid by the Corporation itself!

Another privilege in restraint of trade is that which the City obtained under an old charter of Edward III., which was as

wards confirmed by a charter of Charles, viz., the monopoly of markets. No market can be established within seven miles of the City—save of course through the instrumentality of an Act of Parliament. Every scheme hitherto proposed for the establishment of markets outside the City has been most strenuously opposed by the Corporation, and every difficulty has been placed in the way. The want of markets of distribution at convenient centres of the metropolis is keenly felt, while the restriction of them to the City entails inconvenience on retail dealers and adds to the cost of food. Take Billingsgate for an example: a more inconvenient site for a fish market could not be found. The difficulty of access must be seen to be believed. It was all very well when fish used to be brought in boats only, but scarcely a third of the fish delivered in London is now conveyed by boats. The railways bring quite two-thirds. Yet the City authorities are enlarging this most inconvenient market at an expense of about a quarter of a million, without making, apparently, any provision to improve the approaches.

There are many old trading companies which are perfectly independent of the City control, and are no more than private chartered companies. They sprang into existence for the purpose of regulating trade, and at an early date received very valuable charters, which, while they threw upon the companies the duty of controlling and educating the members of the respective trades, and so of guaranteeing to the public efficient and skilled tradesmen, gave to the companies all the advantages which accrue from a settled monopoly. No one, for instance, was allowed to carry on the business of a tallow chandler unless he were a freeman of the Tallow Chandlers' Company; and so it was in all other trades. They exercised this monopoly over the whole of what was then the metropolis—that is, the City of London, and in most instances their charters provided for a similar control over the trades in the suburbs of London. The connection between the guild and trade is now almost entirely gone. It is no longer necessary for a man to be a mercer to belong to that most important body; and, with the exception of the apothecaries, the stationers, and the goldsmiths, there is no trade that is not emancipated from its particular company. These companies had conferred upon them the right to purchase lands in mortmain, and strict regulations as to the trade and apprenticeship were carried out. In fact they were educational fraternities. The wealth which they have amassed is very great, though it is impossible to ascertain the exact amount. One gentleman, examined in 1854, stated that the Corporation and the companies owned quite four-fifths

of the entire freehold of the City. It is indeed asserted that the total annual income of "The Twelve Great Livery Companies" alone reaches nearly half a million. But it is impossible to give anything more than a surmise, seeing that the matter is a profound secret—known only to the Court of Assistants, and kept even from the knowledge of the general body of liverymen. They were also enriched by bequests and legacies, and have an immense amount of property vested in them upon trust for charitable purposes. The Royal Commission of 1835 was authorised to inquire into the condition of these companies: but never were Commissioners treated as these were. Many of the companies took no notice of their communications, others refused to give any information, and only two or three vouchsafed a civil answer. The Commissioners, therefore, found it impossible to get at the truth. The Charity Commissioners were more successful. They at any rate obtained a list of the charities in the control of the companies; but they discovered an extraordinary state of things. Many charities had fallen into abeyance; many trusts had been broken and the revenues of the companies thereby increased. The principal of these companies at the present time are glutted with money which they scarcely know what to do with. They feast and feast, and build gorgeous halls; but it is difficult to say that they do much more. It is true that some of them feast under powers conferred upon them in their charters. It is true, too, that in dealing out their charities they are narrowly watched by the Charity Commissioners; but from quite recent litigation it is clear that these companies are not above pocketing as their own private property money which was entrusted to them for the relief of the poor and the infirm. But charity exhausts very little of their revenues. What is done with the surplus the members of the respective courts alone know.

Why should not a commission be appointed to inquire into the condition of the great City companies, with the fullest powers of investigation? The companies themselves would probably grow frantic in opposition, and talk of confiscation, and use other hard words, but it is really high time that this vast wealth should be devoted to some useful purpose; in fact, that it should be restored to its original use—to the technical education of the young men of the metropolis. And is it not equally high time that the Government of the City of London should submit to reform in accordance with the spirit and the demands of the age?

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS
KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.
BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART V.

THERE is another point on which we would fain say a word in vindication of noble, high-natured, true-hearted Charles Lamb: a word that ought once and for ever to be taken on trust as coming from those who had the honour of staying under his own roof and seeing him day by day from morning to night in familiar home intercourse—a word that ought once and for ever to set at rest accusations and innuendoes brought by those who know him only by handed-down tradition and second-hand report. As so much has of late years been hinted and loosely spoken about Lamb's "habit of drinking" and of "taking more than was good for him," we avail ourselves of this opportunity to state emphatically—from our own personal knowledge—that Lamb, far from taking much, took very little, but had so weak a stomach that what would have been a mere nothing to an inveterate drinker, acted on him like potations "pottle deep." We have seen him make a single tumbler of moderately strong spirits-and-water last through a long evening of pipe-smoking and fireside talk; and we have also seen the strange suddenness with which but a glass or two of wine would cause him to speak with more than his usual stammer—nay, with a thickness of utterance and impeded articulation akin to Octavius Cæsar's when he says "Mine own tongue splits what it speaks." As to Lamb's own confessions of intemperance, they are to be taken as all his personal pieces of writing—those about himself as well as about people he knew—ought to be, with more than a "grain of salt." His fine sense of the humorous, his bitter sense of human frailty amid his high sense of human excellence, his love of mystifying his readers even while most taking them into his confidence and admitting them to a glimpse of his inner self—combined to make his avowal of conscious defect a thing to be received with large allowance and lenientest construction. Charles Lamb had three striking personal peculiarities: his eyes were of different colours, one being greyish blue, the other brownish hazel; his hair was thick, retaining its abundance and its dark-brown hue with scarcely a single grey hair among it until even

the latest period of his life ; and he had a smile of singular sweetness and beauty.

We had the inexpressible joy and comfort of remaining in the home where one of us had lived all her days—in the house of her father and mother. Writing the “Fine Arts” for the *Atlas* newspaper, and the “Theatricals” for the *Examiner* newspaper, gave us the opportunity of largely enjoying two pleasures peculiarly to our taste. Our love of pictorial art found frequent delight from attending every exhibition of paintings, every private view of new panorama, new large picture, new process of colouring, new mode of copying the old masters in woollen cloth, enamel, or mosaic, that the London season successively produced, while our fondness for “going to the play” was satisfied by having to attend every first performance and every fresh revival that occurred at the theatres.

This latter gratification was heightened by seeing frequently in the boxes the bald head of Godwin, with his arms folded across his chest, his eyes fixed on the stage, his short thick-set person immoveable, save when some absurdity in the piece or some maladroitness of an actor caused it to jerk abruptly forward, shaken by his single-snapped laugh ; and also by seeing there Horace Smith’s remarkable profile, the very counterpart of that of Socrates as known to us from traditionally authentic sources. With these two men we now and then had the pleasure of interchanging a word, as we met in the crowd when leaving the playhouse ; but there was a third whom we frequently encountered on these occasions, who often sat with us during the performance, and compared notes with us on its merits during its course and at its close. This was William Hazlitt, then writing the “Theatricals” for the *Times* newspaper. His companionship was most genial, his critical faculty we all know ; it may therefore be readily imagined the gladness with which we two saw him approach the seats where we were and take one beside us of his own accord. His dramatic as well as his literary judgment was most sound, and that he became a man of letters is matter of congratulation to the reading world ; nevertheless, had William Hazlitt been constant to his first intellectual passion—that of painting, and to his first ambition—that of becoming a pictorial artist, there is every reason to believe that he would have become quite as eminent as any Academician of the eighteenth century. The compositions that still exist are sufficient evidence of his promise. The very first portrait that he took was a mere head of his old nurse : and so remarkable are the indications in it of early excellence in style and manner that a member of the profession inquired of the person to whom Hazlitt lent it for his gratification, “Why, where did”

get that Rembrandt?" The upper part of the face was in strong shadow, from an over-pending black silk bonnet edged with black lace, that threw the forehead and eyes into darkened effect; while this, as well as the wrinkled cheeks, the lines about the mouth, and the touches of actual and reflected light, were all given with a truth and vigour that might well recall the hand of the renowned Flemish master. It was our good fortune also to see a magnificent copy that Hazlitt made of Titian's portrait of Ippolito dei Medici, when he called upon him at his lodgings one evening. The painting—mere stretched canvas without frame—was standing on an old-fashioned couch in one corner of the room leaning against the wall, and we remained opposite to it for some time, while Hazlitt stood by holding the candle high up so as to throw the light well on to the picture, descanting enthusiastically on the merits of the original. The beam from the candle falling on his own finely intellectual head, with its iron-grey hair, its square potential forehead, its massive mouth and chin, and eyes full of earnest fire, formed a glorious picture in itself, and remains a luminous vision for ever upon our memory. Hazlitt was naturally impetuous, and feeling that he could not attain the supreme height in art to which his imagination soared as the point at which he aimed, and which could alone suffice to realise his ideal of excellence therein, he took up the pen and became an author, with what perfect success every one knows. His facility in composition was extreme. We have seen him continue writing (when we went to see him while he was pressed for time to finish an article) with wonderful ease and rapidity of pen, going on as if writing a mere ordinary letter. His usual manuscript was clear and unblotted, indicating great readiness and sureness in writing, as though requiring no erasures or interlining. He was fond of using large pages of rough paper with ruled lines, such as those of a bought-up blank account-book—as they were. We are so fortunate as to have in our possession Hazlitt's autograph title-page to his "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," and the proof-sheets of the preface he originally wrote to that work, with his own correcting marks on the margin. The title-page is written in fine, bold, legible handwriting, while the proof corrections evince the care and final polish he bestowed on what he wrote. The preface was suppressed, in deference to advice, when the work was first published; but it is strange to see what was then thought "too strong and outspoken," and what would now be thought simply staid and forcible sincerity of opinion, most fit to be expressed.

Hazlitt was a good walker; and once, while he was living at Winterbourne House on Salisbury Plain, he accepted an invitation from a

brother-in-law and sister of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Towers, to pay them a visit of some days at Standerwick, and went thither on foot.

When Hazlitt was in the vein, he talked super-excellently; and we can remember one forenoon finding him sitting over his late breakfast—it was at the time he had forsworn anything stronger than tea, of which he used to take inordinate quantities—and, as he kept pouring out and drinking cup after cup, he discoursed at large upon Richardson's "Clarissa" and "Grandison," a theme that had been suggested to him by one of us having expressed her predilection for novels written in letter-form, and for Richardson's in particular. It happened that we had once heard Charles Lamb expatiate upon this very subject; and it was with reduplicated interest that we listened to Hazlitt's opinion, comparing and collating it with that of Lamb. Both men, we remember, dwelt with interest upon the character of John Belford, Lovelace's trusted friend, and upon his loyalty to him, with his loyal behaviour to Clarissa.

At one period of the time when we met Hazlitt so frequently at the theatres Miss Mordaunt (afterwards Mrs. Nisbett) was making her appearance at the Haymarket in the first bloom and freshness of her youth and beauty. Hazlitt was "fathoms deep" in love with her, making us the recipients of his transports about her; while we, almost equal fanatics with himself, "poured in the open ulcer of his heart her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice," and "lay in every gash that love had given him the knife that made it." He was apt to have these over-head-and-ears enamourments for some celebrated beauty of the then stage: most young men of any imagination and enthusiasm of nature have them. We remember Vincent Novello ecstasising over the enrapturing laugh of Mrs. Jordan in a style that brought against him the banter of his hearers; and on another occasion he, Leigh Hunt, and C. C. C. comparing notes and finding that they had all been respectively enslaved by Miss M. A. Tree when she played Viola in "Twelfth Night"; and, on still another, Leigh Hunt and C. C. C. confessing to their having been cruelly and wofully in love with a certain Miss (her very name is now forgotten!)—a columbine, said to be as good in private life as she was pretty and graceful in her public capacity,—and who, in their "salad days," had turned their heads to desperation.

William Hazlitt was a man of firmly consistent opinion: he maintained his integrity of Liberal faith throughout, never swerving for an instant to even so much as a compromise with the dominant party which might have made him a richer man.

In an old diary of ours for the year 1830, under the date Saturday, 18th September, there is this sad and simple manuscript record

“William Hazlitt (one of the first critics of the day) died. A few days ago when Charles went to see him during his illness, after Charles had been talking to him for some time in a soothing undertone, he said :—‘ My sweet friend, go into the next room and sit there for a time, as quiet as is your nature, for I cannot bear talking at present.’ ” Under that straightforward, hard-hitting, direct-telling manner of his, both in writing and speaking, Hazlitt had a depth of gentleness—even tenderness—of feeling on certain subjects ; manly friendship, womanly sympathy, touched him to the core ; and any token of either would bring a sudden expression into his eyes very beautiful as well as very heart-stirring to look upon. We have seen this expression more than once, and can recall its appealing charm, its wonderful irradiation of the strong features and squarely-cut, rugged under portion of the face.

In the same diary above alluded to there is another entry, under the date Friday, 5th March :—“ Spent a wonderful hour in the company of the poet Coleridge.” It arose from a gentleman—a Mr. Edmund Reade, whose acquaintance we had made, and who begged we would take a message from him to Coleridge concerning a poem lately written by Mr. Reade, entitled “ Cain,”—asking us to undertake this commission for him, as he had some hesitation in presenting himself to the author of “ The Wanderings of Cain.” More than glad were we of this occasion for a visit to Highgate ; where at Mr. Gilman’s house we found Coleridge, bland, amiable, affably inclined to renew the intercourse of some years previous on the cliff at Ramsgate. As he came into the room, large-presenced, ample-countenanced, grand-foreheaded, he seemed to the younger visitor a living and moving impersonation of some antique godlike being, shedding a light around him of poetic effulgence and omniscience. He bent kindly eyes upon her, when she was introduced to him as Vincent Novello’s eldest daughter and the wife of her introducer, and spoke a few words of courteous welcome : then, the musician’s name catching his ear and engaging his attention, he immediately launched forth into a noble eulogy of music, speaking of his special admiration for Beethoven as the most poetical of all musical composers ; and from that, went on into a superb dissertation upon an idea he had conceived that the Creation of the Universe must have been achieved during a grand prevailing harmony of spherical music. His elevated tone, as he rolled forth his gorgeous sentences, his lofty look, his sustained flow of language, his sublime utterance gave the effect of some magnificent organ-peal to our entranced ears. It was only when he came to a pause in his subject—or rather, to the close of what he had to say upon it—that he

the words, "Deh Signor, nol contrastate"); then turned round and said in French to Rossini:—"That's what *I* call music, caro maestro."

As a specimen of his more usually courtly manner, witty, as well as elegant, may be cited the exquisitely turned compliment he paid to Thalberg; who, saying with some degree of pique, yet with evident wish to win Cramer's approval:—"I understand, Mr. Cramer, you deny that I have the good left hand on the pianoforte which is attributed to me; let me play you something that I hope will convince you;" played a piece that showed wonderful mastery in manipulation on the bass part of the instrument. Cramer listened implicitly throughout; then said:—"I am still of the same opinion, Monsieur Thalberg; I think you have no left hand—I think you have *two right hands.*"

John Cramer's own pianoforte playing was supremely good; quite worthy the author of the charming volume of Exercises—most of them delightful pieces of composition—known as "J. B. Cramer's Studio." His "*legato*" playing was singularly fine: for, having a very strong third finger (generally the weak point of pianists), no perceptible difference could be traced when that finger touched the note in a smoothly equable run or cadence. We have heard him mention the large size of his hand as a stumbling-block rather than as an aid in giving him command over the keys; and probably it was to his consciousness of this, as a defect to be overcome, that may be attributed his excessive delicacy and finish of touch.

Hummel's hand was of more moderate size, and he held it in the close, compact, firmly-curved, yet easily-stretched mode which forms a contrast to the ungainly angular style in which many pianists splay their hands over the instrument. His mere way of putting his hands on the key-board when he gave a preparatory prelude ere beginning to play at once proclaimed the master—the *musician*, as compared with the mere pianoforte-player. It was the *composer*, not the performer, that you immediately recognised in the few preluding chords he struck—or rather rolled forth. His improvising was a marvel of facile musical thought; so symmetrical, so correct, so mature in construction was it that, as a musical friend—himself a musician of no common excellence, Charles Stokes—observed to us:—"You might count the time to every bar he played while improvising."

Hummel came to see us while he was in London, bringing his two young sons with him; and we remember one of them making us laugh by the childish abruptness with which he set down the scalding cup of tea he had raised to his lips, exclaiming in dismay "Ac' heiss!"

The able organ-player Thomas Adams, and Thomas Attwood, who had been a favourite pupil of Mozart, by whom he was pettingly called "Tommassino," were also friends of Vincent Novello; and Liszt brought letters of introduction to him when he visited England. The first time Liszt came to dinner he chanced to arrive late: the fish had been taken away, and roast lamb was on table with its usual English accompaniment of mint-sauce. This latter, a strange condiment to the foreigner, so pleased Liszt's taste that he insisted on eating it with the brought-back mackerel, as well as with every succeeding dish that came to table—gooseberry-tart and all!—he good-naturedly joining in the hilarity elicited by his universal adaptation and adoption of mint-sauce.

Later on we had the frequent delight of seeing and hearing Felix Mendelssohn among us. Youthful in years, face, and figure, he looked almost a boy when he first became known to Vincent Novello, and was almost boyish in his unaffected ease, good spirits, and readiness to be delighted with everything done for him and said to him. He was made much of by his welcomer, who so appreciated his genius in composition and so warmly extolled his execution, both on the organ and on the pianoforte, that once when Mr. Novello was praising him to an English musical professor of some note, the professor said:—"If you don't take care, Novello, you'll spoil that young man." "He's too good, too genuine to be spoiled," was the reply.

We had the privilege of being with our father when he took young Mendelssohn to play on the St. Paul's organ; where his *feats* (as Vincent Novello punningly called them) were positively astounding on the pedals of that instrument. Mendelssohn's organ pedal-playing was a real wonder,—so masterful, so potent, so extraordinarily agile. The last piece we ever heard him play in England was Bach's *fugue* on his own name, on the Hanover Square organ at one of the concerts given there. We had the good fortune to hear him play some of his own pianoforte compositions at one of the Dusseldorf Festivals; where he conducted his fine psalm "As the hart pants." On that occasion, calling upon him one morning when there was a private rehearsal going on, we had the singular privilege of hearing him *sing* a few notes,—just to give the vocalist who was to sing the part at performance an idea of how he himself wished the passage sung,—which he did with his small voice but musician-like expression. On that same occasion, too, we enjoyed the pleasure of half an hour's quiet talk with him, as he leaned on the back of a chair near us and asked about the London Philharmonic Society, &c., having, like ourselves, arrived at an exceptionally early time before the

Festival ball began that evening. And on the same occasion, likewise, we spent a pleasant forenoon with him in the Public Gardens at Dusseldorf; where he invited us, in true German social and hospitable style, to partake of some "*May-trank*," sitting in the open air, listening to the nightingales that abound in that Rhine-side spot; he laughing at us for saying this Rhenish beverage was "delicious, innocent stuff," and telling us we must beware lest we found it not so "innocent" as it seemed. Once, in England, he came to us the morning after Beethoven's opera of "*Fidelio*" had been produced for the first time on the English stage, when M^{de}. Schroeder-Devrient was the Leonora, and Haitzinger the Florestan. Mendelssohn was full of radiant excitement about the beauty of the music: and as he enlarged on the charm of this duet, this aria, this round-quartet, this prisoners' chorus, this trio, or this march,—he kept playing by memory bits from the opera, one after another, in illustration of his words as he talked on, sitting by the pianoforte the while. On his wonderful power of improvisation, and that memorable instance of it one night that we witnessed, we have elsewhere enlarged [*See "Life and Labours of Vincent Novello," page 37*]; and certainly that was a triumphant specimen of his skill in extempore-playing.

Felix Mendelssohn was a gifted man, a true genius; and he might have shone in several other fields, as well as in that of music, had he not solely dedicated himself to that art. He was a good pictorial artist, and made spirited sketches. He was an excellent classical scholar; and once at the house of an English musical professor, whose son had been brought up for the Church, and had been a University student, there chancing to arise a difference of opinion between him and Mendelssohn as to some passage in the Greek Testament, when the book was taken down to decide the question Mendelssohn proved to be in the right. He was well read in English literature, and largely acquainted with the best English poets. Once, happening to express a wish to read Burns's poems, and regretting that he could not get them before he left, as he was starting next morning for Germany Alfred Novello and C. C. C. procured a copy of the fine masculine Scottish poet at Bickers's, in Leicester Square, on their way down to the boat by which Mendelssohn was to leave, and reached there in time to put into his hand the wished-for book, and to see his gratified look on receiving the gift. It is perhaps to this incident we owe the charming two-part song "*O wert thou in the cauld blast.*"


(To be continued.)

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THEY STAND CONFESSED.

HRISTMAS PEMBROKE had accomplished his resolve so far as the getting to Durewoods was concerned. The day was bright, clear, and cold, when the *Saucy Lass*, now in good condition again, brought him safely to the little pier. The village looked melancholy in the wintry sunlight, and a keen pang shot through the poor youth's heart as he thought of the bright soft summer evening when first he landed there; when the whole place came up for him, rising beautiful and poetic like some Delos-island over the grey monotonous waters of his life. He could see the whole scene once more as he saw it then—and the pony-carriage at the pier, and the dark eyes of Marie Challoner looking kindly at him.

He had been wild with impatience to get to Durewoods, and now he walked slowly up the pier, and turned to the left instead of the right when he reached the road. He lounged along "melancholy, slow" in the strict sense of "The Traveller," and feeling unfriended too, although he knew that he had friends. He stopped and looked at the cottage in which poor Mrs. Cramp used to live, and he thought of the night when Nat and he, dripping from the sea, found shelter there. He knew now of Nat Cramp's fate: the captain of the *Saucy Lass* had told him all about it, and how Nat had been buried near his mother; and Christmas had communicated to the captain in return his part of the story, which was news to Durewoods. As Christmas looked at the house he felt almost as if he were guilty of Cramp's death, because of the piece of curious misfortune which caused them to meet at the station that unlucky day. He wondered what disappointment or disaster it was which had given such wildness to Cramp's manner, and was sure it belonged to love. As Lear believes all miseries and madness to come of ungrateful daughters, so Pembroke naturally set down such human trials to the pangs of *disprized love*. Then he turned quickly back, wishing he had not

come that way or passed Nat's house, and thinking that if omens, good or bad, could matter to him any more it would have been of evil omen to look on the place.

Now that he was in Durewoods he began to wonder why he had come there so precipitately ; why he had come there at all ; why he had taken such great trouble to save himself from the sea with the hope of getting to Durewoods and seeing Marie Challoner. When he did see her—if she would see him—what was to come of that? What did it matter whether she knew the whole truth about Miss Jansen or did not know it? He felt at moments almost inclined to go back again to London. All the vague doubts and hopes and perplexing conjectures needing explanation, which had seemed to him when he was in London like a summons from Providence or fate bidding him to hasten to Durewoods, began now to wear a look of blank absurdity. Probably he would have taken flight and gone back to London but that he knew full well the moment he got back there the dreams and longings would all set in again, and he should have to follow whither they bade him to go. Being here now he would go through with it ; he would see her for the last time.

He turned again and passed the pier, and held to the right, and mounted the little hill. Winter now brooded over that scene, and winter over all his hopes ! The very ground was bare of leaves now. They had lain there in heaps in the little hollow on either side of the road for months until the rains rotted them into the earth or the keen winds scattered them far away. So, our young hero thought, had all his hopes—the hopes with which he entered London—been dealt with : so scattered and trodden into the earth of prosaic commonplace. He was in a sadly egotistical mood just now, after the fashion of the disappointed, and he could not help fancying that the wintry aspect of the place was purposely in keeping with his own desolate condition. Egotism alone, perhaps, could have soothed and consoled him now.

Yet the day was bright and cheery for a winter day in England. There was a light frost, and all trace of rain and mist was gone ; and as Christmas turned to look back upon the sea, one great tract of it glittered with a smile of sunlight, and it might have been summer for the moment, and not winter, if one looked but on the heavens and the waves. Why not accept the smile as ominous when one is so ready to think of the grey clouds and the naked trees and the chill earth as symbolic? Christmas plucked up heart at the sight of the water and the gladdening sunlight. "Come," he said to himself, "I shall live all this down ! I'll get this last meeting over, and then I'll

go back to my old home, and work hard there, and never come back to England any more ; and all this will seem like a dream, and I shall have her memory always. Why, that alone will make life worth having ! ”

So he went resolutely on, and even when he came to the gate of the Hall he did not pause and reconsider, or pass on as if he had no idea of going in, or were not quite certain whether he should look in that day, or play any of the other tricks of indecision. Certainly he did for one moment falter at the gate—the lodge-keeper's wife afterwards remarked picturesquely that he “quivered on his foot like”—but he went in through the gate, only asking as he passed if Miss Challoner was in Durewoods and at home. His heart did sink a little within him as he reached the door, but he assumed as well as he could the easy, unconcerned air of an ordinary visitor, and he sent his card to Miss Challoner.

He was shown into the library, which Miss Challoner was in the habit of using as a reception-room when her father was not in Durewoods. Christmas waited there with a beating heart for what seemed to him an endless time, and was in reality about five minutes. Then Marie's maid came in smiling, and cordially glad that Christmas was not drowned, and longing to say so in frank country fashion ; and she told him that Miss Challoner would see him in a moment. Then Christmas looked at the backs of books, and took a book out now and then, and opened it and put it back in its place without noticing what it was : and walked up and down the room, and trembled when he thought he heard *her* step, and grew more nervous than ever when he found himself mistaken and she did not come. What a long, long moment that was ! This time he was not mistaken, for he looked at the clock on the chimney-piece. Ten minutes already !

The delay came about in this way. Not long before his coming Marie had received a telegram from her father, sent on from Portstone by special messenger, which at once relieved and distressed her :—

“I have seen R. V. and talked with him a long time. I have explained all. He is greatly cut up, but admits that things are hopeless and had better be considered at an end, and is going to Naples to stay some months. Begs me to give you kind regards and to say that he does not blame you, and will try to bear up. I leave for Durewoods at once, but wish to let you know this without delay. R. V. asked if you would like him to write ; I thought better not.”

She was free then. She need not think of Ronald any more ; and

womanlike she began to think of him with great compassion, and to blame herself for ever having listened to his proposal and to feel ashamed of herself, and ashamed even of being so glad to be free. She was in the midst of all this self-reproach, and her eyes were dimmed with tears, when the card bearing the name of Christmas Pembroke was put into her hand. Quickly she dropped the telegram and blushed, and started, and became half wild with excitement, and it must be owned forgot all about poor Ronald. When she sent her message to Christmas by the maid she ran and plunged her face into water to wash away the traces of the tears, and she looked at herself in the glass and wondered what she should seem like in *his* eyes, and remembered the day when in his blunt boyish fashion he told her she was handsome. Strange, at that time she was only amused by his brusque frankness, and now as she remembered it and looked at herself in the glass she saw that the mere thought of it made her blush. "I wonder will he think me handsome now?" she thought—and then she hastened with her preparations to meet him, for the absurd idea came into her head, "Suppose I keep him too long—and he has to go away—and goes to Japan without seeing me?"

Christmas waiting nervously below heard the rustle of a dress at last and a light quick tread, and then had a confused impression of dark eyes and a sweet, fresh voice and a tall, shapely figure, and a hand with a kindly pressure; and Marie Challoner was with him. The whole place for the moment swam before his eyes, and he looked so pale and half distraught that Marie feared he must have suffered serious harm by his long wrestle with the winds and the waves.

"It is so kind of you to come to see me all this way," she said. "But, of course, you would come to see Miss Lyle."

"I have not seen her yet. I—I came to see you first."

"But you look very pale. We were all so glad to hear that you were not drowned; we never thought of asking whether you were hurt."

"Oh, no, I was only a little shaken—not hurt at all—nothing to speak of."

"How glad you ought to be—and in such a sea so long! Hours upon hours, was it not?"

"It seemed a terribly long time to me. I thought it would never have come to an end. But I don't think it could have been very long in reality."

There was a moment's pause.

"You had a wonderful escape," said Marie. "You ought to be very thankful."

"Yes," he answered, "I didn't want to be drowned just then."

"I hope it did you no harm—being in the cold sea all that long time."

"No: I don't think it did. I felt very stiff and stupid for a day or so, and not like myself: but it didn't do me any harm."

"How strong you are!"

"Oh yes, nothing does me any harm—nothing of that kind. Poor Cramp—you've heard of course?"

"Yes, I have heard." She did not say that she had fainted at the sight of Cramp's dead body, or why. "What a terrible thing! He was so young, and I used to think once that he would come to something."

"It wasn't any fault of mine," Christmas hastened to explain. "I didn't want him to come in the boat; I begged of him not to come. But he would have been perfectly safe if he had only kept quiet. I don't know what came over him, whether he was frightened out of his wits or not, but he seemed like a madman. Why, he would have been alive and well now, if he wouldn't keep jumping up and going on like a lunatic. There wasn't the slightest danger. I do believe he was mad, and I hope he was: for I feel half guilty somehow of his death, although Heaven knows it was no fault of mine, and I would have saved him if I could—at the risk of my own life—not much to risk, certainly."

"I think you risked your life far too much as it was. Why did you get into a boat on such a day?"

"Well, there was no other way of getting to Durewoods."

"But why not wait until the next day: or until the weather was fine or the steamer was ready; or go round by the road? Why risk your life for nothing?"

"Yes, there was no need of so much impatience, indeed," poor Christmas said disconsolately. "I might as well have waited; but anyhow, Miss Challoner, I should like you to know that it was only my own life I wanted to risk—if there was risk—and not poor Cramp's."

"I know very well that you did not think of yourself. That is why I blame you so much, Mr. Pembroke."

She felt it a delightful thing to be talking to him. He was very much embarrassed. She saw the end of all this, and he did not. So she trembled a little, but was very happy; and he stammered and was awkward and miserable. Now that he was with her he began to think there was not a great deal of purpose in his coming, and to wish he had stayed away. Yet he longed to linger

still in her presence, trying to say the right thing and failing; resolved that at least she should know the truth about him and yet afraid to come to the point.

"Well," he began with a rush: "I came to see you, Miss Challoner"—

"Yes, Mr. Pembroke?"

"Because—I am not taking up your time, I hope?"

"Not at all."

"Because—you are not particularly engaged just this moment?"

"No, indeed."

"If you were, of course, another time would suit me. I could call later in the day."

"I am very glad to see you now or at any time, Mr. Pembroke: and I am not at all engaged. But will you not take a chair?"

"Thank you, no: I think not. While I keep standing it seems as if I were preparing to go."

"But why want to go in such haste? I have not seen you for such a long time."

"No; and you have been to America since. I hope you enjoyed your trip?"

"Very much."

"Do you like the States?"

"Very much. I liked San Francisco especially, and the Golden Gate."

She thought perhaps he would say something about the unforgotten day when he first told her of the Golden Gate. She had said the words to bring some answer from him, and she saw a sudden little shadow of emotion run across his face, as one sees a shadow cross a meadow. She knew that the words had touched him as she meant them to do. But he did not answer to the touch.

"Well," he said, "I have come to say good-bye, Miss Challoner, and to say how much obliged I am to you for all your kindness: and how I shall always remember"— He stopped.

"Then you are really going back to Japan, and leaving us all in England?"

"Yes; I have thought of it this long time, so I came to say good-bye."

"If you must go really—if it is for your advancement: and if we must say good-bye"—

Now suppose—this sudden thought passed through her mind—suppose he shakes hands and says good-bye and is really going out of the room without another word—what am I to do then? Must I let him go?

"I couldn't leave," he said, "I couldn't leave, you know, without saying good-bye."

"Oh, no! I am sure you would not be so unfriendly as to do that."

But suppose, she thought, he only did come to say good-bye, and says nothing else, and goes away then—what am I to do?

"And besides," he went on in a hesitating way, "it wasn't only that."

She drew a long breath of relief. She was happy again, since it was not only that.

"There was something else I wanted to say to you—and I couldn't leave you for ever without saying it—something I wanted to explain. May I go on?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pembroke, if you wish! What was it you wanted to explain?"

"You won't be angry with me, Miss Challoner, if it seems odd? You will be a little generous with me, and believe I have a good motive, won't you? and you won't be offended?"

"Why, Mr. Pembroke, this is a terrible preface! Why should I be offended? How could I possibly suppose that you meant to offend me?"

"Thank you—then I'll go on. I wanted to explain—Miss Challoner, you heard, I know you did, something about me and a young lady, whom I needn't name, about my being in love with her, and our being engaged. Didn't you?"

"Yes. I heard something of the kind."

"Did you believe it?"

"I suppose so. Why not? Was it not true?" She spoke with her best possible imitation of friendly carelessness.

"It was not true; there was not one single word of truth in it."

"How absurd of people to spread such reports! I cannot think how such things get about. But after all, Mr. Pembroke, I don't see that you need complain very much. It is much more unpleasant for *her* to be talked about. She is a very pretty girl, I think. And was there nothing in all that, really?"

"Nothing at all. She never cared anything about me, and I don't care three straws about her."

"Come, now, what a very rude way to speak of a young lady! I thought you had more chivalry, Mr. Pembroke."

"Well, I only meant you to understand that there never was the faintest idea of anything like love between us. I want you, above all things, Miss Challoner, to believe that."

"Of course I believe it, since you tell me—but would it not have been a great deal happier for you if the story had been true?"

"It couldn't be true, Miss Challoner, and I came here to tell you why it could not be true. I know it was told to you, and I do not know why. Not for anything on earth would I leave England until I had told you that that was not true, and showed you why it could not be true."

"And why could it—not—be true?"

Now, thought Christmas, I cannot stop: now all must be said.

"Because I loved *you*, Miss Challoner, and because I do love you, and shall love you all my life! Because I am all wild with love of you! No—don't draw away from me, or be angry. That's all I have to say. It is all over now—and I'll leave you this moment."

"But why do you tell me this?" Marie asked, all palpitating with fear and joy.

"Heaven knows—I don't know! Because I couldn't help telling you. I couldn't live if I hadn't told you. After all, what harm has it done you?"

"But if it were true—if you really felt all that for me"—she began, not unwilling, perhaps, to tempt him into saying it over again, that she might hear it again.

"If it is true? Shall I tell you a thousand times over, Miss Challoner, that I love you? I will say it a thousand times over rather than go without knowing that you believe me. I love you—I"—

"Oh, hush!" said Marie, almost borne down by his vehemence, and a little afraid of such emotion, which was so very unlike Ronald Vidal's way, "I do believe you, if you say so. But why do you tell this to me? It must make me unhappy to think that I am the cause of your being unhappy."

"I should be ten thousand times more unhappy if I had not told you. Besides it isn't any fault of yours. You can't help my falling in love with you. I insist upon my right," Christmas said, with an attempt at a smile, "to love you if I like, and as much as I like, and as long, and you can't prevent that. It's a free country! Well, that's all. I should be perfectly wretched if you thought I loved or cared a rush for anybody else but you; and so in listening to me, Miss Challoner, and hearing me out, you have done all you could do to make my life endurable."

"That is not much," said Marie. "You know I would do a great deal to make you happy if I could."

"Oh, yes!" Christmas hastened to say, with something like genuine and manly cheerfulness, "I know all that. I know that you never

felt anything but the kindest friendship to me. Why, I should call you my dearest friend on earth, if I could only think of you in that way. And how good of you to listen to all this! I felt terrified, but you have made it so easy. I felt that I must tell you this, but I was afraid it was wrong to do and would offend you, and that you would be angry, and then I should hate myself and wish I had never told you. Now you know: and you are not offended?"—

"Oh, no; only sorry"—

"Sorry? for what? For shining like a light across a poor fellow's way, and giving him always something to remember, and an ideal; and so much that I can't put into words? Why, I shall have the memory of your kindness and your friendship always! I would rather have seen you and loved you, and know that you knew I loved you, and that you forgave me, than be a king—and I haven't lost you after all," he added with a melancholy smile, "for I never had any hope of winning you. So I am all the gainer, you see!"

"You deserve a better fortune, Mr. Pembroke."

"Don't think about that. You have done all you could to make me happy—and now I've said all I wanted to say—except good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said very faintly: "if we must say it"; and wondering what she was to do next.

"We must say it! Good-bye. I need not say how I wish you happiness. You and yours—and *all* yours."

"Yes,—thank you: and before you go—as you are going—should you like?"—

"Should I like, Miss Challoner?"

"Should you like"—and an insane impulse carried her away,—
"perhaps to kiss me?"

The blood rushed into Christmas's face and into hers: and they both trembled, and stood trembling. There was a moment's silence, and then he threw one hand into the air with the gesture of a man who flings away some last chance.

"No!" he said, "I shouldn't! I should go wild if I had to leave you then—and your kisses are not yours to give away!"

"It's not true," Lady Disdain replied with indignant emphasis. "You don't know what you say. They are mine to give away or I should never have offered them. You may be sure I never said such words before."

She was as angry with him and with his rejection of her offer as if he could have known the whole truth. She was angry with herself

for having made the offer. She felt almost inclined now to let him go.

"I don't understand," he began.

"Of course you don't understand; men don't ever understand anything," and Lady Disdain found herself in her emotion parroting the commonplace sayings of angry women without thinking of it. "Do you suppose, Mr. Pembroke, that because I offered to kiss you I must be in love with you?"

"Oh no, no," he exclaimed quite earnestly, and with fervent disclaimer—"how could I suppose anything of the kind? I assure you, Miss Challoner, such an idea never entered my mind—never!"

"Then why did you speak in such a way?"

"But I didn't—indeed, I didn't. I knew you only meant good nature and friendship, and pity and all that: but I couldn't stand it, Miss Challoner, all the same."

"Well," and she drew a long breath, "it's no matter, I meant it well. And you are really going to Japan?"

"Yes. I am going."

"I wish you could take me with you."

"You wouldn't care to be there. You are much happier here." He thought she was only jesting about her love for travel and seeing the world.

"I shall not be happy here."

"But you have everything to make you happy—and when you are—married—you can travel again, and"—

"I am not going to be married. No,—you need not look surprised. It is quite true—I am not going to be married. I have broken all that off—this long time—yesterday—I don't know when. But I am free."

"Why did you do this?" the wondering youth asked.

"Why? Because I had made a mistake in life. Am I the first girl who didn't know her own mind? Because people persuaded me, and I didn't know myself—not in the least. Now I do—and I am free. But this is only personal talk—about myself, and I must not detain you. Good-bye, Mr. Pembroke."

Our hero was for the moment all puzzled.

"You changed your mind?"

"Yes: No, though—I don't think I did. I only found out my mind—found what I ought to have known long ago."

Was any faint idea breaking in now on the mist of Christmas's mind?

"What ought you to have known long ago? Is it wrong to ask you?"

"I ought to have known that I cared for—for somebody else."

Christmas was standing with his hat in his hand. He tossed the hat on to the table near, and moved towards her half in hope, half in fear, hardly knowing what he did or felt.

"Yes," she said, "I am very sorry: it was very wrong, and thoughtless of me to *him*: but I didn't know—and they told me you were in love with *her*—and—will you kiss me now? and I'll go with you to Japan or anywhere if you like!"

Then Christmas Pembroke for the first time kissed a young woman's lips.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"CONTENT SO ABSOLUTE."

WHICH of these two young lovers was the more happy and the more in love? A question that probably the wit of man could not settle until at least the old and general question had first been settled—is man or woman susceptible of the higher happiness and capable of the stronger love? The wise person told of in classic story, whom the gods permitted to be changed for a time into a woman and then resume the form and the life of a man, is said to have reported as the result of his experience that the woman is more loving and the man more happy. If this be a true report, then let us say that Marie Challoner loved the more and Christmas was the more happy. The latter part at least would bear some seeming of truth, for in her fresh delight of love and happiness Marie felt some painful thought about her father arising in her mind, while Pembroke's breast was all filled with his joy, and he could spare no thought for obstacles—cared nothing about them, whether they were to arise or not. But, indeed, all one could say of these two is that he and she were just as much in love and just as happy as a man and a woman ever could be. Curious to note that their love had been of such strangely different growth. That of the man had lit up almost the first moment he and she met, and kept burning always. Her love had been of slow growth, long unrecognised, unsuspected, only gradually making its presence felt, until at last it broke and glowed into full flame.

Perhaps, if any romantic person could have looked into that library to see a living chapter of love or romance, he or she might have be

a little disappointed and might have wondered that there was not somewhat more of passionate demonstrativeness. But, indeed, the two lovers were a good deal embarrassed and even shy. The suddenness of the new relation which they held to each other made them wonderfully timid.

"I wish we were up in the wood—in that dear delightful little hollow," said Christmas.

"I don't think I could wish anything to be but just what it is," Marie answered quickly; for the little hollow in the wood had to him only a memory of her, but she remembered that she had been there with Ronald Vidal too, and therefore held it less sacred.

"I can hardly believe in all this; it is too happy," he said. "The change is too sudden for me to realise it yet. And I am afraid, Marie—would you believe it?"

"Afraid? Of what?"

"That I am not half good enough for you, and can't make you happy enough, and give you the position you ought to have. You have been always used to such a home—full of luxury and all that."

"Yes. I have always been used to it, and so I don't care about it. What good has it ever done for me? I have always had money enough—or rather I have never had any money at all, but everything has been bought for me that I wanted, and much that I never did want—and now it would please me much more to buy things for myself. I know that I shall develop a perfect genius for domestic economy, and I shall be as delighted with it as a child with a new toy, so don't be afraid of *that*."

"But I haven't much money."

"Oh, but you will get more, or we shall find what you have quite enough for us—and I don't care. It will not affect me. I am not talking like the romantic young women in the novels, Chris."

It sent a delicious thrill through him to hear her call him "Chris."

She saw the expression of delight that passed over his face.

"I think I shall always call you Chris. I used to like to hear Miss Lyle call you Chris. But I wanted to tell you that I am not like a girl in a romance. I do know the value of money, and luxury, and all that—to me; and I know that it is just nothing, and that as long as you care for me I shall never care what kind of furniture is in the room, or what sort of carpet we are treading on. I know now that I never was happy, or could be—until I found out that I could love some one—and that you were the some one."

"Marie, suppose I had not come here to Durewoods, but had gone away—what should we have done?"

“Oh you couldn't have gone away—it's impossible. Heaven would never have allowed that. But don't call me only Marie—like everybody else.”

“What shall I call you then?” For he still was shy and almost afraid to call his own his own.

“I don't know—something tender and loving—something which will let me feel that you do really love me beyond all the world. Am I too outspoken and bold, Chris? I can't help it. You have saved me from such a miserable life, and I want to be assured again and again that you love me and that I may love you.”

And so all thoughts and plans for the future were put away for the moment and their talk for awhile was given to mere assurances of love. It was the youth of the world for them again. They grew in courage both of them, and Christmas found that he could devise marvellously sweet and tender names for her.

Yes, it was for the hour a renewal of the world's youth and golden days so far as these two were concerned. They sometimes walked up and down the room, he with his arm around her waist and his tall, somewhat boyish figure bending a little down towards her, and his heart filled with a wonderful longing to be able to go out and fight lions or do something else for her to show how much he loved her. They seemed to have forgotten that they were not in Arcadia, but in the library of a London financier's country house, and that there were such things in the world as ladies'-maids and butlers, and preparations for luncheons and dinners, and possible morning calls. The latter events, however, were only possibilities in Durewoods, so far as Sir John Challoner's house was concerned when Sir John himself was absent. He brought his visitors with him from town.

So our lovers walked slowly up and down and talked and sometimes laughed in that old library as if it were their own safe retreat, wholly sheltered from the intrusion of the outer world. It was the striking of the clock on the chimney-piece which first brought them back to the details of common life.

“Can it be so late?” Marie asked. “Two o'clock!”

“I suppose I ought to go away?”

“I suppose so. I wonder if I ought to ask you to stay for luncheon at three?”

“I don't know. I haven't the least idea,” the unsophisticated youth answered. “But if I go away now you must let me come again very soon—or let me see you somewhere.”

“I used to go to see you at Miss Lyle's long ago without any hesitation,” Marie said, smiling at the thought. “But I suppose I

could not do that now. I wonder what Miss Lyle will say when she hears all this. She will put all the blame on me, I know."

"The question is," Christmas said, "what are we to do next? I suppose we shall have some difficulty with your father. I ought to go to London and tell him of this at once."

"He will be here, perhaps this very evening," Marie said, turning a little pale at the thought. "If he will not consent, Chris?"

"I don't care about his consent, so long as I have his daughter's. You won't break your word, I know."

"Oh, no—I'll not break my word—nor change. We must only wait."

"I'll not wait," said Christmas. "I'll carry you off by force if needs be—and then no one can blame you."

"I don't care about the blame. It is not that. I don't even care about his anger. I mean it would not alarm me or put me from my purpose; but I should be so sorry to give him any more pain, and I should like him to like you. He was always so good to me and so fond of me, and I used to be so fond of him, and of course this is a disappointment to him. If we are to be—married—you and I, Chris?"—

"If we are to be married?"

"Well, since we are to be married, I should like our married life to begin in kindness with him, and if it might be, with his good will. We are both young, and you seem so very young, everybody says—and we could wait. I should be happy, no matter how long we waited, while I knew that you always thought of me, and loved me. You will promise me this—not to have any quarrel with my father if we can—if we can avoid it by waiting a little. You will promise me this?"

She threw her arm over the young man's shoulder—it was the first approach to a caress she had yet made—and looked pleadingly into his eyes.

"My dearest dear, I'll promise you anything," he said. "I'll do anything you like that will make you happy."

With a blushing cheek and growing courage she kissed him.

"And then you know," she pleaded, "he has some right to complain of me. Yes, and of you too, Chris! Why did you say that you were in love with that poor girl? Did you say that?"

"Oh, I never said it! I never said a word of the kind. How could I have said that?"

"Well, but he came to believe it somehow, and he thought you said so. How could that have been?"

Christmas had thought of this many times, even during their first flush of surprise and happiness. Was he to let Marie Challoner know that her father had been guilty of such a cruel fraud?

"I don't know," he said, hastily. "He must have misunderstood somehow. I was awfully confused of course, and I suppose I didn't know what I was saying. I thought he would understand me, or that he partly guessed already. It was a very different love-story I meant to tell him."

"About *me*?"

"About you, love; and only you! See what a piece of work I must have made of it!"

"And what confusion it brought on everybody. If I had known then"——

"But you didn't care about me then?"

"Oh yes I did. I know now that I did. I felt towards you even then as I never felt to any one else. I ought to have known. Oh yes, Chris. I was beginning to be in love with you then! But of course I closed my heart against you when I heard *that*. Do you remember the day in Mrs. Seagraves' house?"

"Do I remember it? Didn't I walk the streets half that night and think of killing myself?"

"I was very much in love with you that day, only I wouldn't allow myself to think of it. And that was the day when poor Ronald Vidal asked if he might come and see me."

"I saw him," Christmas said, "and I hated him then, and I should have liked to kill him. Now I suppose he would like to kill me! Well, I don't wonder at that."

"It was the next day you told my father."

"It was," said Christmas hurriedly, wishing that her memory of that fact at least were a little less clear. "It was all my fault, that terrible misunderstanding. Well, my dearest dear, this time when I go to Sir John Challoner with my love-story I'll make my meaning clear."

"What will you say?"

"Sir John, I am in love with your daughter, Marie Challoner—in love with Marie Challoner, your daughter—as I do believe no mortal man was ever in love with a girl before! I am in love with a girl whose name is Marie Challoner, and who is your daughter! That will be clear enough?"

"Yes, I think that will be clear enough; but you may add something."

"What can I add to strengthen that?"

could not do that now. I wonder what Miss Lyle will hear all this. She will put all the blame on me, I know.

"The question is," Christmas said, "what are we to suppose we shall have some difficulty with your going to London and tell him of this at once."

"He will be here, perhaps this very evening. He is a little pale at the thought. "If he will return."

"I don't care about his consent, so long as you don't break your word, I know."

"Oh, no—I'll not break my word, I'll wait."

"I'll not wait," said Christmas, "I don't care what needs be—and then no one can blame me."

"I don't care about the blame," said Christmas, "I care about his anger. I mean to go from my purpose; but I should like him to see me, and I should like him to know that I am not so fond of me, and I should like him to know that this is a disappointment to me, and I, Chris"—

"If we are to be married, I shall go there, for his opinions on most subjects are very sound and religious—concur with those of very many visitors there who had no opinions whatever of their own, and these Captain Cameron regarded as worse than the worst of the sort of wrong and strong creeds. There were some persons who hardly knew what sort of persons they were, if the Ministry was in power anywhere, and would not have been able to know. Some of these persons, indeed, made a point of declaring that it was a matter of absolute indifference to them what political principles were up and what were down so long as they had pictures to paint and music to listen to; and one had announced to the appalled Cameron himself that he didn't care anything for England's prestige was gone or not, and that if half a dozen armies were to occupy London in succession it would not give him the slightest concern so long as they didn't interfere with his pictures, the Bayley Gallery and Wagner's music.

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"My dear Christmas," said Miss Lyle, "I don't care anything for England's prestige was gone or not, and that if half a dozen armies were to occupy London in succession it would not give him the slightest concern so long as they didn't interfere with his pictures, the Bayley Gallery and Wagner's music. On a particular Sunday, however, Cameron had heard a piece of music which interested and puzzled him, and about which he thought he could probably learn the truth from his sister. With all his dissent from her opinions and the good-humoured chaff in which he occasionally indulged, Captain Cameron thought his sister a very clever

...ly appeared
...one Lyle.

III.
THE EYES."

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any means see her as some even of her

He assumed, therefore, that nothing so
heard could be true if Mrs. Seagraves
boldly plunged into the midst

in huge coils and compli-
ing some of Elsa's
tered. In that odd
anybody sang or played.
the door and looked for his

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able and resting one hand upon a
forefinger of the other hand touched
aned gracefully to one side in the attitude

She was dressed in a dun-coloured silk, which
her that it seemed a puzzle how she ever could
to it, or could now contrive to step in it. Standing

a pale, pretty, and slender girl, dressed in quiet colours.
ment the music was over Mrs. Seagraves broke into raptures,
Cameron, making his way towards her, came just in time to

ar.
"So glad I am, Robert, that you heard that enchanting music."

"Music, eh? I confess I like something with a tune to it."

"Oh, barbarian! Is he not barbarous, Miss Jansen—my
brother?"

"Mrs. Malaprop says men are all barbarians," Captain Cameron
observed.

"Does she really? Does she, though? How very delightful! I
should love her, I know! I am sure I should love Mrs.—who,
Robert?"

Robert did not stop to explain. He did not expect that clever
ladies of to-day would have read Sheridan.

"What's all this cock-and-bull story I hear, Isabel—about my
charming little Lady Disdain and young Vidal?"

"So delightful, and so strange!" Mrs. Seagraves said, forgetting
Mrs. Malaprop in her new enthusiasm. "At least not strange—no,
not by any means strange, but just what one ought to have expected,
I suppose. One should always look out for the strange in these
matters. But it is delightful! At least it is delightful to us who
like it, and who love all the people—that is, of course, the principal
people. Of course it can't be delightful to Mr. Vidal—oh, no. I

"Only this: 'and Marie Challoner, your daughter, is in love with me.'"

"Yes, I will tell him that too, although I can still hardly believe in it myself! Shall we go together and throw ourselves at Sir John's knees?"

"I fear he would only laugh or say something satirical. I have an idea, Chris—let us go together to Miss Lyle and tell her all, and ask for her advice."

"Come," said Christmas, "we will go. You are not afraid to be seen with me?"

"I am not afraid of anything, except of being without you," said Lady Disdain.

The two lovers went boldly out together, and presently appeared hand-in-hand before the wonder-stricken eyes of Dione Lyle.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"THE ASTROLOGY OF THE EYES."

ONE Sunday Captain Cameron strolled into his sister's house in Portland Place at the hour when her afternoon reception was going on. He did not very often go there, for his opinions on most subjects—social, political, and religious—concurred with those of very few who usually presented themselves in that drawing-room. Besides, there were a good many visitors there who had no opinions whatever on such subjects, and these Captain Cameron regarded as worse than persons with any sort of wrong and strong creeds. There were some artists and poets to be found there who hardly knew what sort of Sovereign or Ministry was in power anywhere, and would not have cared a rush to know. Some of these persons, indeed, made a point of frankly declaring that it was a matter of absolute indifference to them what political principles were up and what were down so long as there were pictures to paint and music to listen to; and one had even announced to the appalled Cameron himself that he didn't care whether England's prestige was gone or not, and that if half a dozen invading armies were to occupy London in succession it would not give him the slightest concern so long as they didn't interfere with the Dudley Gallery and Wagner's music.

This particular Sunday, however, Cameron had heard a piece of news which interested and puzzled him, and about which he thought he could probably learn the truth from his sister. With all his dissent from her opinions and the good-humoured chaff in which he occasionally indulged, Captain Cameron thought his sister a very clever

and delightful person, and in her strangely-chosen sphere a queen of society, and he did not by any means see her as some even of her friends were pleased to do. He assumed, therefore, that nothing so strange as the news he had just heard could be true if Mrs. Seagraves did not know of it, and he therefore boldly plunged into the midst of her society.

A young lady whose hair was wreathed in huge coils and complications of twirls on the top of her head was singing some of Elsa's plaints from "Lohengrin" when Cameron entered. In that odd place the company usually listened when anybody sang or played. Cameron therefore stayed for a while at the door and looked for his sister.

He saw her standing near a table and resting one hand upon a huge blue china jar, while the forefinger of the other hand touched her chin; and her head leaned gracefully to one side in the attitude of a pensive listener. She was dressed in a dun-coloured silk, which clung so closely to her that it seemed a puzzle how she ever could have stepped into it, or could now contrive to step in it. Standing near her was a pale, pretty, and slender girl, dressed in quiet colours. The moment the music was over Mrs. Seagraves broke into raptures, which Cameron, making his way towards her, came just in time to hear.

"So glad I am, Robert, that you heard that enchanting music."

"Music, eh? I confess I like something with a tune to it."

"Oh, barbarian! Is he not barbarous, Miss Jansen—my brother?"

"Mrs. Malaprop says men are all barbarians," Captain Cameron observed.

"Does she really? Does she, though? How very delightful! I should love her, I know! I am sure I should love Mrs.—who, Robert?"

Robert did not stop to explain. He did not expect that clever ladies of to-day would have read Sheridan.

"What's all this cock-and-bull story I hear, Isabel—about my charming little Lady Disdain and young Vidal?"

"So delightful, and so strange!" Mrs. Seagraves said, forgetting Mrs. Malaprop in her new enthusiasm. "At least not strange—no, not by any means strange, but just what one ought to have expected, I suppose. One should always look out for the strange in these matters. But it is delightful! At least it is delightful to us who like it, and who love all the people—that is, of course, the principal people. Of course it can't be delightful to Mr. Vidal—oh, no. I

should say it must be quite the reverse to him. And for that reason I am so very, very sorry. I was very glad at first, but now I am very, very sorry."

"But what is it, Isabel? I should like to know whether I am to be glad or sorry—or totally indifferent."

"Robert! Indifferent—totally indifferent—to anything that concerns the happiness of my dear, sweet girl, Marie Challoner! Oh, for shame! But I know you didn't mean it, and I couldn't think so badly even of a man. But men are very bad—oh, so very, very bad! Not deliberately bad, perhaps—no, I don't say that; but thoughtless, perhaps. Should we not say thoughtless? I hope you don't admire thoughtless men, Sybil dear? I think you girls generally do admire thoughtless men—and spoil them. I used to love thoughtless men once—I thought it made them like heroes. Now I don't like them at all."

"About Miss Challoner, Isabel? That's more to the point now."

"About Miss Challoner? Oh yes! Well, you know, she's not going to marry Mr. Vidal after all!"

"Indeed? Well, I'm deucedly glad to hear it," the Legitimist said, "if it's true."

"But Robert dear—our dear Mr. Vidal?"

"Well, he may be your dear Mr. Vidal if you like, Isabel, but he isn't my dear Mr. Vidal. I never thought much of him. I like a gentleman to be a gentleman, and I'm glad to find Lady Disdain of my opinion at last."

"Oh, I think he is so charming," Mrs. Seagraves said, "so very, very charming. Not charming, perhaps—not exactly charming."

"No, indeed—not by any manner of means charming, I should say."

"Well, perhaps not; but so clever, so very clever, and so handsome! At least, I used to think him handsome once, but now I don't know that he is so handsome as I thought him. He used to remind me of a troubadour, and I do so delight in troubadours. Sybil, my dearest child, you delight in troubadours, don't you? Oh yes—a girl with your eloquence and your eyes must delight in troubadours."

"I never saw any troubadours," Miss Sybil curtly answered.

"Never saw any troubadours? How very, very strange! No, though—I don't mean that it is strange, of course—it couldn't be strange, for there are no troubadours now any more, and you couldn't have seen any. Still the imagination does so much, especially with poetic natures; and I should have thought that you were just the

girl to have loved troubadours. And I am so sorry, my dear Sybil, to hear that you really don't love troubadours. Robert, shouldn't you have thought Miss Jansen would love troubadours?"

The Legitimist bowed rather stiffly to the little Sybil.

"But I had quite forgotten," Mrs. Seagraves said, "that you don't know my dear friend Miss Jansen. How very strange! Dear Robert, how fortunate you are! Not fortunate in not knowing Miss Jansen—of course not that—what nonsense! But fortunate in having the opportunity now of being presented to her. My dear Sybil, will you permit me to present my brother, Robert—Captain Cameron? You ought to know each other, you two."

Captain Cameron was dignified, but not cordial. He had heard of Miss Jansen as a young woman who made speeches, and he considered that young women who made speeches were coarse, masculine, and rather indelicate creatures, utterly unladylike at the best. He had an impression that they were Atheistical as to their views on the subject of religion, and that they aspired to the wearing of trousers. When he heard Miss Jansen's name mentioned he looked in instinctive alarm downwards, and was relieved to see skirts and not pantaloons. "I look down towards her feet—but that's a fable," murmured the soldier, one of his few memories of Shakespeare occurring to him with a whimsical appropriateness.

"Now, Robert, I shall leave you to talk to Miss Jansen. You two are just made for each other—of course I mean for intellectual converse, for high argument."

"I never presume to argue with a lady," Captain Cameron remarked, with grim and stony courtesy.

"Arguments with gentlemen are usually thrown away, I fear," Miss Jansen said icily. "They do not consider us worth listening to, or answering."

"Oh, but my brother is not of that sort, I can assure you: he is far too chivalrous. Who is it—what great person—who says that friendship rests on similarity of tastes—is it? and differences of opinions? There are you two just pictured. I am sure your inclinations are both just the same—to do good. Oh, yes! to do good and to elevate humanity: and your opinions are so very different. Sybil, my dear, I leave to you the charge of converting my brother! I never could accomplish it, my dear; but it is reserved for you. Oh, yes! I know it is."

"But, Isabel, just a moment." She was swirling away. "You haven't finished telling me about Marie Challoner. Why won't she marry Vidal?"

"My dear Robert, you don't think she could marry two persons?"

"Gad! I don't know what you ladies mayn't think you have a right to do nowadays, with your advanced opinions, and your rights, and so on. But I don't say that of her. Well! who's the other person—the one she wants to marry?"

"Wants to marry! What a very, very shocking phrase! I wonder at you, Robert. As if ladies ever wanted to marry—such an idea! How can you endure this, Sybil? Of course my Marie Challoner doesn't want to marry anybody."

"Just so: have it any way you like. Who wants to marry her, then?"

"Why, your friend, you know—the young man from Thibet, from Japan I mean—Mr. Pembroke."

"Hullo! Is that the way? And will she marry him?"

"Oh, yes! It's the most delightful thing you ever heard of! She was in love with him all the time, and he didn't know it; and he tried to drown himself several times out of love for her, and she didn't know it."

"Dear me," said Miss Sybil composedly, "what a very stupid pair they must have been!"

"But Sybil, my dear, stupid? My Marie Challoner stupid! Oh, you don't know her at all. The brightest girl! Why my brother will never forgive you. He is downright in love with her, I assure you, over head and ears! Not really in love, you know, dear; that's only my jest, of course; but he thinks ever so much of her, I can tell you."

"So I do," said Cameron; "and I think if I were a matter of say five-and-twenty years younger I would have tried for the belt—for the zone, anyhow—myself. Well, I'm glad to hear your news, Isabel. He's a fine young fellow—not at all stupid, Miss Jansen, I can assure you, but on the contrary very clever; and he's every inch a gentleman, and she's every inch a lady, and two such rare beings in these days ought to be brought together."

"I didn't mean stupid in that sense," Sybil quietly explained. "I meant stupid in not knowing that they were in love with each other. I could have told them that story long ago. They ought to have come to me."

"You, my dear? Well, I always say you are an inspired prophetess! But how did you know?"

"I saw them both in this room," Sybil said. "It was enough to look at them, if one had eyes."

"But they didn't know it, Sybil."

"That's why I say they must have been stupid. I always knew that he was in love with her, and when I saw her I knew that she was in love with him."

"By Jove!—excuse me, Miss Jansen—I never dreamed of it," said Cameron, "and no more did Isabel. How on earth did you know?"

"I knew it by her eyes the moment he came into the room," Sybil said contemptuously. "I didn't want any more instruction. It amuses me to watch the little weaknesses of my fellow creatures, and I was greatly amused that day when I found her out."

"We must watch your eyes, my sweet Sybil," Mrs. Seagraves exclaimed, "one of these days, and we shall read some pretty story there, for all your marble coldness and your contempt of our poor human weaknesses. But not too soon; oh, no! not too soon. We can't spare you just yet; we want you and the world wants you for nobler work than marriage."

"You all seem to like marriage pretty well, though," said Cameron.

"And you don't, Captain Cameron, your sister tells me," Sybil said with a smile. "For shame not to have made some woman happy long ago! Women are only supposed to be made happy when some lordly man patronises them and holds out his hand."

"I am so delighted to hear you scold him, my dear Sybil. Oh, he deserves it, and I have often told him so. I am quite ashamed of him—not ashamed really, you know, because Robert, for a man, is not bad at all—but ashamed that he hasn't been married. You must look in his eyes and tell me what you see there."

"I shall have to wear blue spectacles then," the Legitimist said, not so ill-pleased with the conversation after all, and thinking Sybil not so very disagreeable a person as he had supposed.

"And so you found out my sweet Marie by looking in her eyes?" Mrs. Seagraves went on ecstatically. "So delightful and poetic. Like second-sight, or fortune-telling, or the divining rod, or any of these charming things. I do so love superstition, and astrology, and alchemy. Oh, yes, alchemy above all things! Don't you love alchemy? I don't love it now though quite so much as I did: I think it is so deluding and bad, very, very bad. No, I prefer astrology. You must teach me how to read people's eyes. I shall call it the astrology of the eyes. Won't that be pretty—sweetly pretty? You shall teach me the astrology of the eyes."

"Well that isn't half a bad phrase," said Cameron.

"One makes such mistakes if one doesn't know. Why, Sybil, now that I remember, I really thought I saw in your eyes—or some

body's—that my young Japanese friend was in love with you, I did indeed."

"Yes, I knew you did," Sybil said quietly, "but I couldn't betray the poor young man's little secret. I knew he didn't want to have it known, and of course I wasn't going to put any one on the right track. He was so very honest that when I taxed him with his folly he confessed it all frankly; and then of course I would not betray him for the world."

"Bravo!" Cameron exclaimed. "That's genuine and honest *camaraderie*. I like that. I didn't think women were capable of that sort of thing."

"Well, you shall teach me the astrology of the eyes," said Mrs. Seagraves.

"To begin with, let us see your own eyes, Miss Jansen."

"With pleasure."

They were very bright eyes, and Miss Jansen opened them slowly and looked steadily into the face of the Legitimist. He read nothing in them. "She's a nice little girl," he thought, "but cold and hard. I shouldn't like to be the young fellow who marries her. That's what woman's rights and such stuff bring girls to. It's like a Palais Royal flower of porcelain to the 'Flower of Dumblane.'"

He did not remain long near Sybil after Mrs. Seagraves had floated away. The marble hardness of the girl repelled him, although she was far more gracious to him and pleasant with him than was her wont where men were concerned. Some one else came up and spoke to Sybil, and Cameron drew away, and presently left the house and went to his club, where he sat down and began a long letter of congratulation to Lady Disdain and another to Christmas Pembroke. The brave Legitimist was almost inclined to be sentimental. He remembered that pretty poetic Nannie Langdale whom he used to know—well, perhaps a matter of thirty years ago. People used to quiz them both a good deal then about each other. Well, well! Who was this Nannie got married to? He did know all about it surely, but now he had forgotten. By Jove, Nannie would have married him then if he had only asked her. Perhaps he was a little sorry now he didn't ask her. He hummed a bar or two of "Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?" but it was rather too late now anyhow, and probably Nannie was better off as things were; and she presently passed out of his mind, which became perplexed with the thought of what sort of wedding present he ought to give to Dear Lady Disdain.

When Sybil Jansen had talked a little to this person and that she

too quietly withdrew from the room, and from the house, and walked homeward. She felt a certain pride in herself such as the Spartan lad might have felt before the teeth of the fox prevailed and he fell and revealed his secret. Sybil had succeeded completely in hiding the wound in her bleeding breast. She had freed herself from the slightest suspicion of having been hurt. She could not perhaps have held out much longer, but so far she had succeeded, and she had a right to be proud. She tripped along the crowded Sunday streets quite lightly, and many an eye glanced as she passed after that neat figure and that pretty ankle. Her heart seemed bursting within her, and she walked so quickly because the streets seemed to rock under her and she longed to be safely home. When she got home she spoke to her servant with unusual softness and sweetness, and to her mother she was careful to show the gentlest temper, and not on any account to make a short answer. As the bleeding away of a wound sometimes changes fierce battle-natures for the time to a feminine gentleness so Sybil's heavy heart seemed to have reduced to mildness and docility the impatience and occasional sharpness of an eager, feverish temper. Mrs. Jansen had had a headache in the morning, and Sybil asked so kindly and so much about it, and offered such suggestions of remedy and relief, that one might have thought her mother's headache was all the girl had to trouble her in life. She helped to arrange their modest little Sunday dinner, and she tried to seem as if she was helping to eat it.

After dinner she remained a good long time in her own room. Mrs. Jansen did not go to her. She knew her daughter's ways and weaknesses. She knew that when Sybil remained alone it was better not to disturb her, and of course all Sybil's brave little play-acting had never deceived her mother for a moment. Her quiet watchful eyes had followed every motion of her girl, and she knew that something had happened. But she knew better than to ask any questions. She would let the girl alone, and in good time Sybil would tell her all.

That night Sybil had to speak at a little meeting in some one of the secluded, almost subterranean, buildings where on the Sunday evenings in London minds of an advanced order lay themselves out to instruct the race. Mrs. Jansen was sitting by the firelight without a lamp when Sybil came quietly in.

"Would you like me to light the lamp, mamma?"

"If you will, dear."

"Well, in a moment, just."

Sybil came and sat by the fire near her mother. Then she laid her hand gently on Mrs. Jansen's knee, and the mother laid her hand over her child's. Mrs. Jansen knew now that Sybil was going to say something.

"Mamma, Mr. Pembroke is going to be married."

This was what Mrs. Jansen had been expecting to hear.

"Indeed, Sybil? To that young lady?"

"To Miss Challoner—yes."

"But I thought she was engaged to some one else."

"She was—but she—was in love with him all the time."

"How very strange—how very wrong!"

"They say she is giving up everything for him," Sybil said.

"People are happy who have something to give up."

"I hope she will make him happy," Mrs. Jansen said, with a sigh. "I liked him very much."

"So did I," said Sybil.

Mrs. Jansen put her arm round her daughter's neck and said quietly, "You will get over this, my darling child: and there are worse things in life—and in love too—than such a disappointment as yours."

"I have been crying a great deal," Sybil said, "but I am better now, and I shall try not to think of it any more."

"Perhaps you had better not go to the meeting to-night. Perhaps you could not speak?"

"Oh yes, mamma, I must go. One ought to do any good one can. And I should only die if I didn't do something. I don't mean to be merely a good-for-nothing old maid."

Sybil tried to smile and look as if she were not utterly miserable. Her mother might be excused if she thought that night that fate had dealt rather heavily with her and her daughter. So pretty a girl too, it seemed doubly cruel of hard fortune to lay its icy hand upon that pretty young head. Mrs. Jansen went with her to her meeting, and wondered at her fervour and eloquence, and clung to her and watched her with eager following eyes, as we watch some loved and frail creature whom we fancy death will take from us if once we look away.

Yet perhaps Sybil Jansen is not the least fortunate of all our people. She at least has something which can never be taken from her—an ideal. She has an ideal lover who never can change, and can only die when she dies, and an ideal married life which is all unclouded and which calamity cannot touch. Of all our people she is henceforward the most secure against disappointment. May we not

say too that she has another sweetener of life—not only an ideal love but an ideal grievance? The wrongs of woman will wake her sympathies more than ever, and into their cause she will throw all the passionate energies of her fervid little soul: and be happy even in her wrath against the injustice of the world. For her sake at least let us hope that the suffrage may not soon be granted to women, that some little of man's tyranny may continue yet awhile to oppress his weaker companion, so that poor Sybil may have a cause to occupy her energies and to keep her attention distracted from her own lonely state. Meanwhile it is known that Sybil has refused many apparently eligible young men who have supplicated her: and it is generally believed that her sense of the injustices done to her sex by the oppressor is so keen that she has registered a vow never to marry while the least remnant of those grievances still remains. If she is to die an old maid, then it is at least understood that this fate is of her own deliberate choice. So she can cherish her ideal love in secret, and keep the fire burning at its altar where the breath of change can never blow it out, nor the smoke of human weakness or passion obscure its brightness.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE TOGETHER.

WHEN Sir John Challoner returned to Durewoods he was not surprised to find a letter awaiting him from Christmas Pembroke containing an earnest request to be allowed a few minutes' conversation with him. Sir John could hardly now be surprised at anything, and he knew what was to come, and had no idea of struggling any longer. His castle of cards had all tumbled down, and he knew that it was hopeless to try to build up another of the same kind. Perhaps a little compassion, or at least a little pity, may be spared for him. His ambition and his schemes had not been meaner than those of the average middle-class man straining with all a life's fervour to reach the higher class; and he had been so very near to the fulfilment of his desires! Now that the whole thing was over, he especially dreaded the open proclamation of the little piece of treachery by which he had tried the more surely to compass his ends. Success bought by falsehood is not always enjoyable, even to natures more thoroughly case-hardened than Challoner's; but it is cruel indeed when the falsehood remains, having failed to accomplish the success.

As Challoner read over Christmas's letter, and saw that it con

from Dione Lyle's house, he could not help thinking that there must occasionally be a sort of retributive justice in human affairs. Some five-and-twenty years ago or more he had succeeded by some treacherous devices and stories in separating Christmas Pembroke's father from Dione Lyle. It had profited him nothing. Dione did not marry him, and the time soon came when he was very glad that she did not. Dione never knew the worst part of Challoner's deceptions, but she knew that he had come between her lover and her. She forgave him afterwards, for she was of a sweet, soft, and yielding nature, and she did not know all, and he had pleaded for pardon in the name of his youth and of his over-mastering love for her. In a strange way too she yearned a little towards him because he had been young with her, and to see him brought back the memory of the dear, brief days of her love. As he rose and rose in the world he still always showed himself a devoted friend to her; and he was a widower and lonely; and then there grew up the little Marie, whom Dione loved more and more. The disappointed woman who had won success and found it worth little, and quietly quitted the field in time, lived at Durewoods in a sweet melancholy retirement, in a condition of dreamy present happiness and memory of the past—almost a sensuousness of the soul. As Marie grew, her fresh, vigorous, and vivid nature was very pleasant companionship, and Dione, who called her Dear Lady Disdain, and fancied wrongly that she could only inflict and not suffer love, was rather glad that the girl should be spared from disappointments.

Now, behold!—time has come round, and the son of Challoner's old rival has come back from the other end of the earth, and has ruined his plans, and is to carry off his daughter. In his heart John Challoner still believed that Dione Lyle had brought all this about, for he feared that she knew more than she actually did, and he looked upon her as likely to show herself even yet his enemy. He was wrong, as we know, but he told himself that she had had the best of it here, and he respected her perhaps rather the more because she had won. Now he was chiefly anxious to save some wreck of his old character and authority in his daughter's eyes, and not to be mercilessly exposed to her by Dione and by Christmas as a deceiver and—what other word will serve?—as a liar.

He received Christmas with cold urbanity, and listened to the young man's short, clear story. Then Christmas quietly said, without looking directly at him—

“I am afraid you will think me rather blunt, Sir John, in my way of putting this; but I want to be very clear this time. I am afraid

I must have made a sad bungle the last time when I told you my story, and led you into a misunderstanding which was near setting us all astray."

Sir John looked up quickly, and then their eyes met, and no doubt the two men quite understood each other. Sir John drew a long breath and felt relieved.

"I told Marie," Pembroke said—Sir John almost started at the "Marie"—"what a bungle I must have made of it the last time, and how I was resolved to be clear this time."

"Well, Pembroke, you certainly have been clear this time, and I thank you for that." (Probably the two again understood each other.) "Now what do you expect me to say to all this? To give my consent? I presume Marie and you have given each other away without asking me?"

"We do love each other very, very much, and I have not such bad prospects; and even now, Sir John, she wouldn't be quite poor: I have some means, and she does not care to be rich. We shouldn't be paupers, you know. I am much better off—you have often told me yourself—than lots of the younger sons of your aristocracy—and I mean to make my way, and to rise."

"I needn't have any hesitation in saying that this is a disappointment to me," Sir John said. "You know all that. I had different views for my daughter. I haven't a word to say against you personally, Pembroke, but you know—I told you from the beginning—that ambition and the world count for something with me. I am disappointed—I don't deny it."

"Still, when Marie has not the same kind of ambition her feelings ought to count for something."

"I think they have been allowed to count for a great deal in this instance," Sir John said, with a smile of melancholy irony. "I think her feelings have it all their own way, Pembroke. I am not a man to talk eloquently about ungrateful children and that sort of thing, but I was very fond of my daughter, Pembroke, and devoted to her—and—well, you may have a daughter some day, and devote yourself to her, and find after all that—well, find that you will understand better what I mean."

"But Marie is devoted to you—no better and more loving daughter ever lived," the young man protested warmly.

"Yes, yes, of course, we know all that. Still, Pembroke, I am a little cut up, you perceive. One can't help it; that's the way fathers are made. Well, let us pass over all that and come to the more *practical-question*. Is there anything for me to settle?"

"I don't quite understand"—

"No? Well, I'll make it plain. Have you and my daughter already arranged all the details of your future life?"

"Oh no. She wouldn't think of such a thing without consulting you, even if I had wished her to do so—which I never did."

"How considerate you young people are," Sir John said, with the smile of melancholy irony again, "when once you have settled the main point to your own satisfaction! Well, then, really I think you had better carry out your original plan, *Pembroke*, in the first instance. Go to Japan and see what you can do to set up a house there. Let it be in connection with ours. I wish that. Stay there for a while, a year say, and come back then. This thing will all have been forgotten by that time. Let me see—what with going out and coming back and all, a year and a half will have passed. That will do. The people we know in London will have forgotten by that time that I ever had a daughter! Come, what do you think of that?"

"A year and a half is a very long time—a terribly long time," said Christmas, with a gloom-stricken face. "Why it's like a life banishment. One might die in the meantime. But you have met me fairly, I must say, and I pledged my word to Marie that I would try to do anything you asked."

"I am very much obliged to Marie. But I don't think you quite understand me, *Pembroke*—you clearly don't mean what I mean. I don't want you to go into banishment, as you call it, alone."

"Oh!" Christmas exclaimed, delightedly, and blushing like a boy.

"No. Take Marie with you—I dare say she would go."

"Oh yes," the lover declared, with fullest confidence.

"Yes. I suppose so. Very well; take her with you. My good *Pembroke*, how do you think my daughter and I could get on together all that time? I mean after what has passed. No, no; the best chance for all of us is to break up our little camp and go different ways. When we meet again we shall meet on a new footing, and perhaps we shall then be better reconciled to each other, and I shall have forgotten all this, and shall be glad to welcome Marie on any terms. Will that do?"

"It will do for me, Sir John, and I think I can speak for her."

"No doubt, no doubt. But we'll make that certain. We'll ask her."

Sir John touched the bell and bade a servant tell Miss Challoner that her father wished to see her in the library.

"Meanwhile," Sir John said,—“and not to bring girls into money matters—Marie, of course, shall have her fortune”—

at the mouth of the Mersey, and was leaving the long, low-lying Lancashire shore on the one side and the sand-hills and reddish projecting rocks and soft broad beach of New Brighton on the other. The vessel was throbbing through the great waters out to sea, and the sea seemed only more tremulous than the sky—not less quiet.

Marie and Christmas Pembroke had come from the saloon and paced from the stern quite up to the bow of the steamer, to be free of other passengers for the moment, and to look out over the water through which they were cleaving their way. They were silent for a while with the very fullness of their content.

"This *is* an evening to begin a voyage," Christmas said at last in a low tone.

"See—the sun and moon together in the sky!" Marie said. "I wonder is that a good omen at the beginning of a voyage? I hope it is."

"Everything must be a good omen to me," said Christmas. "You are all the good omens in yourself."

"I wonder is Miss Lyle in her balcony now, looking at that lovely sky, and does she think of us? How selfish we are in our happiness! I should like to know that Miss Lyle was thinking of us now, and her to know, Chris, that we were thinking of her."

"She will believe that of us, I am sure, and she is so kindhearted and sympathetic I think she wouldn't grudge us a little forgetfulness of everything but ourselves just for the moment. I know she would not blame me, for I only feel still as if I had carried you off somehow, and as if somebody or other might still come up to claim you. I can't realise it all yet. When we are far out at sea then I shall begin to believe that I have you safe! Then we shall walk the deck of nights, and talk of her and of the people and the places we have left behind."

"Is it not happy that we parted from my father on such good terms, and that he is satisfied? Is he not very kind, Chris?"

She said this a little eagerly, for she wanted to be reassured about her father, and to have his broken image put together again as much as possible, now that she had had her own way and was so happy. Christmas did not fail to reassure her. Then, as was natural, they fell to talking of themselves again, and their happiness, and their prospects.

"I can hardly believe that we are going all across America, you and I together," Marie said. "If you knew what a sick, sad heart I had when I made that journey before! It seems wonderful to me now, but I did not know then why I was so wretched."

and Miss Marie is married, and Mr. Christmas: and they are gone away—to the other end of the world, you know.”

“Miss Leel none-lone,” Merlin still protested, smiting his breast with his wrinkled brown hand. “No, no—Merlin not married, Merlin not gone to other world (he had not quite caught her words), Merlin always stay with Miss Leel! No, no—none-lone—none-lone!”

And he turned to his work again, still occasionally smiting his breast and repeating to himself his reassuring formula.

Miss Lyle smiled good-humouredly, but seemed a little melancholy nevertheless.

“I wonder where they are now,” she said to herself. “They were to have sailed before this. Well, it is just the sort of evening to begin sailing out into a new life.”

Her thoughts began to wander back into the past, wherein now she lived so much. She remembered sweet calm evenings like this long ago, and the loves that seemed inseparable, and the hopes that were so bright and died so soon. She thought of the young lovers who were sailing away, and was gladdened amid all her memories.

“I am glad I made them promise me that,” she thought. “They will always keep this place when I have left it; and they will sit in this balcony—and I do think that I shall somehow see them.”

While the sun and moon together were thus looking down upon the waters of the bay at Durewoods, and trying to peep into the little hollow among the trees on the hillside, and throwing a gleam of soft, sanctifying light over the small churchyard above the village where poor Nat Cramp was lying, a girl looked out of a window in the West Centre of London—a pale girl with bright eyes. There was not much to be seen below but pavement and bustling passengers, and the roofs of luggage-laden cabs hurrying to railway stations. So Sybil Jansen naturally looked to the evening sky where the sun and moon were visible together.

“I wonder where He and She are now,” she thought.

She looked into the sky a good while longer, only thinking about him and her, and where they were, and how happy they must be, and how sad life was to some, and all other such thoughts as almost every happy love-union must fill some breast with, until she heard the voice of her mother calling her, and then she drew quietly back into her room and showed herself cheerful, and only at times hung over little deep dark pools of silent thought, wherein she saw not her own image, but only “him and her.”

Meanwhile the Cunard steamer for New York had cleared the bar

at the mouth of the Mersey, and was leaving the long, low-lying Lancashire shore on the one side and the sand-hills and reddish projecting rocks and soft broad beach of New Brighton on the other. The vessel was throbbing through the great waters out to sea, and the sea seemed only more tremulous than the sky—not less quiet.

Marie and Christmas Pembroke had come from the saloon and paced from the stern quite up to the bow of the steamer, to be free of other passengers for the moment, and to look out over the water through which they were cleaving their way. They were silent for a while with the very fullness of their content.

"This *is* an evening to begin a voyage," Christmas said at last in a low tone.

"See—the sun and moon together in the sky!" Marie said. "I wonder is that a good omen at the beginning of a voyage? I hope it is."

"Everything must be a good omen to me," said Christmas. "You are all the good omens in yourself."

"I wonder is Miss Lyle in her balcony now, looking at that lovely sky, and does she think of us? How selfish we are in our happiness! I should like to know that Miss Lyle was thinking of us now, and her to know, Chris, that we were thinking of her."

"She will believe that of us, I am sure, and she is so kindhearted and sympathetic I think she wouldn't grudge us a little forgetfulness of everything but ourselves just for the moment. I know she would not blame me, for I only feel still as if I had carried you off somehow, and as if somebody or other might still come up to claim you. I can't realise it all yet. When we are far out at sea then I shall begin to believe that I have you safe! Then we shall walk the deck of nights, and talk of her and of the people and the places we have left behind."

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TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

AN amateur philologist submits for these pages the following curious bit of investigation and speculation:—"A passing revival of the question whether Swift, Pope, or Byrom was the author of the famous piece of unmusical sarcasm ending—

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee,

suggests, in rather a round-about way, another question relating to the philology of slang. In the first place, why has that king of instruments the violin, of which the sounds are meant to be echoed in the above couplet, always been taken popularly to typify the ridiculous aspect of music, while the less royal instruments of the orchestra are never named but with honour? Lute, harp, and trumpet have a poetical aroma: but nobody would dream of putting a Fiddle into the hands of Orpheus or Apollo, except as a stroke of burlesque humour. It is not because the word has a ridiculous sound *per se*, for the phenomenon is by no means confined to England, and extends to lands where Fiddle is represented by more euphonious words. The wandering harper is traditionally picturesque, the wandering fiddler traditionally comic: and yet it may be doubted whether either artist ever had the advantage on the score of respectability. Any how, the fact remains: and now for my piece of etymology. It is tolerably well known that a great many of the commonest slang words we have are pure Romani, or Gipsy: such as '*Pal*,' literally a Brother; '*Rum Chap*,' properly *Rom Chabo*, a Gipsy lad; '*Shaver*,' properly *Chavo*, a boy, young fellow; and so on. According to a paper in the transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, 1819, as quoted by Dr. A. F. Pott in his work '*The Gipsies in Europe and Asia*,' '*The Gipsies call themselves in cant English travellers. . . . Their dialect they call Roomus; and when they mean to ask a stranger whether or no he be of their tribe, they say Can you roku Roomus and play upon the Bosh? That is to say, Can you speak Gipsy and play upon the Fiddle?*' The word Bosh, as we use it, has generally

been supposed to be of Eastern origin, and its introduction as a piece of slang—I think, at least—asccribed to Morier, the author of ‘Hajji Baba,’ &c. But we certainly have here our slang word for trash and nonsense used by our masters in slang, the English Gipsies, for another word for trash and nonsense—namely, Fiddle. We may have given them the latter word in its contemptuous sense, as to a race of vagrant musicians: they may have translated it into their own tongue and have given it back again in its new and stronger form. If this view is thought to be an example of the Gipsy for a Violin, it at any rate points to a curious philological coincidence. I make no apology for writing on the ungentlemanly topic of slang to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as I believe the natural history of *argot* to be essential to the exhaustive study of language, which is otherwise what the botany of garden flowers would be without the botany of weeds.”

AN Irish correspondent asks me why Mr. Boucicault, whose performance of Irish characters has now nothing in the same line to rival it on our stage, occasionally goes a little wrong in his “brogue” and drops into the conventional pronunciation with which Saxon authors and actors endow the Celt. For instance, he asks, why does Mr. Boucicault say “kape” for “keep” and “praste” for “priest”? This, it seems, is not in the genius of the Irish brogue, but is invariably the English misconception of it. The letters which the Irish peasant cannot manage are the “ea,” as in “meat,” or “sea,” or “tea,” and not the “ee” or the “ie.” He says “mate” and “tay” and “say,” but he does not say “praste” or “kape.” Where the letter “e” is doubled his tendency is rather to prolong it inordinately. Some English comic writers make their Irishmen talk of “Saint Pater.” But no one ever heard an Irish peasant speak of the blessed Saint of the Keys in such a way. He would call him “Saint Peether.” My correspondent avers that this is the infallible touchstone by which to know genuine from conventional or Cockney-manufactured brogue. Mr. Boucicault is himself an Irishman, but my correspondent assumes that he has been so long out of Ireland that he has to trust to memory for his brogue, and therefore occasionally—and very rarely—is taken in by the sham article of the British drama. There is a story told as true in a Scottish town—Dunfermline, if I remember rightly—about some local disturbance a few years ago of which the Irish labourers were supposed to be the cause, and of a popular resolve therefore to expel all the Irish. One difficulty was how to distinguish these

with certainty. A sure means was found. Every suspected person was asked to pronounce the word "peas," and of course all the countrymen of the Shaughraun called it "pays." Now if in reliance on the traditions of the British stage the inquisitors had propounded the word "keep" or "priest" their inhospitable intentions would have been frustrated. My correspondent adds that no writer not Irish has done Irish brogue so well as Thackeray, and that the only weakness in Thackeray's Irish men and women is that the peculiarities of one province are sometimes mixed up with those of another. Captain Costigan, for example, is sometimes Munster and sometimes Leinster.

THE same correspondent is reminded by the wake in "The Shaughraun" of a story which he declares to be true, and which he says has never before been printed. In a city of Munster an old woman died, and the neighbours desired to give her a grand wake. The floors of the house were very shaky, and the people were warned by the priest and other authorities that they must not have their ceremonies in the upper room where the dead body lay. The friends paid no attention to the warning. It would probably have been contrary to precedent to remove the corpse before the time for its final removal. So the neighbours gathered in the upper room and lamented and were very merry until the floor gave way and they all came down into the room below. It proved that the wake was only the beginning of tragedy. Five or six of the "boys and girls" were killed. A doctor was sent for, who only arrived in time to certify the deaths. But the dead bodies were laid out with some order and decency in an undamaged room, and the doctor went to one after another, followed by a sympathetic crowd. "Who is this poor fellow?" he asked. "Ah then rest his soul," went a chorus of voices—"good son and good brother he was,"—and then his name was mournfully recited, and other praises added. "And this poor girl?" "The Lord have mercy on her, for a better girl never drew the breath of life," and then her name was given amid fresh praises and groaning choruses of assent. Thus the doctor went his melancholy way, and surveyed corpse after corpse. In every case thus far he has heard nothing but lament and panegyric. His *inane munus* is nearly over when his eye lights on something like a bundle of old clothes thrust carelessly into a corner. "What is that thing there?" the doctor asks. "Oh then bad luck to *her*," is the answer, accompanied by a general sound of anger and disgust,—"*sure that's the ould corpse that was the cause of it all!*"

THE "English Jew," whose letter I quoted last month to the effect that the present Premier has never been baptised as a Christian, is in error. I have received several letters on the subject. One correspondent says:—"If any one cares to search the registers of St. Andrew's, Holborn, he will find that our Prime Minister was baptised at that church in 1812 (I think), when he was between six and seven years old. He was born on December 31, 1805. I have seen a certified copy of the entry in question, and also of the baptism of his brother and sister. They were all baptised (if my memory serves me) at different times, but with no very long interval. The Premier and his family were, no doubt, originally members of the Jewish Church, but all became Christians about 1812, when, as stated in the quotation in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Isaac D'Israeli quarrelled with the Synagogue." Taking my correspondent's hint, I have searched the registers of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and I give my readers the result in the shape of a copy of the register:—

Parish of St. Andrew, Holborn.

IN THE CITY OF LONDON AND IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

EXTRACT FROM THE REGISTER BOOK OF BAPTISMS. (Page 80.)

When Baptized.	Child's Christian Name.	Parents' Name.		Abode.	Quality, Trade, or Profession.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
		Christian.	Surname.			
1817. July 31	Benjamin Son of	Isaac and Maria	D'Israeli	King's Road Born.	Gentleman	J. Thimbleby.
No. 633.	Said to be	about 12	years old			

The above is a true Extract from the REGISTER BOOK OF BAPTISMS kept in the Parish Registry.

Witness my hand this 20th day of November, in the year 1875.

H. W. BLUNT, Curate.

This is a scrap of history. By the irregular note on the foot of the table—"said to be about twelve years old"—it appears that those who were present at the child's baptism could not tell his exact age. The memorandum was evidently written at the time when the original entry was made in the register.

MR. SCHÜTZ WILSON, having, as he believes, discovered in Miss Ellen Terry an actress capable of restoring to the stage the fine old tone of high comedy, follows up the letter from which I made quotations three or four months ago with some remarks on that lady's latest characterisation, which, in the interest of that restoration of fine high comedy which I should be as glad as he to welcome, I have pleasure in printing. "It is, as it seems to me," he says, "a matter for regret that Miss Ellen Terry, after her memorable success in *Portia*, should not have appeared in other parts equally suitable to her talents. The interest of a true artist is also the interest of the audience. If Kean, after his stupendous success in *Shylock*, had been brought out in the part of a walking gentleman, he would have failed to sustain the public interest. Miss Terry, as *Mabel Vane*, has shown how much a genuine actress can do with a little part, and it has been pleasant to notice how strong a hold this lady retains of public favour. The part contains—for an actress who can detect latent possibilities—the suggestions of an innate purity which contrasts with the stage tone of the day and with the other characters in the play. The guileless simplicity, the true womanly worth and delicacy, the wifely tenderness and devotion, are at once touching and true, and are a reproach to a good deal of the modern spirit in the art of the actress."

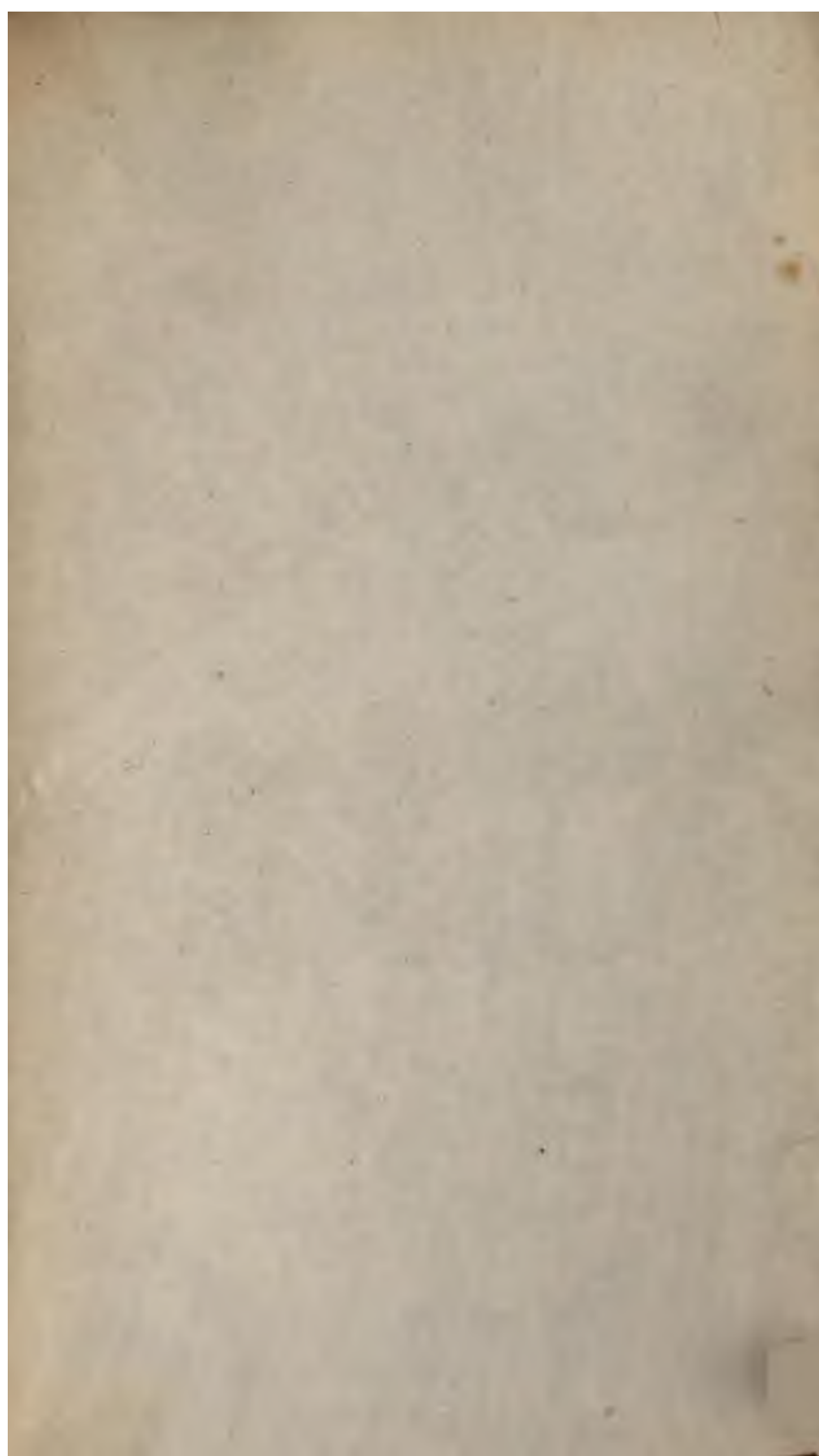
THE second "Jim Crow," we read, has died in Australia—the actor, that is, who succeeded Rice, the first Jim Crow. How many readers under thirty-five have any idea of who that hero of stage and song, the once universal Jim Crow, really was? In front of a shop in Broadway, New York, is or was a wooden figure of a comic nigger which boasted itself to be the original effigy of Jim Crow. Once Jim Crow overran the world. All humanity—civilised, at least—combined to "jump Jim Crow." The redoubtable Feargus O'Connor once crushed an opponent at an election meeting with a word. The unlucky person was named "Crow." "As I have not the pleasure," said Feargus, "to know the honourable gentleman's first name, perhaps he will allow me to address him as 'Jim!'" As a hero of song Jim Crow was, I think, succeeded by a mysterious personage called "Jim along Josey"—at least such was the combination of words which used to din the ears of the afflicted world. Where do they vanish to, these passing favourites of popular song? Is there a shadowy world where Jim along Josey rejoins Jim Crow? Where is Mr. William Barlow—Billy Barlow more commonly called—whose varied adventures delighted London youth for years? Does any

one now remember "Jack Rag"? Nay, to come to a later date, does any one troll a verse to the memory of Old Bob Ridley? No one now, I presume, wishes to be with Nancy in the Strand, or warbles farewell to "My own Mary Anne"—the heroine whose name, sung in every London street, was mistaken, report said, by the Ministers of the late Emperor Napoleon for that of the shadowy and terrible Mazzinian society, mentioned in Mr. Disraeli's "Lothair," and made the subject of diplomatic remonstrance at the time of Orsini's conspiracy. Faded from memory is the simple heroine of "Bobbing Around"; and the pony of "Trah, trab" has trotted clear away out of the recollection of the present. Each of these in his or her day had a fame which folded in the orb of the earth. No poet's name was ever on the lips of a world like that of Jim Crow. There was a time when no great event, revolution, royal marriage, battle, or wreck could take place but the popular music of the Anglo-Saxon found means to interweave it with the adventures of William Barlow. Let us all learn modesty and the true value of fame—seeing that Jim Crow has been, in Shakespearian phrase, "over-crowed" by time and oblivion.

MR. PHILLIPS, editor of the *Hackney and Kingsland Gazette*, favours me with a satisfactory and interesting reply to Mr. Dalby's question of last month as to whether the Queen's Arms Tavern, near which John Keats resided, is still to be found. The Queen's Arms Tavern, Mr. Phillips says, is still in existence, but it is not exactly in the Poultry. He had been misled by Mr. Cowden Clarke, in his "Recollections of John Keats," referring to the house as the Queen's Head, and hence his letter of some months ago, in which he suggested Fenchurch Street as the spot instead of the Poultry. The Queen's Arms is actually in Cheapside, in Bird-in-Hand Court, but it is only two doors from the corner of the Poultry, where Bucklersbury intersects, and it is opposite Mercers' Hall, and so corresponds exactly with Mr. Cowden Clarke's description. "The house over the entrance of the court," says Mr. Phillips, "where it may now be assumed that John Keats resided, has long been 'improved' upon, and bears no resemblance to the house on the site fifty years ago. Mr. Clarke, in the distance of time, might well mistake the name of the Company's Hall, and Cheapside for the Poultry." I am glad Mr. Dalby's inquiry has been the means of clearing up this little point of topographical celebrity, and am under obligations to Mr. Phillips for helping us out of the difficulty.









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